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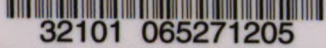
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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXIX.

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Regina's Regina :

OR, REMINISCENCES OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

WHEN first I saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a fine summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the fanning breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently on the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple; a plain straw bonnet, with a white riband round the crown, a coloured muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamchatka. Rove where you will, in the galleries of the Louvre, of Versailles, in David's *atelier*, or in the halls and museums of our own loved isle, I defy you all, my good masters and mistresses, to find me a prettier pair of feet than were those of the belle Victoria, when she played with the pebbles and the tides on Ramsgate sands. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and, doubtless, gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none were more able to offer than him-

self,—for it was WILLIAM WILBERFORCE!!

Yes, there he was,—he, the mighty moral combatant of that now crushed giant, Slavery! who had fought so nobly and so well for the great principle that no man had a right, either real or imaginary, to the person and being of another man! Ah! never shall I forget with what irresistible force those lines recurred to my mind, as I gazed on the diminutive and trembling form of that moral Hercules,—

“ Were I so tall to reach the poles,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul,—
The mind's the standard of the man.”

Yes, the mind, unchained, unfettered, unenslaved,—the mind, immortal as the Being from which it sprang, and as immortal as the state of existence to which it is destined,—“ the mind's the standard of the man.” And what a mind was there before me! Wilberforce was not simply the benevolent, the virtuous, and the pious; but he was a great man, with a great mind, occupied about great interests, large and vast questions, and devoted to the glorious mission of raising his fellow-men, in all countries and climes, from degradation, misery, brutality, and bondage.

Mr. Wilberforce looked, on that day, all benevolence. And when did

he look otherwise? Never, but when the wrongs of humanity made his fine heart bleed, and caused the flush of honest indignation to mantle his pale forehead. His kindly eye followed with parental interest every footstep of the young creature, as she advanced to and then retreated from the coming tide; and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future, whilst they were interested in the present. "There is, probably, the future monarch of an empire, on whose dominions the great orb of day never sets," was a thought which was evidently depicted on his face, as he pointed to the little dancing queen, who was so much amused at getting her shoes wet in a breaker, which had advanced farther and with more rapidity than she expected. The Duchess of Kent waved her hand, and Victoria, obedient to the signal, did not again risk the dangers arising from damp feet.

The scene was interesting. The old veteran in the cause of humanity and truth, placed between his hands the little fingers of the blooming girl of five years of age, and something was then said, which I would have given a great deal to have heard, which caused the blue eyes of our now beloved queen to stare most fixedly at her venerable instructor, whilst her devoted mother looked alternately at both, evidently interested and affected by the contrast. No doubt some monitory, touching, truthful words had fallen from the lips of Mr. Wilberforce; and it may be that from that sacred moment she dated her first abhorrence of the principles and practice of slavery. Like arrows directed by a skilful marksman were the well-prepared words and thoughts of that universal philanthropist; and, doubtless, they fell not in vain on the ear of the young Victoria. The conversation was deep and solemn for a few minutes, but Mr. Wilberforce, knowing so well the listlessness and versatility of youth, never wearied those he instructed by long and misplaced harangues, but gently led them on to some point of interest, or to some great principle, and when he had made the impression, fixed the attention, and riveted the thoughts of his young friends, he entered into their juvenile amusements, enjoyed

their varied recreations, and caused them to feel that he sympathised with all that was virtuous, beautiful, and good. Thus the little party I have described advanced to the edge of the tide, and the emancipator of the Negro and black population of the world, condescended to the trifles of watching the encroachments of each new breaker, and to the tact of a Newfoundland dog, who exhibited his skill in bringing safe to shore some sticks, which were thrown at great distances into the sea that he might swim after them.

It was in this way that an hour was spent. I had known Mr. Wilberforce more in public than in private life, though I had visited him at his quiet residence at Brompton, and always found him accessible and kind. But I had the prudence not to intrude upon him on this occasion, and I was simply a spectator. The duchess was earnest in her manner during a great portion of that hour, and seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilberforce fixed the attention of her darling daughter by some sentences he pronounced in her hearing. I am quite satisfied they related to slavery. His attitude, his movements, his solemnity, and the fixed eye, and deeply mournful face of his charming young pupil, convinced me of that. I think he described to her a young slave girl, torn from her parents, consigned to a slave ship, delivered up to a cruel and inhuman trafficker in flesh, and subjected to the lash, and to misery, tears, and groans, ere her heart should have even known what sorrow and anguish were. But the hour soon fitted away. The duchess and her daughter returned to their modest and unpretending dwelling, and Mr. Wilberforce, joined by some friend, walked quietly on the pier.

The favourite bathing-woman of the Princess Victoria appeared, as the party retired, to smile and curtsy, and receive the nod of youthful recognition on the part of her royal highness, who asked some little question about the best hour to bathe the next morning. I kept my distance, but followed the duchess and my now queen towards their abode, and I observed with delight the freedom from affectation and restraint in which the daughter was educated by her royal mother. The townspeople and the

visitors were respectful in their manner, and the young Victoria was courteous, and yet lively. She was just the light, gay being she ought to have been at such an age, and under all the circumstances of her rank and prospects; and she even then knew that, which her recent visits to the nobility of England have distinctly proved she continues to feel, that the monarchy of Great Britain is limited, constitutional, and popular.

And let not the unobservant man, who notices not the daily and hourly meanderings of the youthful mind, until it becomes vast and majestic in maturer years, smile at this statement of the early sentiments of the Queen Victoria. Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sigh of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfulls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birds'-nests, admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, — and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of valour and of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

Now I believe, in my conscience, and I may add that I have the best of all reasons for saying so, that the earliest years of the young Victoria, her first education, partook of this character, and was devoted to such recreations as those of which I have been speaking. It was felt by her illustrious mother that the cultivation of the heart was of yet more importance than that of the mind, and that her daughter's tastes should be those which would render her happy, as well as capacitate her for the most intellectual society, and for pronouncing on very interesting and important questions.

There was a little incident connected with my first impressions and first sight of the Princess Victoria, which I record with pleasure. As she proceeded up the High Street from the sands, there sat on a low step of a closed shop an aged Irishwoman, pale, wan, dejected, sorrow-

ing, her head bent forward, and, whilst all nature was gay, she looked sickly, sad, and famishing. Whether she was too depressed to beg, or too exhausted at that moment to make the effort, I cannot tell; but she asked for no alms, and even looked not at the passers by. The young princess was attracted by her appearance, and spoke to the duchess. "I think not," were the only words I heard from her mamma; and, "Oh! yes, indeed," was all I could catch of the youthful reply. I have no doubt that the duchess thought the old woman was not in need of relief, or would be offended by the offer of alms; but the princess had looked under her bonnet, and gained a better insight into her condition. There was a momentary pause; the Princess Victoria ran back a few steps most nimbly, and with a smile of heartfelt delight placed some silver in the hands of the old Irishwoman. Tall and stately was the poor creature, and as she rose slowly with clasped hands and rivetted features, she implored the blessing of heaven on the "English lady." She little dreamed that that lady would be the future queen of these realms, or that she was a member of that house of Brunswick whose illustrious scions have ever been distinguished for their sympathy with human suffering, and for that charity which is kind and which never faileth. The old Irishwoman was so taken by surprise by this unexpected mark of beneficence on the part of she knew not whom, that she turned over her sixpences again and again, thanked the Virgin as well as the "young lady" a thousand and a thousand times, and related to those who stopped to hear her exclamations the "good luck" that had come upon her. A few moments more, and we had all separated—the beggar to her wallet, the duchess and princess to their studies and occupations, Mr. Wilberforce and his friend to their *causeries*, and myself to my reflections on the chances and changes of this sunny and cloudy world. I cannot say *au revoir*, for in this life we shall certainly never meet again; but, thank God, there is a world where pure thoughts and noble souls will all form part of one vast stock of

happiness and virtue, where truth shall be eternal and bliss unalloyed.

The youthful monarch of these realms was the daughter of a man whose character has not been adequately estimated, and whose talents and virtues have not met with all the praise to which they were entitled. How was this? Was it that he spent his youth in dissipation and folly, and, like the prodigal, returned in penitence and rags? By no means; for he was a pattern of prudence, economy, moral life, and active, industrious habits. He made no debts, incurred no unnecessary expenses, delighted in books, education, and charity; and was an admirable son, a model of a soldier, and one of the best of husbands. Was it that his stern habits as an officer made for him enemies, and that these, in after life, sought to detract from his fair fame as a civilian? There may be something in this; but the real secret of the little that has been kindly said and written of the duke is this, — that he belonged to a political party which never praises those who serve it, because it is a divided, split, jealous, and unconfiding party.

His royal brothers, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland, entertained high Protestant and Conservative principles, and attached themselves to such leaders as Pitt, Liverpool, Wellington, and Castlereagh. The Dukes of Kent and Sussex took for political guides the ejected and forlorn Whig party, and enrolled themselves in the ranks of "His Majesty's opposition." Unaccustomed to power and office, and unused to the great privileges of being able to confer benefits on others by reason of holding posts of governmental importance, the Whig party at last degenerated into a mere cabal, finding fault without cause, opposing one system without having any other to substitute for it, and, finally, as a party, reduced to lean on another faction then rising into notice — men who have been called Radicals, because they struck at the root of those political institutions which Whigs and Tories had, till then, both professed to admire and love.

I remember on one occasion, at a public banquet, at which the Dukes of Kent and Sussex were present, the

former returned thanks on the part of the royal family for the honour which had been conferred by the health of the junior members having been drunk; and the noble duke then hastily glanced at his own position. "I am a friend of civil and religious liberty, all the world over," said his royal highness. "I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren; and I hold that power is only delegated for the benefit of the people. These are the principles of myself and of my beloved brother the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular principles just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office. *All* the members of the royal family do not hold the same principles. For this I do not blame them; but we claim for ourselves the right of thinking and acting as we think best; and we proclaim ourselves, with our friend Mr. Tierney, 'members of his majesty's loyal opposition.'"

This was a bold stand, as it was also a singular position for a member of the royal family, for a son of the reigning monarch; but to it his royal highness adhered to the latest period of his life. It would perhaps be curious, and even interesting, to inquire into all the circumstances which led the Dukes of Kent and Sussex to associate themselves with the opposition party in and out of parliament. It has been thought by some men that the small incomes which were bestowed on those illustrious individuals, and which would not admit of their taking their proper rank at court, threw them necessarily into the ranks of the opposition. Those ranks were, of course, always open to them. The leaders of the Whig party were too happy to enlist amongst their followers two princes of the blood-royal; and in proportion as the Prince of Wales abjured the errors and follies of his youthful days, and adopted from conviction true Conservative principles, in the same proportion did a general feeling of anxiety exist among the Whig leaders to secure the planting of a *drapeau* of opposition and resistance on the part of two sons of George III. It must, however, be at once conceded, that whilst the political principles or prejudices of the Dukes of

Kent and Sussex were nearly identical, the former invariably expressed himself with more reserve and prudence than did the latter. Not that he was less a Whig than his noble brother; but he was more impressed with the fact of his near relationship to the throne, and with the necessity for shewing deference to the councilors of his royal father.

I remember on one occasion to have heard sentiments of so hostile a character to the then government of the Prince Regent pronounced at a public dinner by the Duke of Sussex, that even those present who entertained the same political sentiments with his royal highness admitted that so marked and personal a line of conduct was scarcely becoming a prince of the blood-royal. Some good Conservatives left the room, much to the annoyance of the duke; and I firmly believe that their conduct read a lesson to him which he never forgot; and that thereafter he laid it down as a rule to abstain from all political allusions in his speeches, except in the House of Lords. This rule, however, he broke through when he attended the annual meetings of a society which was first established by the Dissenters to oppose the bill of Lord Sidmouth, and which afterwards, under the title of "the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty," became in reality an association for the persecution of the Established Clergy. On the anniversaries of this society, when the Duke of Sussex attended, he indulged in no very measured phrases against the Church of England, and availed himself of those occasions to inform the Dissenting body throughout the country that he preferred the Lancasterian to the national system of education; that he was by no means opposed to the principle of Dissent; that he was no advocate for Church Establishments; that he was much more attached to the British and Foreign Bible Society than he was to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge; and that his affections were by no means associated with the principles or proceedings of the old church societies of these realms.

The Duke of Kent, possessing a more methodical and regular mind than his brother Sussex, was less

hasty in his decisions, and less energetic in his statements. His preferences were undoubtedly those of his brother, but he had a greater command of himself, and did not so frequently express his aversions as did the Duke of Sussex. The life of the former had indeed been one of a strictly regular and military character; whilst his brother had been cast into literary and political circles all hostile to Toryism and Conservatism, all opposed to the clergy, all friendly to the French revolution, all disposed to proclaim and propagate extreme views, and all at variance with the court and with that alliance of foreign princes which was essential to the destruction of French influence, and to the prevention of the success of French intrigue.

The Duke of Kent was the fourth son of George III. He was born the 2d of Nov. 1767; and at the age of 18 was sent to Germany by order of his royal father. He resided successively at Luneberg and Hanover until he had completed his 20th year; and during that period his whole income consisted of an allowance of 1000*l.* per annum, of which his governor had the sole disposal, with the exception of a guinea and a-half per week for pocket-money. The two next years of his life were passed at Geneva, but without any increase of income; and very many were the privations to which he had to submit arising out of his high rank and elevated position. With the rank of colonel, he subsequently commanded the 7th Fusiliers, forming part of the garrison of Gibraltar, under General O'Hara, in 1790-91, before the commencement of the revolutionary war with France. From Gibraltar he was removed to Canada in 1791, thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and again to Canada, where, as commander of the forces, he gained universal respect, if not esteem.

It has been a charge often brought against the noble duke that he was too severe a disciplinarian, and that this was to be attributed to a temper soured by rather harsh conduct on the part of his royal parents. It has been alleged that the duke did not voluntarily follow the military profession, and that the posts assigned to him were likewise by no means such as he would have desired to

select. This state of things, it is added, rendered him cross and severe, and made him by far less lovable than the Duke of Sussex. I cannot, however, subscribe to the accuracy of this statement. The Duke of Kent was by no means averse to the profession of arms, loved the soldiers who served under him as his brothers, obeyed with the utmost alacrity the orders of his superiors, and set an admirable example of dutiful submission; but whenever a suitable opportunity was afforded him of proving his affection for his troops, he availed himself of it with an alacrity and pleasure which shewed that he possessed a kind and generous heart.

During the period of the Duke of Kent's service in British America, he received orders to sail for the West Indies and to join in the attack made under Sir Charles Grey upon the French islands. At the conflict at St. Lucie, he greatly distinguished himself, and gave undeniable proof that he was a brave soldier as well as a skilful officer. From America he returned to Gibraltar, and was appointed governor of that important fort. Called at length to England he was appointed to the command of the 1st Foot, with the rank of field-marshal. The duties of this new station were performed with exemplary diligence and zeal; and the annals of the Horse Guards can attest to his wise and judicious counsels, to his strict attention to the laws and regulations of the army, and to his attentive regard for the comfort and happiness of the soldiers.

The restoration of peace to Europe opened new fields of occupation for his generous and active mind. He devoted himself to the cause of charity, to the diffusion of benevolent principles, to the amelioration of the physical as well as the social and moral condition of his fellow-subjects; to the encouragement of the arts, science, philosophy, and knowledge. The inventor of new improvements or discoveries found in him a patient, discriminating, and kind patron. The poet and the man of letters were always received by him with respectful consideration. The improvement of the drama was an object he desired. The deaf and dumb he sought to raise by the ap-

plication of science to their unfortunate condition. The blind he looked on with tenderness and sympathy, and rejoiced greatly at the invention of raised letters by which they might teach themselves to read with their fingers. The orphan and the widow were the objects of his special solicitude; and the ignorant and profligate he sought to reclaim by penitentiaries, schools, and various other means of useful and practical knowledge. It is true, indeed, that "*Regina*" cannot but enter her protest against those schools of general knowledge, without specific and fixed religious creeds, which his royal highness felt it to be his duty to foster and multiply. "The Bible—the whole Bible!" was the cry of the Duke of Kent. He did not bear in mind that all the heresies which have existed from age to age in the so-called Christian Church have been claimed to be founded on, and to belong to, the system of Christianity taught by the Bible. He forgot that Christ taught his Church and established it, as well as gave to them that sure word of prophecy to which all Christians will, of course, do well to take heed; and when he insisted that it was sufficient to teach a child the Holy Scriptures, without supplying note or comment, he forgot that children who are sent into the world without a creed, without a church, and without possessing a love of, and a reverence for, authority in matters of religion, will soon fall victims to impostors, fanatics, heretics, and vain babblers. Hence as men's minds have progressed, and as religious and sound church principles have advanced, the system called "*Lancasterian*" has given way to the *national schools* of the Church, and fixed creeds and truths are, thank God! rapidly taking the place of vague notions and undefined opinions.

The indefatigable zeal and the generous conduct of the Duke of Kent with regard to all charitable institutions, during several years of his life, gained for him deserved popularity; and himself and his brother Sussex were regarded by the directors of hospitals, dispensaries, and other asylums for the relief of suffering humanity, as the sheet-anchors of their rising institutions. The Duke of Kent was a manly,

straightforward, and good public speaker. His voice was very far superior to that of his brother Sussex, and he had a much greater command of language and power of suitable and forcible utterance. The latter possessed the more classical and literary mind; but the strong sound sense of the former far outweighed at public meetings these lesser advantages. The punctuality of the Duke of Kent was an admirable feature in his character, and his condescension to his inferiors both in rank and attainments was most charming.

This was the prince from whom, and from his alliance with her illustrious mother, Her Serene Highness Victoria Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of the former reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, and widow of His Serene Highness the Prince of Leinengen, as well as sister to the now King of the Belgians, sprang the Princess Victoria, the honoured and beloved monarch of these realms.

The Duchess of Kent was in all respects worthy of the confidence and affection of her royal consort. Brought up under the immediate care and superintendence of her illustrious mother conjointly with her brother, the now King of the Belgians, her mind was richly stored with useful knowledge, and her heart imbued with noble and generous principles. In 1802, at the age of sixteen, in compliance with the entreaties of her father, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and who, anticipating his approaching dissolution, desired earnestly to see his only surviving daughter married before his death, she was united to the then Hereditary Prince of Leinengen, who was twenty-eight years older than herself. Unfortunately for the Princess of Coburg, no union could have been less appropriately or wisely made; for neither the person, manners, qualifications, nor habits of the prince, were such as to secure her confidence or contribute to her happiness. Devoted to the amusements of the chase, and afflicted by a most violent and irritable temper, he rendered the family circle most unhappy, and for several years her life was any thing but satisfactory or even peaceful.

But the princess fulfilled all her duties as a wife and a mother in so

exemplary a manner, from the period of her marriage to the year 1814, that the breath of slander never was directed against her fair fame and honour. She sought by the correctness of her life, the suavity of her manners, and the diligent discharge of her maternal duties, to raise the character of the house of Leinengen, by no means ennobled by her husband. By him she had two children, — a son, born in 1804; and a daughter in 1807. The same exemplary conduct was maintained by his widow after the decease of the Prince of Leinengen; and her pure fame was not confined to the small state of which she was the pride and the ornament. When, then, in 1818 this country earnestly desired that the Duke of Kent should marry, public opinion, as well as the feeling of the royal family of England, pointed her out to his royal highness as a princess every way worthy of his choice. The similarity of tastes of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was the basis of their connubial happiness. Simple and unostentatious in her manners, and possessing peculiar gentleness and sweetness of character, she won not only the affections of her husband, but of all who had the happiness of becoming acquainted with her admirable life and disposition.

This country, severely and most painfully disappointed in its general and just expectations with regard to the much-desired succession to the throne in the person of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, looked with deep and unquestionable anxiety at the period in question to the subject of the heir to the throne. Not, indeed, that there was no prospect of a succession in any of the branches of the royal house, since the Duke of Cambridge was married in 1818 to the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse; and the Duke of Cumberland had been married in 1815 to the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and widow of the Prince of Brunfels. By both those marriages children have been born well entitled to the love and admiration of the people of England. But at the period of which I write no issue had been born, and the future was, therefore, involved in much obscurity. The Duke of Kent, also, had rendered himself popular by his attention

to the charitable and scientific institutions of the country, and his marriage was very generally desired.

The proposed marriage met, also, with the hearty concurrence of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who, in May 1818, directed Lord Liverpool to present a message to the House of Lords announcing his royal consent to the union, and his confidence that parliament would make all suitable arrangements. Acting on the principle of increased provision adopted in the case of the Duke of Clarence, Lord Liverpool proposed an addition of 6000*l.* per annum to the Duke of Kent's income, and which grant was the more necessary inasmuch as the duchess had lost by her marriage with the duke an income of between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* per annum. It was on this occasion that Henry Brougham seceded from the Curwens, the Herons, the Methuens, and the Protheroes, who opposed the additional grant, and joined with Lord Althorp in expressing his conviction that it was most important that the succession should be kept up, and that the issue of the marriage should be provided for thereafter in suitable splendour. On the discussion which took place in the House of Commons there were 52 who recorded their votes against, and 205 for the grant; and of those 52 the far greater number were men who yet professed vast respect and esteem for his royal highness. Thus it always has been with the Whigs. Profligate in non-essentials, they are mean and shabby in essentials. Fawning and sycophantic at court, they are rough-shod, severe, and haughty in parliament.

The marriage, which was celebrated without pomp or display, took place on the 29th May, 1818; whilst the Duke of Clarence was married to the present queen dowager on July 11th of the same year, and the Duke of Cambridge on May 7, 1818. A vast deal of nonsense has been written by the critics of the ultra-liberal school on the supposed "indelicacy" of the princes of the blood-royal all hastening, at the same period of time, to raise up progeny as soon as the line of the Prince Regent had become extinct. Undoubtedly, this absurd criticism does not apply to the Duke of Cumberland, since his

marriage took place in May 1815, and the noble, intellectual, amiable, and beloved Prince Ernest was born in 1819. But with regard to the Dukes of Clarence, Cambridge, and Kent, the objection is equally unjust. They rightly felt that the House of Brunswick was dear to the English people, that the nation ardently desired the question of succession should be placed beyond doubt, and that, as life was uncertain, and the chances of leaving offspring not less so, it was clearly their duty to marry.

The question of succession is at all times, and in all countries, where either an absolute or a limited monarchy exists, one of great importance and national interest. But nowhere can it be more so than in Great Britain, where political parties are so nearly poised, where the Romish Church is perpetually striving to come up to a level with, if not to have the superiority, over the national faith, and where all the weight and authority, unity and power, of a monarchy is required to keep democracy from making constant and fearful encroachments.

The Duke of Sussex was the only son of George III. who declined to make a royal alliance with a foreign princess. His affections and sympathies were otherwise engaged, and, whilst he took the liveliest interest in the marriage of his favourite brother the Duke of Kent, he did not entertain the idea of his own issue ever ascending the throne. The royal duke announced at a public dinner in Freemasons' Hall the marriage of his illustrious relative, and the news was received with sincere delight. Early in July following, the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived at Claremont, and on the 13th of that month were re-married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence by the same illustrious prelate. In both cases, the brides were given away by the Prince Regent. The first marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent had been celebrated according to the rites of the Lutheran Church in Germany, and the second according to those of the Protestant Church of England.

From motives of economy and taste, a desire not to offer any ob-

struction to the government of the Prince Regent, and not to be regarded in the light of the centre of any formal opposition to the then government, as well as with the view of gratifying their mutual tastes for foreign scenery and travelling, some portion of the few months which elapsed after their marriage were passed on the Continent. This absence on foreign shores extended to within a month of the accouchement of the duchess, since she landed with the duke at Dover from Calais on the 23d April, 1819; and on the 24th of May, 1819, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was born.

The birth of our charming queen took place at Kensington Palace. The Dukes of Sussex and Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl Bathurst, Mr. Canning, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Vansittart, were present. Of these but few comparatively still survive; but the Duke of Wellington, who was present at her birth, is now one of the most beloved and confided in of the queen's advisers, and to no being upon earth does her majesty pay more deference or respect.

That was a bright day to the illustrious parents of our young and beloved monarch when her birth was announced to a waiting and anxious nation. The duke wept for joy, and the fact that the infant was a daughter, and not a son, did not appear in the least to diminish from the general rejoicing. The country appeared to be relieved by the event from a considerable pressure of anxiety, for Prince George of Cumberland was not born till three days afterwards, and Prince George of Cambridge was the then only issue of the royal marriages of 1818. The convalescence of the Duchess of Kent was rapid, the beauty and symmetry of the infant princess were spoken of with great admiration by all who surrounded her person, and the duke her father attended the drawing-room of the Prince Regent in July, dined with his royal brother on the next day, and received the most sincere congratulations. On that occasion the Prince Regent threw off all reserve, spoke with much feeling and brotherly affection of the prospects of the Duke of Sussex, and, with that
 rest tive knowledge he

seemed to possess on some subjects, predicted that his niece Victoria would one day ascend the throne of her ancestors.

The royal christening, which took place on the 24th of June, 1819 (supremely on that occasion *Lady-day*), was of a very private character. The palace of Kensington was selected for the ceremony, and the royal gold font was removed from the Tower of London and fitted up in the grand saloon of the palace. The draperies were removed from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, under the direction of the lord chamberlain. The Prince Regent, attended by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, was received by the duchess; the members of the royal family, and other illustrious visitors, assembled early in the afternoon, and the holy office was administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. The infant queen was named "Alexandrina Victoria," and the sponsors were the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was represented by his proxy the Duke of York, the Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg, whose proxy was the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, who was represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. Nothing could be more joyous and cheerful than the scene; but it was one of family union and quiet joy.

In the evening a brilliant party adorned the saloons of the happy parents, who unquestionably resolved, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, to educate their child in a manner in every respect worthy of the great and enlightened nation over which she would probably be called to rule.

And now, it appears to me, is the proper and convenient occasion for alluding to a series of attempts which have been made at different epochs, by men of party-feelings and passionate minds, to excite a feeling of hostility, rivalry, jealousy, and dislike, among certain branches of the royal family. That these attempts have in the end nearly failed, I delight to know and to record; but the efforts of those who laboured on all occasions, both publicly and privately, to sow seeds of discord and animosity, were not the less reprehensible and disloyal. It was not

necessary, in order to excite a proper and even ardent attachment on the part of the country to the succession of the issue of the Duke of Kent, to vilify the Duke of Cumberland, or to represent his admirable son in an unfavourable position. It was not necessary, in order to secure the love and veneration of the country for the Queen Dowager of William IV., to deprecate the intellectual attainments, the personal charms, and the moral characteristics of the young Princess Victoria. It was not necessary, in order to secure a large amount of popularity for our young queen, when she was simply heiress-presumptive to the throne, to decry Prince George of Cambridge, or the gay and amiable Princess Augusta, whose recent marriage has excited so much sympathy. Yet all these, and other planefully reprehensible, were resorted to, in order to isolate the Duchess of Kent and her daughter as much as possible from the Conservative nobility of the land, and to render the future Queen of England rather the queen of a party than the queen of all ranks and all classes. The efforts made to estrange the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter from the house of Cumberland, and to depreciate Prince George in the opinion of the British nation, were carried on during a considerable period of the minority of our now queen, and the grossest and most atrocious libels and calumnies were resorted to, in order to cause it to be understood that the succession of the daughter of the Duchess of Kent was a source of great umbrage and annoyance to her uncle, Ernest Augustus. That such a feeling really existed, I unhesitatingly deny. But so constant were the efforts of the enemies of peace and of kindly sentiment between the different members of the house of Brunswick, on the part of these disseminators of discord, that it at last was generally believed that all was strife, hatred, and animosity, in a family distinguished for harmony, affection, and mutual forbearance and respect.

That the Duke of Kent entertained any feelings not in perfect harmony with those of relative love and sympathy, I am entitled to contradict; and that the duchess was equally inaccessi-

ble to the feelings of jealousy, rivalry, and apprehension of the influence of other sons of King George III. than the one to whom she was happily united, I also delight to record. But even to the period of the recent visit of His Majesty the King of Hanover to this country, attempts have been made to excite in the highest quarters sentiments amounting to distrust. They have all failed.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent comprehended fully and wisely the whole of their duties as parents of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown. They understood and felt that to them Providence had confided a most important charge,—a national treasure for which they were responsible to man, to the country, and to Heaven. They at once took measures to secure the health and vigour of her body, and to surround her earliest mind with such objects, scenery, and persons, as should tend to form it for all that was virtuous, pure, innocent, graceful, and feminine; at the same time that it should be richly stored, as years advanced, with knowledge and true wisdom.

All that had been written, with regard to the education of a princess, was studied with care. Foreign and English lives of great and eminent queens were read with attention. The men most celebrated for their knowledge of the principles and art of education, as a science, were consulted; and no plan was adopted or rejected without deep consideration and the most serious care. Alas! that *joint* influence which would have been exercised so advantageously for the child of their heart was destined soon to be destroyed by the hand of death, and the education of the future Queen of England was confided to her widowed mother; for, after having enjoyed during a period of little more than twenty months all the happiness resulting from an appropriate and most admirably suitable marriage, the Duke of Kent expired on the 23d January, 1820, of inflammation of the lungs, in Sidmouth, surrounded by Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Captain Conroy, and Generals Weatherell and Moore. Unremitting in her attendance on the illustrious duke, the duchess had well nigh sunk when thus suddenly deprived of one to whose judgment she

looked with confidence, and of whose affection and respect she was fully assured. During his short and melancholy illness she was most indefatigable in her attendance, and performed all the offices of the sick couch with tender affection and anxiety. But when death deprived her of her husband and her friend, her nature threatened to sink beneath such an accumulation of evils and such a pressure of duties as that death would necessarily impose upon her. She was advised at once to remove to Kensington; and, accompanied by her brother, Prince Leopold, and the Princess Victoria, she left Sidmouth on the 25th of January and arrived at Kensington on the 29th. On that very day expired the best of kings and the most noble and generous of princes, George III., so that the old and venerated monarch and the prince his son, in the prime of his days, were at the same moment the victims of the tyrant Death. The duke was buried on the 11th of February, and the king on the 16th. The houses of parliament remembered with affectionate respect the widowed and isolated state of the Duchess of Kent, and the address of condolence from the House of Commons was presented by Viscounts Morpeth and Clive. Bowed down with sorrow, and unable to suppress her grief, she appeared to receive the deputation with the infant Victoria in her arms. She presented her to the representatives of the country, and pointed to her as the treasure to whose preservation and improvement she was resolved to devote her best energies and her fondest love. The interview was touching and simple. The duchess spoke with maternal affection, and with widowed grief, but she also spoke of her duties, her responsibilities, and her high resolves and truly patriotic determination.

Public feeling and national anxiety accompanied the Duchess of Kent into her domestic privacy, and all the respectable classes of society took a great interest in the whole of her movements. They learned with great satisfaction the narrow escape of the Princess Victoria whilst at Sidmouth from being wounded, if not killed, in consequence of some boys shooting at birds near the royal residence, and

whose shots broke the windows of the nursery, the shot passing very near the head of the young princess. They heard with delight that the ordinary sicknesses and disorders of children did not affect her more than in ordinary cases, and that from them she speedily recovered. They perceived with pleasure that the royal infant was not kept secluded from the view and observation of the people, that her rides and walks were often in public, that she thus grew up in sight of the nation, and became the child of the country. They rejoiced to find that the individuals selected even from the earliest period of her life to surround her person were distinguished for their morality and virtue; and that whilst talent was required as one of the ingredients in the character of those so selected, that moral worth was more sought after than even the most brilliant acquirements. The attention paid by her illustrious mother to the physical, intellectual, and moral infancy of her child, can never be too highly applauded.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence formed for the young princess a most sincere and exemplary attachment. In all her illnesses, changes, and vicissitudes, they took the liveliest interest, and when afterwards their royal highnesses became the King and Queen of Great Britain, they were patterns of affectionate regard for the young Victoria. How many a joy did they kindle in her youthful breast! how many an agreeable surprise did they prepare for her in her younger years! how many a cause of anxiety or trepidation did they seek to remove! No wonder, then, that now, when the positions of the two queens are so very different, the widowed dowager is cherished by the reigning monarch as a dear friend and mother, and that her suggestions are treated with deference, and her wishes with respect and love.

The earliest years of the Princess Victoria were spent principally in fortifying her constitution, rendering it active and vigorous, and in preparing it to encounter all the trials to which all are more or less subjected who live continually in so variable a climate as that of England. Some who love evil predictions, and who seek to gratify their taste for evil by

prophesying misery and misfortune to others, did not hesitate to prognosticate that the daughter of the Duke of Kent would never attain her legal majority; then, would never marry; and then, would never be the mother of a family. These lovers of evil and haters of their species sought very frequently, during the early years of the princess, to convince the public mind of the correctness of their views and pretended "apprehensions;" but, as each new epoch arrived, facts and events gave the lie to their unfounded prophecies, until now we behold that "frail, delicate, sickly child," the healthy, vigorous, charming, and beautiful mother of three pet children of Old England.

The Princess Victoria displayed at an early period of her life some of those characteristics which have since been so marked in her feeling and conduct. She was endued with much activity, with a love of healthy sports and games, with an inquiring and curious mind, with a restlessness for knowledge, with a clearness of comprehension, and with much decision of character. Rarely fatigued, she was when young, and she is now, the first to begin a study, a play, a romp, a game, a new duty, or an old occupation or pastime, and the last to retire from the scene of duty or of pleasure. This untiring assiduity of character she inherited from her father. Scarcely less resolute or less energetic, the Duchess of Kent likewise set an admirable example of industry and perseverance to her daughter; and to these causes may be, therefore, partly ascribed that prodigious energy of character which enables our youthful monarch, now and at all times, however delicate she may be for the moment, to undergo a quantum of fatigue really quite astounding.

There are some pleasing anecdotes connected with the earlier years of the Princess Victoria which will be perused with pleasure by the readers of REGINA.

Whilst under the process of learning her A B C, the princess evinced no usual degree of curiosity to ascertain the utility of being so tormented. "What good this—what good this?" was her frequent inquiry; and, when satisfied "that mamma could know all

that was contained in the great book on the table because she knew *her* letters, whilst the little daughter could not;" the little lady replied, "I learn, too—I learn, too—very quick!" and, it is added, she so quickened her pace in learning and articulation, as soon to become mistress of the alphabet.

Her taste for the beauties of nature was observable at a very early age. On one occasion, when extremely young, she called her uncle Clarence to the window to admire a beautiful sunset, long before she could clearly express all that her senses appreciated and her young mind admired. To her uncle Leopold, now King of the Belgians, she also pointed out on many occasions objects of beauty and interest in the natural world, and invited explanations which were always given with promptitude and clearness.

Her admiration of the world of nature made her take great delight in all cabinets of natural history, collections of wild beasts, birds, &c., and in the examination of museums. On all occasions the Duchess of Kent sought to lead her mind to these easy and simple studies which prevented her from forming tastes for display, show, dress, and folly, and gave to her mind an elasticity and vigour which can rarely be met with at so youthful an age. When first taken to inspect the British Museum, the princess was delighted at all she saw, made many pertinent and appropriate inquiries, conversed much on her return as to the objects of curiosity, and expressed her desire to return often.

For pictures she formed an early regard. They appeared to her to convey thoughts to the mind, as well as pleasure to the senses, and she would frequently, on looking at a landscape, imagine that the persons there represented were speaking to her, and she would reply to them with *naïveté* and talent. Landscape-scenery she much loved, and her ready finger soon sketched objects with much of precision and taste.

The decision of her mind, of course, sometimes led her into youthful errors, and into a perseverance momentarily in the wrong course; but she soon not only perceived, but admitted her error, with that inge-

ness of character which distinguishes in an eminent degree all the members of her illustrious house. It is stated that on one occasion, when on a visit to Wentworth House, the royal party were perambulating the ground, when, being in advance of the rest, the Princess Victoria was respectfully cautioned by an undergardener not to go down a certain walk, as the rain had made the ground "slape." "Slape! slape!" retorted the princess with the characteristic rapidity and inquisitiveness of her illustrious grandfather, George III.; "and pray what is slape?" "Very slippery, miss—your royal highness—ma'am!" replied the worthy man. "Oh! that's all," she rejoined: "thank you!" and, as she proceeded, resolved to try this "slape" ground against which she had been cautioned. But she had not proceeded far when the gardener's predictions were realised, and down she fell. "There!" shouted the noble owner of the grounds, who had observed all that had passed from a short distance, and who, on perceiving that no injury was done to his noble and young guest, laughed most heartily; "now your royal highness has received an explanation of the term 'slape,' both theoretically and practically!" "Yes, my lord," rejoined the good-humoured Victoria, "I think I have. I shall never forget the word 'slape!'"

On another occasion, when on a visit at Bushey Park, her royal highness was cautioned that a dog she was fond of caressing could not always be relied on, and that his temper was most uncertain. Confiding in her character, and attached to dumb animals, she continued to shew him kindness; but Growler at length forgot his good manners, and made a snap at the princess's hand. The person who had cautioned her was on the spot at the time, and looked with anxiety to know the result.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said the princess, "you're right, and I am wrong; but he didn't bite me, —he only warned me. I shall be careful in future."

From her earliest years, the Princess Victoria displayed a character of energy and decision. Those who have been unable or unwilling to appreciate the true

situation to one in so exalted a position as the Queen of Great Britain have accused her of want of deference to her elders, her aged relatives, and her councillors. But such accusations have been made on too slender grounds; and those who have had the best opportunities of observing her conduct on all important occasions are unanimous in their declarations, that, whilst she asserts with becoming dignity her rights and her privileges, she consults her seniors with respectful attention, and often bows to their opinions with unaffected willingness. When very young, the energy and decision of her character, not, of course, being tempered and regulated by wisdom and experience, sometimes led her into acts which apparently partook of too much of self-regard and consideration; but, as time has mellowed her opinions, and ripened her character, she has given no just cause for reproach on the part of any who surround her.

There is a funny story told of the quite youthful Victoria that, when first invited to take lessons on the pianoforte, she objected strongly to the monotonous hours spent in "fingering," and at the gamut. She was informed that all her future success in that delightful art depended upon being perfect mistress of her piano.

"Oh, I am to be mistress of my piano, am I?" asked the ingenuous girl. To which inquiry it was replied, "Undoubtedly."

"Then what would you think of me if I became mistress at once?" continued the princess.

"That would be impossible. There is no royal road to music. Experience and great practice are essential."

"Oh, there is no royal road to music,—eh? No royal road. And I am not mistress of my pianoforte? But I will be, I assure you, and the royal road is this,"—at the same moment closing the piano, locking it, and taking the key. "There, that's being mistress of the piano! and the royal road to learn is never to take a lesson till you're in the humour to do it."

Those present laughed heartily, and in a few minutes the lesson was resumed.

Some blame has been attached to the admirable mother of our young queen for having surrounded her

daughter in her early years with so many German professors and teachers. This charge, however, though true in point of fact, is reduced to no real charge at all when it is remembered during how short a period the Duchess of Kent had become acquainted with England, the English court, and the English language, before she was called upon to superintend the arduous duty of attending to the education of the future queen of Great Britain. She was naturally anxious that every thing that transpired should be known to herself, and that she should therefore hear in her own language the lessons which were given and the precepts which were communicated to her daughter. Beside which, at that period the income of the duchess was comparatively small, and German professors and teachers were less expensive. It was wise also to accustom the ear of her child from early days to the varied sounds of different languages, so that she might even be prepared for future grammatical studies by a previous knowledge acquired by means of hearing and of conversation, without effort, and simply in the same manner as a child unconsciously acquires the habit of speaking its mother-tongue.

At length, however, the period arrived when, having attained her sixth year, a further provision became necessary to secure to her royal highness that future education, in all that was essential as well as ornamental, which should prepare her for the high destinies which awaited her. On her fifth birthday, her uncle, Prince Leopold, gave an elegant *déjeuner* at Marlborough House, at which the Duchess of Kent and the princess were present, as well as the Dukes of York, Sussex, Gloucester, the Prince Leinengen, the Duchesses of Clarence and Gloucester, and the Princesses Augusta and Sophia. The future queen of these isles was admired for her frankness, feminine beauty, and talent, and for her deep attachment to her incomparable mother. That mother took care on this, and on all suitable and similar occasions, to impress on the mind of her child that the respect and kindness shewn to her were so shewn, in the hope that she would cultivate those graces and

virtues which could alone render her acceptable to the British empire.

"It is not *you*," said the duchess, "but your future office and rank, which are regarded by the country; and you must so act as never to bring that office and that rank into disgrace or disrespect."

When the statue to the Duke of Kent, erected at the top of Portland Place, was opened for inspection, the duchess wisely took her daughter to behold the image of her departed father. She availed herself of that opportunity to cause her child to know and feel "that dear papa's likeness was placed there, not merely because he was a prince, but because he was a good man, was kind to the poor, caused little boys and girls to be taught to read and write; helped to get money from good people to cure the sick, the lame, the blind, the deaf; and did all he could to make bad people good."

It was in the summer of 1824, I think, when the duchess and her daughter were at Ramsgate, that the scene took place with which I have commenced these "Reminiscences." Some months were passed by them during that year in the sea-bathing town in question; and not till October did they return to Kensington. Yes, to that Kensington they loved so well, and where nearly all of her life was spent until the period arrived when she was called upon to assume the duties of the Queen of England. To the old palace of Kensington, surrounded by gardens so inviting and beautiful, the young Victoria was greatly attached. There she spent the sunniest hours of her youngest days; there she first loved the prince who is now the charm of her married life; there the fondest of mothers surrounded her with all that love, wealth, friendship, rank, and taste, could supply; there her teachers and professors taught her to reason, to think, to judge, to acquire, to improve; and there she grew up to womanhood, and first heard the cry, "Long live Victoria!" No wonder, then, that when in a future year she left the old palace-gate of Kensington for the last time, to proceed to Buckingham House and to St. James's Palace, that many tears rolled gracefully down her cheeks as memory called up the days and years

of past joys. Those tears were honourable to her affections, and proved that she had a tender and a grateful heart.

The next birth-day of the princess was in May 1825, and she was then six years of age. The moment had arrived when it became necessary to extend the sphere of her knowledge, to take her into society at much unavoidable expense, and to shew her more frequently to the country in that rank, and surrounded by that splendour which necessarily belonged to it. Accordingly, in May 1825, that old and faithful servant of the House of Brunswick, and of his country, the Earl of Liverpool, a man whose talents, virtues, and patriotism, have never been sufficiently extolled, presented to the House of Lords a message from the king, requesting that provision might be made for the infant daughter of the Duchess of Kent, and for the son of the Duke of Cumberland. Nothing could be more veracious, feeling, or correct, than the appeal then made by his lordship to the upper house; and the encomiums he passed on the character and conduct of the Duchess of Kent cheered her much in her difficult and anxious path. He stated that to that period the Duchess had supported and educated her daughter without making any application to parliament; but her education would now become a matter of unavoidably large expenditure; and that, according to her rank, and to the position in which she stood with regard to the crown and the country, she was an object of great, of general interest. She had been instructed in the pure principles of Christianity, and to understand and appreciate the rank she held, at the same time to have a humble sense of her own deficiencies. The duchess had been greatly assisted by the aid and advice of her own brother, the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. But at the age at which the princess had arrived such a state of things could no longer continue. Her education must be conducted in due form, and it was therefore proposed that an additional grant of 6000*l.* per annum should be made to the Duchess of Kent during the minority of her daughter. In the House of Lords this proposal was felt to be moderate, just, and indispensable, and was loy-

ally acquiesced in; as was a grant to the same amount to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. But in the House of Commons Henry Brougham thought the stipend large, though he eulogised both the duchess and her amiable daughter. Mr. Hume was of opinion that the sum should not be applied for all at once, but a rising grant from year to year. Mr. Peel supported the grant. Mr. Canning praised the duchess, and spoke in favour of that measure. But, after a division in the committee, both the grant to the duchess, and that to the Duke of Cumberland, were passed by a majority of 50.

The Duchess of Kent varied the scenes of the studies of her royal daughter, not only for the benefit of her health, but, likewise, that she might not be wearied by the monotony of application, and that the English people residing in different parts of the island might enjoy the pleasure of seeing and knowing their future queen. Thus, in 1830, they resided at Worthing, then at Kensington, visited Lord Liverpool and the Ladies Jenkinson at Buxted Park, enjoyed themselves greatly at Malvern, and were present at splendid *fêtes* given by Earl Somers at Eastnor Castle, and by the Earl of Beauchamp at Maddresfield Court. In the same year they proceeded to Hereford, Worcester, and Bath. Thus, in 1831, the Princess Victoria visited Claremont, Buxted Park, the Isle of Wight, with all its enchanting scenery and sylvan retreats, and Weymouth. So, in 1832, she explored the mountains of North Wales, visited the splendid residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Alton Towers, and the magnificent palace of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. In 1833, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight were again selected as places of sojourn, and she visited likewise the castles of several of the nobility. In 1834, Tunbridge Wells was honoured by her presence, and many excursions were made to different parts of Kent and Surrey which were conducive to the health of the princess. In 1835, the Marquess of Exeter entertained most sumptuously the future Queen of England at Burghley, who afterwards sojourned at Ramsgate, where the King of the Belgians came to meet his sister and his niece. In 1836,

Kensington Palace was more than usually frequented by the duchess and the princess, for it was during the spring of that year that Prince Albert was reported to have made a favourable impression on the youthful but sensitive heart of the Rose of England. Still Ramsgate again became their dwelling-place, and the Princess Victoria left it always with regret. The sea had for her indescribable charms, and she loved to watch the lights and shadows of a marine landscape, to gaze on the moon-beams playing on the agitated surface, and to plunge her fair form into the briny waves. The next year witnessed the death of her uncle, and her accession to the throne. The movements of her majesty since that time are fresher in the recollection of her loving subjects, who perceive with satisfaction that she transports the court at pleasure from Windsor to Walmer, from Walmer to Brighton, from Brighton to Claremont, from Claremont to the halls and palaces of her distinguished nobility; and even to foreign lands, to the marine villa of the King of the French, and to the fertile plains of rich and happy Belgium.

There is a little incident connected with the temporary residence of the Princess Victoria at Tunbridge Wells, which I delight to record. It so happened that the husband of one of the actresses at the small theatre in that lovely and captivating watering-place died, and left his widow in the condition of about becoming a mother. The fact came to her knowledge, and she applied to the Duchess for aid to the unfortunate lady. Always anxious to relieve distress, she placed 10*l.* in the hands of the Princess Victoria, who added a similar sum herself. She then applied for permission to be the bearer of this sum of 20*l.* to the distressed and disconsolate actress. With that activity which distinguished her in all her proceedings, she hastened to the afflicted woman, conversed with her with great kindness and affability, witnessed the good which was accomplished by the bestowment of the sum in question, and afterwards made many inquiries relative to her condition. Here, however, her royal munificence did not terminate, for when her majesty ascended the

throne she forgot not the poor widow of Tunbridge Wells, but sent to her a kindly intimation that an annuity of 40*l.* would be paid to her during the rest of her life.

Although not connected with this portion of her majesty's life, there is another incident which proves the high moral and religious influences exercised over the mind and heart of the Princess Victoria during her earlier years, and which now lead her to conduct herself in every way worthy of her rank and elevation. The fact I am about to record demonstrates the devout respect she was always taught to feel for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. Indeed, her religious education was invariably made a matter of the deepest and primary importance, and the lessons given at the period of her life we are now considering, have brought forth the most satisfactory results in after days. The incident to which I refer is the following. A certain noble lord arrived at Windsor one Saturday night at a late hour. On being introduced to the queen, he said, "I have brought down for your majesty's inspection some documents of great importance, but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your majesty, but business of the state will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the queen; "and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after church to-morrow morning." So to church went the queen and the court, and to church went the noble lord, when, much to his surprise, the subject of the discourse was on the duties of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the queen. "Very much, indeed, your majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," retorted her majesty, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." The Sunday passed

without a single word being said relative to the state papers; and, at night, when her majesty was about to withdraw, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please," said the queen, turning to the nobleman,—"as early as seven, my lord, if you like, we will look into the papers." The nobleman said, "That he could not think of intruding on her majesty at so early an hour; he thought nine o'clock would be quite soon enough." "No—no, my lord," replied the queen, "as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so;" and, accordingly, the next morning at nine, her majesty was seated, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

This is one of very many anecdotes I could record of her majesty's high sense of the duties she owed to Him by whom queens reign and princes decree judgment. Her love of justice and truth may, likewise, be ascribed to the admirable lessons of high morals she received in her juvenile years. There is a fact which illustrates her love of rectitude, which I refer to with great pleasure. It is well known that the Duke of Kent died considerably in debt to the late Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas, and that these debts he was really wholly unable to discharge. During her minority this circumstance was often referred to by the Princess Victoria, and, as she revered the memory of her father, she longed to be able to rescue it from any imputation on that head. Accordingly, when her majesty ascended the throne, the representatives of those peers received the full amount of their debts, accompanied by a valuable piece of plate to each from the queen, with a letter expressive of the obligations she felt towards those who had been her father's friends, and the pleasure she and her royal mother felt in being thus enabled to express their feelings.

The memory of her father, of his high and nobly independent conduct, of his manly courage and truly princely bearing, and of his devoted attachment to his august family, his beloved country, his cherished wife, and his adored child, are dear to her heart; and all who, at any time, or

in any way, assisted and gratified him, are sure to meet with the warmest reception on the part of our grateful queen. One of the causes of her attachment to her uncle the Duke of Sussex, and to the Prince Leopold, was the high esteem and veneration felt by them towards her father, and which they proved to be sincere by repeated acts of personal generosity and sympathy.

The education of the princess did not so absorb all her time as to prevent her from displaying her love for her uncles and aunts, and the high sense she entertained of the honour which was reflected on her by her being a granddaughter of George III., and being the niece of so very many illustrious aunts and uncles. She loved them all, visited them frequently, was instructed to pay suitable respect and homage to each of them, and was never more happy than when surrounded by the members of her illustrious race. It has been said that she felt jealous or envious of one of her female cousins; but this report is wholly incorrect, and her conduct since that period to the charming person in question proves the fallacy of the rumour.

Instructed to take a deep interest in works of art and of science the princess was minute in her inquiries respecting them, and warm in her admiration when she fully understood them. The cathedrals of England were especial favourites with our youthful queen, and church music and church architecture gratified her greatly. To the public institutions of the towns and cities she visited, she was a generous benefactress, and would willingly deprive herself of portions of her pocket-money, that she might be the better able to meet the demands of art, science, literature, poverty, and distress, upon her benevolence.

In 1831, the public became anxious to know what progress had been made in the education of her royal highness, what were the nature of her studies, and to what description of knowledge she applied with most diligence. That public soon ascertained that the education of the princess was making most gratifying progress. Mr. Amos gave her lectures on the English constitution; Mr. Westall superintended her draw-

ing lessons; in Latin she had made considerable proficiency, and was able to read Horace with fluency. Her love of music was enthusiastic, and her taste for visiting the theatres was rather the result of musical sympathy with the orchestra, than of attachment to the drama.

The drawing-room of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, held on Feb. 24, 1831, was the most magnificent which had been seen since that which had taken place on the presentation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, upon occasion of her marriage. No drawing-room excited so great an interest, when compared with that, as the one held by Queen Adelaide, at which the Princess Victoria was presented on her attaining her twelfth year. It was on this occasion that the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter arrived in state, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, the Honourable Mrs. Cust, Lady Conroy, la Baronne Letzen, Sir J. Conroy, and General Wetherall. This was the first public appearance of the Princess Victoria at court. Her dress was made entirely of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom. Victoria wore a frock of English blond, simple, modest, and becoming. She was the object of interest and admiration on the part of all assembled, as she stood on the left of her majesty on the throne. The scene was one of the most splendid ever remembered, and the future Queen of England contemplated all that passed with much dignity, but with evident interest.

The appointment of the Duchess of Northumberland to the high and important office of governess of the princess was suggested by King William IV. As a lady of the highest mental acquirements, noble family, and great personal attractions, she was wisely selected, and public opinion confirmed the choice. That appointment was very far from being nominal. The duchess became constant in her visits to Kensington Palace, and frequently remained there in the company of the princess during a large portion of the day. Upon one occasion, when the Duchess of Northumberland was giving her admirable instructions to the princess,

Southey, the poet-laureate, made his appearance, and was greeted with much respect and feeling. The conversation turned first on poetry, and then on history; and he afterwards expressed the delight he felt when he learnt from the Princess Victoria's own lips how much pleasure she had derived from his prose, as well as from his poetical compositions. The future Queen of Great Britain was particularly charmed by the *Life of Nelson*, and expressed her gratitude at its preparation. "That is a delightful book, indeed," she observed; "and I am sure I could read it half-a-dozen times over."

The twelfth birthday of the princess was one of great festivity. Splendid presents were offered to her, and, amongst the rest, two beautiful ponies from the Duchess of Gordon. They were great favourites with their royal mistress. A juvenile ball, given by the king and queen in July 1831 to the Princess Victoria, and which was attended by a very large number of the children of the nobility, was often talked of by her as the scene which, in her younger days, had made the strongest impression on her memory.

The Duchess of Northumberland, in the exercise of her superior and enlightened judgment, objected to the frequent attendance of her young charge at drawing-rooms; and, as the health of the princess was delicate, the duchess advised that her pupil should not be present at the coronation of King William. This was a great disappointment, but it was submitted to with respectful obedience. The enemies to the peace and harmony of the royal family, and to whom I have before alluded, sought to cause it to be believed that the reason why the princess was not present was because her proper place at that ceremony had not been assigned to her. But who, that knew the good King William and his incomparable queen, would believe that any slight was put by them on their well-beloved niece, and the heiress-presumptive to the throne? The same enemies also stated that the Duchess of Northumberland was seeking to give a political bias to the education of the princess; and some uneasiness was, therefore, created at the palace. But it was soon ascer-

tained that her grace, neither in the selection of the books to be studied by her pupil, nor in any other way, had given the slightest party colour to the education of her *élève*. Her studies had been such as enlightened men of all parties would approve. She was well versed in history, both in the English and foreign languages; and the historians selected were those whose works were in the hands of all those who desired correct views and an accurate knowledge of the British constitution.

The mind of the Princess Victoria was not the only subject of attention on the part of her noble governess; for her royal highness became an accomplished and even daring equestrian, under the care of Fozard, the justly celebrated riding-master. The ease of her carriage, the gracefulness of her manners, and her truly royal air and demeanour, much excited the attention of distinguished foreigners, and, amongst others, of Count Orloff, to whom, in the summer of 1832, the Duchess of Kent gave a splendid banquet.

There was another feature, in the education of the princess, which did great honour to all who were engaged in that most important matter; and that was, that she was taught to consider it her duty, wherever she went, to encourage, by her patronage, all the charitable institutions of the neighbourhood which tended to relieve the physical sufferings of her fellow-creatures. I have been quite charmed, whilst looking over the recitals of her varied journeyings and residences in different parts of the country, to perceive to how great an extent herself and her royal mother indulged in this godlike grace of charity. No one not intimately acquainted with the movements of her royal highness and of her august mother during several years of their lives, could form any thing like a just estimate of their numerous munificent acts. I noticed, wherever they went, though their means were comparatively limited, and their incomes by no means large, they left proofs of their sympathy for all that was benevolent and good.

The beauties of nature, in their wild and romantic character, as in North Wales,—in their marine na-

ture, as at Ramsgate,—in their beautiful hilly scenery, as at Malvern,—or in their calm and sylvan characteristics, as at Tunbridge Wells, the Princess Victoria was early taught to examine and admire. As her mind opened, and her heart expanded, she returned to the spots of her earliest recollections with fresh delight, and inquired for those objects, whether trees, mills, brooks, old cottages, ivy-mantled towers, grey churches, and distant blue hills, which had before pleased and delighted her. To the home scenery of England, its thatched cottages, its cleanly villages, its smart and active towns, its busy, bustling cities, its rural churches, its well-made roads, its shady lanes, and its deep, sequestered dells, she was taught to be familiar; and that familiarity alone was sure to be followed by attachment and love. I have travelled in many lands, seen the dashing cataract and the foaming torrent, the eternal glaciers, and the loftiest alps, but I have never yet seen a country where the *tout ensemble* of the scenery was so lovable and attractive as in dear Old England.

I have thus sketched the early days and the advancing years of the Princess Victoria in general terms, and given general impressions, because the minutæ of those days and years would take volumes, instead of pages, to describe. Her life, until the period when called on to rule over a great and a glorious empire, was one of constant investigation, admiration, and improvement. Her education was varied and general, and she was wisely taught to find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing." Indeed, in later years, when occasionally removed from the Duchesse of Northumberland, her correspondence with that justly celebrated lady was a continuation of her education, and powerfully contributed to strengthen the mind of the future Queen of England. I have been reminded of this circumstance by the recent visit of her majesty to the seat of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The last time she had visited that English Versailles, in 1832, she had planted a sapling, which, when she lately returned, had become a well-grown tree. The description of the planting she had

given in an interesting letter to the Duchess of Northumberland. When she returned in 1843, her royal consort was there, and he planted another. The correspondence with the Duchess of Northumberland used to be animated and interesting; and the names, habits, customs, and peculiarities of the people, in the various spots visited by the princess, were described by her with an accuracy, minuteness, and spirit, quite extraordinary, considering her then inexperience and youth.

The British character of her heart, feelings, and sympathies, should not be forgotten. British shells, British fossils, British plants, British birds, British antiquities, British artists and authors, British manufactures, and, in fact, all that is British, she was taught to take a greater interest in than in the productions of other countries. Thus wherever she went the peculiar characteristics of the spot were always examined by her, and she almost invariably gave orders for some specimens of the manufactured goods which were there produced. Thus she identified herself with the people, the artisans, the manufacturers of the country; and they rejoiced in her as an enlightened patroness, and a practical and sincere friend. In like manner, the princess was often present at *fêtes* of a national character, particularly at those connected with the navy; such as yacht-festivals, the launching of large vessels, and laying the foundation-stones of institutions destined to benefit the widows or children of the united services of the army and navy.

No wonder, then, that when the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter visited any spot, they were met with fairy-footed maidens strewing flowers before them, as at Tunbridge Wells; or by the outpouring of whole populations to greet them, as in the midland counties; or by deputations of the most illustrious of their citizens, as in the cities of Bath, Bristol, &c.

The eighteenth birthday of the royal lady at length arrived. It was ushered in by many a merry peal, and numerous were the congratulations she then received. It was the period of her legal majority. He by whom kings reign had spared her

life to that joyous day, and amongst the first to congratulate her on the happy event was Prince Albert, her now admired and beloved consort. Many were the princes who were there. There were the Prince of Orange and his two noble sons, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Prince Albert and his brother, and most of the foreign ambassadors and representatives of the courts of the world did homage to the future Queen of Great Britain. But none were more welcome than him who, when she was little more than fifteen, had inspired in her young heart a love for his person, his talents, and his virtues—Prince Albert. It was a singular fact, however, as connected with the history of the house of Orange, that the prince and his sons were visiting the court of London at the same time as Prince Albert, his father and brother, and that again the house of Orange was disappointed in its desire to ally itself with that of Britain. Prince Albert was then also eighteen years of age. In height and features he resembled the youthful princes of the Netherlands; but Albert was the favourite at Kensington, and those initiated in court-secrets predicted the result.

The festivities which took place on occasion of the eighteenth birthday of the princess were on the most splendid scale. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainments, and the splendour of the scene at St. James's Palace will never be forgotten by those who were present at the Victoria ball.

Scarcely, however, had the princess returned to the calm and dignified occupations of her ordinary life, than the venerable and excellent king William IV. was seized with a dangerous illness, and expired on the 20th of June, 1837.

At the early hour of five in the morning the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Albemarle, and Sir Henry Halford arrived at the palace of Kensington to communicate the event, and Lord Melbourne followed at nine, and had an interview of half an hour alone with the Princess Victoria. Lord Brougham, Mr. Bathurst, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, followed. The lord-mayor and the city marshals succeeded, and amongst the first of the members of

the royal family to do homage to his niece as queen was that very King of Hanover, who had been so often misrepresented to the Princess Victoria as her enemy.

The first privy council at Kensington Palace was then held by her majesty. Upwards of one hundred of the members of his late majesty's most honourable privy council were there. It was a solemn and imposing scene. Painting has depicted it, poetry has described it, and history will record it; but neither painting, poetry, nor history, can do it justice. There stood the graceful and the fair, the young and the noble-minded girl of eighteen, bereft of her father in her youngest days, succeeding her venerable grandfather George III. and her illustrious uncles George IV. and William IV. to the throne of her ancestors. There she stood, young, confiding, generous, timid, anxious to do all that was right, loving her family, her country, and her God, and desirous, above and before all things, to govern righteously. Around her were aged and wise men, warriors who had fought the battles of their country, judges who had decided rightly and well in all matters of high dispute and contest, statesmen who had devoted their lives to the honour and happiness of their beloved England, and men of all parties who loved the house of Brunswick and were attached to the constitutional monarchy of these realms.

And then came the proclamation:—
"We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty princess Alexandra Victoria is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith."

The princess was now a queen, and, though young, artless, and blooming, she looked a queen, spoke as a queen, felt as a queen! and the country did her homage. But, though a queen, she felt also as a daughter and a niece, for she threw her arms round the neck of her mother and wept like a loving child. And when the Duke of Sussex, her favourite uncle, presented himself to take the oath of allegiance to her majesty, and was about to kneel in her presence to kiss her royal hand, she gracefully prevented him, bestowed an affec-

tionate kiss on his cheek, and said, "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria your niece." The Duke of Sussex was wholly overcome by this proof of her condescension and love.

The first drawing-room of the queen was most splendid; and the scene on the 17th of July, when her majesty prorogued parliament in person, was one of deep interest and unprecedented excitement. That also was one of those pageants which must be seen and felt, for it cannot be described. The breathless anxiety of the Duchess of Kent, the deep and intense curiosity of the assembled peerage of the country, the roar of the cannon, the shouts of the populace from without, the solemn circumstance of a new reign, a youthful reign, and a woman's reign, over a country unequalled in the world, cannot be painted or depicted on the canvass or on storied page. Her silvery voice, with all the freshness of her age, added music to the scene, as she delivered, with an easy dignity and a natural grace, her speech of prorogation. The admirable manner in which the queen of eighteen managed her naturally musical voice whilst reading her first address to the country, so as without the least apparent effort making herself heard at the very farthest part of the House of Lords, called for the general admiration of all who heard her. It was known, indeed, that her majesty was an accomplished vocalist, and that she frequently entertained her noble circle by popular airs, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent on the piano; but it was feared, by those who loved her best, that the moment of appearing for the first time as queen before her parliament would somewhat discompose her.

The queen formed her household. It was Whig. The queen continued the advisers of her uncle William IV. They were Whig. The queen paid her first visit to Guildhall. The Whigs again preponderated. Do I blame her for this? No. The queen's father was a Whig; the queen's mother and uncle Leopold were Whigs; the society in which she had most frequently associated had been Whig. She was a girl of eighteen. It would have been too much to expect that on ascending the throne she should

have called at once to her councils other men, entertaining other opinions, and viewing all great public questions in an opposite light. Besides which, she had been led to believe that public opinion was Whig, that the new elections would be Whig, and that the Conservatives would still have to contend for some years with that spirit of democracy which the foreign revolutions and the domestic reform-bill of 1830 had called into life or vigour.

It was a charming thought of her majesty when she determined that the first message she should send down to the parliament in the following December should be one asking for a suitable provision for her royal mother,—for that mother who had watched her every hour with a maternal benignity and wisdom which could not be excelled, even if it could be rivalled.

Next came the coronation. Never was such an event celebrated with more delight or enthusiasm. The Abbey was gorgeous in attractions; the loveliness of our fair countrywomen surpassed description; the young and graceful monarch looked a goddess amongst her fair and beautiful ladies of honour and of rank. Tens of thousands of diamonds and precious stones glittered in the sunbeams, and sparks of light appeared to fly on every side. The queen advanced towards the altar with an air of calm and dignified composure, the royal robe of crimson was gracefully upon her, and on her head was a circle of gold. She knelt devoutly; she prayed fervently.

"I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of this realm," said the Archbishop of Canterbury; "wherefore all you, who are come this day to do her homage, are you willing to do the same?"

The assembled multitudes replied by their smiles, their tears, their looks of affection, respect, and love. The holy communion of the body and blood of Christ succeeded. The queen partook of the same. How glorious the association! She was a queen. Yes; but, what was far better, she was a *Christian* queen. Ah! who will forget the sublime solemnity of that moment when the glorious anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire!" preceded the

anointing of the queen; nor yet those shouts of "God save the Queen!" "May the queen live for ever!" when the crowning had taken place, and when the venerable archbishop had placed on the youthful head of Victoria I. the crown of this mighty Christian land! That was a pageant which the oldest of us can never forget, and which the youngest still love to dwell upon and admire.

That, too, was a remarkable and a solemn sight when the young and graceful monarch of these realms assembled the privy council and announced to the old, the sage, the reflecting men who surrounded her, that she had come to the resolution to ally herself in marriage to the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. "Deeply impressed," said the youthful queen, "with the solemnity of the engagement I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity and subserve to the interests of my crown and people."

The privy council smiled satisfaction. The old men gave her in their hearts their blessing. Men less advanced in years predicted much of happiness. And throughout the whole country but one feeling was displayed—it was that of unalloyed joy and unfeigned satisfaction.

The marriage followed. The old Chapel Royal of St. James's looked splendidly gold and scarlet. None were sad or sorrowing but the Duchess of Kent. She approved the match, and she rejoiced at the choice which had been made. But still the queen was her daughter, and from that moment she became the property of another. Ay, so it was, and so it ever will be; no mother can see with *unmixed* satisfaction her daughter carried away from her embraces, and united by other ties to a man and a stranger. The queen looked pale and anxious; the scene was calm, solemn, and effective. As at her coronation, so at her marriage, she embraced her mother and the Queen Dowager of England, and in this she did well, for in the length and breadth of the land she cannot well find their equals. ogle

Who does not know that that marriage has led to the birth of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alice Maud Mary? the first born on November 21, 1840, the second on November 9, 1841, and the third on April 26, 1843. And who does not know that the marriage has also been productive of nothing but happiness to the illustrious pair, and of the most unfeigned satisfaction to the whole country? The consort of the queen is, with the single exception of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, the most popular man in the land; and his conduct has been invariably such as to secure for him the respect of the old, the love of the young, and the admiration of all.

But the queen is now surrounded by Conservatives: those who were once uncalled to her councils now indicate to her her policy and advise her in her high station. How is this? Is the queen less a Whig? No. Is the queen less mindful of the personally loyal conduct of Lord Melbourne, the Marquess of Lansdowne, or Lord John Russell? No. Does her majesty view all public questions in precisely the same light as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, or the Earl of Aberdeen? Most assuredly not. But the queen is a constitutional queen. She was early taught the principles of that constitution. She knows that enlightened public opinion co-operates with, and regulates the decisions of, the crown. She perceived that parliament, the legal image of the public mind, had become Conservative; that the nation was wearied of contradictions and indecision, of feebleness, and of want of power, where power ought to reside. Faithful to the friends of her father, her mother, her uncles Leopold and Sussex, and to the friends of her own youth, she tried them to the last. But the country spoke, through its constitutional organs, in a voice that could not be mistaken, and Sir Robert Peel was invited to form that cabinet to which her majesty has acted with good faith, kindness, condescension, and confidence. I am not about to discuss the merits of the two political parties between which the queen had to decide, since the queen has acted constitutionally, and her private feelings

and sympathies have not been suffered to interfere with her public duties and with the national will. The working of the political system of our British constitution is still a problem at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, if not at Vienna and Rome; but that working is majestic, simple, and glorious.

I have said nothing of the atrocious attempts to annoy, wound, and even destroy the life of her majesty. They are dark, dark spots in a reign of life and light. These attempts were viewed with unmingled horror by all her majesty's loving subjects; and that very feeling has happily, I trust, for ever put a stop to a renewal of acts so unworthy of an enlightened, to say nothing of a Christian people. But it would be unjust and disloyal not to record, that on every successive attempt the queen has displayed a *sang froid*, a dignity, a calmness, a forbearance, a humanity, and a gentleness towards, or in behalf of, her blind and mistaken enemies, which has endeared her to the hearts of all who love their species, and who seek to repress crime by encouraging virtue. Those who have approached her majesty on all such occasions have been unanimous in the testimony they have borne to her magnanimity and courage, and have retired from her presence with the sentiment that she was indeed another illustrious scion of the house of Brunswick, a worthy descendant of the immortal George III. and "a liege lady and queen," worthy of wearing on her head the crown of this mighty empire.

The last time I saw the fair queen of our blessed isles she was returning in her state-carriage from the late autumnal prorogation of parliament. I had seen her proceed to that ceremony with a calm, serious, decided air. She acknowledged, indeed, with dignity and grace the homage of the people, but her mind was in another spot. She was pale, thoughtful, determined. "O'Connell will have no loop-hole left," I remarked to a friend by my side. "The speech will be decisive, and treason will be abashed." Slowly moved the procession, and I was glad it did so, for I loved to see the royal pair, young, free, confiding, proceeding to meet the national representatives and the

not less national peerage. It was a charming sight, and my memory occupied itself during her absence by recalling the scenes of her childhood, and the changes of her still youthful years. In about three quarters of an hour the procession returned. The queen was pale and thoughtful no longer. Her face was flushed, her eyes were brilliant, her animation was great. She was conversing with Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch with extraordinary vivacity. She was at ease; her mind had been relieved of a burden; her face was lighted up with blushes, smiles, and the satisfaction which a queen will feel when she has done a good deed and maintained right principles. Yes, she had said to faction, "I love liberty; but I love order. I love the free institutions of my country; but I love the union of England and Ireland. I love the natural and easy progress of a constitutional government, and I would be the last to desire that Ireland should suffer from her connexion with England; but I will transmit to my children and to my children's children the sceptre and the crown undiminished in splendour and untarnished by submission to treason or to traitors. I love Ireland, too, the birthplace of so many of my

best subjects, soldiers, and sailors; but I will—yes, I will maintain the legislative as well as the territorial union. I love the wild cry of the Irish mountaineer and of the Irish peasant; I love the hospitality of the Irish heart, the frankness of the Irish character, and the bravery of the Irish soul; but I love, also, the union of peace, harmony, loyalty, and obedience, with hospitality, frankness, and bravery. I am resolved, therefore, cost what it may—tears, sighs, opposition, factious clamour, and desperate effort—I am resolved for the sake of those who are deluded into the belief that the repeal of that union would be for the benefit, instead of for the ruin of Ireland,—yes, I am resolved, queen of these isles as I am, to maintain unimpaired and untarnished the union of Great Britain and Ireland!"

The queen looked all this. The Duchess of Buccleuch was evidently delighted. Prince Albert was listening with attention and joy. The country heard her speech. The people saw her look. O'Connell read his fate; and from that moment repeal was impossible! **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!** Yes, **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!**

DRUMMOND'S NOBLE ENGLISH FAMILIES.*

ALTHOUGH there exists but one perfect genealogical table in the world, that from Adam to Christ, and that the only one free from the suspicion of inaccuracy, we, in common with the majority of mankind, respect and consider eminently useful a long ancestral line. "Few there are who can sincerely despise in others an advantage of which they are secretly ambitious to partake."† Political ethics tell us that "Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment, and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem."‡ So general a desire exists among mankind to know from whom they are descended, that it looks like a common principle of our nature, and is much quickened when reversions of property or titles may be, though distantly, looked for.§ All the genealogies of the Western world shrink into novelties when compared with the family of the Chinese philosopher Confucius; an unbroken line for 2200 years has been maintained, and the representative of Confucius is still esteemed and protected by the whole nation and the emperor. The Chinaman is an apt illustration of the saying, that

the founder of a family is almost always the greatest man of it. We have the authority of the Jewish legislator Moses, that every creature begets its like; and that may be understood in the most extensive sense, for although there may not be two persons so alike as not to be known apart from each other, the characteristics of families are often very clearly marked and continued for generations.|| We know that a celebrated artist, when composing a picture of Edith Plantagenet entreating Richard Cœur de Lion to spare the life of Sir Kenneth, consulted the coins, effigies, illuminations, and other documents, for the contours and features of the Plantagenets, and was surprised when he was assured that he had made an admirable likeness, in carriage and feature, of a young lady, who was descended, through her father, from Owen Tudor and Katherine, the widow of Henry V., and was allied, on her mother's side, to the Chandos race. The same perfection of form, noble features, small (high-bred) hands and feet, and majestic carriage, were as distinct in her as in the most distinguished of her princely ancestors, and her mind would have graced either a throne or a cottage. In posthumous children, who could not have received impressions from their parents, the

* Histories of Noble English Families; with Biographical Notices of the most distinguished Individuals in each. Illustrated by their Armorial Bearings, Portraits, Monuments, Seats, &c. By Henry Drummond, Esq. Parts I. and II. Imp. folio. London, 1842.

† Gibbon's *Memoirs*, p. 3.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ The present Lord Reay (Mackay) was, when at school in Scotland, sixteen from the title and estate.

Anderson, in the Introduction (p. xxxvii.) to his *History of the Family of Ivery*, now represented by Perceval, earl of Egmont, says, "Succession to estates, and even peerages, many of which, by the common law of England, descend to female heirs, are often recoverable after a long intermission of time. There are instances of some of these which have lain dormant above two centuries, from a multitude of female heirs subsisting all the while, which, upon the extinction of the rest, have been revived in the issue of the last; the custom requiring that rights of this nature should centre in one person, before a claim can legally be made. This same argument will hold equally in those titles which are limited to the male, of which we have very lately seen one regained by a younger branch of the family of Stanley, who have obtained the earldom of Derby upon failure of the elder house, from which the present has been separated above 200 years."

|| We remember two brothers by the name of Fraser, who were pupils of that renowned B——, brusher and Grecian to the late Dr. Charles Burney, who were so alike in face, expression, and person, that he flogged one brother for the fault of the other, and was not aware until sometime afterwards of having done so.

same characteristics, habits, manners, and propensities, are readily discernible by those who knew their parents. Well has Combe, in his *Constitution of Man*, endeavoured to instil into mankind the propriety, policy, and utility, of selecting fine organisations for the mothers of a race. What wealth could compensate for low cerebral organisation, and its effects, for scrofula, or impurity? Highly as we think of illustrious descent, we do not agree with Addison and Johnson, as quoted by Nicolas Carlisle, "that he who to the claim of *merit* adds that of *illustrious* birth, is to be justly regarded more than one of *equal* merit who has no hereditary pretensions."* The force of example, the recollection of the fame of forefathers, the probable education, with the imitation of those characters constantly held up to the aspirants, give an advantage of no mean consideration over a Nelson, a Washington, a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a host of men of every country, who, by force of intellect, aided by circumstances and opportunities, have, without the prestige of ancestry, raised themselves to high renown, and become the founders of families, who will ever look back on them with respect and reverence. Moreover, mere birth is an accident not within the control of humanity.

Let every one remember that a *gentleman* includes *nobility*. A *nobleman* may be made, a *gentleman* must be born so. For a very correct, but quaint, illustration of that important point, we must refer our readers to Sir James Lawrence's little work on the "Nobility of the British Gentry." The landed proprietors in every country constitute the nobility, and every man who can prove four quarters on his escutcheon, that is, whose ancestors for four descents

have had the right of wearing coat-armour, are gentlemen, and, consequently, of the nobility.† Heraldry is more attended to in Germany, and some other countries, than in England, and the family histories are incomparably superior to any we possess. A well-informed foreign herald, if asked who were the *noblest* families of England, would immediately reply, those who were settled on their estates *before* the Conquest; next, those who accompanied the Conqueror; then those who were engaged in the Crusades; after those, Templars, and men distinguished in tournaments. Hallam justly observes, that only the actual possessor of a British peerage possesses privileges; he might have added, the son of a duke possesses precedence, which is the essential of nobility. Family histories are of great value, as illustrating the policy, manners, habits, and ethics of a nation; while they must be interesting to all the descendants and branches of every house; and we regret that it has been so much neglected in our own country. Mr. Drummond's work, with the patronage and assistance of the nobility of England, including the peerage and gentry, will, in some degree, supply the deficiency. Provincial histories have perpetuated much interesting matter, and we regret that they have, in modern days, received so little support from the aristocracy as to render their compilation and publication a certain loss to the author and the publisher. Labouring under so serious a disadvantage, Mr. Drummond announces, at the commencement of his work, that,—

"In order to limit the undertaking within moderate bounds, the male direct line only of each family will be pursued; and wherever the name and possessions

* Foreign Orders of Knighthood; Introduction, p. vi.—One of the most complete works of the kind extant.

† Hoghton of Hoghton, Ratcliffe of Ratcliffe, Titchborn of Titchborn; Hampden, on whose sarcophagus is inscribed, "John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary lord of Great Hampden." The rule is, "Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt."—Statutum de Militibus, anno primo Ed. II. De Lolme says of the king, "He creates the peers of the realm, as well as bestows the different degrees of inferior nobility."

The late Lord Barrington was once asked by a German prince, "Pray, my lord, of what rank is an esquire in England?" His lordship replied, "Sir, I cannot exactly tell you, as you have no equivalent for it in Germany; but an English esquire is considerably above a German baron, and something below a German prince."

have passed through a female into another family, the history of that line of the house will close, although the new family into which the heiress married may have taken her name and armorial bearings."

We regret this determination, because the elaborate work of Mr. Drummond must be incomplete. It is in the power of the aristocracy to induce him to rescind the intention, by coming forward as subscribers, through their booksellers, to the work. We have heard, with sorrow and surprise, that, comparatively speaking, the heads of the great families have not supported the great undertaking to the extent that the junior branches have; and that, if every copy published should be sold, Mr. Drummond cannot receive one sixpence of reward for all his research and trouble. Correct genealogies and family alliances are of great importance, and no descendant of an ancient race feels becomingly who neglects to obtain and keep up such records. Although the late Chevalier de Laurence, by his quaint and far-fetched notions, half turned into ridicule the idea of "umbilical descent," or the female genealogy, there can be no doubt it would constitute a more correct line of descent than can, by possibility, be obtained by a male descent. There can be no question who the *mother* of a child is, there may be doubts who the *father* is. Curran was said to have laughed immoderately at the reply of a remarkably fine and handsome boy, who attracted his attention when playing at marbles; the wit addressed him, and then asked him "Who his father was?" The urchin answered, "Please your honour, just hold my taw for a minute, and I will go home and ask my mother."

The chevalier, in his enthusiasm, thus speaks of the matter (the engraving which constitutes the frontispiece of his little work exceeds in whimsicality any specimen of art we ever saw, and although it is per-

fectly delicate, we have not courage to describe it):—

"Genealogy is a pretension; tokology a science that demonstrates what is both palpable and visible, the birth of a child by whomever begot; and in the false ideas of a prude must be the most decent of the two, while the symbol of nature, under the symbol of the dove, seems to pre-empt over what is passing below. A mother is the editor of the child, she alone can know who is the author. How vain are the researches of the herald that are conducted by any other clue."

This strange idea might have prevailed from the first creation of man, or might be commenced from the earliest inhabitants of a new continent, but now can only serve to excite a smile. We still think that a female genealogy should be correctly recorded. We have lately been cognizant of the great utility of a correct genealogy in the female line.* It is to be regretted that a general heraldic qualification does not exist throughout Europe. As a nobleman may be created, and a gentleman must be born, it would be easy to specify many peers of the realm who do not yet possess the higher rank of gentlemen,—that is, who cannot for four generations shew the right to coats-of-arms, or, in more technical terms, to wear coat-armour. An English *gentleman* is equal in quality to a German baron, a French comte, or an Italian marchese; and, in countries where society is classified, is admissible on terms of equality into those ranks. Englishmen who are really gentlemen should be careful, when on the Continent, to maintain their designation; which, though obsolete, as being the "lesser nobility," in this country, is not so on the Continent, particularly in Germany. Turner, in his *History of England*, very properly styles the gentry the "minor nobility." Gibbon also calls knights of the shire "lesser nobility."† Sel-

* It was our intention to have inserted one of the most splendid female pedigrees existing, tracing Amelia Sydenham, now the wife of Major-General Sir P. Ross, late governor of Antigua, through three distinct female lines, from the blood-royal of England from Henry III.; but we find that our page will not contain the three lines. We presume that a copy of this pedigree is at Wadham College, Oxford, which was founded by her ladyship's ancestor.

† M. Works, vol. ii. p. 36.

den, in his *Table Talk*, says that no power can make a gentleman. De Lolme, speaking of the regal prerogative, attributes this right, "He creates the peers of the realm, as well as bestows the different degrees of inferior nobility." Ferri de St. Constant affirms that the title of gentleman answered formerly to *gentilhomme*. The nurse of James I., who had followed him from Scotland, entreated him to make her son a gentleman. "My good woman," says the king, "a gentleman I could never make him, though I could make him a lord." Every thing must have a commencement, and it would have been far more politic if our monarchs, instead of conferring knighthood on aldermen for bringing up addresses, or such accidental occurrences, or on miniature and portrait-painters, had granted them coats-of-arms, so that the fourth generation could have claimed the rank of gentlemen; it would have kept the distinctions more consistently. Sufficient attention has not of late been paid to the manner in which honours have been conferred; there has been a kind of wholesale, retail, and for-exportation-style in the manner, which has diminished the value of them in the estimation of the receiver and the public, which is bad policy. We have seen in our own time a highly distinguished admiral, who had been in many battles, and held high and responsible commands, gazetted a baronet with an obscure young gentleman, whose only qualification for the honour was activity in supporting a Whig candidate at a general election. Could the high and distinguished officer estimate the honour equally in such company as if with men of equal deserts? Was it considerate of the minister of the day to yoke a lion and a donkey together? The Chevalier Laurence was a gallant man, and always supported the claims of ladies. Let us see what he says of our presuming to call unmarried

ladies of a certain rank in society spinsters:—

"It is honourable neither to the justice nor to the gallantry of Englishmen, that, while they lavish the title of gentleman on almost every biped of their own sex, they withhold that of gentlewoman from those of the other sex to whom it is due. In popular tumults the levellers used to sing,—

'When Adam dived and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

But now that the more fortunate descendants of Eve neither dig nor spin, why should our damsels be called spinsters? Conceive the astonishment of any noble family on the Continent assembled to hear a marriage contract read in ceremony, at finding that one of their cousins had married a *fileuse*. This, indeed, may be easily explained, by analogy, to the satisfaction of all the chanoinesses and commandeurs present. For whenever, on the extinction of the male line, an inheritance falls to females, it is said, '*La maison est tombée en quenouille*;' the property has fallen to the distaff; and the French lawyers say, '*Le royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille*;' no spinster inherits the kingdom of France. Yet it is better to prevent a misunderstanding than to explain it afterwards. Lord Chief Justice Coke recommends that the bride should be styled gentlewoman, and to style her spinster, might procure her a nickname, that would render her ridiculous."

In the greatest and most systematic division of property that ever took place, we read of a special law being made to meet the exigency of the case, shewing the consideration in which women are esteemed, and that they could hold land in fee and transmit it. On Moses dividing the promised land, the daughters of Zelophehad claimed their portion,—at the same time stated the difficulties of the tenure in case of marrying into another tribe; and at the Jubilee, which would have alienated some of the heritable possession of the tribe. To meet the difficulties, it was enacted that they should re-

* The present Lieutenant Bolton, of the navy (1826 the date of his commission), is the nearest blood to Nelson, and has entitled himself to the rank of commander years ago, by the capture of more than the specified number of slaves, and by his high character; but has never been able to obtain what is actually his right. The late Mr. Girdlestone, related in the same degree to Nelson, was a midshipman twenty years, and served with great credit in every quarter of the globe, and died of a broken heart from denial of his promotion. These instances verify the saying, that it is better to be related to a living political ass with influence, than to a dead lion.

cive their land on the same tenure as the men, and be at liberty to marry whom they pleased in their own tribe.* At the tournaments of the middle ages the heiresses were the objects, or rather the prizes, of the combatants; and the lady holders of fiefs were in those times willing enough to bestow their hands and lands on those who seemed best able to defend them. The conduct of a lady of one of our most illustrious families deserves to be repeated, shewing not only the high estimation in which she was held even in comparatively barbarous times, but exhibiting a degree of sagacity uncommon even in woman when influenced by affection:—

“Upon the death of the young King of Jerusalem, Balduin V., the peers and nobles joining themselves in council, offered unto Sibylla, the king's mother, as to the lawful heir to the crown, that she should be their queen, with this condition, that she should sequester from her by solemn divorcement Guy, her husband; but she refused the kingdom offered to her on that condition, till at last the magistrates, with the nobles in general, granted unto her, and by their oaths confirmed the same, that whomever she should choose to be her husband, all they would take and obey as their king. Also Guy, her husband, with like petition, among the rest, humbly requested her that the kingdom, for his sake, or for his private loss, might not be destitute of government. At length she, with tears, consenting to their entreaty, was contented, and solemnly was crowned their queen; who, after the manner, received again their fidelity by their oath. Whereupon Guy, without all hope both of wife and kingdom, departed quietly to his own home. This done, the queen assembling her states and prelates together, entered talk with them about the choosing of the king, according to that which they had promised and sworn to her to obey him as their king whom she should name to be her husband. Thus, whilst they were all in expectation, waiting every man whom she would nominate, the queen, with a loud voice, said to Guy, that stood amongst them, ‘Guy, my lord, I choose thee for my husband; and, yielding myself and kingdom unto you openly, I protest you to be the king.’ At these words all the assembly, being amazed, wondered that one single woman so wisely had be-

guiled so many wise men. And worthy was she, no doubt (saith Mr. Fox) to be commended and extolled for her singular virtue, both of faithful chastity and high prudence; so tempering the matter, that she obtained to her husband the kingdom, and retained to herself her husband, whom she so tenderly loved.”†

The history of that imperial family has been so minutely traced by Du Bouchet, detailed by Cleaveland, and finely illustrated by Gibbon, that the outline, at least, is known to the general reader; to the heraldic student it forms one of the greatest lessons.

The formation of character depends much on the early culture always bestowed by the mothers and elder women of a family on the scions of the race, and on a reflective survey of the men who have added heraldic honours to their families and been ennobled in the younger branches, it will be seen that the mothers were the daughters either of men distinguished for their superiority, or of mothers descended from those whose mental energy and superiority had been publicly acknowledged. That fact illustrates a great physical truth, which has been well handled by Dr. Combe in his *Constitution of Man*, and which should be read and acted on by every man and woman before the affections are engaged. The history of woman will never be complete without that part of the history of our species being illustrated by examples and followed into its ramifications.

Although the Normans, after their conquest, assumed a superiority which tended to sink into obscurity the conquered, and has caused many names to wane into oblivion, it is obvious that those who possessed the land before William seized the crown were, at least, equal in quality to his followers. The muster-roll of *Battel Abbey* and *Doomsday Book* are the chief authorities referred to by genealogists. Of the former there are several copies—Leland's, Holinshed's, and Foxe's, neither of them correct. It would be but just to have a roll of those families who followed Harold to the field, and of all who held land before the time of the Conquest. Those two would consti-

* Numbers, xxxvi.

d's History of the Family of Courtenay, b. iii. p. 43.

tute the highest claims to high descent this country could give. Then a roll of Crusaders, distinguished from those whose names were in the two great rolls; after them the men who were present and in the lists at tournaments, distinguishing those who were to be found in the preceding three rolls, thus making four foundations from which to deduce the English gentleman. All those who subsequently attained the distinction should be alphabetically classed in every century, we should then possess a tolerably correct list of the higher and lesser nobility of the country and in a book of easy access. This plan would not militate against the family or general history of the nobles of our country, but would be a mere text-book for general reference and a useful record.

It is evident that no ultra-common name could belong to the two great rolls, such as Smith, Tailor, Miller, Joiner, Carpenter, Muggins, Scroggins, Higgins, Shufflebottom, Ramsbottom, Trucklebottom, Dickson, Jackson, Field, Lamb, Bull, and five hundred others. Their ancestors or themselves have sprung up in their generation, how or where no herald can tell. They, however, constitute a great and an useful portion of the community, though not to be found among the free lances who followed William from Normandy, or who can boast of being descended from the pirates of Norway or Denmark.

Mr. Drummond is evidently highly qualified to execute the arduous task he has undertaken, not only in the mere heraldic lore necessary, but in that historical spirit which converts the dry descent of generations into episodes connected with the great events of England for a thousand years, and the progressive advance of the nation in knowledge, wealth, and power. The pages of the two numbers published cannot be examined without much information being gleaned and the memory refreshed. These numbers are devoted to the families of Ashburnham, Arden, Compton, Cecil, and Harley. The two numbers contain forty-nine portraits, views, monuments, and family residences, Burghley, Hatfield, Wimbledon, Castle Ashley, and Compton Wyngates. The heraldic drawings are by Mr. Frederic Montagu, which

ensures the execution of them being as good as the age can produce. Although, as we have said, no remuneration can be derived to Mr. Drummond by the sale of the whole 500 copies, so limited an edition makes it certain that the work must rise in value in every year and never fall.

Mr. Drummond places a due estimate on tradition, and without shewing the least credulity properly asserts its right to be received as evidence, as a basis of examination, though it may be overloaded and obscured by oral uncertainty. There are hermeneutic laws applicable to the subject which, we think, might be brought to a system and constitute a fair test of the quantity of truth contained in each tradition:—

“In the nature of such things,” he observes, “the title and the grant must have preceded the record of it. A man had won his honours and lands by personal services, and the personal distinction stood in the place of charter; and the prowess which obtained was able to keep them, too. He neither sought, nor was required to produce any other title than the weapons he bore. A title, *sans patente*, i. e. too ancient for the grant of it to be in existence, or upon record, has always been held superior to one for which the grant itself could be produced.”

Charters of confirmation, which were sought for by younger branches of families to whom grants had been made, prove the prior existence of the granters and their power, and is peculiarly exemplified by the early Scottish pedigrees. The whole of the disquisition on tradition is handled by Mr. Drummond in a very logical and masterly manner, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to quote the whole; to merely extract portions would break the connexion and be unjust to the writer. Although much has been written on the origin of the different orders, we think that Mr. Drummond's work would be incomplete without a disquisition on the subject and all its branches, even to embracing the known opinions of the notions of antiquity on genealogical descent, and marking as nearly as possible the comparative degrees of civilisation in each, on their shewing anxiety on the subject, and distinguishing be-

tween solicitude for the regal line and for family descent. The Arcadians affirmed that they existed before the moon; some Eastern monarchs of the present day claim to be brothers of the sun and moon, and some of our Welsh brethren carry their pedigrees beyond Adam and Eve, even to Orcus and Hades, Chaos and Old Night. Homer was evidently well skilled in genealogical histories; and nearer our own times, Lord Burleigh is said to have known the histories, lineages, and connexions of all the principal families then existing. The Athenians claimed Apollo as their common ancestor. Alexander the Great (or the Little?) claimed Jupiter for his papa; what Philip of Macedon and Olympia, his wife, said to this assumption we are not informed. Aristotle tells us that a Nicias, Thucydides, and Theramenes, were candidates for a place of honour at Athens, and then the republican opinion of high descent was so marked, the latter was rejected, *nemine contradicente*, on account of his comparatively obscure descent. The republicans of America, with all their boastful exclamations of equality, and that the individual alone is to be estimated, run after a peer of England or a man of high birth, quite as much as formerly the vain and chattering Greeks, and only profess to despise what they cannot boast of possessing. The Romans were equally tenacious, even Atticus drew up a genealogy of Brutus, proving him to have descended from Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquin; we do not find that he designated him, as he ought, a money-lender and a screw—a lender at 48 per cent per annum; who kept a rogue, a heartless rogue of an attorney in pay, called Scaptius (query, *Scamp-tius?*), who took the law against all defaulters, and who once induced the father-in-law of Brutus, one Appius Claudius, a proconsul, to let him have a troop of horse to enforce his claims against the senate in the Isle of Cyprus, and actually imprisoned them until five died of starvation, which has only been paralleled by our illegally imprisoning (see No. 98) a man for a civil action of account, i.e. for a debt, and leaving him to starve, unless his friends can find him food, or money in his

pocket to buy it. There is nothing new under the sun, even to 48 per cent and imprisonment for debt. Such was the heathen Brutus, who killed his friend Caesar, and starved his debtors to death, as has been done to thousands in this Christian land. But we are digressing. Dagobert, Charlemagne, the Incas of Peru, and Wygram Fitzwygram, the eminent ship-builder and ship-broker, and the Duke of Normandie, the poor dauphin supposed to have died in the Temple, are all equally solicitous about their pedigrees; in sooth, men seem more desirous about from whence they came than to where they will go. Even Napoleon has been carefully traced back to blood-royal, and Daniel O'Connell to Pope Joan. Incongruity, as in all other human affairs, made inroads on family histories, for in this country, until the reign of Edward II. surnames were as loosely worn as their hose, and family names were changed until the original appellation was either lost, hidden, or difficult to ascertain. The king interfered and directed that all men adhered to one name; and Camden tells us in his *Remains* that there is a record of that age by which a great man is ordered to ascertain the name of his family, which, after much trouble, was complied with.

Of the genealogies yet published by Mr. Drummond, that of Arden, Eardene, Arderne, and Compton, is entitled to pre-eminent notice, and, without doubt, merits the following observation:—

“There are few families in Europe, and still fewer in Great Britain, which can boast of a descent in an uninterrupted male line so ancient as this. Had it been settled in any other part of Europe, it would have abounded in titles; but in England, whilst notwithstanding its subversion at the Conquest, it continued to hold the rank of knights—the real nobility in ancient times, none of its members possessed sufficient wealth or power to cause them to be summoned to the councils of the kings as barons. The Saxon families were so much oppressed by the Conqueror and his successors that few of them received any favour from the Norman monarchs, yet there are not many members of the house of peers of an origin so illustrious.”

The representative of the Perceval

race is the present Earl of Egmont, a captain in the navy, who, in early youth, was in the battle of Trafalgar, then distinguished at the destruction of a convoy in the boats of the *Tigre*, was at the capture of the President, commanded the boats of the *Tenedos* in a successful expedition in the river Penobscot, and commanded the Infernal bomb at the siege of Algiers under the late Lord Exmouth.

Although it might increase the size of the work, we cannot help thinking that a succinct epitome of each family should be either affixed or prefixed to each genealogy. We instance the splendid genealogy of Perceval, which can be traced back to a junior branch of the sovereign dukes of Brittany in France, from which province they were transplanted into Normandy long before the Conquest, and became the origin of the great houses of Yvery, Luvel of Karry, Luvel of Tichmarsh, *Perceval*, and *Herpetr e Gournay*. The earldom of Yvery was obtained of Henry I. king of England and duke of Normandy. Mr. Drummond commences his genealogy of the Arden family from King Egbert, A.D. 800, and six successive kings. We, therefore, suppose that he has taken the collateral English line, considering the French and Norman too remote and uncertain.

We shall quote some anecdotes inserted with the name of the actors as examples of the manner and nature of the illustrations:—

“ In the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Elizabeth, Lord Compton ran away with Eliza Spencer, the only child and heiress of Sir John Spencer, lord-mayor of London, concealed in a baker's basket. Her father was so incensed at him, that he disinherited his daughter, until Queen Elizabeth interposed to effect a reconciliation. When she was about to be confined of her first child, the queen asked Sir John to stand sponsor with her to the first offspring of a young couple, happy in their love, but discarded by their father. The knight, of course, complied, and her majesty dictated his own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony being performed, Sir John assured the queen that having discarded his own daughter, he should adopt this boy as his son. The parents of the child being then introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson,

who ultimately succeeded his father in his honours and his grandfather in his wealth.”

This lady, on being acquainted with the amount of the immense fortune bequeathed her by her father, penned the following pungent and business-like letter to her husband. The original is still in existence, and shewn as one of the family curiosities:—

“ My Sweet Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling your estate, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink or to consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me; for, considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which, by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 1600*l.* per annum, quarterly to be paid.

“ Also, I would beside the allowance for my apparel, have 800*l.* added yearly, quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

“ Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I, none borrow but you.

“ Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other lett. Also, believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

“ Also, when I ride a hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse.

“ Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches; one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth; one lined with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women's.

“ Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, or duly; not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', or theirs with wash-maids'.

“ Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away with the car-

riages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself (besides my yearly allowance) I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have put into my purse £000*l.* and 200*l.* and so you to pay my debts.

"Also, I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl-chain.

"Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable to you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling; and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber, in all houses I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashley House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the lord-chamberlain,* which would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his son, my Lord Waldon, what entertainment he gave me when at Tilt-Yard. If you were dead, he said, he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friends so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House; but that is the least; he wished me much harm: you know him. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

"So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me 1000*l.* more than now desired, and double attendance.

"Your loving wife,

"ELIZA COMPTON."

The humility and moderation of this loving wife's letter constitutes

an admirable prototype to all heiresses in time to come; all of whom ought to patronise Mr. Drummond's work for having published it, and every lover intending to carry off an heiress in a baker's basket or otherwise should have the wholesome fear of it before his eyes.

They were eminently distinguished for their loyalty and heroism during the civil wars. Spencer Compton, who was married to Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Beaumont, voted against the attainder of Lord Strafford. He fought the parliament forces at Hopton Heath, though they were double in numbers to his force; his horse on the second charge being killed under him, he was surrounded by the infantry, but refused to surrender.

"What happened to him afterwards, can only be known from the testimony of his enemies, who confessed that when he was upon his feet, he killed with his own hand the colonel of foot, who made first to him; and when his head-piece was struck off with the butt end of a musket, they offered him quarter, which he refused, saying, 'He scorned to take quarter from such base rogues and rebels as they were!' after which he was killed by a blow with a halbert from behind on his head, receiving at the same time a cut on his face."

His successor, James,

"Voted in the House of Commons against the attainting of the Earl Strafford, and his name was posted as a Straffordian, and he was expelled the house with some other honest and loyal members. He was at the battles of Edgehill and Banbury, and was wounded the following year at Hopton Heath. He was at Litchfield with Prince Rupert; he there routed a strong force of the enemy, consisting of five troops of horse and 700 foot, killing 217, and making 300 prisoners, and capturing all their guns and ammunition; he commanded the cavalry at the battle of Newbury, beating Sir W. Walker," &c.

His brother, Sir Charles,

"Was with their father at the battle of Edgehill and Hopton Heath. He surprised Beeston Castle in Cheshire with six men, disguising himself and them, pretending to bring in provision, which he knew the garrison was in want of by a letter he intercepted. In this action he was in the greatest danger, two pistols

* The lord-chamberlain was Thomas Howard, earl of Suffolk, made lord-treasurer in 1613.

having been snapped in his face, yet neither gave fire, whereupon he killed both those who fired them."

Similar exploits prove him to have been a true and valiant cavalier. His brother, Sir William, defended Banbury with a degree of resolution never exceeded. For eleven weeks he never went to bed, countermined the besiegers eleven times, and held out until only two horses remained for the garrison to eat, when his brother relieved him. Spencer, at the battle of Edgehill, cried with indignation that he was too young to grasp a pistol, and followed the king into exile. Francis, another brother, served in all the civil wars, and lived to be the oldest field-officer in Britain. Henry, the youngest, began his career in the army, but subsequently entered the church and became successively Bishop of Oxford, Worcester, and London. James II. suspended him because he hated Popery. The education of the Princesses Mary and Anne was intrusted to him. When the Princess Anne left Whitehall and abandoned her father's party on her husband Prince George going over to the Prince of Orange, the bishop accompanied her to Northampton, riding before her carriage with a drawn sword and pistols in his holsters. Few families can match such

a set of brothers. Such anecdotes enliven genealogy, and not only add to our historical knowledge, but give insight into the spirit of the parties and the times which the mere outline of historical facts never can. Mr. Drummond will, we have no doubt, insert in its proper place the historical anecdote of Richard Perceval, to whom a packet of letters, which had been thrown overboard from a Spanish vessel, when chased by one of our cruisers, was intrusted to decipher, which he did in Spanish, Latin, and English by the following morning, and which gave the first correct account of the destination of the Armada then preparing.

Three maiden ladies of the name of Perceval, the daughters of the last heir to the earldom of Egmont, still survive. Their father not living to assume his hereditary peerage, the title of courtesy given to the daughters of an earl has not been given to them; the only omission of that kind which we believe ever took place, and, considering their illustrious descent, the omission on the part of the crown is difficult to account for.*

Mr. Drummond's work ought to be in the library of every English gentleman, not only as promising to be one of the greatest genealogical compilations extant, but as a supplemental history of the English people.

THE POET.

O'ER the true poet's life there cometh never
The frost of age. His ardent soul sublime
Defies the petty tyrannies of Time,
And proudly laughs at envious Death's endeavour.
Though wanes the fleshy frame, his spirit ever
Is warm and radiant as the cloudless clime
Of Paradise, when earth was in her prime,
And none e'er dream'd that life and love could sever.
Though in the cold world common hearts may freeze,
And deem the poetry of life is dead,
The Muse's favoured son no desert seeks,
No winter feels. Her sunny smile can shed
A living beauty on the leafless trees,
And fill with summer thoughts a hoary head.

* The recent trial of the validity of the will of the late Earl of Egmont is worthy of Mr. Drummond's notice. The estates of that ancient race were bequeathed to an attorney by the name of Tierny, who was the steward to Lord Egmont. Whether Mr. Tierny was also the factotum of the earl, or the earl the factotum of the attorney, will be best ascertained by a reference to the trial.

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

SINCE the days of Adam, there has been hardly a mischief done in this world but a woman has been at the bottom of it. Ever since ours was a family (and that must be very *near* Adam's time,—so old, noble, and illustrious are the Barrys, as every body knows), women have played a mighty part with the destinies of our race.

I presume that there is no gentleman in Europe that has not heard of the house of Barry of Barryogue, of the kingdom of Ireland, than which a more famous name is not to be found in Gwillim or D'Hozier ; and though as a man of the world I have learned to despise heartily the claims of some *pretenders* to high birth who have no more genealogy than the lackey who cleans my boots, and though I laugh to utter scorn the arrogant boasting of many of my countrymen, who are all for descending from kings of Ireland, and talk of a domain no bigger than would feed a pig as if it were a principality ; yet truth compels me to assert that my family was the noblest of the island, and, perhaps, of the universal world ; while their possessions, now insignificant, and torn from us by war, by treachery, by the loss of time, by ancestral extravagance, by adhesion to the old faith and monarch, were formerly prodigious, and embraced many counties, at a time when Ireland was vastly more prosperous than now. I would assume the Irish crown over my coat-of-arms, but that there are so many silly pretenders to that distinction who bear it and render it common.

Who knows, but for the fault of a woman, I might have been wearing it now ? You start with incredulity. I say, why not ? Had there been a gallant chief to lead my countrymen, instead of puling knaves who bent the knee to King Richard II. they might have been freemen ; had there been a resolute leader to meet the murderous ruffian, Oliver Cromwell, we should have shaken off the English for ever. here was no BARRY

in the field against the usurper ; on the contrary, my ancestor, Simon de Bary, came over with the first-named monarch, and married the daughter of the then King of Munster, whose sons in battle he piteously slew.

In Oliver's time it was too late for a chief of the name of Barry to lift up his war-cry against that of the murderous brewer. We were princes of the land no longer ; our unhappy race had lost its possessions a century previously, and by the most shameful treason. This I know to be the fact, for my mother has often told me the story, and besides had worked it in a worsted pedigree which hung up in the yellow saloon at Barryville where we lived.

That very estate which the Lyndons now possess in Ireland was once the property of my race. Rory Barry of Barryogue owned it in Elizabeth's time, and half Munster beside. The Barry was always in feud with the O'Mahonys in those times ; and, as it happened, a certain English colonel passed through the former's country with a body of men-at-arms, on the very day when the O'Mahonys had made an inroad upon our territories, and carried off a frightful plunder of our flocks and herds.

This young Englishman, whose name was Roger Lyndon, Lynden, or Lyndaine, having been most hospitably received by the Barry, and finding him just on the point of carrying an inroad into the O'Mahonys' land, offered the aid of himself and his lances, and behaved himself so well, as it appeared, that the O'Mahonys were entirely overcome, all the Barrys' property restored, and with it, says the old chronicle, twice as much of the O'Mahonys' goods and cattle.

It was the setting in of the winter season, and the young soldier was pressed by the Barry not to quit his house of Barryogue, and remained there during several months, his men being quartered with Barry's own gallowglasses, man by man in the cottages round about. They con-

ducted themselves, as is their wont, with the most intolerable insolence towards the Irish ; so much so, that fights and murders continually ensued, and the people vowed to destroy them.

The Barry's son (from whom I descend) was as hostile to the English as any other man on his domain ; and, as they would not go when bidden, he and his friends consulted together and determined in destroying these English to a man.

But they had let a woman into their plot, and this was the Barry's daughter. She was in love with the English Lyndon, and broke the whole secret to him ; and the dastardly English prevented the just massacre of themselves by falling upon the Irish, and destroying Phaudrig Barry, my ancestor, and many hundreds of his men. The cross at Barrycross near Carrignadhioul is the spot where the odious butchery took place.

Lyndon married the daughter of Roderick Barry, and claimed the estate which he left ; and though the descendants of Phaudrig were alive, as indeed they are in my person,* on appealing to the English courts, the estate was awarded to the Englishman, as has ever been the case where English and Irish were concerned.

Thus had it not been for the weakness of a woman, I should have been born to the possession of those very estates which afterwards came to me by merit, as you shall hear. But to proceed with my family history.

My father was well known to the best circles in this kingdom as in that of Ireland, under the name of Roaring Harry Barry. He was bred like many other young sons of genteel families to the profession of the law, being articled to a celebrated attorney of Sackville Street in the city of Dublin ; and, from his great genius and aptitude for learning, there is no doubt he would have made an eminent figure in his profession, had not his social qualities, love of field-sports, and extraordinary graces of manner, marked him out for a higher sphere. While he was attorney's clerk he kept seven race-horses, and hunted regularly both with the Kildare and Wicklow

hunts ; and rode on his grey horse Endymion that famous match against Captain Punter, which is still remembered by lovers of the sport, and of which I caused a splendid picture to be made and hung over my dining-hall mantel-piece at Castle Lyndon. A year afterwards he had the honour of riding that very horse Endymion before his late majesty King George II. on Epsom Downs, and won the plate there and the attention of the august sovereign.

Although he was only the second son of our family, my dear father came naturally into the estate (now miserably reduced to 400*l.* a-year) ; for my grandfather's eldest son Cornelius Barry (called the Chevalier Borgne, from a wound which he received in Germany), remained constant to the old religion in which our family was educated, and not only served abroad with credit, but against his most sacred majesty George II. in the unhappy Scotch disturbances in '45. We shall hear more of the chevalier hereafter.

For the conversion of my father I have to thank my dear mother, Miss Bell Brady, daughter of Ulysses Brady of Castle Brady, county Kerry, Esquire and J.P. She was the most beautiful woman of her day in Dublin, and universally called the Dasher there. Seeing her at the assembly, my father became passionately attached to her ; but her soul was above marrying a papist or an attorney's clerk ; and so for the love of her, the good old laws being then in force, my dear father slipped into my uncle Cornelius's shoes and took the family estate. Besides the force of my mother's bright eyes, several persons, and of the genteelest society too, contributed to this happy change ; and I have often heard my mother laughingly tell the story of my father's recantation, which was solemnly pronounced at the tavern in the company of Sir Dick Ringwood, Lord Bagwig, Captain Punter, and two or three other young sparks of the town. Roaring Harry won 300 pieces that very night at faro, and laid the necessary information the next morning against his brother ;

* As we have never been able to find proofs of the marriage of my ancestor Phaudrig with his wife, I make no doubt that Lyndon destroyed the contract, and murdered the priest and witnesses of the marriage.—B. L.

but his conversion caused a coolness between him and my uncle Corney, who joined the rebels in consequence.

This great difficulty being settled, my Lord Bagwig lent my father his own yatch, then lying at the Pigeon House, and the handsome Bell Barry was induced to run away with him to England, although her parents were against the match, and her lovers (as I have heard her tell many thousands of times) were among the most numerous and the most wealthy in all the kingdom of Ireland. They were married at the Savoy, and my grandfather dying very soon, Harry Barry, Esquire, took possession of his paternal property and supported our illustrious name with credit in London. He pinked the famous Count Tiercelin behind Montague House, he was a member of White's, and a frequenter of all the chocolate-houses; and my mother, likewise, made no small figure. At length, after his great day of triumph before his sacred majesty at Newmarket, Harry's fortune was just on the point of being made, for the gracious monarch promised to provide for him. But, alas! he was taken in charge by another monarch, whose will will have no delay or denial,—by Death, namely, who seized upon my father at Chester races, leaving me an helpless orphan. Peace be to his ashes! He was not faultless, and dissipated all our princely family property; but he was as brave a fellow as ever tossed a bumper or called a main, and he drove his coach-and-six like a man of fashion.

I do not know whether his gracious majesty was much affected by this sudden demise of my father, though my mother says he shed some royal tears on the occasion. But they helped us to nothing; and all that was found in the house for the wife and creditors was a purse of ninety guineas, which my dear mother naturally took, with the family plate, and my father's wardrobe and her own; and, putting them into our great coach, drove off to Holyhead, whence she took shipping for Ireland. My father's body accompanied us in

the finest hearse and plumes money could buy; for though the husband and wife had quarrelled repeatedly in life, yet at my father's death his high-spirited widow forgot all her differences, gave him the grandest funeral that had been seen for many a-day, and erected a monument over his remains (for which I subsequently paid), which declared him to be the wisest, purest, and most affectionate of men.

In performing these sad duties over her deceased lord, the widow spent almost every guinea she had, and, indeed, would have spent a great deal more, had she discharged one-third of the demands which the ceremonies occasioned. But the people around our old house of Barryogue, although they did not like my father for his change of faith, yet stood by him at this moment, and were for exterminating the mutes sent by Mr. Plumer of London with the lamented remains. The monument and vault in the church were then, alas! all that remained of my vast possessions; for my father had sold every stick of the property to one Notley, an attorney, and we received but a cold welcome in his house—a miserable old tumble-down place it was.*

The splendour of the funeral did not fail to increase the widow Barry's reputation as a woman of spirit and fashion; and when she wrote to her brother Michael Brady, that worthy gentleman immediately rode across the country to fling himself in her arms, and to invite her in his wife's name to Castle Brady.

Mick and Barry had quarrelled, as all men will, and very high words had passed between them during Barry's courtship of Miss Bell. When he took her off, Brady swore he would never forgive Barry or Bell; but coming to London in the year '46, he fell in once more with Roaring Harry, and lived in his fine house in Clarges Street, and lost a few pounds to him at play, and broke a watchman's head or two in his company,—all of which reminiscences endeared Bell and her son very much to the good-hearted gen-

* In another part of his memoir Mr. Barry will be found to describe this mansion as one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, but this is a practice not unusual with his nation; and, with respect to the Irish principality claimed by him, it is known that Mr. Barry's grandfather was an attorney and maker of his own fortune.—Ed.

tleman, and he received us both with open arms. Mrs. Barry did not, perhaps wisely, at first make known to her friends what was her condition; but arriving in a huge gilt coach, with enormous armorial bearings, was taken by her sister-in-law and the rest of the county for a person of considerable property and distinction.

For a time, then, and as was right and proper, Mrs. Barry gave the law at Castle Brady. She ordered the servants to and fro, and taught them, what indeed they much wanted, a little London neatness; and "English Redmond," as I was called, was treated like a little lord, and had a maid and a footman to himself; and honest Mick paid their wages,—which was much more than he was used to do for his own domestics,—doing all in his power to make his sister decently comfortable under her afflictions. Mamma, in return, determined that, when her affairs were arranged, she would make her kind brother a handsome allowance for her son's maintenance and her own; and promised to have her handsome furniture brought over from Clarges Street to adorn somewhat the dilapidated rooms of Castle Brady.

But it turned out, that the rascally landlord seized upon every chair and table that ought by rights to belong to the widow. The estate to which I was heir was in the hands of rapacious creditors; and the only means of subsistence remaining to the widow and child was a rent-charge of 50*l.* upon my Lord Bagwig's property, who had many turf-dealings with the deceased. And so my dear mother's liberal intentions towards her brother were, of course, never fulfilled.

It must be confessed, very much to the discredit of Mrs. Brady, of Castle Brady, that when her sister-in-law's poverty was thus made manifest, she forgot all the respect which she had been accustomed to pay her, instantly turned my maid and man-servant out of doors, and told Mrs. Barry that she might follow them as soon as she chose. Mrs. Mick was of a low family, and a sordid way of thinking; and after about a couple of years (during

which she had saved almost all her little income) the widow complied with Madam Brady's desire. At the same time, giving way to a just, though prudently dissimulated resentment, she made a vow that she would never enter the gates of Castle Brady while the lady of the house remained alive within them.

She fitted up her new abode with much economy and considerable taste, and never, for all her poverty, abated a jot of the dignity which was her due, and which all the neighbourhood awarded to her. How, indeed, could they refuse respect to a lady who had lived in London, frequented the most fashionable society there, and had been presented (as she solemnly declared) at court? These advantages gave her a right which seems to be pretty unsparingly exercised in Ireland by those natives who have it,—the right of looking down with scorn upon all persons who have not had the opportunity of quitting the mother-country, and inhabiting England for a while. Thus, whenever Madam Brady appeared abroad in a new dress, her sister-in-law would say, "Poor creature! how can it be expected that she should know any thing of the fashion?" And though pleased to be called the Handsome Widow, as she was, Mrs. Barry was still better pleased to be called the *English* widow.

Mrs. Brady, for her part, was not slow to reply; she used to say that the defunct Barry was a bankrupt and a beggar; and as for the fashionable society which he saw, he saw it from my lord Bagwig's side-table, whose flatterer and hanger-on he was known to be. Regarding Mrs. Barry, the lady of Castle Brady would make insinuations still more painful. However, why should we allude to these charges, or rake up private scandal of near sixty years' old? It was in the reign of George II. that the above-named personages lived and quarrelled; good or bad, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, they are all equal now; and do not the Sunday papers and the courts of law supply us every week with more novel and interesting slander?

At any rate, it must be allowed

that Mrs. Brady, after her husband's death and her retirement, lived in such a way as to defy slander. For whereas Bell Brady had been the gayest girl in the whole county of Wexford, with half the bachelors at her feet, and plenty of smiles and encouragement for every one of them, Bell Barry adopted a dignified reserve that almost amounted to pomposity, and was as starch as any Quakeress. Many a man renewed his offers to the widow, who had been smitten by the charms of the spinster; but Mrs. Barry refused all offers of marriage, declaring that she lived now for her son only, and for the memory of her departed saint.

"Saint, forsooth!" said ill-natured Mrs. Brady. "Harry Barry was as big a sinner as ever was known; and 'tis notorious that he and Bell hated each other. If she won't marry now, depend on it, the artful woman has a husband in her eye for all that, and only waits until Lord Bagwig is a widower."

And suppose she did, what then? Was not the widow of a Barry fit to marry with any lord of England? and was it not always said that a woman was to restore the fortunes of the Barry family? If my mother fancied that *she* was to be that woman, I think it was a perfectly justifiable notion on her part; for the earl (my godfather) was always most attentive to her; and I never knew how deeply this notion of advancing my interests in the world had taken possession of mamma's mind, until his lordship's marriage in the year '57 with Miss Goldmore, the Indian nabob's rich daughter.

Meanwhile, we continued to reside at Barryville, and, considering the smallness of our income, kept up a wonderful state. Of the half-dozen families that formed the congregation at Brady's Town, there was not a single person whose appearance was so respectable as that of the widow, who, though she always dressed in mourning, in memory of her deceased husband, took care that her garments should be made so as to set off her handsome person to the greatest advantage; and, indeed, I think, spent six hours out of every day in the week in cutting, trimming, and altering them to the fashion. She had the largest of hoops, and the

handsomest of furbelows, and once a-month (under my Lord Bagwig's cover) would come a letter from London containing the newest accounts of the fashion there. Her complexion was so brilliant that she had no call to use rouge, as was the mode in those days. No, she left red and white, she said (and hence the reader may imagine how the two ladies hated each other), to Madam Brady, whose yellow complexion no plaster could alter. In a word, she was so accomplished a beauty, that all the women in the country took pattern by her, and the young fellows from ten miles round would ride over to Castle Brady church to have the sight of her.

But if (like every other woman that ever I saw or read of) she was proud of her beauty, to do her justice she was still more proud of her son, and has said a thousand times to me that I was the handsomest young fellow in the world. This is a matter of taste. A man of sixty may, however, say what he was at fourteen without much vanity, and I must say I think there was some cause for my mother's opinion. The good soul's pleasure was to dress me; and on Sundays and holydays I turned out in a velvet coat with a silver-hilted sword by my side and a gold garter at my knee, as fine as any lord in the land. My mother worked me several most splendid waistcoats, and I had plenty of lace for my ruffles, and a fresh riband to my hair, and as we walked to church on Sundays, even envious Mrs. Brady was found to allow that there was not a prettier pair in the kingdom.

Of course, too, the lady of Castle Brady used to sneer, because on these occasions a certain Tim, who used to be called my valet, followed me and my mother to church, carrying a huge prayer-book and a cane, and dressed in the livery of one of our own fine footmen from Clarges Street, which, as Tim was a bandy-shanked little fellow, did not exactly become him. But, though poor, we were gentlefolks, and not to be sneered out of these becoming appendages to our rank; and so would march up the aisle to our pew with as much state and gravity as the lord-lieutenant's lady and son might do. When there, my mother would give the responses

and amens in a loud, dignified voice that was delightful to hear, and, besides, had a fine loud voice for singing, which art she had perfected in London under a fashionable teacher ; and she would exercise her talent in such a way that you would hardly hear any other voice of the little congregation which chose to join in the psalm. In fact, my mother had great gifts in every way, and believed herself to be one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and meritorious persons in the world. Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbours regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her.

When we left Castle Brady we came to occupy a house in Brady's Town, which mamma christened Barryville. I confess it was but a small place, but, indeed, we made the most of it. I have mentioned the family pedigree which hung up in the drawing-room, which mamma called the yellow saloon, and my bedroom was called the pink bed-room, and hers the orange-tawny apartment (how well I remember them all !); and at dinner-time Tim regularly rang a great bell, and we each had a silver tankard to drink from, and mother boasted with justice that I had as good a bottle of claret by my side as any squire of the land. So, indeed, I had, but I was not, of course, allowed at my tender years to drink any of the wine, which thus attained a considerable age, even in the decanter.

Uncle Brady (in spite of the family quarrel) found out the above fact one day by calling at Barryville at dinner-time, and unluckily tasting the liquor. You should have seen how he sputtered and made faces ! But the honest gentleman was not particular about his wine or the company in which he drank it. He would get drunk, indeed, with the parson or the priest, indifferently with the latter, much to my mother's indignation, for, as a true blue Nassauite, she heartily despised all those of the old faith, and would scarcely sit down in the room with a benighted Papist. But the squire had no such scruples ; he was, indeed, one of the easiest, idlest, and best-natured fellows that ever lived, and many an

hour would he pass with the lonely widow when he was tired of Madam Brady at home. He liked me, he said, as much as one of his own sons, and at length, after the widow had held out for a couple of years, she agreed to allow me to return to the castle ; though, for herself, she resolutely kept the oath which she had made with regard to her sister-in-law.

The very first day I returned to Castle Brady my trials may be said, in a manner, to have begun. My cousin, Master Mick, a huge monster of nineteen (who hated me, and I promise you I returned the compliment), insulted me at dinner about my mother's poverty, and made all the girls of the family titter. So when we went to the stables, whither Mick always went for his pipe of tobacco after dinner, I told him a piece of my mind, and there was a fight for at least ten minutes, during which I stood to him like a man, and blacked his left eye, though I was myself only twelve years old at the time. Of course he beat me, but a beating makes only a small impression on a lad of that tender age, as I had proved many times in battles with the ragged Brady's Town boys before, not one of whom, at my time of life, was my match. My uncle was very much pleased when he heard of my gallantry ; my cousin Nora brought brown paper and vinegar for my nose, and I went home that night with a pint of claret under my girdle, not a little proud, let me tell you, at having held my own against Mick so long.

And though he persisted in his bad treatment of me, and used to cane me whenever I fell in his way, yet I was very happy now at Castle Brady with the company there, and my cousins, or some of them, and the kindness of my uncle, with whom I became a prodigious favourite. He bought a colt for me, and taught me to ride. He took me out coursing and fowling, and instructed me to shoot flying. And, at length, I was released from Mick's persecution, for his brother, Master Ulick, returning from Trinity College, and hating his elder brother, as is mostly the way in families of fashion, took me under his protection, and from that time, as Ulick was a deal bigger and

stronger than Mick, I, English Redmond, as I was called, was left alone, except when the former thought fit to thrash me, which he did whenever he thought proper.

Nor was my learning neglected in the ornamental parts, for I had an uncommon natural genius for many things, and soon topped in accomplishments most of the persons round me. I had a quick ear and a fine voice, which my mother cultivated to the best of her power, and she taught me to step a minuet gravely and gracefully, and thus laid the foundation of my future success in life. The common dances I learned, as, perhaps, I ought not to confess, in the servants' hall, which, you may be sure, was never without a piper, and where I was considered unrivalled both at a hornpipe and a jig.

In the matter of book-learning, I had always an uncommon taste for reading plays and novels, as the best part of a gentleman's polite education, and never let a pedlar pass the village, if I had a penny, without having a ballad or two from him. As for your dull grammars, and Greek, and Latin, and stuff, I have always hated them from my youth upwards, and said, very unmistakeably, I would have none of them.

This I proved pretty clearly at the age of thirteen, when my aunt Biddy Brady's legacy of 100*l.* came in to mamma, who thought to employ the sum on my education, and sent me to Doctor Tobias Tickler's famous academy at Ballywhacket—Backwhacket, as my uncle used to call it. But six weeks after I had been consigned to his reverence, I suddenly made my appearance again at Castle Brady, having walked forty miles from the odious place, having left the doctor in a state near upon apoplexy. The fact was, that at law, prison-bars, or boxing, I was at the head of the school, but could not be brought to excel in the classics; and after having been flogged seven times without its doing me the least good in my Latin, I refused to submit altogether (finding it useless) to an eighth application of the rod. "Try some other way, sir," said I, when he was for horseing me once more; but he wouldn't; whereon, and to defend myself, I flung a slate at him, and knocked down a Scotch usher with a

leaden inkstand. All the lads hurried at this, and some of the servants wanted to stop me, but, taking out a large clasp-knife that my cousin Nora had given me, I swore I would plunge it into the waistcoat of the first man who dared to balk me, and, i' faith, they let me pass on. I slept that night twenty miles off Ballywhacket, at the house of a cottier, who gave me potatoes and milk, and to whom I gave a hundred guineas after, when I came to visit Ireland in my days of greatness. I wish I had the money now. But what's the use of regret? I have had many a harder bed than that I shall sleep on to-night, and many a scantier meal than honest Phil Murphy gave me on the evening I ran away from school. So six weeks was all the schooling I ever got. And I say this to let parents know the value of it, for though I have met more learned bookworms in the world, especially a great hulking, clumsy, bear-eyed old doctor, whom they called Johnson, and who lived in a court off Fleet Street, in London, yet I pretty soon silenced him in an argument, (at Button's Coffeehouse), and in that, and in poetry, and in what I call natural philosophy, or the science of life, and in riding, music, leaping, the small sword, the knowledge of a horse, or a main of cocks, and the manners of an accomplished gentleman and man of fashion, I may say for myself that Redmond Barry has seldom found his equal. "Sir," said I to Mr. Johnson, on the occasion I allude to—he was accompanied by a Mr. Buswell of Scotland, and I was presented to the club by a Mr. Goldsmith, a countryman of my own,— "Sir," said I, in reply to the schoolmaster's great thundering quotation in Greek, "you fancy you know a great deal more than me, because you quote your *Aristotle* and your *Pluto*, but can you tell me which horse will win at Epsom Downs next week?—Can you run six miles without breathing?—Can you shoot the ace of spades ten times without missing? If so, talk about *Aristotle* and *Pluto* to me."

"D'y'e know who ye're speaking to?" roared out the Scotch gentleman, Mr. Buswell, at this.

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Boswell," said the old schoolmaster. "I had

no right to brag of my Greek to the gentleman, and he has answered me very well."

"Doctor," says I, looking waggishly at him, "do you know ever a rhyme for *Aristotle*?"

"Port, if you please," says Mr. Goldsmith, laughing. And we had *six rhymes for Aristotle* before we left the coffeehouse that evening. It became a regular joke afterwards when I told the story, and at White's, or the Cocoa-tree, you would hear the wags say, "Waiter, bring one of Captain Barry's rhymes for *Aristotle*!" Once, when I was in liquor at the latter place, Dick Sheridan called me a great Staggerite, a joke which I could never understand. But I am wandering from my story, and must get back to home, and dear old Ireland again.

I have made acquaintance with the best in the land since, and my manners are such, I have said, as to make me the equal of them all; and, perhaps, you will wonder how a country boy, as I was, educated amongst Irish squires, and their dependants of the stable and farm, should arrive at possessing such elegant manners as I was indisputably allowed to have. I had, the fact is, a very valuable instructor in the person of an old game-keeper, who had served the French king at Fontenoy, and who taught me the dances, and customs, and a smattering of the language of that country, with the use of the sword, both small and broad. Many and many a long mile I have trudged by his side as a lad, he telling me wonderful stories of the French king, and the Irish brigade, and Marshal Saxe, and the opera-dancers; he knew my uncle, too, the Chevalier Borgne, and, indeed, had a thousand accomplishments which he taught me in secret. I never knew a man like him for making or throwing a fly, for physicking a horse, or breaking, or choosing one; he taught me manly sports, from birds'-nesting upwards, and I always shall consider Phil Purcell as the very best tutor I could have had. His fault was drink, but for that I have always had a blind eye; and he hated my cousin Mick like poison, but I could excuse him that too.

With Phil, and at the age of fifteen, I was a more accomplished man

than either of my cousins; and I think Nature had been, also, more bountiful to me in the matter of person. Some of the Castle Brady girls (as you shall hear presently) adored me. At fair and races many of the prettiest lasses present said they would like to have me for their bachelor, and yet, somehow, it must be confessed, I was not popular.

In the first place, every one knew I was bitter poor; and I think, perhaps, it was my good mother's fault that I was bitter proud too. I had a habit of boasting in company of my birth, and splendour of my carriages, gardens, cellars, and domestics, and this before people who were perfectly aware of my real circumstances. If it was boys, and they ventured to sneer, I would beat them, or die for it; and many's the time I've been brought home well-nigh killed by one or more of them, on what, when my mother asked me, I would say was "a family quarrel." "Support your name with your blood, Reddy, my boy," would that saint say, with the tears in her eyes; and so would she herself have done with her voice, ay, and her teeth and nails.

Thus, at fifteen, there was scarce a lad of twenty, for half-a-dozen miles round, that I had not beat for one cause or other. There were the vicar's two sons of Castle Brady—in course I could not associate with such beggarly brats as them, and many a battle did we have as to who should take the wall in Brady's town; there was Pat Lurgan, the blacksmith's son, who had the better of me four times before we came to the crowning fight; when I overcame him; and I could mention a score more of my deeds of prowess in that way, but that fisticuff facts are dull subjects to talk of, and to discuss before high-bred gentlemen and ladies.

However, there is another subject, ladies, on which I must discourse, and *that* is never out of place. Day and night you like to hear of it; young and old, you dream and think of it. Handsome and ugly (and, faith, before fifty, I never saw such a thing as a plain woman), it's the subject next to the hearts of all of you; and I think you guess my riddle without more trouble. *Love!* sure the word is formed on purpose out of the prettiest, soft vowels and conson-

ants in the language, and he or she who does not care to read about it is not worth a fig to my thinking.

It may possibly be becoming for ladies to fall in love only once in their lives—viz. with the happy individual on whom their hands are bestowed:—it may, I say, be possibly becoming and virtuous in them to bring virgin hearts to St. George's, Hanover Square; and it is certain that the jealous, greedy, selfish sultan, Man, would so confine their affections, if he could, nor allow them to think and feel until such time as he chooses to select them as objects of his favour. But, for his own part, man, the whiskered lord and master, is by no means so squeamish, as every man of tolerable sensibilities will aver who reads this, and will take the trouble of computing how many times from his earliest youth up to the perusal of this sentence, he has given way to the tender passion.

Can any man lay his hand upon his waistcoat and conscientiously say, "Until I saw the present Mrs. Jones, I never was in love in my life?" Can any man say so? He is a poor creature if he can; and I make no doubt he has had at least forty first-loves since he began to be capable of admiring at all. As for the ladies—them, of course, I put out of the question,—they *are* fresh, no doubt: they never fall in love until mamma tells them that Mr. So-and-So is an amiable young man, and in every way eligible; they never flirt with Captain Smith at a ball; and sigh as they lie at home in bed, and think what a charming, dashing fellow he is; they never hear the young curate read his sermon so sweetly, and think how pale and interesting he looks, and how lonely he must feel in his curacy-house, and what a noble work it would be to share the solitude, and soothe the pains, and listen to the delightful doctrine, of so excellent a man; they never think of attaching themselves to any mortal except their brother, until he brings home a young friend from college, and says, "Mary, Tom Atkinson admires you hugely, and is heir to two thousand a-year!" They never begin the attack, as I have heard; but their young hearts wait like so many fortresses, to be attacked and carried after a proper period of siege—by

blockade, or by bribery, or by capitulation, or by fiery escalade.

Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the strictly defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no more marriages; and the two hosts would die in their respective inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus it is evident that as the ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I, for my part, have made in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several strongly fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my works too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered further labours impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand, and have been plunged violently from the scaling-ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent lodgment in the place, when—bang! blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the deuce! and sometimes when I have been in the very heart of the citadel—ah, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have run like the British out of Carthage! One grows tired after a while of such perpetual activity. Is it not time that the ladies should take an innings? Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, that for the next hundred years we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the hall-door; and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield and say, "La, Miss Hopkins—I really never—I am so agitated—ask papa!"

My day is over, however; my race is run, and the above hint is only thrown out for those who shall come after me. But in the matter of love I shewed my genius early; and if in after times I achieved, as shall be shewn, vast and signal victories over the fair sex, this fact only proves my merit and courage the more; for in my first affair I was woefully unsuccessful.

Ah! that first affair, how well one remembers it! What a noble discovery it is that the boy makes when he finds himself actually and truly

in love with some one ! What a delicious, magnificent secret it is that he carries about with him ! My first love was like my first gold watch (an elegant French gold repeater). I used to go into corners, and contemplate and gloat over my treasure ; to take it to bed with me, and lay it under my pillow of nights, and wake of mornings with the happy consciousness that it was there. What a change does that blessed first love make in a lad ! You fall in love, say of a Sunday ; a young woman at church modestly hands you the psalm-book, and blushes and droops down her eyes, as she tremulously sings the Old Hundredth. By the time the music is done, you have passed over into a new state of existence, and your childhood lies far away from you. It was only on Saturday that you had made a party for cricket, and were longing for Monday to be a fine day. It was but last Friday, Heaven bless us ! that you and Harry Hunter had been examining curiously a certain apple-tree in Farmer Smith's orchard, and had settled (after knocking down one of the fruits with a stone, and trying each of you a slice of it) that the apples would be ripe in about a fortnight, and the tree in a fit state for robbing. Psha ! is it possible that only three days since you had an ambition for robbing orchards, and looked forward to the pleasure of hiding a store of the stolen pippins under your bed ? Is it possible that the setting up of three yellow stumps upon a meadow, and the dexterous knocking down of them, should have been the chief ambition of your life ? There lies the cricket-ball, which you greased carefully over night ; before going to church even, you looked at it to examine its condition, and I believe spent the best part of the half-hour during sermon in the morning in cutting a pair of bales for the wickets. Evening-service is over. Fanny Edwards and her mother have slowly strolled home over the fields to tea ; and as you pass by Smith's apple-tree, you blush to think that you could ever have had a longing for the silly green codlins shining among the leaves, and put away your wicket-sticks in a rage. And what is the cause of all this ? You and Fanny have been

holding on by one hymn-book ; you have done it any time these six years ; but what made her blush and you tremble so this time ? She is eight years older than you (that follows, of course) ; and if there was a humiliation for you in the world some few months back, it was to be obliged to walk with her. You cried for rage one day when she gave you a kiss, and called you a pretty little boy ; after dinner, when you were told by your papa to walk off to the ladies, you sat in the very farthest corner of the room away from her, or passed the evening with the garden-er's boy, or with Tom in the stables, or with making ducks and drakes on the ponds,—any how rather than with Fanny Edwards, whom you abominated next to the schoolmaster.

What a change now !—ah, gods, what a royal change ! How different is Fanny Edwards ! What has happened to her that she has become an angel since yesterday, or what strange enchantment has fallen upon you, that she should seem like one ? Shall we go on in this strain, and discourse through this entire chapter upon the nature and peculiarities of love, and its influences upon the youthful bosom ? No no ! such things had best be thought about, not spoken of. Let any man who has a mind to do so fall back in his chair, dropping the book out of his hand—fall back into his chair, and call back the sleeping sweet reminiscences of his early love-days, long before he ever saw Mrs. Jones. She, good woman, has sent down half-a-dozen times already to say that tea is waiting. Never mind ; sit still, Jones, and dream on. Call back again that early, brilliant, immortal first love. What matters what the object of it was ? Perhaps a butcher's daughter down the village ; perhaps a great, skinny, ogling French governess ; perhaps a fat, meek, fair-haired clergyman's daughter, that was ten years older than yourself, as a matter of course.

Never mind who it was : it is not of the least consequence. As a general rule, nothing comes of a first love ; and a wise and lucky chance it is, too ; for ten to one the object of it is unworthy, and the gratification of it would make a poor lad miserable for life. And it has always appeared to me that the tender passion in due

season gushes instinctively out of a man's heart; and that he loves as a bird sings or a rose blows, from nature, and because he cannot help it. As I have read in a Persian song-book,—

The nightingale sings in the garden :
perhaps it is a princess who hears his music.

The rose blushes in the parterre : perhaps it is gathered by the black cook, who has come to cut pot-herbs for dinner.

Fate sports with us, my friends ; women have ruled us since the days of Adam. With this sentiment I begun, and with it will end my chapter.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle's family consisted of ten children ; who, as is the custom in such large families, were divided into two camps, or parties ; the one siding with their mamma, the other taking the part of my uncle in all the numerous quarrels which arose between that gentleman and his lady. Mrs. Brady's faction was headed by Mick, the eldest son, who hated me so, and disliked his father for keeping him out of his property ; while Ulick, the second brother, was his father's own boy ; and, in revenge, Master Mick was desperately afraid of him. I need not mention the girls' names ; I had plague enough with them in after-life, Heaven knows ; and one of them was the cause of all my early troubles ; this was (though to be sure all her sisters denied it) the belle of the family, Miss Honoria Brady by name,—the remembrance of whom inspired all those remarks concerning love, with which I finished off the foregoing chapter, and which I hope all fair young ladies and youths entering life have well considered.

She said she was only nineteen at the time ; but I could read the fly-leaf in the family-bible as well as another (it was one of the three books which, with the backgammon-board, formed my uncle's library), and know that she was born in the year '37, and christened by Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin : hence she was three-and-twenty years old at the time she and I were so much together.

When I come to think about her now, I know she never could have been handsome ; for her figure was rather of the fattest, and her mouth of the widest ; she was freckled over like a partridge's egg, and her hair was the colour of a certain vegetable which we eat with boiled beef, to use the mildest term. Often and often would my dear mother make these

remarks concerning her ; but I did not believe them then, and somehow had gotten to think Honoria an angelical being far above all the other angels of her sex.

And as we know very well that a lady who is skilled in dancing or singing never can perfect herself without a deal of study in private, and that the song or the minuet which are performed with so much graceful ease in the assembly-room have not been acquired but with vast labour and perseverance in private ; so it is with the dear creatures who are skilled in coquetting. Honoria, for instance, was always practising, and she would take poor me to rehearse her accomplishment upon ; or the exciseman, when he came his rounds, or the steward, or the poor curate, or the young apothecary's lad from Brady's Town, whom I recollect beating once for that very reason. If he is alive now I make him my apologies. Poor fellow ! as if it was *his* fault that he should be a victim to the wiles of one of the greatest coquettes (considering her obscure life and rustic breeding) in the world.

If the truth must be told, and every word of this narrative of my life is of the most sacred veracity, my passion for Nora began in a very vulgar and unromantic way. I did not save her life ; on the contrary, I once very nearly killed her, as you shall hear. I did not behold her by moonlight playing on the guitar, or rescue her from the hands of ruffians, as Alfonso does Lindamira in the novel ; but one day after dinner at Brady's Town in summer, going into the garden to pull gooseberries for my dessert, and thinking only of gooseberries, I pledge my honour, I came upon Miss Nora and one of her sisters, with whom she was friends at the time, who were both engaged in the very same amusement.

"What's the Latin for gooseberry,

Redmond?" says she. She was always "poking her fun," as the Irish phrase it.

"I know the Latin for goose," says I.

"And what's that?" cries Miss Mysie, as pert as a peacock.

"Bo to you!" says I (for I had never a want of wit); and so we fell to work at the gooseberry-bush, laughing and talking as happy as might be. In the course of our diversion Nora managed to scratch her arm, and it bled, and she screamed, and it was mighty round and white, and I tied it up, and I believe was permitted to kiss her hand; and though it was as big and pudgy a hand as ever you saw, yet I thought the favour the most ravishing one that was ever conferred upon me, and went home in the exact condition of the young lad described in the last chapter.

I was much too simple a fellow to disguise any sentiment I chanced to feel in those days; and not one of the light Castle Brady girls but was soon aware of my passion, and joked and complimented Nora about her bachelor.

The torments of jealousy the cruel coquette made me endure were horrible. Sometimes she would treat me as a child, sometimes as a man. She would always leave me if ever there came a stranger to the house.

"For after all, Redmond," she would say, "you are but fifteen, and you haven't a guinea in the world;" at which I would swear that I would become the greatest hero ever known out of Ireland, and vow that before I was twenty I would have money enough to purchase an estate six times as big as Castle Brady. All which vain promises, of course, I did not keep; but I make no doubt they influenced me in my very early life, and caused me to do those great actions for which I have been celebrated, and which shall be narrated presently in order.

I must tell one of them, just that my dear young lady readers may know what sort of a fellow Redmond Barry was, and what a courage and undaunted passion he had. I question whether any of the jenny-jessamies of the present day would do half as much in the face of danger.

About this time it must be pre-

mised the United Kingdom was in a state of great excitement from the threat generally credited of a French invasion. The Pretender was said to be in high favour at Versailles, a descent upon Ireland was especially looked to, and the noblemen and people of condition in that and all other parts of the kingdom shewed their loyalty by raising regiments of horse and foot to resist the invaders. Brady's Town sent a company to join the Kilwangan regiment, of which Master Mick was the captain; and we had a letter from Master Ulick at Trinity College, stating that the university had also formed a regiment, in which he had the honour to be a corporal. How I envied them both! especially that odious Mick, as I saw him in his laced scarlet coat with a riband in his hat march off at the head of his men. He, the poor spiritless creature, was a captain, and I nothing,—I, who felt I had as much courage as the Duke of Cumberland himself, and felt, too, that a red jacket would mightily become me! My mother said I was too young to join the new regiment; but the fact was, that it was she herself who was too poor, for the cost of a new uniform would have swallowed up half her year's income, and she would only have her boy appear in a way suitable to his birth, riding the finest of racers, dressed in the best of clothes, and keeping the genteelst of company.

Well, then, the whole country was alive with war's alarums, the three kingdoms ringing with military music, and every man of merit paying his devoirs at the court of Bellona, whilst poor I was obliged to stay at home in my fustian jacket and sigh for fame in secret. Mr. Mick came to and fro from the regiment, and brought numerous of his comrades with him. Their costume and swaggering airs filled me with grief, and Miss Nora's unvarying attentions to them served to make me half wild. No one, however, thought of attributing this sadness to the young lady's score, but rather to my disappointment at not being allowed to join the military profession.

Once the officers of the Fencibles gave a grand ball at Kilwangan, to which, as a matter of course, all the ladies of Castle Brady (and a pretty ugly coachfull they were) were in-

vited. I knew to what tortures the odious little flirt of a Nora would put me with her eternal coqueties with the officers, and refused for a long time to be one of the party to the ball. But she had a way of conquering me, against which all resistance of mine was in vain. She vowed that riding in the coach always made her ill. "And how can I go to the ball," said she, "unless you take me on Daisy behind you on the pillion?" Daisy was a good blood mare of my uncle's, and to such a proposition I could not for my soul say no; so we rode in safety to Kilwangan, and I felt myself as proud as any prince when she promised to dance a country-dance with me.

When the dance was ended, the little ungrateful flirt informed me that she had quite forgotten her engagement, and actually danced the set with an Englishman! I have endured torments in my life, but none like that. She tried to make up for her neglect, but I would not. Some of the prettiest girls there offered to console me, for I was the best dancer in the room. I made one attempt, but was too wretched to continue, and so remained alone all night in a state of agony. I would have played, but I had no money, only the gold piece that my mother bade me always keep in my purse as a gentleman should. I did not care for drink, or know the dreadful comfort of it in those days; but I thought of killing myself and Nora, and most certainly of making away with Captain Quin!

At last, and at morning, the ball was over. The rest of our ladies went off in the lumbering, creaking old coach; Daisy was brought out, and Miss Nora took her place behind me, which I let her do without a word. But we were not half a mile out of town when she began to try with her coaxing and blandishments to dissipate my ill-humour.

"Sure it's a bitter night, Redmond, dear, and you'll catch cold without a handkerchief to your neck." To this sympathetic remark from the pillion, the saddle made no reply.

"Did you and Miss Clancy have a pleasant evening, Redmond? You were together, I saw, all night." To this the saddle only replied by grinding his teeth, and giving a lash to Daisy.

"Oh! mercy, you make Daisy rear and throw me, you careless creature, you; and you know, Redmond, I'm so timid." The pillion had by this got her arm round the saddle's waist, and, perhaps, gave it the gentlest squeeze in the world.

"I hate Miss Clancy, you know I do!" answers the saddle; "and I only danced with her because—because—the person with whom I intended to dance chose to be engaged the whole night."

"Sure there were my sisters," said the pillion, now laughing outright in the pride of her conscious superiority; "and for me, my dear, I had not been in the room five minutes before I was engaged for every single set."

"Were you obliged to dance five times with Captain Quin?" said I; and, oh! strange, delicious charm of coquetry, I do believe Miss Nora Brady at twenty-three years of age felt a pang of delight in thinking that she had so much power over a guileless lad of fifteen.

Of course she replied that she did not care a fig for Captain Quin; that he danced prettily, to be sure, and was a pleasant rattle of a man; that he looked well in his regimentals, too; and if he chose to ask her to dance, how could she refuse him?

"But you refused me, Nora."

"Oh! I can dance with you any day," answered Miss Nora, with a toss of her head; and to dance with your cousin at a ball, looks as if you could find no other partner. Besides," said Nora—and this was a cruel, unkind cut, which shewed what a power she had over me, and how mercilessly she used it,—“besides, Redmond, Captain Quin's a man, and you are only a boy!"

"If ever I meet him again," I roared out with an oath, "you shall see which is the best man of the two. I'll fight him with sword or with pistol, captain as he is. A man, indeed! I'll fight any man—every man! Didn't I stand up to Mick Brady when I was eleven years old? —Didn't I beat Tom Sullivan, the great hulking brute, who is nineteen? —Didn't I do for the French usher? Oh, Nora, it's cruel of you to sneer at me so!"

But Nora was in the sneering mood that night, and pursued her sarcasms, and pointed out that Captain Quin

was already known as a valiant soldier (famous as a man of fashion in London), and that it was mighty well of Redmond to talk and boast of beating ushers, and farmers' boys, but to fight an Englishman was a very different matter.

Then she fell to talk of the invasion, and of military matters in general, of King Frederick (who was called, in those days, the Protestant hero—apt title!), of Monsieur Thurot and his fleet, of Monsieur Conflans and his squadron, of Minorca, how it was attacked, and where it was, and both agreed it must be in America, and hoped the French might be soundly beaten there.

I sighed after a while (for I was beginning to melt), and said how much I longed to be a soldier; on which Nora recurred to her infallible, "Ah! now, would you leave me, then? But, sure, you're not big enough for any thing more than a little drummer." To which I replied, by swearing that a soldier I would be, and a general too.

As we were chattering in this silly way, we came to a place that has ever since gone by the name of Redmond's Leap Bridge. It was an old high bridge, over a stream sufficiently deep and rocky, and as the mare Daisy with her double load was crossing this bridge, Miss Nora, giving a loose to her imagination, and still harping on the military theme (I would lay a wager that she was thinking of Captain Quin), Miss Nora said, "Suppose, now, Redmond, you, who are such a hero, was passing over the bridge, and the enemy on the other side?"

"I'd draw my sword, and cut my way through them."

"What, with me on the pillion? Would you kill poor me?" (This young lady was perpetually speaking of "poor me!")

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd jump Daisy into the river, and swim you both across, where no enemy could follow us."

"Jump twenty feet! you wouldn't dare to do any such thing on Daisy. There's the captain's horse, Black George, I've heard say that Captain Qui—"

She never finished the word, for, maddened by the continual recurrence of that odious monosyllable, I

shouted to her to "hold tight by my waist," and, giving Daisy the spur, in a minute sprung with Nora over the parapet into the deeper water below. I don't know why now, whether it was I wanted to drown myself and Nora, or to perform an act that even Captain Quin should crane at, or whether I fancied that the enemy actually was in front of us, I can't tell now; but over I went. The horse sunk over his head, the girl screamed as she sunk, and screamed as she rose, and I landed her, half fainting, on the shore, where we were soon found by my uncle's people, who returned on hearing the screams. I went home, and was ill speedily of a fever, which kept me to my bed for six weeks, and I quitted my couch prodigiously increased in stature, and, at the same time, still more violently in love than I had been even before.

At the commencement of my illness, Miss Nora had been pretty constant in her attendance at my bedside, forgetting, for the sake of me, the quarrel between my mother and her family, which my good mother was likewise pleased, in the most Christian manner, to forget. And, let me tell you, it was no small mark of goodness in a woman of her haughty disposition, who, as a rule, never forgave any body, for my sake to give up her hostility to Miss Brady, and to receive her kindly. For, like a mad boy as I was, it was Nora I was always raving about and asking for; I would only accept medicines from her hand, and would look rudely and sulkily upon the good mother, who loved me better than any thing else in the world, and gave up even her favourite habits, and proper and becoming jealousies, to make me happy.

As I got well, I saw that Nora's visits became daily more rare: "Why don't she come?" I would say, peevishly, a dozen times in the day; in reply to which query, Mrs. Barry would be obliged to make the best excuses she could find,—such as that Nora had sprained her ankle, or that they had quarrelled together, or some other answer to soothe me. And many a time has the good soul left me to go and break her heart in her own room alone, and come back with a smiling face, so that I should know nothing of her mortification. Nor, indeed, did I take much pains to

ascertain it; nor should I, I fear, have been very much touched even had I discovered it, for the commencement of manhood, I think, is the period of our extremest selfishness. We get such a desire then to take wing, and leave the parent-nest, that no tears, entreaties, or feelings of affection, will counterbalance this overpowering longing after independence. She must have been very sad, that poor mother of mine—Heaven be good to her!—at that period of my life: and has often told me since what a pang of the heart it was to her to see all her care and affection of years forgotten by me in a minute, and for the sake of a little, heartless jilt, who was only playing with me while she could get no better suitor. For the fact is, that, during the last four weeks of my illness, no other than Captain Quin was staying at Castle Brady, and making love to Miss Nora in form; and my mother did not dare to break this news to me, and you may be sure that Nora herself kept it a secret. It was only by chance that I discovered it.

Shall I tell you how? The minx had been to see me one day, as I sat up in my bed, convalescent, and was

in such high spirits, and so gracious and kind to me, that my heart poured over with joy and gladness, and I had even for my poor mother a kind word and a kiss that morning. I felt myself so well that I ate up a whole chicken, and promised my uncle, who had come to see me, to be ready, against partridge-shooting, to accompany him, as my custom was.

The next day but one was a Sunday, and I had a project for that day which I determined to realise, in spite of all the doctor's and my mother's injunctions, which were that I was on no account to leave the house, for the fresh air would be the death of me.

Well, I lay wondrous quiet, composing a copy of verses, the first I ever made in my life, and I give them here spelt as I spelt them in those days when I knew no better. And though they are not so polished and elegant as "*Ardelia, case a Love-sick Swain*;" and, "*When Sol bedecks the Daisied Mead*;" and other lyrical effusions of mine which obtained me so much reputation in after-life, I still think them pretty good for a humble lad of fifteen:—

THE ROSE OF FLORA.

Sent by a Young Gentleman of Quality to Miss Br—dy, of C—stle Br—dy.

On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady,
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

"O Lady Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"I've many a rich and bright parterre;
In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,
But you're the fairest lady there:
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,
Can prouice a treasure that's half so fair!"

What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!
Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew
Beneath her eyelid, is like the vi'let,
'That darkly glistens with gentle jew!
The lily's nature is not surely whiter
Than Nora's neck is,—and her arrums too.

"Come, gentle Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"My dearest creature, take my advice,
There is a poet, full well you know it,
Who spends his life-time in heavy sighs,—
Young Redmond Barry, 'tis him you'll marry,
If rhyme and raisin you'd choose likewise."

On Sunday, no sooner was my mother gone to church, than I summoned Phil the valet, and insisted upon his producing my best suit, in which I arrayed myself (although I found that I had shot up so in my illness that the old dress was woefully too small for me), and, with my notable copy of verses in my hand, ran down towards Castle Brady, bent upon beholding my beauty. The air was so fresh and bright, and the birds sang so loud amidst the green trees, that I felt more elated than I had been for months before, and sprung down the avenue (my uncle had cut down every stick of the trees, by the way) as brisk as a young fawn. My heart began to thump as I mounted the grass-grown steps of the terrace, and passed in by the rickety hall-door. The master and mistress were at church, Mr. Screw, the butler, told me, after giving a start back at seeing my altered appearance, and gaunt, lean figure, and so were six of the young ladies.

"Was Miss Nora one?" I asked.

"No, Miss Nora was not one," said Mr. Screw, assuming a very puzzled, and yet knowing look.

"Where was she?" To this question he answered, or rather made believe to answer, with usual Irish ingenuity, and left me to settle whether she was gone to Kilwangan on the pillion behind her brother, or whether she and her sister had gone for a walk, or whether she was ill in her room; and while I was settling this query Mr. Screw left me abruptly.

I rushed away to the back court where the Castle Brady stables stand, and there I found a dragoon whistling the "Roast Beef of Old England," as he cleaned down a cavalry horse. "Whose horse, fellow, is that?" cried I. "Feller, indeed!" replied the Englishman; "the horse belongs to my captain, and he's a better *feller* nor you any day."

I did not stop to break his bones, as I would on another occasion, for a horrible suspense had come across me, and I made for the garden as quickly as I could.

I knew somehow what I should see there. I saw Captain Quin and Nora pacing the alley together. Her arm was under his, and the scoundrel was fondling and squeezing the little

hand which lay closely nestling against his odious waistcoat. Some distance beyond them was Captain Fagan of the Kilwangan regiment, who was paying court to Nora's sister Mysie.

I am not afraid of any man or ghost; but as I saw that sight my knees fell a-trembling violently under me, and such a sickness came over me, that I was fain to sink down on the grass by a tree against which I leaned, and lost almost all consciousness for a minute or two; then I gathered myself up, and, advancing towards the couple on the walk, loosened the blade of the little silver-hilted hanger I always wore in its scabbard; for I was resolved to pass it through the body of the delinquents, and spit them like two pigeons. I don't tell what feelings else besides those of rage were passing through my mind, what bitter blank disappointment, what mad wild despair, what a sensation as if the whole world was tumbling from under me: I make no doubt that my reader hath been jilted by the ladies many times, and so bid him recall his own sensations when the shock first fell upon him.

"No, Norelia," said the captain (for it was the fashion of those times for lovers to call themselves by the most romantic names out of novels), "except for you and four others, I vow before all the gods, my heart has never felt the soft flame!"

"Ah! you men, you men, Eugenio!" said she (the beast's name was John), "your passion is not equal to ours. We are like—like some plant I've read of—we bear but one flower, and then we die!"

"Do you mean you never felt an inclination for another?" said Captain Quin.

"Never, my Eugenio, but for thee! How can you ask a blushing nymph such a question?"

"Darling Norelia!" said he, raising his hand to her lips.

I had a knot of cherry-coloured ribands, which she had given me out of her breast, and which somehow I always wore upon me. I pulled these out of my bosom and flung them in Captain Quin's face, and rushed out with my little sword drawn, shrieking, "She's a liar—she's a liar, Captain Quin! Draw, sir, and de-

send yourself, if you are a man!" and with these words leaped at the monster and collared him, while Nora made the air echo with her screams; at the sound of which the other captain and Mysie hastened up.

Although I sprung up like a weed in my illness, and was now nearly attained to my full growth of six feet, yet I was but a lath by the side of the enormous English captain, who had calves and shoulders such as no chairman at Bath ever boasted. He turned very red, and then exceedingly pale at my attack upon him, and slipped back and clutched at his sword—when Nora, in an agony of terror, flung herself round him, screaming, "Eugenio! Captain Quin, for Heaven's sake spare the child—he is but an infant!"

"And ought to be whipped for his impudence," said the captain; "but never fear, Miss Brady, I shall not touch him; your favourite is safe from me." So saying, he stooped down and picked up the bunch of ribands which I had flung at Nora's feet, and handing it to her, said in a sarcastic tone, "When ladies make presents to gentlemen, it is time for other gentlemen to retire."

"Good heavens, Quin!" cried the girl; "he is but a boy."

"I'm a man," roared I, "and will prove it."

"And don't signify any more than my parrot or lap-dog. Mayn't I give a bit of riband to my own cousin?"

"You are perfectly welcome, miss," continued the captain, "as many yards as you like."

"Monster!" exclaimed the dear girl; "your father was a tailor, and you are always thinking of the shop. But I'll have my revenge, I will! Reddy, will you see me insulted?"

"Indeed, Miss Nora," says I, "I intend to have his blood as sure as my name's Redmond."

"I'll send for the usher to cane you, little boy," said the captain, regaining his self-possession; "but as for you, miss, I have the honour to wish you a good day."

He took off his hat with much ceremony, and made a low *congé*, and was just walking off, when Mick, my cousin, came up, whose ear had likewise been caught by the scream.

the matter here?" says Mick; "Nora in tears, Redmond's ghost here with his sword drawn, and you making a bow?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Brady," said the Englishman; "I have had enough of Miss Nora here and your Irish ways. I ain't used to 'em, sir."

"Well, well! what is it?" said Mick, good-humouredly, (for he owed Quin a great deal of money as it turned out); "we'll make you used to our ways, or adopt English ones."

"It's not the English way for ladies to have two lovers, (the 'Henglish way,' the captain called it), and so, Mr. Brady, I'll thank you to pay me the sum you owe me, and I resign all claims to this young lady. If she has a fancy for school-boys, let her take 'em, sir."

"Pooh! pooh! Quin, you are joking," said Mick.

"I never was more in earnest," replied the other.

"By Heaven, then, look to yourself," shouted Mick. "Infamous seducer! infernal deceiver!—you come and wind your toils round this suffering angel here—you win her heart and leave her—and fancy her brother won't defend her? Draw this minute, you slave! and let me cut the wicked heart out of your body!"

"This is regular assassination," said Quin, starting back; "there's two on 'em on me at once. Fagan, you won't let 'em murder me?"

"Faith!" said Captain Fagan, who seemed mightily amused, "you may settle your own quarrel, Captain Quin;" and coming over to me, whispered, "At him again, you little fellow."

"As long as Mr. Quin withdraws his claim," said I, "I, of course, do not interfere."

"I do, sir,—I do," said Mr. Quin, more and more flustered.

"Then defend yourself like a man,—curse you!" cried Mick again. "Mysie, lead this poor victim away—Redmond and Fagan will see fair play between us."

"Well now—I don't—give me time—I'm puzzled—I—I don't know which way to look."

"Like the donkey betwixt the two bundles of hay," said Mr. Fagan, dryly, "and there's pretty picking on either side."

AN ADVENTURE IN BYTHINIA.

A FEW years ago I was travelling in Asia Minor with a friend during a summer of extraordinary beauty; and, attracted by the picturesque neighbourhood of the ancient capital of Bythinia, we resolved to make it our head-quarters for a time, in order that we might thoroughly explore the surrounding country. We were the only Franks in the city; for I am speaking of a period when no British consul had yet been appointed to the station, and when the consular duties were performed by a Greek chemist, whose name has escaped me, but who, I well remember, officiated in the same capacity for no less than five different powers.

There was a pleasant feeling of independence connected with the circumstance of our temporary emancipation from the conventional trammels of hyper-civilisation; a half-vagabond and half-proud consciousness of self-reliance and self-sufficing strength; and, coupled with this, we had the bluest of all blue heavens above our heads; Nature in all her stern and in all her smiling varieties spread about us on every side, youth bounding in our pulses, and novelty bracing our energies to action.

The city of Broussa was soon explored, its grey old walls visited, its convents and mosques examined, and its khans and bazars explored from end to end. We had galloped over the plain in all directions, rousing the lazy buffaloes from their bed of mire on the margin of the stream by which it is intersected, scaring the cranes in their fishing avocations, trampling the land-turtles upon our path, and bringing down scores of the red-legged partridges which rose on all sides in enormous coveys. We had bathed in the hot-springs of the romantic village of Tzékerghé, dined *al fresco* with a party of Bohemian gipsies, and danced with them to the music of their rude but melodious guitars, and, in short, exhausted all the usual means of amusement open to foreigners and strangers. The city, as a city, offered little attraction; its main street reminded us of Chester, the foot-passengers being sheltered from the weather by the projecting stories of the houses, supported by

heavy beams of wood, and forming a covered way at once gloomy and picturesque. There, however, terminated the similarity; for the turbaned Turk and the Greek priest, gliding silently and unobtrusively along, extorted no comparison with the male population which we had left behind, and still less did the muffled and shuffling figures of the women who occasionally passed us by remind us of the light-footed and unveiled beauties of our own ancient city.

Demetri, our courier and factotum, was a perfect treasure, when we could restrain him from pledging healths in Cyprus wine and *raké*; no easy matter where he could obtain either in exchange for a detailed account of all our proceedings, in which his inquisitive and garrulous countrymen took unexampled and untiring interest, heightened, no doubt, by the rare advent of Europeans in their city.

In return, however, for putting the whole population, Christian and Infidel, in possession of the state of our personal affairs, in so far as his own knowledge, conferred or acquired, enabled him to do so, he was equally ready to be communicative to ourselves; and, at the termination of a fortnight, there was not a pretty girl in Broussa or its neighbourhood with whose "birth, parentage, and education," we were not perfectly familiar; and, as objects of picturesque interest began to fail in their novelty, we amused ourselves, while speculating on our departure further east, in looking more attentively at the casements of the Greek houses than we had hitherto done. The Turkish lattices were, of course, a sealed book; for although now and then we could distinguish the flutter of white drapery, and sometimes even (as we fancied) the outline of a still whiter hand, we were aware that they would reveal nothing more through their jealous bars; but, no such impediments existing at the windows of the *rayahs*, my companion was soon fathoms deep in love with a young Greek lady, and our departure was, at his request, deferred *sine die*.

Nothing could be more convenient

for the opening of a flirtation, for the garden-terrace of her father's house extended in front of the windows of our principal apartments, and Frank soon contrived to establish a sentimental acquaintance through the medium of a pair of fine Irish eyes, and all the bouquets to be purchased in Broussa. The lady, on her side, appeared to be neither unconscious nor indifferent to the evident admiration of which she was the object; and it would, perhaps, have been strange had she failed to welcome his homage, forming, as he assuredly did, a striking contrast to the individuals by whom she was habitually approached.

We soon ascertained that she was the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, who spent his time between his warehouses, his mulberry-groves, and the Greek convent in the adjoining street; while, as a natural consequence, his ordinary and most cherished guests were the inmates of that establishment—uncleanly, lounging, ill-conditioned personages, by no means calculated to attract either the eye or the heart of a young beauty.

And a beauty she certainly was, that same Anastasia, with her long-cut, almond-shaped eyes, of the most bright and dazzling black that ever bewildered and burned up—I was going to say, the heart; but I correct myself and write the *liver*, of a romantic traveller; and I make the amendment because I feel convinced that the old Latin poets were right, and that the seat of love is in reality the liver, and not the heart. The man who labours under what is called the "tender passion" loses his appetite, becomes bilious and giddy, prone to sudden chills and heats, an irregular and violent pulsation, inflammatory fever, tossing, restlessness, and great anxiety and anguish, and at times is even afflicted with shooting pains, although this last and desperate symptom can only grow out of determined opposition or resolute rivalry. Now we appeal to any liberal-minded reader—and we know that all ours are such—whether these are not liver-pains, with which the poor innocent heart has nothing whatever to do? For even in the article of increased pulse, it only acts as the

the body, and is hurried in its movements by the unnatural pressure upon the other works.

Heart or liver, however, be it which it might, one or the other was decidedly, as I have already hinted, both bewildered and burnt up in the instance of my fellow-pilgrim; nor was it surprising that such should be the case, for to the dark almond-shaped eyes of Anastasia were added a high forehead, a delicate straight nose, lips like a pomegranate bud, a dimple in her small well-rounded chin which a pastoral poet would have made the theme of a score of stanzas; glistening black hair, which, when unwreathed from about the little scarlet *féz* that she wore coquettishly on the side of her small head, would have fallen to her feet; limbs like a nymph, and the voice of a syren.

Now I take credit to myself for this detailed and impartial account of another man's mistress; for although I considered Anastasia as lovely a little fairy as could gladden the sight of humanity, I here seriously aver, on the honour of an Oxonian and a traveller, that I was never in love with her myself. Perhaps if I *had* been, as she decidedly preferred my friend, I might not have been quite so generous.

Frank was getting on in his love affair at a railroad pace. By dint of presents to the convent, flattery to the monks, and his college Greek liberally bestowed upon the host, he had soon gained access to the merchant's house, and, within a week, was taking lessons on the guitar of the merchant's daughter. The said lessons were so long, and the scholar so enthusiastic, that his whole time was absorbed in his new and agreeable avocations; and the natural consequence as regarded myself very speedily ensued, that time hung for several days very heavily upon my hands; for in all my projects I required the co-operation and companionship of Frank, while in all his own, Frank utterly overlooked my existence; and thus I at length found it necessary, as I resolved not to abandon my recreant fellow-traveller, to create interests and amusements totally independent of his movements.

Stir from Broussa he would not,

nor was I much surprised at his determination, as it is not often in a man's life that he can dream his dream of love amid scenes of beauty, and novelty, and enchantment, beyond the reach of envious and malicious tongues. For Frank in the fair capital of Bythinia there was no Mrs. Grundy; no opposite neighbour at No. 22 peering through the blinds to enumerate his entrances and exits at No. 4; no anxious mother to remind him that he had only just escaped from college, and must make his way in the world before he could afford to marry a wife; no avaricious father to threaten him with his sovereign displeasure and a new shilling, as the sequel to his family fortunes for falling in love with a girl who might not, for aught that the prodigal son knew of the matter, inherit even a corresponding property. All was smooth, and bright, and pleasant, nor did I feel myself called upon to throw any shadow over so sunny a path. I was his associate, but I had never undertaken to become his mentor; we had a common purse, on which his new pursuit was far from making any considerable inroads; we were running over the world for amusement, and were accountable to no one, so long as we interfered with none save each other; in short, Frank had every right to fall in love if he saw fit so to do, and he had done it. On my part expostulation would have been both idle and impertinent, so I forbore to offer any, and made up my mind to the worst.

As sailors whistle for a wind, so did I whistle as I paced up and down a wide-panelled apartment, surrounded on three sides by a low divan, and with the centre of the floor occupied by a small table which constituted all its furniture, in search of an available idea regarding my future movements. The conviction had come upon me that I had no resource save in myself until the Anastasian fever should have passed by; and, accordingly, I resolved that the said resource should suffice, and that I would be, if such a thing were possible, sufficient to myself. This point once settled, I warned Demetri to rouse me on the following morning at day-break, and, after taking a listless stroll about the city until a late hour, went to bed without waiting the return of my

friend, where I forgot all my perplexities until the light of a lamp flashed in my eyes, and the yawning courier informed me that a new day was commenced.

I sprang from the pillow, hurried forward my toilette, swallowed a biscuit and a glass of tokayer, which stood temptingly beside me on the small table, where the still slumbering Frank had left them on the previous night; and having ordered my horse and drawn on my boots, to the astonishment of the *serudjke* and Demetri, announced my determination to sally forth alone. The latter gentleman muttered something about my losing myself, which especially delighted me; for, as I had no particular pursuit, and was merely delaying my onward pilgrimage to accommodate my love-stricken companion, there was nothing which I so much desired as an adventure. What is a man's life without the episodes which are introduced into it by accident? A platitude — a formless, colourless waste of breath and motion — a mere drift upon the ocean of humanity; and even the opposition of Demetri made me look forward with greater zest to my solitary gallop.

In five minutes my horse was at the door; but, before I start, I may as well describe to such of my readers (few though they probably will be) as have not journeyed in the East, the peculiarities of a Tatar horse. It is the animal on which the couriers of the country perform their rapid and difficult journeys; its endurance of fatigue is wonderful, and it will readily accept the coarsest food when on the road; half broke and ill-groomed, it is subject to none of those contingencies which frequently disable a more delicately nurtured animal. The Tatar horse is, however, by no means unsightly: he is small; indeed, nine times out of ten, scarcely two removes from a pony; but clean-limbed and broad-chested, with a remarkably well-formed head and wide nostrils. Let him go, and he will go like the wind; the difficulty frequently is to mount him when he does not recognise his rider. His mouth is hard, from the early and constant use of the sharp and heavy bit common to the country; and, when unchecked, he sweats ~~alone~~

like a wild animal, leaping over every impediment; and, sinking his head upon his chest, scours on until he is utterly exhausted, with his long tail streaming in the wind, and his motley accoutrements glancing in the light. Every Tatar horse ridden by a native carries a charm against the Evil Eye, which consists of a few blue beads, or a floating tassell of the same colour; his brow-band and breeching being elaborately ornamented with small cowries, and his saddle-cloth gay with tarnished embroidery.

The animal which I had secured for my own use during my sojourn at Broussa, and which I subsequently purchased, answered exactly to this description, save as regarded its equipments: there was no tiring the beast with such work as I could give him; and the light European saddle and bridle, which I substituted for his former gear, only rendered him the more alert and eager.

We had, as I have shewn, long meditated the ascent of Mount Olympus, and the hyper-classical may dispute as they will the fact of its not being the Olympus of the Mythology, the veritable throne of Jupiter, and the undoubted head-quarters of the Pantheon; it is, in any case, no sinecure to attain its summit. Let it not be supposed, however, that because I ultimately accomplished the undertaking, I am about to be vain-glorious on the subject, for I am quite aware that the Bythinian Olympus is not Mont Blanc; and that, moreover, two ladies have achieved the same feat. One, indeed (the wife of Sir John Franklin), slept for two nights on the crest of the mountain, surrounded by Turcoman Arabs; and the other (Miss Pardoe) made the ascent two months before the usual period, when the snow lay knee-deep from the summit to about one-third of the descent.

As yet no traveller had attempted the expedition without a guide, and the dearth of excitement under which I was then labouring determined me upon making the experiment. I accordingly mounted my horse, and, without communicating my intention, turned his head towards the city of ~~the~~. Immediately beyond the barrier, I crossed a deep fosse, filled by ~~the~~ of mountain-torrents, which ~~descended~~ down the declivity

and flung their flashing waters, foaming and frothing, high into the air. I then found myself in a narrow pathway, pierced through a dense wood of dwarf oaks and hazels, which clung against the side of the height, and found that I was already commencing the ascent. Ere long, an abrupt turn in the road suddenly freed me from the trees which had hitherto impeded my view of the splendid landscape that I was conscious must be mapped out beneath me; and, after scrambling and stumbling among masses of rock which compelled even my reckless Bucephalus to pick his way, I halted at the base of the next range of heights to look around.

It was still early dawn; the misty night-garments of Nature were not yet put off, although the dew for her morning libations was spread over every leaf and shrub. I was, in fact, an intruder on her matutinal mysteries; for the inhabitants of the city, all Orientals as they were, still slumbered, and but few even of the suburban peasantry were yet astir. Such as were already on the move were employed in driving before them gangs of horses, mules, and asses, destined to convey their loadings of mulberry-boughs to Broussa, for the supply of the silk-worms which form the staple commodity of the neighbourhood; while here and there might be seen a few stragglers, armed with scythes and spades, on their way to the plantations of maize and tobacco.

The aspect of the city from my point of pause was beautiful. The blending of the white buildings with the superb plantains which over-shadowed and intersected them in every direction; the majestic mosque of Oulou-Djamé, whose marble walls gleamed out like ivory in the morning light; the slender cypresses rising at intervals into the clear air, tall and motionless like pillars of dark stone; while here and there among the branches of the more flexile trees flashed out a sudden gleam of brightness as the beams of the rising sun struck against some glittering casement, combined to form a most picturesque tableau. A short distance beyond the city I traced the course of the small and shrunken river which we had traversed on our way to Broussa, its diminished volume

gliding like an azure thread over a bottom of snow-white pebbles. A wilderness of mulberry-trees spread far over the plain, their rich and heavy foliage heaving voluptuously beneath the soft southern breeze, while the mighty prairie was bounded afar off by a gigantic girdle of cloud-cinctured mountains. Herds of buffaloes were lying idly upon the margin of the stream, or rolling themselves over luxuriously in its pellucid waters; storks and cranes were busy in the pursuit of prey, and half-a-dozen glorious coveys of partridges whirled past me within fifty paces of my horse's nose.

After indulging for a considerable time in the contemplation of this magnificent panorama, I resumed my way, and at the expiration of a couple of hours of toil, anxious, if possible, to curtail the fatigue and tedium of the ascent, I paused to reconnoitre. Road there was none, as it will be believed, in any direction, although there was no mistaking the torrent-scooped track that had hitherto served me as a path. Still it struck me that I might find a shorter, even if a somewhat more adventurous way, and I resolved, at all events, to make the attempt. I had just gained the first elbow of the mountain, and, after a few moments of indecision, I turned my horse towards a ridge of rock, about a couple of feet in width, which appeared to be beaten by the feet of sheep. I did not doubt, from this circumstance, that it would lead to some patch of upland communicating with the ascent where I could repose my jaded beast, and perhaps enable him to browse for awhile upon the mountain herbage, while I secured another and a more novel view of the surrounding country, the track in question leading round the face of the mountain in the opposite direction to that which I had hitherto travelled. I was aware that I did not increase the safety of my exploit by thus volunteering an exploration, of which I could not necessarily foresee the result; but this very conviction determined me, and, despite a little reluctance on the part of my more sensible steed, I at once pursued my purpose.

The ridge, or shelf, along which we travelled was fenced in on one side by the mountain, which rose

almost perpendicularly thousands of feet above my head; while beneath me, beyond its outer edge, was a sheer precipice, descending to the depth of the valley, from which I had been toiling upwards for two weary hours; while, as if to render the gloomy abyss still more uninviting, the hoarse echoes of a torrent, which was roaring and tumbling among the scattered fragments of rock that had been storm-riven from the mighty mass above, and hurled into the plain during countless centuries, came to the ear with a dissonance that seemed almost supernatural. The fabled bridge of El Sirat, over which the Moslem is to pass to his paradise, must be, I should imagine, about as ample and convenient a pathway to a spirit, as that proved, which I was now so blindly following, to a traveller in the flesh.

As I advanced further along the ridge, the wary animal that I rode, with extraordinary sagacity, made a *point d'appui* of the rocky wall by which we were built in on our left hand, and at each step that he took my knee came in contact with the inequalities of the surface. Thus we proceeded for about four hundred yards, when, as I chanced to cast my eyes into the abyss beside me, the horse suddenly stopped, and glancing forward, to ascertain the cause of his halt, I discovered that the shelf upon which we stood, or rather hung, was at that point absorbed in the outline of the mountain, and that we could pass no further save to instant destruction.

I am no craven; but I shall never forget my sensations at that instant, as I sat gazing down into the gulf by which I was nearly surrounded, speechless and motionless, while my horse remained equally passive, and each seemed to have been suddenly stricken into stone. My brain whirled—I could not think, I could not pray—I was utterly powerless, mind and body. Human help there was none—there could be none; and my only consciousness was a conviction that I was wholly in the power of the equally jeopardised animal, whose next movement would, in all probability, hurl me to a horrible and ghastly death!

For full two minutes, which to me, in such a position, appeared to

have endured for as many hours, we remained upon that dizzy point. The sharp wind whistled past us as if angered by a new impediment, the torrent leaped and roared at the bottom of the gulf, and the mountain gave back its thunder in hollow murmurs. I scarcely felt the one or heard the other; all my senses were concentrated in vision, as with dilated eyeballs I glared downwards into the awful depth that yawned beneath my feet. The veins about my temples beat and throbbed tumultuously, and my hands lay clenched together upon the pommel of the saddle, when suddenly the horse, meeting no opposition from his rider (for in the first moment of horror I had suffered the reins to fall upon his neck), turned like a goat upon the narrow ridge, and began, with the utmost caution and precision, to retrace his steps.

I shall make no comment on my feelings when we once more stood in safety upon the piece of table-land from whence I had so injudiciously diverged; but ere long, as I flung myself from my saddle in the midst of a patch of soft fresh turf overshadowed by maples and ash-trees, I mentally vowed to become the owner of the sagacious animal to which I owed my escape from a fate too frightful to look back upon without a shudder. Having made this compact with myself, I gradually overcame the painful impression induced by my late peril, and looked around me with considerable pleasure.

The green nook on which I found myself was beautiful in the extreme, and could not have failed to excite my admiration under any circumstances; it may, consequently, be believed that I was keenly alive at that moment to its extraordinary loveliness. I had already gained an immense height; and amid all that was wild, and savage, and sterile, this little spot of verdure was hemmed in, as if to force a smiling contrast with the sterner features of the scene. I have already said that this "oasis amid the waste" was covered with sparkling turf and girdled by forest-timber; wild artichokes, and violets, whose scented breathings floated like incense upon the wind, were scattered in every direction; the rich

spiral leaves of deep green over the channel of a little stream, which glided along invisibly beneath the dense vegetation; the small yellow pansy grew in masses upon its banks, the spotted fox-glove sprang up regally amid the herbage, the clinging tendrils of the wild cotton-shrub garlanded the lower branches of the majestic maples, and all nature laughed out in beauty in that sunshiny place. One or two slabs of rock of a dark sandstone pierced through the velvet sward as if to enhance its luxuriance, and innumerable grasshoppers, as green and as bright as emeralds, made the air vocal with their cheerful chirpings.

So balmy and beautiful was every thing about me that I felt no inclination to quit my quarters, and, while my horse profited by my idleness to secure a hearty breakfast, I cast myself upon my back on the cool grass, with the bright sun beaming down upon me from among the dancing leaves. The pleasant stillness made me drowsy, for the sharp song of the grasshopper failed to disturb the silence, and rather added to the grateful monotony of the hour; and as I lay there I insensibly fell into a calm and delicious sleep, from which I was ultimately awakened by the sound of a female voice singing, or rather chanting, a wild strain, which rang out on the clear air with a melody that for awhile blended with the incoherent and romantic dream by which my slumbering senses were at that moment bewildered. Gradually, however, I awoke to the full perception of my position, and, without noise, I slowly raised myself upon my elbow, and looked about me. My horse had evidently strayed away, for he was no where to be seen; but about fifty paces from me, seated beneath an ash-tree, and so placed that I saw the whole contour of her figure in profile, sat a girl busily twirling a clumsy distaff, and singing as she laboured.

This apparition gave the last touch of poetry to the scene. I at once recognised by her costume that she was a Turcoman Arab, a daughter of one of the wild tribes which, during the autumn months, drive their herds of horses to the scattered and scanty pastures of the mountain, and who depart with the first snows—one

of those children of the sun who court his beams until they seem to catch a portion of his fire upon their high smooth brows and in their flashing eyes. Her dress was picturesque in the extreme, and to an eye which had latterly been condemned to pierce through the close folds of a muslin *yashmac*, and even then to content itself with a mere guess at the features that it veiled,—or, save in a few instances (the most prominent being that of the fair Anastasia, and her smiles were turned elsewhere), to glance over faces as coarse and ungainly as even an eremite might look upon unmoved,—the wild and glowing beauty of the young Arab maiden, softened, but not concealed by the long and glossy braids of her black hair, seemed, indeed, most exquisite. Her striped *bournou* had been cast off and lay on the grass beside her, and her only attire was a loose jacket of claret-coloured cloth, with hanging buttons of filigreed silver, which was bound about her waist with a shawl, where it met a pair of loose trousers of gaudily flowered chintz, which, descending only to the instep, left her little foot and ankle bare.

The day had become sultry, and, deeming herself alone, she had unbuttoned her vest, and flinging it back upon her shoulders, had bared her beautifully moulded bosom to the breeze, while her long, hanging sleeves, open from the elbow to the wrist, displayed arms so symmetrically moulded as to do no disgrace to the fairy figure of their possessor. Her face was beautiful!—such a face as can be seen but by few, and then only once during a long life, even in those lands where loveliness is deemed indigenous,—such a face as the poet sometimes pictures in his dreams and strives in vain to embody in his waking visions,—such a face as the cowed monk must do dire penance for but imagining, for even the most ascetic recluse could never confound that passionate and glowing loveliness with the calm grace of his madonna. I cannot catalogue her features as the novelist details the attractions of his imaginary heroines, for hers was not a countenance on which any could look so coldly as to classify its particular beauties. Suffice it, that never, either before or since

have I seen ought in the shape of woman which could bear a moment's competition with that bright daughter of the wilderness.

For a time I did not stir a limb. I felt as though the slightest movement I should make might scare away the beautiful vision; while she, on her part, calmly pursued her avocation, totally unconscious of my intrusion on her solitude. But this state of things could not last. The flax upon her distaff was at length exhausted, and, thrusting the ball of thread into her girdle, she sprang to her feet with a wild carol that made the very rocks ring. As if overjoyed at the completion of her task, she then raised her arms above her head and clapped her little hands together with childish glee as she bounded towards the spot where I lay; but when her large eyes suddenly rested on me she shrank back, and with instinctive modesty drew together the edges of her vest, while a deep blush burnt upon her brow.

Would that Daguerre, or some of his disciples, had been by to immortalise her at that moment! Fancy could never conjure up such a picture, and for a few seconds we gazed upon each other without one effort at escape on her part, or at approach on mine; but when, eventually, I rose from my recumbent attitude, she sprang back several paces, like a timid fawn, and then stood at bay. I can see her now, her right hand still grasping the bosom of her vest, and the other clenched closely, half in fear and half in defiance; an expression of proud inquiry in her dark eye, and a majesty in her whole demeanour, born of the wild freedom of her mountain life.

My heart beat high; I dreaded lest she should take alarm and conceal herself in the under-wood until she had summoned some of her tribe to her assistance; but I soon discovered that curiosity had conquered her first terror, and that I had become an object of speculation, rather than of apprehension, to this gazelle of the desert. Satisfied that such was the case, I did not hesitate to approach her. Slowly, indeed, and with gestures of respectful amity; but still I *did* approach, and she shewed no inclination to escape. (She evidently had either entirely ceased to feel

alarm, or scorned to let me suspect it. In a moment I was at her side addressing her in the vile *lingua franca* which I had picked up in my wanderings, but which was, as I soon discovered, quite as unintelligible to her as low Dutch or my own more legitimate mother-tongue. For a time, moreover, she was so occupied in scanning my person that she made no effort to comprehend my words. I was evidently the first Frank with whom she had ever come into contact, and she could not recover her surprise at the peculiarity of my appearance. Accustomed to the ample and flowing robes of the East, to the turbaned head, and the bushy beard, and the bright colours common to her clime and country, there was assuredly matter of marvel, and even of mirth, to the young Arab in the angular garments, the small velvet cap, the shaven chin, and the sombre drapery of the European; but, although I was conscious that it must be so, there was nothing in the expression of her face that approached either to ridicule or contempt. Her wonder she had been unable to suppress, but the wild children of the plain and mountain have too much self-respect to yield to puerile demonstrations, and thus it was without even a quiver of the lip that the untutored daughter of the desert stood and gazed upon the unaccustomed apparition which had so suddenly presented itself in her solitude.

Suddenly a thought appeared to strike her. She glanced towards the spot where I had been lying and then pointed to the sun; after which, making a gesture that I should remain where I stood, she sprang away like a chamois and disappeared among the brushwood. For a few moments I felt almost inclined to believe myself the sport of a pleasant dream, and the Arab girl the mere creation of a sleeping fancy; but as the conviction grew upon me that I was not of a sufficiently poetical temperament to embody, even amid my slumbers, a creature so pre-eminently beautiful, I ere long suffered my better reason to convince me that I had indeed looked upon a fellow-mortal, and that by the aid of a slight exertion of patience I might, and should, in all probability, have a second and still

better opportunity of appreciating her loveliness.

Nor was I disappointed, for ere ten minutes had elapsed the maiden re-appeared. She had adjusted her dress, and I remarked that the hilt of a small *yataghan* protruded from amid the folds of her girdle. In her hand she bore a light basket curiously woven of reeds, containing boiled maize and fruits, which she deposited at my feet, and then, turning towards the little stream which glided through the glen, she plunged into the limpid water a cup made from the dried rind of a gourd, and brought it to me sparkling with freshness. The simple hospitality was as well-timed as it was welcome; for although the excitement, first of danger, and afterwards of admiration, had caused me for a time to disregard the demands of appetite, I no sooner beheld the food which was so temptingly spread before me than I was conscious that it had been already too long delayed. It was with prompt gratitude, therefore, that I availed myself of the forethought of the beautiful Arab, who stood beside me during my repast, occasionally selecting the finest fruits and pressing them upon me with a graceful earnestness that enhanced their flavour.

My meal concluded, I once more endeavoured to establish a conversation with my fair entertainer; and, although orally I made not the slightest progress, I soon found that my pantomime was more successful, and that, even if I failed to convey all my meaning to the maiden, I at least contrived to interest her in my attempt. Gradually, she began to take her own share in this wordless communion, and Cerito herself never surpassed her in either grace or intelligence of gesture. I learnt that she and her tribe, amounting in all to twenty persons, had already sojourned three weeks upon the mountain, and that in the last quarter of the moon, which was now young, they were to move further west. She shewed me also that her mother was of the party, for having pointed to herself, and measured a span's length, she imitated with gentle playfulness the action of a woman lulling an infant upon her bosom; and then she

gathered a tuft of the wild cotton and pressed it against her rich dark tresses, to intimate that her parent was now aged.

No one who has not been similarly situated can imagine the charm of such a dialogue as this. The constant play of feature and of form, the anxious effort to be understood, throwing a transient shadow over the beaming countenance, as a summer vapour obscures for an instant the flower-path over which it passes, and the gay, girlish laughter of success ringing out upon the sharp mountain air in a gush of melody, combined with the uncertainty of its duration, the mystery of its medium, and the probable risk of its enjoyment, all conduced to enhance its piquancy, and to double its charm.

Such eye-converse with even an ordinary mortal, under such circumstances, would have been welcome, if only for its novelty; but with so glorious a being as the Arab maiden it was a subject for a life-long memory.

During a considerable time the silence of the solitude amid which we sat was unbroken, save by our own voices, or the occasional cry of a wild-bird, as it flew over our heads; but at the termination of an hour (the shortest I ever passed!) the sound of a horn came most inharmoniously to my ear. As it swelled upon the wind, the girl laid her slender finger upon my arm, while a strange expression passed over her face, and then, folding her arms meekly upon her breast, and bending her head in an attitude of humility, she seemed to imply obedience to some authority. When she saw that I understood the gesture, she next spread forth her hands, and murmured some sentences in a low, monotonous tone, evidently intended to imply prayer, and I comprehended her whole meaning,—she was to be the bride of the man who had just awakened that discordant music. She had been commanded by her tribe to receive him as her husband, and the priest was to bless their union. There was no mistaking the signification of her last emphatic gesture, for, as she whispered out the hated words to which I have alluded, she laid one of her small palms within the other, and then

again submissively bent her fair cheek upon her bosom.

And what was this to me? Why did my breath come quick, and my brow burn, as I read her meaning? Why should the fact that I was about to stand face to face with her affianced lover make me feel aggrieved and irritated? What was it to me that one, whose existence had been utterly unknown to me but two hours previously, must be as nothing, perchance, ere I was half-an-hour older? Strange inconsistency of human nature! Who shall successfully explain it? Suffice it that I *did* feel aggrieved—that I *did* feel irritable; and it was almost with a sense of wrong that I turned an inquiring look upon the girl, as I laid one hand upon my heart, and pointed with the other in the direction whence the sound had come.

A slight blush, a stifled sigh, and a mournful shake of the head, constituted her reply, and I was at once revenged!—yes, *revenged!* upon an unknown, unseen, and hitherto unsuspected adversary. I cared not at the moment to remember that I was myself a stranger, and could not possibly claim any share in the heart which he had sought to win. It was enough for me to know that he had failed, and that his fancied triumph, like the fruits which grow upon the shores of the Dead Sea, had crumbled into dust. Intoxicated by this unhopd-for conviction, I began, to believe it not impossible that it might be my fate to fill that young, pure heart with my own image—*mine!*—whose every thought, prejudice, and habit, was at utter variance with those of the beautiful, but untutored creature by my side. Probability, consistency, even expediency, faded into distance before the first mighty impulse of my selfish admiration. I did not pause to ask myself how my friends in England would welcome the beautiful, but barefooted daughter of the wilderness; I did not stay to inquire what companionship I could myself find in the society of a creature whose very dialect was unknown to me; and still less did I pause to discover how, if I could, indeed, teach her to love me, such a love must end. I thought only of the present moment,—I dwelt

only on the surpassing loveliness and unsuspecting innocence of the bright creature who had ministered to my wants, and cheered my weariness in my mountain pilgrimage; and, thus impelled, I began to look upon her with eyes into which I endeavoured to throw all the passionate devotion with which she had inspired me.

For awhile she did not, or affected not to understand my meaning; but when I took her hand, and would have laid it on my heart, that she might distinguish its tumultuous throbbings, she wrenched it from my hold, and springing to her feet, with a look of wondering scorn that brought the blood into my cheek, she laughed a bitter laugh, as she imparted to me, in her expressive pantomime, that her own heart was no longer in her keeping. I shrink not from confessing that I quailed before the disdainful lightnings of her deep black eye, and the proud quivering of her rich red lip. I only marvelled what manner of being *he* might be who could so have enlisted the impetuous feelings of that wild and glorious creature.

As I looked upon her, my thoughts involuntarily reverted to that most exquisite creation of a poet's fancy, Gulnare, and I could have exclaimed like her,—

"Thou lov'st another, than! but what to
me
Is this?—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can
be:
But yet thou lov'st!—and, oh! I envy
those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can
repose;
Who never feel the void—the wandering
thought
That sighs o'er visions such as mine hath
wrought."

The anger of the fair girl was as transient as it was impetuous. Satisfied that she had silenced my misplaced gallantry for ever, the frown soon left her brow, and she resumed her composure; but I was not equally successful in my attempt at indifference. Every look, every movement of this beautiful and wayward maiden served but to increase her power over my feelings; I was compelled to admit to myself that I was fairly taken captive, and that I had received the strange confidence which she had volunteered with less equanimity than my dignity demanded.

Where was now my triumph over the weakness of my friend Frank? He had, at least, paused upon the threshold of his love affair. His entanglement had been woven, like the web of the spider, carefully thread by thread; while I, who had smiled in the silence of my own spirit at his facility, had left home heart-whole at day-dawn, and before noon had resigned myself to the power of a passion which I had no longer the inclination to resist.

As I stood gazing upon the beautiful magician who had wrought the spell, and who, heedless of my presence, was looking anxiously in the direction of the unwelcome blast, which was at this moment repeated, and had evidently been sounded at a considerably shorter distance than the last, a whirlwind of thought swept through my heated brain. What had I to do with this wild Arab maiden that I should seek to win her love? And even could I have indulged one hope of success in so difficult an undertaking, what could it profit me? Was I not a mere traveller, a pilgrim in strange lands, a wanderer, planting my tent by the way-side to-night, only to strike it again to-morrow? And what had I to offer her in exchange for separation from her tribe, the abandonment of all her habits, exile from the scenes of her childhood, and the privation of the free breeze and freer energies of a mountain life? Nothing, worse than nothing,—the selfish passion which could not even utter itself to her in intelligible words—the pent-up air of a city—present grief and shame—and, to sum up all, ultimate and hopeless desertion.

And surely, even as I argued thus, I did her wrong; for there was a haughty resolve seated upon her brow, which seemed to intimate that she could free herself from such a fate,—that she wore not in vain the dagger in her girdle. Be that, however, as it might, a few moments only had succeeded the movement of beautiful disdain which checked the ardour of my sudden passion, when a third individual was added to the group.

Rarely have I looked upon a finer specimen of manly strength and beauty than that presented by the young Arab, who, bounding through

the underwood, and over the masses of rock which impeded his self-found path, in the next instant stood before us. Clouds of coal-black hair, escaping from the pressure of his tightly twisted turban, fell over his cheeks and shoulders; his legs were bare some inches above the knee, and his feet protected, but not covered, by sandals of buffalo-hide. In one hand he held a horn of the same animal, in which I at once recognised the instrument which had warned us of his approach, and in the other a rifle, scrupulously clean. A shirt of spotless cotton, over which was slung a coarse vest of dark blue woollen, and a pair of loose drawers of the same material, completed his simple costume; nor did he need one more costly; for his tall and athletic figure, and the magnificent beauty of his countenance, rendered him independent of all ornament.

As he appeared, the girl moved calmly towards him with a greeting upon her lips, to which he was about to make a suitable reply, when his eye met mine, and with a haughty gesture he put her aside. It may be, that despite the schooling which my reason had just been giving to my love, he discovered no very conciliating expression in my countenance, for, weak as the confession may make me seem, I most assuredly indulged, on his first appearance, in a feeling of defiance very unlikely to produce it. It is certain that, in any case, the young Arab was no whit more indulgently inclined towards myself. Having taken a deliberate survey of my person, with which he appeared by no means prepossessed, he turned calmly to the maiden, and, with a menacing gesture, he motioned to her to withdraw; but the girl stood her ground, and, in a voice whose melody was not destroyed even by the wild energy with which she spoke, she evidently narrated to her irate auditor all the circumstances of our meeting. Not once did he offer any interruption; but leaning moodily upon his rifle, with his chin upon his clasped hands, and his dark brows heavily drawn together, he listened till the tale was told, and then he calmly repeated his gesture of arrogant dismissal.

It seemed, however, that he had

now gone too far. The fiery maiden was not yet his wife—her moral slavery had not yet commenced; and she drew up her graceful figure to its full height, and with flashing eyes, and lips quivering with indignation, retorted the imperious command. The Arab lover stood aghast. For a few seconds, during which the girl retained her attitude of proud defiance, he continued silent, and it was evidently the silence of surprise; then, perceiving that his mistress shewed no symptom of yielding, he relaxed somewhat of his stern impassibility, and spoke in the accent of expostulation, but the deeply offended maiden vouchsafed no reply. The youth, angered by her pertinacity, grew more wrathful and menacing in his speech, and ultimately approached several paces nearer to the spot where I was standing, the passive spectator of a scene wherein I was burning to become an actor. As he advanced, I also moved forward, and we should soon have stood breast to breast, had not the girl sprung between us, and grasping my arm with her left hand, laid the right upon the hilt of her yataghan.

It was a strange position for an idle traveller, prepared for nothing less than a struggle upon the mountain side,—unarmed, unattended, and far beyond the aid of all to whom he was known. I had been careful not to leave Broussa without my pistols, but they were in my holsters, and my horse had strayed away I knew not whither, and, until that moment, had not cared to ascertain. Nor did I, when I placed them there, anticipate their usefulness against any enemy more formidable than a bear; and most assuredly I had never dreamt that they were likely to avail me in a death-struggle with a Turcoman Arab. Celebrated for their peaceful habits, their hospitality, and their simple-heartedness, it had never occurred to me that there could exist a possibility of my meeting any of their tribe under circumstances which would render us personally hostile; and now I found myself suddenly and unmistakeably in the power of an individual who seemed well inclined to use it most despotically, and without other defence than the waywardness of a headstrong girl.

That girl, however, knew her power

over the fiery spirit with which she had ventured to contend; and she stood motionless and silent in the attitude I have described, with her defying eye fixed full upon her opponent, until his own sank beneath its resolute expression; and, as if weary of the contest, he flung himself down upon the grass, with his rifle beside him. He had scarcely done so ere the maiden, raising her fingers to her lips, emitted a shrill whistle, which rang out sharply on the wind, and which was answered in a few seconds by another, and another. The young man lifted his head, and turned on her a look of tender reproach, as he uttered the single word "Abra!" She vouchsafed no reply to the appeal, but still stood between us, as if fearful that we might yet come in contact without her interposition.

Ere long the friends whom her signal had summoned made their appearance at different quarters of the wood, and I found myself surrounded by a score of wild-looking individuals, all evidently astonished at my presence. They, however, speedily turned their attention towards Abra, for such I discovered was the name of my beautiful champion: and her eye flamed, and her cheek flushed, as she recapitulated to the attentive group the adventures of the morning. It was evident that she was a personage of some importance among them, from the deference with which they listened, none venturing to interrupt the narrative; but many were the looks turned on the young lover, who still lay upon the ground, moodily playing with the lock of his rifle, and occasionally glancing towards me with eyes expressive of any thing but favour.

Prepared as I was for indignation on the part of the maiden, I was, nevertheless, far from anticipating the burst of impassioned eloquence which she poured forth upon her listeners; and as I contemplated her gestures, and the consternation of the bystanders, the idea suddenly occurred to me that she was endeavouring to make the exhibition of jealous arrogance, into which her lover had lately been betrayed, a pretext for liberating himself from his power; and I was confirmed in the

belief by seeing him spring, suddenly and passionately, from the earth, and clench his hand in fierce defiance, at the same moment that another youth, of surpassing personal beauty, advanced further into the circle, and endeavoured to approach the maiden. I understood the scene at once. The rivals were before me!

I was prepared for violence and bloodshed, and these would, probably, have ensued, had not a man of high stature and majestic bearing, calmly uttered a few words, pointing in the direction where I stood as he did so. The effect of his interference was electrical. The rival lovers fell back silently into their places, and the speaker then addressed himself to me in rude, but perfectly intelligible Italian, begging me to excuse the unseemly outbreak of two impetuous young spirits, and offering hospitality, and guidance down the mountain, in the name of his tribe.

I need not explain my delight at this unexpected medium of communication, of which I determined, if possible, to avail myself sufficiently to obtain a clear insight into the drama of love and hate which was enacting in the tribe; but for a time I found my new acquaintance by no means inclined to gratify my curiosity; he could not comprehend (nor was it surprising that such should be the case) what interest I could feel in circumstances with which I had no possible connexion, and relating to persons to whom I was an utter stranger; but when the noon had passed away, and that the long westering shadows were lying in giant outline upon the earth, I had, in some degree, conquered his taciturnity. Every man is vulnerable through his vanity, and the wandering and half-civilised Arab is no more exempted from the weakness of self-esteem than the most finished fopling of London or Paris. I had asked a thousand questions relative to him and to his tribe, and I soon became so unaffectedly insatuated by the romantic relation of their roving life, that even he, suspicious as he had originally been of my appearance among them, was at length convinced by my earnestness, and flattered by my enthusiasm.

The sunset-meal reassembled half-a-dozen of the tribe in the glen; for

I should have mentioned, that when I entered into conversation with my new acquaintance, the Arabs had gradually dispersed, and returned to the charge of their herds. Even Abra had retired, although evidently from choice, and not compulsion; from which fact I became the more convinced that, be the cause what it might, she was an object of deference and respect to the whole of her companions. Throughout the long conversation which I had maintained with the individual who remained beside me, probably as much from caution as from courtesy, I had carefully abstained from every allusion to the maiden, lest by any indiscretion on my part I might involve her in misunderstanding with her friends; and I have no doubt that my prudence and caution in this particular tended greatly to increase the confidence with which I was ultimately treated.

Among those whom the sunset-meal collected in the glen were Abra and her mother. It was, however, with some annoyance that I remarked how closely both were enveloped in the odious *bournou*. They were apparently the only women with the tribe, as no others appeared; and they seated themselves apart, in the rear of the men, having their own provisions in a separate basket, and drinking at the rivulet from their own gourd.

"They are the wife and daughter of our chief," said my companion, following the direction of my eyes.

"Did I not see the maiden at noon?" I asked, with as much indifference as I could assume.

"You did, as we are seldom privileged to see her ourselves. She is the gazelle of the tribe, and as good as she is beautiful."

"I think," said I, cautiously, "that I also saw her affianced husband."

"Signor," replied my companion, gravely, "you have seen too much of us, and of the fatal feud now raging in our encampment, to render me guilty of an indiscretion in confiding to you the whole circumstances of the scene to which you were so strangely a witness; and, as it is evident that it has aroused your curiosity, I will e'en tell you the tale, although, unfortunately, none can provide a remedy for the evil.

"The maiden seated yonder beside the spring is, as I have already informed you, the daughter of our chief. From her earliest childhood she has been betrothed to her cousin, the young lion's whelp who would a few hours back have brought strife and blood among us. His father was the wisest and the keenest leader of our camp. It was he who trafficed alike with the Moslem and the Unbeliever, and who brought wealth to the common stock. He bequeathed not, however, to his son the shrewdness and cunning by which he had been himself distinguished; for, even as a boy, Kizar despised all barter, and was never happy save on the hillside with his rifle on his shoulder.

"It was easy to discover that the maiden, although she willingly partook of the produce of his chase, and trusted herself unhesitatingly to his care in the difficult passes of the mountain, felt towards him only the calm and unimpassioned affection of a sister; nor could he have been slow to perceive this. But the women of the tribe had taught the young chief to know that he was strong and comely as a palm-tree; and he, doubtlessly, hoped that he should, as she escaped from girlhood, teach her heart a deeper and a dearer interest. The result has proved his error. After his father's death, Kizar became an important and powerful leader in the camp; and no party set forth for a new grazing ground until the young chief had explored its capabilities.

"He was absent upon one of these preliminary expeditions when the news arrived among us that another tribe with whom we are friendly were in revolt against their leader, who had broken some of their laws, and thereby drawn down upon himself the vengeance of his people; and that, after having compelled the old man to resign, they had offered the sovereignty of the tribe to his only son —"

"The rival of Kizar!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

The Arab nodded assent, and then calmly continued, as though he had met with no interruption:—

"The son refused to exalt himself on the disgrace of his father. He had no wish to put his foot upon the old man's neck; so they withdrew together, and dwelt apart, living upon

the industry of Antar, and the produce of his sport, until the fallen chief hid his face in his cloak, and died. The pious son laid his father in the earth, with his forehead towards Mecca; and then left the hut where he had watched over the last moments of his unhappy parent. For a time he was undecided whither he should bend his steps; but at length he remembered that our chief had ever been friendly with his tribe, and he resolved to throw himself upon our hospitality. It is possible," pursued the narrator, after a slight pause, during which a shade of regret passed over his manly features, "that he had also other memories; and that the bright eyes of the beautiful Abra had no slight share in influencing his decision. Be that as it may, however, it is at least certain that, ere long, no star rose in the East so lovely in his estimation as the promised bride of Kizar; while, on her part, it was soon visible that what had hitherto been indifference towards her affianced husband, became, shortly after the arrival of Antar, decided and unequivocal avoidance.

"Many were the maidens of our tribe who would gladly have cheered the isolation of the orphan's tent, but he was cold alike to all. The sun never rose but fruits, or flowers, or singing-birds imprisoned in cages of green rushes, or game taken during the night, were laid as offerings before the tent of Abra; and it was remarked that she never expressed curiosity to learn whence they came, although she had good reason to know that Kizar was too haughty and too indolent a lover to have so exerted himself to win her favour, certain as he was of having secured her hand."

"But what right has he to feel so sure of her possession," I asked, with some asperity, "when the maiden has shewn him by her actions, even although she may not have put the feeling into words, that he is distasteful to her, and that she has given her heart elsewhere?"

The Arab gravely shook his head.

"She is the daughter of a chief, it is true," he said; "but still she is only a woman, and, as such, subject to the will of others. Moreover, even were her father disposed—and there

have been moments in which he has almost seemed so—to suffer her to follow her own inclination in this matter, it is impossible; for Kizar possesses herds and flocks, and can give her all the comfort which a woman of our nation covets; whereas, his rival boasts no possession beyond his rifle, and could not supply her wants."

He was silent for a moment, and that moment was to me one of extreme pain. I have already confessed that my feelings had become more involved in the adventure of the day than might have been the case had I been a few years older, and somewhat less enthusiastic; but as it was, with only two-and-twenty summers upon my head, and an imaginative and excitable temperament to boot, I could not, even after all that I had just heard, shake off the spell which had been woven about me by the wild and beautiful mountain-maiden. In short, I loved her—idly, it may be, but passionately: all the logic of reason faded before the flashing of her bright eyes; and she had suddenly become to me a thousand times more dear from the very impossibility which I now saw of winning her to myself.

As I sat, lost in reverie, a thought darted across me. It was marvelously romantic—I can admit it now; but at the moment, it appeared to me that nothing could be more simple; and, without the loss of an instant, I again addressed my companion.

"You think, then, that your chief secretly favours the wishes of his child?"

"I do. How can it well be otherwise? He requires not to be told that the son who clung to his parent through sorrow and disgrace, even unto death, must be a nobler mate for his daughter than he who disdained the legitimate calling of his sire, and refused to follow in his footsteps, even though the voice of praise had fallen upon his grave. What say our teachers? 'Ye shall judge by the past, for what is written is written; not from the present, for the characters are yet unformed.'"

"It is, then, only the poverty of Antar that separates the lovers?"

"Only the poverty!" reiterated the Arab with a sad smile. "Can you, young sir, oppose a more sturdy

barrier between two fond hearts? Surely, you need not be taught that, in your own artificial world, that same poverty of which you speak so lightly is not only a suffering, but a sin! I have seen somewhat of this; and it is a lesson that man forgets not easily. It may be, however, that you deem (and with some justice) that a life led in the wilderness can require but little wealth to supply its exigencies, yet remember that the little must be forthcoming; or that man, and, above all, woman, can be even more miserable and more desolate in a mountain hut than in a city street."

"You are right," said I, hastily, not anxious that he should dwell upon so dark a picture in connexion with Abra,—“you are right. And now I would ask you to obtain for me an interview with your chief.”

My companion eyed me curiously, and a slight expression of distrust stole over his lofty forehead: “You will surely not give me cause to repent my confidence?”

“In what manner?”

“By making an unworthy use of your knowledge of the dissension in our tribe, and the heart-secret of our chief’s daughter.”

“Do you suspect me of such baseness?” I asked, as I sprang to my feet. “Am I not your guest? Have I not partaken of your bread and salt? It is because I would heal the feud, and restore happiness to the maiden, that I desire to see her father.”

“Why should I deny you?” said the Arab, as he slowly rose in his turn. “Youth is a poor hypocrite, and you have the open and steady eye of honesty. Your wish is granted, Christian. I am the father of Abra.”

There was no doubting the truth of the assertion; for there was a quiet dignity in the mien and manner of my companion by which it was sufficiently attested; but now that the moment was actually come in which to act upon the resolution that I had suddenly and mentally taken, I was for a brief instant inclined to question its rationality. There, however, stood the tall figure of the Arab, drawn up proudly to its full height; the large, dark, inquiring eye turned full upon me; and I felt that I had no longer an opportunity

for procrastination. My determination, involving as it did (should it be brought to bear) the immediate abandonment of my scheme of travel, and compelling me at once to return home without the glance at Jerusalem, and the pilgrimage throughout the Holy Land which I had long anticipated, was assuredly no slight sacrifice; but, on the other hand, it might, and probably would, secure the happiness of two of my fellow-creatures, whose present prospect was one of wretchedness and heart-break.

The latter conviction decided me; and I demanded unhesitatingly of the chief, whether, in the event of my enriching the orphan Antar, he would consent to alter the destiny of his daughter.

The Arab continued silent for a moment. “Stranger,” he said, at length, “you are young and enthusiastic; you suffer the present to devour the future, and forget that you may afterwards sicken at the fast which you have entailed upon yourself. We have no claim upon your generosity; Allah has willed that one shall be rich and another poor. Let each learn to abide his destiny.”

“But your child,” I urged, “your fair and innocent Abra? Will you sacrifice her peace to a false principle of pride? Reflect dispassionately. The forfeit to me will be a year of wandering over strange lands for the indulgence of my curiosity; to her it will be that of a life-long happiness. Is the sacrifice equal?”

As I glanced towards the Arab, I saw that a dimness had come over his eagle eye. His half-savage nature melted before the reflections which I had called up; yet still the haughty spirit struggled. His poverty was subservient to his pride, and he could not consent to purchase even the happiness of his only child by obligation to a stranger. It were idle and tedious to detail the arguments by which I at last succeeded in shaking the half-formed resolution at which he had instinctively arrived, to reject my offer; suffice it, that his evident unwillingness to comply with my proposition only rendered me the more urgent and determined; and, by another of those anomalies in human nature for which no philosophy can account, I pressed the suit which was to overthrow all the projects of

years with an untiring perseverance that was ultimately successful.

Fain would I have had one parting glance at the beautiful girl for whom I had made the sacrifice; but this I soon discovered to be impossible. Every allusion, however distant, to his child, evidently awakened the jealousy of the chief; and for her sake I was compelled to withhold the request. My whole proceeding had, in fact, been so unparalleled in the experience of the Arab, that his astonishment had by no means subsided even to the last hour of our acquaintance; and I had had sufficient evidence of his firm and haughty spirit to feel well convinced that, should he deem my interference owing to any personal interest in his wild beauty, all my pains would have been taken in vain.

And thus, gentle and courteous reader, the handsome and accomplished —, Esq., who took leave of his friends in England ere he started for Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land,—who was to have explored every mosque and synagogue in the East,—ridden elephants, camels, and dromedaries,—greased his fingers with the pillauks of pashas,—dined from coffee and caviare with his boatmen and *serudjhes*,—climbed mountains,—bathed in the Nile,—scrambled up the Pyramids,—worn a turban until the hair upon his temples took a tint of grey from the pressure,—and come home with a work ready written in three volumes octavo, which would have made the fortune of the publisher, full of incontrovertible facts and astonishing discoveries,—suddenly found his wanderings cut short in the capital of Bythinia, for the vulgar reason that he had exhausted his funds; the said funds having, after a small reduction destined to furnish forth the means of his return to his “paternal halls,” been transferred to the chief of a wild tribe of Turcoman Arabs.

I expected not only remonstrances from Frank, but actual reproaches; and I prepared myself accordingly. In fact, as I rode down the side of the mountain with my new friend walking at my side, I began to have some ~~and~~ forebodings, which I could ~~not~~ altogether repress, as to the tem-
perament which my disappointed fellow-
traveller might receive the unlooked-

involving as it did no small portion of his own comfort and convenience. To my inexpressible satisfaction, however, Frank listened to my tale without one effort to interrupt its course; and, when I had brought it to a close, wrung my hand with a self-gratulatory expression of countenance very consoling to my perplexity.

“My dear fellow,” he said, “nothing could have fallen out more fortunately; for old Maniolopolo actually insisted this morning on a discontinuance of my visits to his daughter unless they were eventually to end in marriage; and even after I had vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, that Anastasia was more to me than the air I breathed, and that, without the hope of becoming her husband, life would be a bore, he wanted me to abjure my religion, and promise to live here all the rest of my life—*here*, my fine fellow, among the sulphur-springs and silkworms! Some of the dirty-faced friars had put *that* into his head; but I had told Anastasia too much of the delights of Europe for her to join in the request; and so we soon mastered the old gentleman, and came to a compromise. We are to cross altogether to Constantinople, where Dr. B— will make us man and wife at Therapia; and the patriarch do us the same good office at the Fanar; in order that we may be thoroughly spliced, as the sailors have it, to the satisfaction of all parties; after which, ‘Ho! for merry England’ as soon as you please. We must make up our minds to the worst, for we shall neither of us be remarkably welcome to our respective governors. Two prodigal sons,—one with a Greek wife, and the other with a Tatar horse; but, luckily, we are both *only* sons, and the Dons will be sure to come round in time, were it merely to preserve the family name.”

“And what is to become of Mount Olympus?” I demanded, when I could edge in the question.

“We will climb it to-morrow,” said Frank, gaily, “while Demetri packs our portmanteaux, and Anastasia takes leave of her father and the monks. Your friend the Arab will make a capital guide, and perhaps we may steal a look at your fair savage.”

Frank was wrong in his prophecy, however, for I never saw her

A FINE DAY IN FLEET STREET.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, in one of his merry moods at Streatham, professed to see in the Strand nothing more than a very common every-day occurrence:—

“I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand.”

Of the thousands that throng daily Fleet Street and the Strand, few see events or incidents of a more interesting or *repeatable* description. A pickpocket taken up, or a horse fallen down, are the great occurrences of the line, varied at times with a four-horsed omnibus, or some new species of wood-pavement, designed to supersede all others, and satisfy even Sir Peter Laurie, though it looks for all the world as unsafe as any thing we have seen, and to have had no better original than a batch of Mr. Caldwell's hot cross-buns.

Fleet Street is a very cheerful place. “I talked,” says Boswell, “of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street owing to the quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it.” “Why, sir,” said Johnson, “Fleet Street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross.” The throng and turmoil of a crowded place were delightful sights to a man like Johnson, who disliked solitude and the country, who loved his club and his dinner at the Mitre, and whose eyesight was too defective to allow of his perceiving the charms of landscape-scenery or the beauties of vegetable and inanimate nature.

We have no wish to underrate the cheerful gaieties of Fleet Street: the life, bustle, and activity of this great thoroughfare, are matters for marvel and observation. Yet how little they excite. An empty Fleet Street on a week-day would be a greater wonder. A stranger from the tin-mines of Cornwall, or the solitudes of Sutherlandshire, will gaze and gape at the sea of feet and faces that pass and repass in an endless and confused, though not a conflicting current. The arches of Temple Bar seem to him to be too narrow to admit or let by the full tide of human

out. A crash of carriages, or a woman overrun, are events he looks for with unerring certainty. He takes the wall where he can respectfully, stands up for a time at a shop-door to escape a collision, or a court-entrance, in idle expectation of a less crowded pavement. Cab, carriage, wagon, truck, omnibus, and cart, still steer their way on with the greatest nicety; wheel seems to graze on wheel, but really does not, so nicely each driver can calculate his distance. Here he expects an omnibus-pole to shiver a carriage-panel; here again he meets with disappointment. The crowd, however, is still the same, and our country bumpkin is glad to join the current westward, and, among the nursery-maids and ducks in St. James's Park, reflect with wonder on the marvels of the Great Metropolis.

We love Fleet Street for many, very many reasons. It is rife with associations past and present. The well-read mind abounds in anecdotes of its bygone history; each court has its little incident or illustrious inhabitant; each spot its interest, and each tavern a kind of halo of its own. But there are good things in Fleet Street beyond its associations—things visible, as well as things invisible—things tangible as well as not to be touched. To the Jin Vins of the Strand the Cock and the Rainbow make Fleet Street famous, while the angler thinks of Izaak Walton, the poet of the Devil Tavern, and the more general reader of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson. It is our aim and purpose in this paper to make Fleet Street additionally interesting to all these classes of her majesty's subjects, by perpetuating the memory of the place “with divers rare notes of antiquity,” while we regale our readers with such a bill of fare of our own eating, at a small amount, that our next contribution towards an illustration of the antiquities and good things of this great city will, as we already conceive, be looked forward to with most praiseworthy and impatient anxiety.

One of our very last pilgrimages in Fleet Street was made in company

informed friend Mr. Leland Weever, late of Clerkenwell Close, now of Bagshot, in the county of Surrey, gent. His name is very well known among the members of the Antiquarian Society, his communications are among the very best in the *Archæologia*, and his knowledge at once erudite, accurate, and particular. He delights in London localities, he knows every street in London that has been tenanted by a great man. You cannot go wrong with him, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Fleet Street, or the Strand, the precincts of the Temple, or the Piazza in Covent Garden. He delights in signs and public-houses, and is never happier than when he has discovered the origin of the name of any London street. When we first had the happiness of forming his acquaintance, he was in the best of good humours; he had arrived at the original of a dirty street near St. Martin's Lane, by name Bear Street, Leicester Square. He was on his way to the Society of Antiquaries when his attention was arrested by the Bear public-house in Bear Street, Leicester Square.

"Here," he said, "is a street with a sign that very street the same. They must have, I am sure, the same original; here are Lisle Street, Sidney Alley, and Leicester Square, all close at hand; on the north side of the square stood Leicester House, and the arms of the Leicesters were,—oh! I have it," and he walked along at double-quick time, "the Bear and Ragged Staff! the Bear and Ragged Staff! I've found the root! I've found the root!" Mr. Weever was right, nor is this the least fortunate of his guesses.

"I do not know if it has ever occurred to you," said Mr. Weever one day to us, when he was great upon antiquarian matters, "in what an extraordinary way names linger about localities long after every visible relic of their original has gone. Somerset House still clings to Somerset House in the Strand in spite of an attempt in the reign of James I. to supplant the old name with the more novel designation of Denmark House. A memory of the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, and the Apollo Room, then so famous for its Ben-Jonsonian *Noctes*, still survives in a narrow entrance opposite, known in our maps and in the neigh-

bourhood as Apollo Court. Playhouse Yard, near Apothecaries' Hall, preserves the memory of Shakspeare's winter theatre in the Blackfriars. The Clarendon Hotel, a pleasing recollection of the great Lord Clarendon's house, immediately adjoining; while New Exchange Court, in the Strand, stands to this day a kind of finger-post to the site of the New Exchange, a place well enough known by name to the readers of *Etherege and Sedley* and the lovers of old London localities. You love London localities, sir, I am glad to hear. What are your engagements to-day? Will you take a stroll through Fleet Street with me, and hear my reminiscences of that interesting region, concluding our little expedition, or perambulation, as old Lambarde would have called it, with a chop and a glass of stout at some tavern or another within the region of 'Temple Bar?' This was a species of invitation quite after our own heart. We accepted with readiness, started from our seat, and with hat in hand marched off in the company of Mr. Weever, for, in his eyes, and in our own, the classic localities of Fleet Street and Temple Bar.

Approaching Temple Bar, he said, "There, sir; see, opposite there is Palsgrave Court, I love to see the name; it was so called from the Palsgrave Head Tavern without Temple Bar. I have a brass farthing of the house, with a three-quarter figure of the Palsgrave upon it in full armour holding a truncheon. But here we are at Temple Bar. Let us stand up for a minute at this doorway, and I will tell you a story of Johnson and Goldsmith, both local and appropriate. 'I remember once,' said Johnson, 'being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed Poet's Corner I said to him,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it and slyly whispered me,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

Now this," said Mr. Weever, "was very ready and very sly on the part of Goldsmith, for Johnson was thought to be a Jacobite at heart, and the heads of several who had

been out in the *forty-five* (with Lord Lovat among them) were still clinging to the iron rods that held on high their grinning honours to the public view.

"I cannot make out," Mr. Weever continued, "what sort of bar there was here before the present one was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1670, four years after the great fire. It was a bar *without* the City-walls—a bar without Ludgate, as Holborn Bars were without Newgate, Smithfield Bars without Smithfield, Aldersgate Bars without Aldersgate, and Whitechapel Bars without Aldgate; Temple Bar marking the liberties of the City without the walls, the extent westward of the ward of Farringdon Without. Hall, the old chronicler, tells us that, when Anne Bullen went to her coronation, Temple Bar was *newly painted and repaired*. In 1607 books are described as 'printed for John Deane, and are to be sold at his shop at Temple Bar under the gate.' Deane was living there in 1609, and I have seen an imprint, full ten years earlier, of one Jackson, dwelling in Fleet Street, who sold books 'at his shop under Temple Bar gate.'

"You will find, however," Mr. Weever continued, "that Strype, in his edition of Stowe, 2 vols. folio, 1720—not the two-volume edition, folio, 1754, by many thought the better edition from the number of the plates, an edition published full seventeen years after Mr. Strype's death—you will find, I say, that Strype is very particular in his description of Temple Bar. If I remember rightly, his words are, 'that the separation of Temple Bar was anciently only of posts, rails, and a chain, such as now are at Holborn, Whitechapel, and Smithfield Bars.'"

Here, Mr. Weever pausing, I joined in with "Yes, sir; but Strype adds, 'Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house.' Now, sir, I conceive that this is the very house under which Deane and Jackson lived, and that the primitive bar of rails and posts gave way in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the wooden house described by the ever-accurate and painstaking Strype."

"Young man," Mr. Weever added, "I believe you are right in this. You have evidently paid much attention to these matters, and I am most proud of your company on this occasion."

Here Mr. Weever moved me on to a shop-door opposite Palsgrave Court, informing me, at the same time, that he had come to the conclusion that we were standing at the very doorstep of William Faithorne, the celebrated engraver. "He lived," said Mr. Weever, "as I gather from his prints, 'at the sign of the Ship, next to the Drake, opposite to the Palsgrave Head Tavern, without Temple Bar.'"

Passing under Temple Bar, Mr. Weever said the statues above "were wrought by one Bushnell, an eccentric sculptor, of some skill in his day; the statue of Elizabeth is not very like that queen, but it is not by any means a bad work of art. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, says that, in 1696, the heads and quarters of Sir William Jenkins and Sir John Friend were set up on Temple Bar,—tried and condemned, as they had been, for a conspiracy to restore King James II. Evelyn speaks of it as *a dismal sight, which many pitied*; adding, 'I think there never was such at Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles II., viz., of Sir Thomas Armstrong, for his concern in the Rye House plot.'"

We were now, at last, fairly within the Bar, when Mr. Weever pointed out to me the banking-house of Child and Co., adding, that "they were the first regular bankers in London. Sir Francis Child, who was lord-mayor in 1699, was the founder of this house. He died in 1713, and is buried at Fulham. His wife's father was one Wheeler, a goldsmith, and his descendant the present Lady Jersey."

Between the Bar and the gate of the Middle Temple stood the Devil Tavern. On the subject of this tavern Mr. Weever was very great. He said that it had for its sign the devil having his nose tweaked by the great St. Dunstan—a very palpable allusion to the church of St. Dunstan's nearly opposite. "Ben Jonson," he said, "was the founder of this tavern, and Simon Wadloe its landlord. The great room was the Apollo Room, where Jonson

lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did at Will's, or Addison at Burton's. Here came all who desired to be sealed of the tribe of Ben. Here was the Apollo club; and there, next to the Cock alehouse, is Apollo Court. The rules of this club were drawn up in Latin by Ben Jonson. Ben's bust was placed over the door, and beneath was written,

'Welcome all, who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo.'

The rules are printed in Gifford, and the bust of Ben, the oracle, is said to be preserved in the banking-house of Child and Co.

"Ben Jonson died in 1637, and old Wadloe was alive at the Restoration. It appears, from Pepys, that, in 1661, when Charles II. went from the Tower to Whitehall, there was a public procession through the streets. Pepys records no one under a lord save 'Wadloe the vintner, at the Devil in Fleet Street, who did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets.' The Devil Tavern was often honoured with the company of Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham. But the great frequenter of this tavern at the Restoration was the poet Shadwell, an immense admirer of Ben's, and a Low-Country soldier, indeed, for liquor. Here he was often drunk. 'He fell down at the old Devil Tavern,' writes Dryden, 'and broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones.' Shadwell was as fat as Thomson, — 'more fat than bard be-seems.'

"I could talk for a whole day about the Devil Tavern," continued Mr. Weever, "and tell you anecdote after anecdote about it. The scene of the 'Town Mouse and Country Mouse,' by Prior and Montague, is laid in the Devil Tavern. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, records a dinner which Garth gave to Addison and himself 'at the Devil Tavern by Temple Bar.' In the Apollo Room of this tavern, which was fitted up with a gallery for music, all the old court-day odes of the poets-laureate were rehearsed. Hence Pope in the *Dunciad*, —

" 'Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And 'Coll' each butcher roars at Hookley Hole.'

Kenrick, in 1774, read his Shakspeare lectures in this room; Dr. Johnson gave a supper to Mrs. Lennox here; and, in 1788, the whole tavern was taken down. But the memory of Wadloe and his tavern will live for ever. You recollect Squire Western's favourite song of 'Old Sir Simon the King?' Well, sir, this was Simon Wadloe."

Having allowed full swing to the pleasant stories of my friend's tenacious memory on the subject of the Devil Tavern, I asked him, as Dryden spoke of the "old Devil Tavern," whether or not he had so called it to distinguish it from a young Devil Tavern?

"Most certainly," said Mr. Weever. "In 1708, at the young Devil Tavern, Wanley and Le Neve originated the present Society of Antiquaries. Their minutes begin —"

Here I interrupted my friend by pointing out to him a shop immediately opposite, — a fishing-tackle shop. "Izaak Walton lived near here," I said, "within a door or two of Chancery Lane, and this is no unpleasant remembrance of him and of his favourite pursuit."

"Very much so, indeed," Mr. Weever replied; "nor is that grocer's shop an unpleasant remembrance of the poet Cowley, whose father was a grocer in Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane end. Aubrey, when he wrote, had forgotten the sign."

As we approached the Rainbow Tavern, near Chancery Lane, "You will find," said Mr. Weever, "that Hatton, in his *New View of London* (1708), enumerates nineteen taverns in Fleet Street. 'I find it recorded,' he says, 'that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street, was, in the year 1657, condemned, by the request of St. Dunstan's, for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, the sale of which was considered as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood.' The first coffee-house in London stood in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill, and was set up, in the year 1652, by one

Bowman, who had been coachman to a Turkey merchant. The second was this very Rainbow.

"The Middle Temple gate we have just past was designed by Wren. The old gate was built at the expense of Sir Amias Paulet, when confined in the gate-house here, to appease an old grudge entertained against him by the omnipotent Wolsey. Sir Amias had set the boy-cardinal in the stocks on a charge of drunkenness and riot at a fair. This indignity was not forgotten, and in those days there was nothing easier than to find a good pretext or reason for imprisonment. So, whether with or without a reason, Sir Amias Paulet was confined to the gate-house of the Middle Temple for the space of five or six years, when he obtained his release, by rebuilding the gate in a most sumptuous manner, with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey carved prominently in the front."

I now directed my friend's attention to the house facing Chancery Lane, described, in gold letters on the front, as "formerly the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." "This," he said, "is a good instance of Cockney knowledge. The house was built in the early part of the reign of James I., when Henry, prince of Wales, was all popular. The three feathers of the prince are among the devices on the front. A friend of mine went in there one day, and had his hair cut, out of mere curiosity to see the place. Here, while under the operation of cutting, he fell into a reverie, contrasting Henry VIII. with Mr. Skelton, the barber, and casting a kind of balance between the number of heads *cut off* by the monarch and the number of heads *cut* by the barber. You will remember the story of Sir Thomas More, one of Henry's many victims, how, at his execution, he disposed his beard most orderly over the block, informing the headsman, as he did it, how, that though he had a warrant to cut off his *head*, he had none to cut his *beard*."

Passing the house No. 32 in Fleet Street, Mr. Weever had a long eulogy on the late John Murray, whose house it was for very many years, as it was his father's before him. "He was," he observed, "what Johnson said of Andrew Millar, the true

Mecænas of authors, giving the most princely prices, never higgling, generous in his conduct, generous in his way of living, much respected, widely known, and much missed.

"I very often sigh," said Mr. Weever, "over the fate of old St. Dunstan's. The two men at St. Dunstan's were as well known as the cross of St. Paul's or the flame-pot on the Fire-Monument. They were first erected in 1671, and are now at the Marquess of Hertford's in the Regent's Park. The parish were in the wrong to part with them. They formed one of the most innocent and attractive sights in London. There is a very amusing scene in one of Tom d'Urfey's publications, where two countrymen are represented as wrangling, and nearly coming to blows with one another, about what the two men, who had just struck the half-hour, would do the next. If their right hands could strike the bells, what would their left hands do? One countryman stands out manfully for a piece of indecency, to the great wrath and vexation of the other."

The fire of 1666 stopped, Mr. Weever told me, within three doors of the old church, as did also another fire in 1730. "I mention this," he said, "because one thing leads to another. You see these three old James I. houses standing there? Well," he said, "I conceive that it was in one of those houses that Michael Drayton, the poet, dwelt; for Aubrey tells us, that 'he lived at the bay-window house, next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street.' There is no bay-window now, but the houses are of Drayton's age.

"On the other side of the street the fire came much farther down, almost scorching as it did the Temple Church before it stopped at Goldsmith's old haunt, the Temple Exchange Coffee-house. Mr. Murray's house, you will see, has the date 1667 upon it."

A clock-maker's shop, a little to the east of St. Dunstan's, put me in mind at this time of David Ramsay's shop as described by Scott in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, of his bold apprentices Jin Vin and Tunstall, and that most admirable scene with Richie Monipplies.

"Scott represents," I said, "the

two savages as Adam and Eve; while he is guilty of an anachronism in describing the two figures as erected in the reign of James I. that were not actually set up till late in the reign of Charles II. Scott may have been misled," I remarked, "by the imprint upon Sir David Murray's sonnets, printed in 1611 for John Smethwick, or some such name, dwelling in St. Dunstan's churchyard, in Fleet Street, *under the dial*."

I found Mr. Weever well informed on all points about the Mitre and Mitre Court. He said the place had once the privilege of freedom from arrest; but that right was taken away from it, in 1698, by act of parliament. The house, he said, was of very old standing, and that there were several taverns in London of the same name and of almost equal note. The Mitre in Wood Street is described by Pepys as a house of the greatest repute in London; and the Mitre in Fenchurch Street was a common resort of his for a venison pasty. Old Middleton, the dramatist, calls a true feast by the name of a right Mitre supper.

But the Mitre of Johnson and of Boswell was the Mitre in Fleet Street, now before us; and it was in this tavern that Johnson said to Ogilvie, in reply to his observation, that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects, "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England." This was cutting enough, and Boswell remembered it; for he afterwards asked the Doctor's permission to allow a Scotchman to sit at the same tavern table with him. You will find the letter in Boswell. The reply is characteristic, and ran, if I remember right, nearly as follows:—

"Mr. Johnson does not see why Mr. Boswell should suppose a Scotchman less acceptable than any other man. He will be at the Mitre."

A *Tour to the Hebrides* was first started at this their old rendezvous, as Boswell calls it. Here a good English dinner may still be had, and a bottle of port, if not such as John-

son was wont to love, at least of that quality called good tavern wine. "Johnson's corner," Mr. Weever added, "is a marked place, and a cast from the bust of the great moralist, by Nollekens, a household ornament."

Retracing our steps out of Mitre Court, which we had by this time entered, my guide told me, on our way out, "that executions had taken place in front of this court; or, as our old writers word it, 'at Fetter Lane end.' The last execution within my reading that took place here was in 1733, when Sarah Malcolm (Hogarth's Sarah Malcolm) was executed for the murder of old Mrs. Duncomb, and two other females in Tanfield Court, in the Temple, hard by. An execution on the spot, and without delay, I think a most salutary warning and example. People were also pilloried here."

The narrow passage near Serjeant's Inn, called Ram Alley, was another subject immediately at hand suggestive of many antiquarian recollections to the mind of Mr. Weever. "This place," he said, "has given its name to a comedy by Lodowick Barry, printed in 1611, and full of much local information curious to all who are interested in the manners, customs, and dwellings of our Elizabethan and James I. forefathers. You will see that Barry describes it as made up of cooks, alemen, and laundresses; adding, sarcastically, that it was too near the inns of court to be an habitation of virtue. This, like Mitre Court, was a privileged precinct, quite independent of Scott's Alsatia in the adjoining Whitefriars."

Halting, as Mr. Weever made me do, at the banking-house of Hoare and Co., he directed my attention to a gilt ornament of some indescribable shape immediately above the door as you go in. He asked me what it was meant for. I shook my head. Asked me to give a guess, which I did,—a pickle-jar; at which he laughed, informing me that it was meant for a bottle,—the golden ink-bottle, the sign of Hoare the goldsmith in the reign of William III. He said he had a newspaper cutting at home which he would give me, as he accordingly did; and I have copied it here, to do justice to my friend's accuracy, and to inform all who have

ever sought the meaning of this uncommon ornament or sign. The cutting he gave me was from the *London Gazette* for the 20th of November, 1693, and runs as follows:—

“The anniversary feast of the Society of gentlemen, lovers of musick, will be kept at Stationer's Hall on Wednesday the 22d instant. Tickets are delivered at Mr. Richard Hoare's, goldsmith, at the Golden Bottle, in Fleet Street; and at Mr. Jer. Marlow's, goldsmith, at the Spread Eagle, in Lombard Street.”

“It has been a source of speculation to me,” said Mr. Weever, “in what precise part of this street the standard, or conduit, stood. After the standard in Cheap and the standard in Cornhill, this was the most famous conduit within the walls or liberties of London. You will be surprised to hear,” he continued, “that it was not supplied with Thames water, but by water conveyed, through pipes, from Tyburn. The whole city, prior to the year 1580 or thereabouts, was supplied with water from wells, or by water conveyed from heights, like Hampstead or Paddington. The inhabitants on the river side, it is true, drew water from the Thames; but to force water upwards into men's houses was the happy invention of a Dutchman of the name of Peter Morris. The want of water within one's own walls was, as you will readily conceive, a serious want. The first person that I can read of who hit upon an expedient for supplying this now all-important addition to cleanliness and comfort was a wax-chandler in this street, who, in the reign of Edward IV. (the chronicle gives the precise period), pierced a pipe of the conduit beneath the ground, and so conveyed the water into his own cellar. He was punished for this in the peculiar fashion of his age: he was condemned to ride through the city with a conduit upon his head.” The conduit in Fleet Street was standing at the Restoration. The rebuilding act after the great fire directs the removal of the whole of the city conduits.

“Stationers and printers were among the old inhabitants of Fleet Street. Wynkyn de Worde lived at the sign of the Sun in this street (Stow says the Falcon); Richard Tottel, at the Hand and Star: Rastell,

at the Star; and Copland, at the Rose Garland. One of Richard Pynson's imprints is ‘emprynted by me, Richard Pynson, at the Temple Barre of London, 1493.’ Bernard Lintot lived at the Cross Keys, and Edmund Curll at the Bible and Dial,—

‘Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.’

At the Judge's Head, over against Chancery Lane, lived Jacob Tonson, before he removed to the Strand; where Andrew Millar, and his apprentice Cadell, afterwards successively and successfully followed in his steps to fame and fortune.”

Johnson's Court, now immediately opposite to where we were standing, brought fresh to my mind that curious coincidence of names,—Johnson's Court and Boswell Court, with Dr. Johnson and James Boswell. It is a common belief, even among otherwise well-informed people, that these two courts have since been called by their respective names by way of compliment to Dr. Johnson and his biographer. But no such thing. The two courts were so called long before the birth of Johnson or the birth of Boswell's grandfather. “The error,” Mr. Weever said, “was very pardonable in a foreigner, perhaps excusable in a country gentleman, but wholly without excuse in a Londoner by birth.”

“I have heard Cromwell, earl of Essex,” I said, “confounded with Oliver Cromwell, and the destruction of the monasteries considered as a stain in the scutcheon of the great Protector. ‘Vulgar errors’ are common enough, and generally originate in a middle-age fable; but ignorant errors are more plentiful, and call at all times for sturdy condemnation.”

“I always think more of Richardson the novelist than I do of Dorset the lord-treasurer,” said Mr. Weever, “when I pass by Salisbury Court; but St. Bride's Passage wears too modern a look to be very redolent of Milton. This great city of ours is built of too unsubstantial a material to last long enough for antiquarian purposes. If the house is not taken down, the landlord thinks fit to call in a bricklayer, and give to the front, you had looked upon with a kind of proper veneration, a coat of compo. It is a difficult matter, let me tell

you, to induce the fancy to pierce through a three-inch stucco and recall to your full satisfaction the old house as you were accustomed to see it—pleasing in its very decay, doubly pleasing with all its associations. Just imagine my horror,” said Mr. Weever, “at finding the other day a barbarian bricklayer plastering all over the face of a house in which Tom Southerne had lived. I had taken a more than special interest in this house, and I called it *mine*, fancying, as I did, that no one knew that Southerne had ever lived there but myself. I have a letter of Southerne’s dated from Mr. Whyte’s, oil-man, in Tothill Street, facing Dartmouth Street. Now there is an oil-shop there to this day, and the house has the date of 1671 upon it. I went in one day and inquired about the house of Mr. Mucklow the oil-man, there. I spoke of Southerne, but he knew nothing about honest Tom, —

‘Tom sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays.’

However, he had seen Mrs. Siddons as Isabella in the *Fatal Marriage*, and so I got him to understand that Southerne had been an author of some notoriety in his day. When I spoke of Southerne’s letter and of Whyte, the oil-man, his eye brightened, and I soon found that he knew all about his predecessor in the oil and pickle line, though he was dark as chaos about the author of *Oroonoko*. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it’s all true, perfectly true, my father had this house of Girdler—John Girdler; and Girdler had it of Whyte—James Whyte was his name: you are perfectly right, sir.’ Saying which, he bowed me out of the shop with a bottle of bought pickles under my arm. My favourite house has now an open balustrade on the top. I hardly knew it in its new disguise.”

The subject of Southerne and his house had occupied our conversation and time so much, that before it was well over we found ourselves ensconced within the precincts of the Cock Tavern at Temple Bar. My friend, Mr. Weever, had never been within the bar before; and, as it was about one, I thought proper to regale him in return for all his antiquarian matter by a Cock luncheon, done in the true style of such things.

“Now,” I said, “Mr. Weever, what will you have? Chop and kidney, chop and sausage, or chop, and chop to follow? small steak, dinner steak, plate of beef, joint, Welsh-rabbit, or oysters? Then new bread or stale bread, old household or new household? a whole thunderer or half a thunderer? Barclay’s brown in draft or bottle? Barclay’s best porter, or a glass of William’s best pale sherry? He has a small bin of wine here which he keeps for my especial drinking.”

My friend was puzzled with my bill of fare, and asked with a laugh to whom I was indebted for that uncommon union of chop and sausage. I told him in reply that it was quite an every-day demand in this dark retreat.

“I’ll adventure,” he said, “if you can recommend: I’ll have a chop and sausage.” I observed Mr. Weever’s eye, all the while I was running over my bill of fare, fast fixed on the old chimney-piece before him. “Do you know,” he said, “any thing about the age of this tavern? The fire-place is old, and the house as a tavern perhaps older.”

“William the waiter,” I said, “was our best antiquary, and I would call upon him to produce the *penates* of his house, those glorious recommendations of the place to the real antiquary.” William walked off quite pleased with the request, and returned with a greasy volume and an old coin. Mr. Weever pounced at once upon the coin, a Cock farthing of the year 1655, issued by tradespeople during the Protectorate, when there was no copper coinage, and the necessity of small change was first seriously felt by both purchaser and dealer. Mr. Weever said that he had a large collection of these sort of tradesmen-farthings, but that he had never seen a Cock one before. On one side was a cock, and the words, “The Cock Alehouse;” on the other, “At Temple Barr, 1655,” with the letters C. H. M. in the centre. William now directed Mr. Weever’s attention to his greasy book, which turned out to be Brayley’s edition of Defoe’s *Plague Year*, where in a note the farthings of the Cock are referred to as a coinage of importance. “This is to notify,” says an advertisement of that time, “that the master of the

Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Alehouse at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for the long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any accounts with the said master, or *farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction."

"You recollect," said Mr. Weever, "the advice received, recorded, and adopted by no less a personage than Roderick Random. 'There are two ways of eating in this town for people of your condition,' said Roderick's landlord; 'the one more creditable and expensive than the other. The first is to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only; and the other is called *diving*, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally.' 'I used to dine,' said Dr. Johnson, 'very well for eight-pence, and with very good company, at the Pine Apple in New Street. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.'"

"A chapter," I observed, "and a very curious one, might be written on the subject of dinners in the metropolis. But it must be done by a clever and experienced hand, one who could describe the Clarendon and the Cock, the Cheshire Cheese and the Coal Hole, Mivart's and Joe's, Dolly's and the Windham, Verey's and Varney's, Hancock's and the Hummums, the fish ordinary at Billingsgate and the ordinary every day at two, Sundays excepted. He must enter with full relish into the peculiar excellencies of a turtle sandwich at the Clarendon, or a glass of baked punch at the Blue Posts in Cork Street—Tom Hill's retreat when he was not invited out by others or by himself. He must understand the full merits of a good glass of wine from the best bin at the Windham; like Chaucer's cook, who knew a glass of good ale at glance, he must know at a glance a draught of genuine Barclay; he must distinguish, more-

over, between the stout at the Cock and the stout at the Rainbow, and be able to decide satisfactorily that much-agitated question, which is the better drink of the two. A matter, be it understood, of the utmost difficulty, as the same brewer supplies both and with the same article; only the Cock cellar is colder than that of the Rainbow; an advantage of some moment in summer, while it is a drawback to the Cock's superiority in the winter. He must be learned on the subject of mealy potatoes (Joe's in Finch Lane are, in our opinion, quite unequalled); he must be able to distinguish a genuine sausage from a Bartholomew Close composition, a Dorking fowl from a Cockney capon, an Aylesbury duck from a Ball's Pond imposition. Difficult matters, be it understood, to some men—men learned, moreover, on the subject of tariff beef, and upon whom, in Strap's expressive phrase, you never can palm 'a pennyworth of dead man's hair.'"

The stout by this time had warmed Mr. Weever into an unusual pitch of warmth, and he broke out into a kind of reverie.

"London has been my study for many years, yet how little do I know of it. I am a Londoner by birth, but I am still unacquainted with my native place. London is the first city in the world, the sum of human nature in little. I read Yarrell, angle a little, and know Isaac Walton by heart, but I must go to Billingsgate if I want to see fish. The fruits and flowers of universal nature that scorn to grow within the limits of our city, I can never see in such perfection as I can see them at Covent Garden. A brewer's dray-horse in the country would be a sight sufficient to attract a whole village, and afford subject-matter for a month's conversation."

It was here that I broke in with a kind of half whisper,—

"'God made the country, and man made the town.'"

My friend, fresh from his reverie, was ready with a reply:—

"'For who would leave unbribed Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?'"

The vale of fat Evesham may be very

well, but Bagshot Heath and the wilds of Sutherlandshire are not near so attractive as the purlieus of the Mint or the dense atmosphere of Saffron or Holborn Hills."

How long Mr. Weever ruminated in this way within the walls of the Cock, I here purposely omit to mention. That he was pleased with his fare, I think it right to say out of

common justice to the landlord, and the untiring zeal of my good-humoured-faced friend William the waiter. *Sermonically* speaking, I cannot conclude without a piece of advice. Never visit Fleet Street without a visit to the Cock, and never leave it, on Johnson's principle, without giving a penny to the waiter.

STANZAS.

I.

'Tis peaceful night, the lonely moon
Looks on the waters clear ;
The swan has floated to her nest,
And slumb'ring lie the deer.

II.

The morn was full of joyousness,
Light flew the sunny Hours,
Cheer'd on their way by sparkling Mirth,
Her music and her flowers.

III.

Those flowers now are drooping,
That music now is mute ;
But the fragrance of the rose is left,
The echo of the lute.

IV.

Morn heard its gay, its joyful notes,
Eve caught its plaintive prayer ;
But its softest, sweetest melody
Now floats upon the air.

FANNY ELSSLER AT PARIS.

PUBLIC opinion, and the decisions of the press, have confirmed our own views with regard to the letters we published in last month's REGINA, entitled "Fanny Elssler at the Havannah." In conformity with the promise we then made, we now present to our readers "Fanny Elssler at Paris," and we are greatly mistaken if the sketches these letters contain shall not as much interest and delight them as those which have already appeared. In order of date, these should have appeared first, since Mademoiselle Fanny proceeded from Paris to the United States of America, and from thence, after a long sojourn with our Transatlantic allies, to the Havannah. *N'importe!* Such papers as these are not read, like a chronological table or dictionary, for figures and dates, but are perused with avidity by all who take an interest in watching the impressions made by scenery, manners, and society, on the celebrated beings of our own times. Fanny Elssler is a German. At Paris, she was, strictly speaking, therefore, as much a foreigner as she was at New York and at the Havannah; and it is agreeable to know all that she thought and felt with regard to the capital of Continental Europe and the better society of Paris; for she saw the best, and associated there, as every where else, with the most distinguished persons.

Paris, Nov. 1840.

MY DEAR MINA,—A good while has elapsed since last I wrote to you; it is not to be wondered at, for you know the busy life I lead. What with theatrical duties and private engagements, I have scarcely an hour to give to more congenial tasks,—to writing, for example, to you, my dear Mina; but I shall make up past neglect by sending you such "news" to-day as will indeed rouse you, and scare away for months to come that ugly little imp of *Ennui* which sits brooding over your monotonous life in quiet, placid, stagnant Berlin. Your active mind and ardent feelings want something fully to occupy them; and that you cannot find in the tranquil employments of a purely domestic career. Yet how often I long to change lots with you; for there is in me a deep-settled relish for the calm routine of an in-door life, utterly at variance with the feverish excitement of Parisian society. It shines brightly enough to one's admiring friends; but, ah! it consumes while it glitters. Would that I could arrest but for a moment the rapid, noisy torrent that hurries me on, if only to speculate *where* it will leave me! But a truce to reflections, let me come to the "news" at once. Well, Mina, I am about to cross the Atlantic and proceed to America! I dare say you have heard of some such place, but, like myself, have a very indistinct notion of its whereabouts. Now recover your breath, that won-

der has, doubtless, quite taken away, and I will do my best to explain this wild whim; for, in truth, I cannot look upon this strange intention as other than a mad freak that has seized my fancy in a thoughtless moment, and has daily grown into shape, owing to the doubts and opposition made on every side against it. My sober judgment could never have brought me to such a resolution. I appreciate fully all the advantages and enjoyments of my position; it would be exacting and ungrateful not to be contented. Have I not all that any reasonable woman, if there is such a being to be found, could desire? My professional career has reached its zenith; here I am, sitting securely on an operatic throne, that has dazzled my eye, and fired my ambition, since my girlhood. *Le grand monarque* never swayed more completely over the wills of his admiring subjects than I do over the rapt fancies of my enthusiastic admirers at the Opera. Never was *artiste* more completely seated in public sympathy, undisturbed by rivalry, unsailed by critics, and popular even with that formidable foe, the *claque*. The curtain is drawn, and I appear, to be welcomed with smiles that make the theatre glow "neath their sunny warmth;" I dance, and rapturous applause cheers me to loftiest efforts; I curtsy, and flowers and garlands cover me. And then the delights, more intoxicating still, of the *entre-acte*. I quit the scene for my *bou-doir*, whose silken splendour owes all

its elegance to the taste and liberality of my kind *directeur*. What do you see, Mina, in its sparkling mirrors? What a gay, gallant, and graceful throng encircle me, occupying every chair, besieging every sofa! And have I not reason to be proud of homage from such a *levée*, representing the rank, the wit, the elegance, of this brilliant capital,—the white-gloved denizens of the *avant-scènes*, whose “bravo” is the fiat of our scenic fate? More potent and majestic ones than these I pass respectfully by; and of the rest, every one worthy the privilege, I will single out for your admiring attention some of those “dreadful few” who seem proudly conscious of their importance, and of our trembling accountability,—the critics of the press. Amid flatteries, compliments, and adulation, one grows giddy with the strong incense, and fancies one’s mastery complete over the spell-bound crowds within and without. One forgets places and things, and revels in the luxury of undisputed despotism. Am I not downright mad, you ask, to trifle with and to condemn such enjoyments, as these? I have nothing to wish for, you say,—nothing to disturb my illusions. Gently, dear sister, you forget the “tribe” I was just writing of. I do taste of sours as well as of sweets, for these *messieurs* of the press often write rudely, in order to dispel one’s fanciful dreams, and so melt all down to the chilling reality of a helpless subjection to their invincible domination. Ah, these men of the press! the terror of their craft; doubtless they are meant to secure some good end, else why do they live and prosper? The enlightened friends of art, and foes to all oppressive authority, I hear them styled, when I have sometimes murmured at their usurpation; but how impossible it is to hold power without abusing it, and how cruelly do these enemies of absolute control tyrannise over us poor *artistes*! A thoughtless word, an absent look, an idle jest, may seal our luckless doom. Should their high displeasure be incurred, what would be left us but the loss of position and bright renown,—all we have and all we hope for,—and thus are we bowed down in abject submission? But whence, then, arises this reluctant allegiance to this feared and relent-

less power? Will no one ever come to redeem us? Will no modern Joan d’Arc raise her banner of revolt, and head an Amazonian band to exterminate them? But I must be prudent, for I have never rebelled against the supremacy of the critics without soon after having good cause to rue it. I do not wish to live a victim, nor die a martyr; and, to be serious, then, there are those amongst them whose graceful pens would extort one’s admiration, even in a malicious assault upon one’s last new *pirouette*. Come back again, then, to my dressing-room, for you have much to divert you there. Join in the racy chat, contribute to the smart fire, so well sustained, of *bon mot* and sharp-set *raillerie*.

Your eye is resting (I thought it would) on that droll-looking person, lolling at his ease in *yon fauteuil*, disordered in dress, careless in manner, and yet imposing, spite the tangled locks that fall in sad confusion over his ample forehead; that is the Coryphæus of *feuilletonistes*, the very Jupiter of the tribe. His thunderbolts fall among us at times with killing effect, but he can also give life to an *artiste*, and make it priceless; that is “J. J.” of the *Journal des Débats*: I wonder at my temerity in approaching so calmly his formidable initials, so often signed to the epitaphs recorded on our artistic tombs; but his indulgence to myself emboldens my familiarity. He is chiefly known to the public for hebdomadal contributions to the famous *Débats*, wherein he empties his effervescing caldron of critical remark, all steaming, hot, and spicy. He makes the tour of all the novelties the week brings forth, and then on Monday morning disburdens his memory and his conscience. Like the immortal hero of *l’Elixir d’Amore*, he dispenses his doses with prodigal hand,—a bolus here and an elixir there; administering to wounds of his own making the soothing ointment of his praise, and in very wantonness scratching others half healed up. But rail, rant, and roar at him as we may, who can shut their eyes to the brilliant, sparkling, seductive light of his genius, winning while it repels, delighting even when it chides, intoxicating when it extols? Yes, Janin, I believe an *artiste* never fell beneath thy rod who

did not kiss it while it smote; for it lashes so beautifully. This singular person is the theme of constant remark; his eccentricities (for it seems genius must have them), his peculiarities, and *penchants*, furnish endless gossip to the "Foyer." His last new predilection now sets all tongues a-wagging; and who, or rather what, do you dream is the tender object of his love? He has taken to a pet; and what, of all the things of air, earth, and sea, do you imagine has won him? Oh! name it not in Berlin—"a little pig!" with doubtful claims to whiteness. Byron had his bear; Goëthe his monkey; and Janin fondles a pig! What is the attraction of this new caprice; what the sympathy between "J. J." and his darling, who can tell? The topic is prolific in *bon mots*, to those who dare make merry at his expense. "Yes," exclaimed the lively Comte de —, the last opera-night, "there must be mutual feeling from similarity of pursuit; the pig scours the street of its offal, and Janin ranges from one end of the Boulevards to the other for his theatrical garbage." Woe to the bold jester if this comes to Janin's indignant ear; he will avenge promptly the outraged dignity of his *petit cochon*. All societies are open to Janin: the court invites him; his numberless friends prey on him; the dinner languishes, the soirée is dull, the representation is flat, when Janin is not there. Hunt Europe through, and you will not find another man more courted; and the same journey over again would not discover you an equally successful competitor. The *coveted* of *artistes*, the *dreaded* of dramatists, and the most gifted of critics, how shall I support the loss of thy vivacious effusions,—the delicate embroideries of thy style? Pirouetting will lose its charm when "J. J." is not there to criticise. Bless me, dear Mina, how tiresome you must think me in prating so long of a good-for-nothing critic you care little for! In talking of Janin, I have allowed all my company to steal out of my *loge* without a parting smile. Well, fancy the curtain's up again, and the music waiting, the director impatient, and Katty scolding. Write me soon. Adieu!

Paris, December, 1840.

DEAR MINA,—I cannot help smiling when I think of the undisguised astonishment you so honestly express; but you have given me an unexpected token of your disinterested devotedness to my interests, by the impartial comments you make in reference to my "foreign project." But you can hardly believe me in earnest, and want naturally enough to know what has already taken place,—some particulars, details, proofs, that the "*pays sauvage*" I talk of visiting is not some new "*mise en scène*" in a forthcoming ballet of the Grand Opera; in short, you want to see the wheels of the new theatrical car building for me, to be sure it can move. *Dieu* grant I may not be upset in it! When the proposition was first made to me, I really cannot tell. A year ago, I know, propositions were suggested to me in London by Mr. Seguin, the clever theatrical agent of Regent Street, whose dexterous manoeuvring with us operatic dynasties makes me regard him as the Talleyrand of his art. His experienced eye saw in the measure many advantages. I was incredulous and indifferent, and so the matter dropped. But, in August last, I was surprised by the visit of no other than the lessee himself of the Park Theatre, New York,—an oldish person, stout, and cross-looking, stiff in movement, slow of speech, with a very sharp eye. I was not, you may imagine, conciliated by his appearance, though gentlemanly; but his offers were business-like and ample. Still nothing was decided on, and he left Paris, requesting a friend to urge the negotiation. The matter went on till it took the formal shape of a written agreement, which, one day, I was asked to sign. I began to tremble, and I shrank from the consequences; but I had given the interview almost for this purpose, and courtesy forbade me to trifle with the patience of others. So I took the offered pen, and wrote my name. I shall long remember the confused emotions which seized me when I did so. I felt as if I had pronounced my own exile from a land I love, and a public who lavish every kindness upon me; but it was too late, and I am condemned to expiate my rashness in what manner soever Fate ordains. I must not forget to tell you

a droll incident connected with this contract. It was made in accordance with European usage in the main stipulations; but I learned, from the honourable explanations of the opposite party, that I had forfeited some most desirable advantages; in fine, that I was at the mercy of the foreign lessee, when I ought to have reserved the most complete freedom. Here was a discovery! imagine my agitation! Bad enough it was to encounter the chances of the enterprise, but to begin by heavy sacrifices! What was to be done? My friends assembled in council; every effort was made to alter the agreement. I besought it almost with tears in my eyes; but entreaties were vain. "It could not be done," Mr. — said, "without the consent of Mr. Price, then at New York; he should be written to straightway." This is a bad beginning. Is it ominous? Do encourage me, Mina, for every one assails me here. I should make exception, however, in favour of two remarkable persons I have had the singular good fortune to meet,—Mr. and Mrs. G——, of London, of high position, great fortune, and a circle of friends embracing all the celebrities of their wonderful metropolis. I am amazed at the deep and earnest interest they take in me, and I acknowledge with delight, that, in this late difficult business, their counsel has much aided me. Their kind interference greatly benefited me; we have become quite intimate; and I never felt more solicitous to retain the friendship of any one I have ever met than I do that of the G——'s. Mr. G—— is a very *distingué* person, but somewhat reserved, as Englishmen of that class usually are; given to Latin, Greek, and literary occupations; is writing a great book about I don't know what; and leaves his wonderful wife to occupy herself about me. Truly, of all the women I have ever met she interests me most,—I might say of all persons; for men, *you* know, divert me but little. They are a vile set altogether—coarse (but don't tell 'em I say so), selfish, and unbelieving. How little do they understand me! What a relief, then, to encounter such a woman as Mrs. G——! so full of true sympathy, elevated feeling, and kindheartedness. Of her

mind, I will not aspire to speak; it is very far above me; but when I see her holding lofty discourse with men profound in thought, and great in reputation, with statesmen, authors, scholars, I feel timid in approaching her. But with me she is as playful, simple, and unsophisticated, as a child. She is older than I am, and taller, with an intelligent blue eye, of a soft expression, a little stiff in manner, perhaps, at first, but singularly decided. She never crosses the room without her mind being made up to do it. She's a striking mixture of the two sexes. With a heart truly feminine, she unites the mind of a man of genius; and this latter gives her a boldness of thought and expression which quite startle her hearer. But the most captivating point in her character is her truly catholic spirit, looking tolerantly on the world, and perceiving good in every thing. She soars above vulgar prejudice, and, in her benevolent flights of feeling, hesitates not to light on spots from which more timid birds would fly, and to fold her protecting wings over objects often worthy her fostering care. She is also most marvellously accomplished, has studied music as a science, draws admirably, paints charmingly, and drives four-in-hand. Let me see, what is there she does not do? To know such a person, whom I have rather caricatured than portrayed, is in itself a privilege; but to be loved and cherished by her, is a boon of inestimable value. I have tried to make you comprehend my English friend, and you will often hear of her from me.

I dare say, with your usual activity in such matters, you have been buying a map with America drawn on it, and its rivers, and mountains, and towns; for I suppose it has got its share of those necessities that most countries stand in need of. Do tell me something about it. I don't believe my stupid old schoolmaster ever heard of it, for he never told me any thing of it that I recollect. I know a great deal more of the moon; at least I have seen *that*. When shall I behold this unknown part of our planet? I ought to be ashamed of my ignorance, no doubt, but I see wiser people about me who never wish to know of any place out of

Paris—the world's epitome. There are some complacent Parisians who doubt the existence of England, and don't believe in Germany at all, or, at the most, admit there *may be* such *barbarians*. Every day I hear some acquaintance ask of America, "Qu'est que c'est que cela?" Then how should a poor dancer, whose travels have been chiefly confined to the Opera-house, who has crossed rivers with the aid of a mechanist, and scaled mountains by running up some hidden stairs, be expected to know any thing of a half-savage land, thousands of miles away? I have no time to investigate it now, for my school-days are over, indeed, before they ought to have been begun. My day-life now is but a rehearsal of what I must play at night; and therefore, dear Mina, I count upon you to enlighten me upon this dark subject, and to tell me where I am going.

Since I wrote you last, I have had a new sensation, and I must try to make you share it with me. I have seen an American! of whose authenticity I can hardly doubt. Some of that name have been pointed out to me before, but I have always taken them for Englishmen; and they are wonderfully alike—talk the same language, dress similarly, and doubtless eat and drink after a similar fashion. This person, Mr. C——, is a soft-mannered man, of most winning demeanour, and well-bred in every word and look. If he is not a too fair specimen of Americanism, I shall have nothing to fear for my throat or my pocket; though I have been assured I may count on the one being cut, and the other picked. Mr. C—— tells me the news of my intention has reached America, and has made quite a stir there; that the people are talking of it, and the papers writing of it. Oh! dear, I had fondly hoped there were no such things there. I wonder how they treat us dancing things. *Nous verrons!* I was assured I shall meet with a hearty welcome and with great success. How strange this sounds! Were I to get a message (I speak it not profanely), from the other world, that preparations were making to receive me there, I should hardly feel more puzzled.

My final representations here are

announced at the Opera, and I feel flattered to see the public crowding up to look their last upon me, not for ever, I trust: Heaven forbid! One may well be pleased who feels she exercises *some* influence here in this charming Paris, amid the endless and seductive variety of amusements with which it abounds. I feel, with reason, gratified, if not vain, of my influence over the lively throng that ebbs and flows, in such heavy tides, through the great doors of the Opera-house. You ask me how I can summon up courage to leave a sphere that you are pleased to say, I "brighten with my presence—when the gaiety of ballet will be eclipsed by my departure?" Thank you for your sugared remonstrances, my dear Mina; but, though I feel my star in the ascendant now, I know well the fate of "stars" once gone out, people soon learn to see by other lights, and then all those here, and elsewhere, will twinkle brightly enough for my now devoted public.

As to my delightful contemporaries and coadjutors, I believe their tears will dry rapidly. I will confess, too, that I have certain misgivings that I shall be supplanted. The public may take offence at my apparent ingratitude in quitting them "*pour les sauvages d'Amérique*," as they style the unknown people I purpose visiting, and they may satisfy their tastes with some newer object. "*Qui quitte sa place la perde*," is an old proverb that keeps dancing in my eyes till I grow impatient. Some of my *adorateurs* assure me daily, that they will bespeak their tomb-stones if I insist upon going, and that the *loge infernale* will be hung in crape. Irreverent jesters! they would be the first to forget me, and the last to welcome me back again. Yet I ought to be grateful to this formidable band, this "Conseil de l'Opéra," since they have uniformly issued their solemn and scented decrees in my favour, though I do not like their intrigues and arbitrary interference. Yet their tyranny is a well-bred one, and their fashionable sway may control coarser influences running in a rapid undercurrent in the troubled waters that us operatic Naiads sport in. Yes, all this I risk, all this I shall miss, but how much more there is beyond

the confines of the Académie Royale that I shall think of with deepest longings. Oh! dear, delightful Paris, how shall I bear thy loss!—thy memory will haunt me ever, and, go where I will, thy image will lie hidden in my heart. I never yet have analysed the secret, but magic charm that makes Paris the most attractive city of the world. Be their prejudices what they may, come but once within reach of her Circean spells, and an endless captivity follows. Why is this? What part of us does it so *enslave*, that the philosopher or the voluptuary bow alike to its domination? Is it the mind, the heart, or the *stomach*, which are enslaved by Parisian influence? Is it her science, her charities, or her *cuisine*, that wins and subdues all, of every creed, cast, and clime? I have seen enough of other capitals to know the superlative merits of Paris. Her amusements, how infinite and varied! her *artistes*, what talents, and what excess of them! Opera, tragedy, comedy, farce,—in what equal perfection do they exist!—A Grisi transports, a Persiani subdues, a Rachel inflames, and a Mars soothes, whilst a Levassor and an Odry convulse you with merriment. These sources of pleasure are palpable as they are irresistible; but there is something beyond this. What is the mysterious oil that gives such exquisite smoothness to this social machine of Parisian structure? I believe it consists chiefly in the perennial gaiety, the mercurial lightness, the buoyant good-humour of the French character, as developed in the metropolis, for I find the French, out of Paris, quite another people.

I suppose, my dear Mina, you will scarcely recognise in these criticisms the style and manner of your own Fanny. Be it so. At least these are my thoughts and impressions, and it matters but little to thoughts the language in which they are clothed. Adieu.

Paris, January 1841.

Thanks, Anna, dear, for your prompt replies; and so, giving me full credit for the honesty of my intentions, you doubt my going after all. I have already found that I

shall pay dearly for the joke if I do not. I have been laying in such a wardrobe of delicious costumes; upon my word, I have spent a third of my time lately in dressing and undressing. I have appeared, certainly to the satisfaction of Cousin K—, in all the robes of my *répertoire*—*she* declares they are perfect. And in a woman's love of novelty I have been spending such sums, that if America don't help me to pay I shall have to dance at the Prison Ste. Pelagie for the especial delight of the false economists who are there expiating the folly of similar extravagances. But what a luxury is spending money in Paris!—this paradise of women, whose brightest spirits are its dress-makers. What taste, science, and imagination, they throw into the lovely creations of their dexterous hands. Taking this art as a type of civilisation—and why not?—how immeasurably does its perfection here throw all other places into the shade. My own pleasant friends of the press may say what they please of their influence on the times, but that of a French mantua-maker outruns theirs illimitably. All Europe is tributary to their control, and their dicta can be neither disputed nor denied. My personal expenditure lately has induced me to reflect (which I do sometimes) on the enormous expenditure of the opera administration in the one item of wardrobe. Are you aware that they furnish the *artistes* with every article of dress, from a hair-pin to a shoe-string, with every intervening *mystery* of the female toilet from powder to paint? You emerge from your carriage at the stage-door of the opera, in a sombre *robe-de-chambre*, to be converted, by a touch of the wardrobe-keeper, into a sylphide or gipsy, wings and tambourine included, at the whole and sole expense of the direction. They do you up in the most complete and radiant manner, as bright as the reddest rouge and the whitest muslin can make you, and all you are required to find are your own smiles and *entrechats*. When you take into consideration the six or eight first dancers, the dozen or so of coryphées, and the capering legion that constitute the *corps de ballet*, you may then infer the outlay necessary in tricolors and petticoats. Then think of the

consumption in satin shoes; I seldom use less than three pairs every night, and the slightest soil condemns them, and that upon the dirtiest stage in the world, purposely kept so to avoid slipping. These opera-shoes are of such peculiar make, uniting a certain stiffness with the most perfect *pliancy*, that only one man in Europe has been found with genius adequate to the work, Jansin de Paris. No wonder poor M. Duponchell, my amiable director, looks grave and reflective at times. I feel a kind of remorse at the expense I have been to him. How could I have insisted on the additional 20,000 francs in my last contract just renewed? I feel so penitential that I could dance a week for his benefit. What a horrid situation is his! Besides his expenses and anxieties, what endless torment we inflict on him! He is, of course, our high court of appeal; and never-ending difficulties and squabbles grow out of the rivalries, and jealousies, and intrigues, that abound in this fairy region of malicious nymphs, and backbiting sylphs, whose wings fail to raise them above this terrestrial propensity, and which give our good-natured director occupation enough to try his gallantry. I dare say he prays that in the next world he may never see a woman, be she angel or otherwise. M. D. opposes my going, and is disposed to buy in my *congé*, which he has the right to do; but he does not believe, I am sure, that I will go, so he will not risk his money. I do earnestly hope my departure will be no loss to him. He has ever been kind and indulgent to me. His humanity struck me a few nights back. In the ballet of the *Gipsy*, I was obliged to put on the Cracovienne costume in three minutes, and return to the stage and begin. A moment's delay would have thrown the orchestra into confusion—it was so arranged, and I was obliged to do it; but the effort was so great that I fainted afterwards, on one or two occasions; when he promptly commanded this *rapid* change of costume should cease; and altering a ballet is much more difficult than walking on your head, for right or left you touch the part of some indignant coryphée, who stands or dances upon her rights, and Monsieur le

Directeur is forced into all the wiles of ingenious diplomacy.

I have had the pleasure of meeting another American to-day, of high-standing, Mr. T—, and was most favourably impressed. I know you think me a very fastidious observer of men, but at least you will admit me to be an impartial one. I have had opportunities enough to arrive at some knowledge of the tribe; and if, of the number who have flitted by me, you knew the very few that have not provoked indifference, or excited feelings not more flattering, you would very likely be astonished. The American I just alluded to is rather cold in manner, slightly tintured with haughtiness, but is a high-toned man. All he said had great weight with me, and he guaranteed me, also, a kind reception in America. There is one peculiarity I perceive already in the few Americans I have met. They seem to entertain, and certainly manifest, a deference for our sex, that must be founded on a higher appreciation of women as such, and a more genuine respect for their feelings and characters, than one is usually accustomed to meet with.

Busy as my life has hitherto been, I never went through such a round of occupations as circumstances now entail upon me. What with dancing, and rehearsing, dining out, entertaining at home, sitting for painters, and trying on for dress-makers, writing, studying English, and getting ready to go, you may suppose I am well occupied. I never worked harder than I have done this winter, and that chiefly to soothe the keen anxiety of my dear old Professor Vestris. You have heard me seldom speak of this interesting person, whose professional reputation formerly filled Europe—the once brilliant *dieu de la danse* has dwindled, as we all must, into wrinkled and decrepid age; and his only delight now, he declares, is to play the fiddle as I practise daily before him. This is his only occupation, and he declares he lives his past life over again in me. I confess, with gratitude, my indebtedness to his genius, taste, and vigilant attention. When I came to Paris, I thought I had reached the topmost round of my art. I had exhausted already every known difficulty and invented new, but I saw

Tagioni and grew alarmed. I felt the ordeal through which I had to pass would be final and might be fatal, for the standard of *la danse* I found so much higher in France. Fortunately for me, Signor Vestris became interested in me, and endeavoured to raise me up to his own lofty ideas of the art. For three months I toiled as a galley-slave before I would consent to appear. The very expectation that prevailed frightened me to greater efforts, and the enormous strides I made in advance taught me, that in the dance, at least, one's education is never finished. It was not so much in elementary studies that I gained from Vestris, but rather in style and tone. He sought to give me grace and expression; in short, *his* finish, to my poses and carriage; and the triumphant success of my *début*, he said, repaid him a thousand times. I shall never forget his despair when, after my sad illness of 1836, he found I had certainly *lost my art*. You recollect my prostration was so complete that I had to be taught to walk again; but when I essayed to dance I found, to my horror, that I was utterly incapable of executing the commonest feats of the *foyer*. With desperation in every limb, I sought, day after day, to recover my lost facility. Vestris soothed me and encouraged me by turns, till he groaned and wept over the dreadful apprehension that all was lost. This went on for weeks, when one memorable day I felt a sudden and magical return of my force, and with a cry of delight I bounded into the air and danced till I fell breathless on the floor. Vestris's joy exceeded even mine; the old man recovered his pupil, and I was restored to the dearest passion of my heart, *la danse*. For its own sake I have pursued it; the hardest toil has been sweetest recreation, and, when I have sunk from excess of practice, I recovered only to begin again. Vestris cannot comprehend in the least why I leave the Grand Opera, the very summit, in his eyes, of all earthly glory. He regards England as semi-barbarous, America he does not recognise at all; but when he thinks of what he has condescended to give to "savages and savages," for he believes, with a great

many else, that America has no other inhabitants, he is shocked—he would doubtless disown me, did he not think I had lost my senses. Singular man! How entirely he has lived for his art! He insists on my devoting several hours to practice daily.

I paid a farewell visit yesterday to *ma chère amie*, Mademoiselle Mars, whose charming society is always so attractive. What a loss to the world of art is her coming retirement!—how irreparable! Well may the elegant comedy of the old school droop its head and sigh over her *retreat*. The frequenters of the Théâtre Français will long remember the music of her clear sweet voice, the chaste expression of her acting, and that faultless elegance of manner that invested every character she assumed with such incomparable refinement, grace, and distinction. Molière dies a second time with her withdrawal, and who will pretend to her classic mantle? In private life the same winning simplicity exerts its spell upon all who approach her. Her conversation is gifted and her amiability unbounded. How unfortunate the sequel to her career! Once the mistress of a splendid mansion and abundant wealth, she is now obliged to economise such resources as her immoderate thirst for stock-gambling has left her. Who could associate the sprightly, elegant Mars with the vulgar excitement of La Bourse? How insatiable is the craving after excitement in the human heart, and I think we *artistes* are its readiest prey.

I was at a charming party last night at my dear English friend's, Mrs. G—. I might call her my romantic friend, for such is the interest she takes in me. I was surprised and delighted to meet some most distinguished and interesting persons. One of the king's leading ministers, the celebrated Monsieur C—, was there, and attracted no small share of my attention. For a man occupied as he is with serious, learned, and important pursuits, I expected a corresponding gravity and much pretension, and not the levity, witty *homme de salon* he really is. In all other countries such a man would deem it derogatory to his dignity to mingle with the company,

sharing in the frivolous chat of such occasions; but a Frenchman adapts himself, with charming ease, to whatever position he finds himself in; and, if he fell among savages, he would put on their beads and paint with the same nonchalance that he wears a *costume de bal masqué*. The travelled statesman, De Tocqueville, was among the guests, a dignified person, but rather English in manner; his lovely wife is as amiable as she is beautiful. The grand-daughter of Lafayette charmed me with her affability. What intelligence in her fine eyes! The distinguished advocate, Charles Ledru, seems a person of great energy and high talent. I have heard much of his eloquence, but poor I have little time for such *divertisements*. I drove home full of gratitude to dear Mrs. G— for having added to my list such delightful acquaintances, though I spent half the evening talking with her. I find an inexhaustible charm in her conversation; the earnestness of true feeling robed in such fine expression, and elevated by a mind of such a rare order. She urges me strongly to go on with my Transatlantic project, and aids me heartily in it. Ah! dear me, how rapidly the days roll on, and soon Paris—bewitching Paris, will be among the things “*that have been*.” Good night.

February, 1841.

You are dying to know the result, you say, my dear Mina. Well, I go,—at least I think so. My mind is in such a pendulous state, vibrating between decision and uncertainty, impediments and facilities, that I begin to grow curious myself to know the end; but news has reached me from America. Mr. Price writes, with a gallantry that has quite won me, to name my own conditions and to arrange it all as I will, but only to come. If this be a specimen of managerial politeness among “the heathen” I hear so daily railed at, chiefly because I persist in going to them, why I have nothing to fear from want of courtesy. I am positively assured, and by those too who have been there, that I shall never be paid, take what precaution I may; that my dressing-room will be regularly robbed; that there is no safety in the

hotels, nor redress in the law, nor justice in the land; that I shall be hissed if I dare shew my legs; and that my private life will be invaded and violated by a press that transcends in scurrility and lawlessness all example or description. These are a few of the good-natured things I hear so frequently, and, if I could believe them, it would be madness to face such perils and such horrors; but I am incredulous, and curious still.

I have again had the good fortune to make another most desirable acquaintance, the distinguished American banker, Mr. W—, for many years a resident here, and whose splendid house is the scene of so much elegant festivity, and the resort of the first people of Paris. Learning my intention to visit his country (for every body talks here of my monomania), he generously offered to come and give me some hints that could not fail to be useful, and, of course, most welcome. His appearance and manners have quite taken my fancy. Short of stature, with large features, but expressive, mixed with a shrewdness that proves his familiarity with the world. Good nature predominates in his face, and explains the honest and flattering interest he displays for the success of my trip. His manners are singular; unpretending, even to homeliness, but so brisk and animated. Under the impetus of his active mind, he is never still a moment, but, with his hands behind him, is running up and down the room, talking as fast as he walks, and saying the most sensible and appropriate things all the time. My *directeur* has much the same habit; I suppose people with a great deal to think about find it hard to sit still, but when they meet, as happened the other day, I had lively apprehensions I should get run down between them. I took refuge behind the sofa, and enjoyed my security, and their conversation with greater *goût*. Mr. W— has given me much valuable information, offered me numerous letters, and crowned all by inviting me to dinner, where I shall meet several of his influential countrymen. Really these Americans seem in earnest in all they do, and make you believe in all they say; and that one never thinks of doing in Paris. One

grows sceptical of much even of what one sees among these thoughtless French. I am alarmed at times lest my German framework of mind, feeling, and honest faith, should give way under the playful railery that besets me on every side, and leave me as doubting as themselves.

I have received, all the way from Sweden, a batch of letters for New York, and from a person already alluded to, Mr. C. H——, an American diplomatist. He is certainly one of the most agreeable and entertaining persons I know. He is equally remarkable for his exuberant spirits, his conversational powers, and his varied acquaintances, comprising all countries, creeds, colours, and characters: he is the life of all company, the idol of his friends, the most brilliant of talkers, and one of the worthiest of men; and he must be as well known and respected at home as he is esteemed and courted abroad. He has sent me upwards of a dozen letters to all the great men of his country. If they all come to one of my benefits, I shall not envy Talma his pit full of kings. How grateful I am to Mr. C. H——! Baron R—— has kindly contributed to my stock, and the American minister, General C——, who has never seen me off the stage, has contributed his quota. I believe the Americans are going to make a sort of national thing of my professional career there. I cannot wonder that they should be piqued by the supercilious remarks they hear on all sides relative to the subject of my going to *their* country. The best-natured people here declare they can never appreciate my art, that it belongs necessarily to a refined and luxurious state of society, and that it requires taste and a large class of pleasure-seeking, money-spending people to enjoy and recompense a popular *danseuse*; that I can never expect to find in a country hardly yet cut out of its primeval forests, where life is spent in unremitting toil for its necessities, where few enjoy its comforts and where none care for its luxuries, that success, which has crowned my efforts in the old world. But different accounts reach me from other sources in which I can rely, and I am led to hope better things. The Americans I have seen with my own good

eyes, the treatment I have already received from them, tends considerably to raise my spirits, and I will acknowledge that I am possessed by a deep, ardent, unconquerable desire to behold their far-off land, with its strange people, of whom I hear so much abuse. Come weal, come woe, I declare, with the spirit of an opposed woman, *I will* go; so get your tears ready, dearest, for you will have occasion to shed them, if the loss of so worthless a thing as I am can move you to such an extremity. * * *

I have an excellent joke to tell you of K——, who is, you know, in the main, a very quiet, sedate person, and whose greatest delight, I really believe, is to follow me about, to see I get into no mischief; and though I don't like *surveillance*, or observation, as I believe myself fully capable of taking care of my well-behaved self (am I not so?), yet I cannot find it in my heart to be vexed with her. She has been my very shadow since we were seven years of age together; and I don't think I have gone to a rehearsal or executed a *pas*, or put on a toilette, that she has not superintended. Fortunately for me, in all matters of dress, her taste is exquisite, her invention boundless, and her execution neat and rapid; and to do her justice, she looks upon any toil for me as positive pleasure; and such is her punctuality, that in spite of the interruptions that my vigilant duenna must experience, she has never been too late for a representation, no matter what mighty preparations she had to make for it. She has certainly made herself so useful and indispensable, that I shall never be able to do without her. She does any thing but dance for me, and I would like her to relieve me of that sometimes. But now for the joke. You must know that K—— likes well enough to relieve the monotonous routine of her arduous duties with a little frolic when chance favours her. And an occasion occurred lately. You know, at this lively epoch, all Paris is turned into a ball-room, and masques and revels are high in the ascendant. For myself, I get so much of this sort of thing in the way of business, that I consider it a treat to escape such distractions. I never saw but one masked ball, and that offended me in so many respects, whilst I ad-

mit that it was the gayest thing my eye ever dwelt upon, that I never desired to see another. K——, however, must needs go to one of these masked balls; and an acquaintance of mine, Mademoiselle de ——, was to accompany her, to be enlightened, under her sage guardianship, in all the mysteries of a Grand Opera ball. It was a wild scheme, for neither of them had ever been in such a scene before, and I opposed their going without escort and protection; but they seemed bent on a bit of nice fun, independent of all masculine interference; indeed, their scheme was to be kept a profound secret, and the preparations were duly made in a most clandestine and confidential manner. K—— astonished me by a flight of fancy uncommon in her; she declared she would go in no other way but as my double. She insisted upon wearing the Cracovian costume. I objected seriously, pointing out all the probable inconveniences that might be expected to occur; that she would be followed about, talked to, and tormented in endless ways, that a more sober disguise would save her from; and then I was annoyed at the possibility of it being supposed that I had volunteered in such a piece of indecorous folly, so little consonant to my tastes and habits. But she denied the probability of the latter, as the costume was often worn by aspiring gipsies, who left me, however, the monopoly of the dance, and therefore it was ridiculous to spoil the frolic by such idle objections. "*Bien, ma chère*, if you will risk it, *comme tu voudrais*, but I repeat my warnings; and I have my misgivings of the result." With the thoughtless glee of a child, she dressed herself *à la Cracovienne*; red boots, blue skirt, white jacket, and velvet cap. There she stood, arrayed in all the panoply of the capering Bohemian. Mlle. de —— determined upon a black domino; and thus accoutred, they started off in the highest spirits, bent on the brilliant adventures that they promised to detail to me next day; for I insisted on the sanctity of my slumbers being respected, and I left them to their waywardness. My carriage set them safely down *à l'Opéra*, and they soon found themselves threading its brilliant labyrinths, thronged to suffocation almost, by its merry

mobes of blithesome revellers. The masqued "*Cracovienne*" assailed her numerous acquaintances, and perplexed their lives out of them; right and left she distributed her lively *railerie*. She had the audacity to attack M.le Directeur himself, and astounded him by her intimate and complete knowledge of all the secrets of the prison-house. She enlarged upon his managerial tactics, spoke of forthcoming novelties, and commented freely upon matters and things in general, appertaining to himself. But, thoughtless creature! she paid dearly for her indiscretion. M. Duponchell declared she could be no other than Mlle. Fanny; and he said what made him quite sure was, the little feather in the cap was fastened in by a pin he knew I wore. The game was up, and the news soon spread; the curious crowd rapidly gathered; and as, probably, it was the first time that some hundreds had ever met the supposed one, they thought it a good occasion to exchange a remark or two, with all the innocent freedom that a masque ball sanctions. Poor fated K——! she was overwhelmed by an inundation of enthusiastic admiration; and, go where she would, they followed in her wake, and beset her on every side. At length, teased, indignant, and enraged, she prepared to quit the gay scene of her mystifying triumphs. But another and most unexpected attack awaited her; she was suddenly accosted by a pink domino, who in good round terms told her she was no better than an arrant thief, to come as she had done that very day, and swindle her out of the costume she then had on; that she did not choose to waste words on such a baggage; and that she must either take off instantan the costume, or pay for it, else she would hand her to the police. The astounded K—— was for a moment naturally bewildered; but conceiving it, of course, a novel conceit of some of her previous victims to pay her back in wordy exchanges, she directed the woman to go away, and turned off to escape the throng collecting about her; but her arm was seized with a good firm gripe, and her assailant, who appeared in downright earnest, told her there was no alternative but to strip or to pay. K——, who is an arrant coward when once her fears are awakened,

now began to expostulate, remonstrate, and declaim, but all to no purpose. There stood her adversary, boldly confronting her, one hand holding tight K——'s arm, the other brandished high in air, and flying about with a vehemence both French and frantic. K—— saw all argument was vain; and if she had had the eloquence of a Berryer, she was too much frightened to give utterance to it. So she took the course that it would be wise if all women did when they get into dilemmas—to run for it. She scampered as though for her life across the vast area of the opera house, down the grand flight, spreading havoc among the gay flower-pots, and out into the cold streets; but her relentless pursuer followed her close, and pressed hard upon her, aided at last by the imposing arm of the law in the shape of a policeman. Away they went, helter-skelter, till K—— shot into the *porte-cochère* of her own house, and left the hounds at bay. She came flying breathless into my bedroom, at three in the morning, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes looking wild. This little event has led to all sorts of speculations, and my declaring positively that I was not the heroine of this droll *vaudeville* has only thickened the general confusion. As for K——, she is particularly susceptible on the subject, has entreated us all to observe the strictest secrecy, and can endure no jesting about it. I think her next appearance at a masked ball will be indefinitely deferred, and that she will be disposed rather to put costumes on me than incur the dangerous notoriety of wearing them herself.

Monday.

I have delayed this frivolous letter to give you some account of my American dinner at Madam W——'s. Her mansion is admirably situated; built, too, according to the taste of herself and husband; and nothing could be better contrived or more elegantly constructed. On entering, I was ushered into a reception-room of fine dimensions, and richly furnished. I was most cordially welcomed by Madam W——, whom I then met for the first time. She holds a position that she has retained for many years, both highly distinguished and *renommée* in Pari-

sian salons. She is of middle stature, and very erect; thus giving greater apparent height to her person. Her features are good and expressive; great intelligence and singular decision of character portray themselves in her face; and the anecdotes in circulation respecting her quite sustain these striking indications. She is said to have saved at a most critical moment her enterprising husband from all the horrors of a bankruptcy by her energetic conduct, and her bold, determined efforts in his behalf. She went to the Bank of France, obtained an interview with Comte d'Argout, and by a clear and moving statement of the temporary pressure upon her husband's resources, succeeded in getting immediate and ample relief. She then went to London, and had the same success with the Bank of England. These timely loans rescued all from impending ruin. Certainly such instances of energy and capacity are rare among European ladies of these days. The company was sufficiently numerous, but select. My attention was early caught by an elegant woman, simply attired in black velvet, without ornament of any kind, her beautiful arms finely contrasting in their snowy whiteness, as they gracefully lay upon her dark dress. Her head particularly struck me; large, perfect in proportion, and most intellectually marked; her features were in harmony with the rest, extremely fine, and most captivating, from the placid expression they wore; her blue eyes beamed mildly, but with an intelligence not to be mistaken. Here are intellect and a high spirit commingling! thought I. Her manner further prepossessed me, calm, most ladylike, and yet commanding. I listened to her conversation, which confirmed most fully my previous notions of her talents. She expressed herself with the greatest ease and elegance, and in a confident tone, that proved her ability to cope with any subject or antagonist. Who can she be? I anxiously conjectured, and whispered to this effect to my hostess. She replied by presenting me to Lady B——. I was a good deal moved at the unexpectedness of this sudden *rencontre* with this, alas! too celebrated lady. Her history and misfortunes have been too often the theme of public and private comment,

for one not to have been acquainted with her, before one had even met her. I need not say how fully and entirely I had sympathised with her, for I think it the rigorous duty of a woman, always to sustain her fellow-women, be their errors or misfortunes what they may. Little, indeed, did this gifted and distinguished person stand in need of my sympathies; but I felt them as warmly, and expressed them as fully, nevertheless. Many versions of her unhappy differences with her famous husband have reached me here. You know my aversion to scandal and scandal-mongers. It was enough for me to know she had lost a home, the dignity of her position, and even the consolation of her children; that she was an abandoned wife, a mother bereft, and an unhappy, suffering woman. I regret, as every true, judicious friend of hers has done, a thousand times, that her proud and injured spirit could not suppress its rebellious mutterings; that an overburdened sense of wrong, beyond her power of endurance forced her, in a thoughtless time, to avenge herself. But enough of poor, unhappy Lady B——. I must find some room to notice the rest of the guests at Madam W——'s. Several American gentlemen were there, whose elegant manners satisfied me, in spite of all calumnies, that there are admirable men out of Europe; and I have seen enough of all countries to know the truth of the French saying, "*Le gentilhomme est toujours, et partout gentilhomme.*" The dinner was excellent; great variety of rich courses sumptuously served; and the wines, I was told by the connoisseurs, were of the finest flavour. Wines I judge always by my nose, as my palate takes no delight in any beverage other than plain, unadulterated water. There may be professional reasons for this sobriety of taste, for the pleasant juice of the grape is in decided antagonism to that firm, iron *aplomb* which it is the especial merit of my art to maintain. Therefore I eschew the exhilarating but disturbing influences

of "rosy wine." After dinner, we adjourned to an upper suite of rooms, and my admiration, I thought exhausted, was again renewed by the taste and costly beauty of these fine apartments. My courteous hostess, offering her arm, conducted me through the range of apartments, which is terminated, in the most novel and agreeable manner, by a pretty miniature hothouse, adorned with various tropical plants, and warmed to a southern temperature. I never felt any thing more luxurious, cold and wet as it was without, than this soft and balmy air. I grew fervent and poetical, and had already imagined myself reclining, quite à la *Cléopâtre*, under the graceful waving of a plantain-tree, in some delicious clime of the romantic East, when coffee was announced, and we returned to the drawing-rooms. Several new comers had entered in the meantime, and, among others, la Marquise de Las Marismas. Her face was most familiar, stationed, as it constantly is, in her magnificent *loge d'avant-scène de l'Opéra*. I found, to my great satisfaction, that it continued to wear the same friendly, good-natured smile bestowed so liberally on my stage-vaulting. I was glad, indeed, the kindness hitherto bestowed on the *artiste* was not withdrawn from the original; and, though I hardly expect that I shall ever meet Madame —— again, yet the momentary impression of her amiability that evening will be abiding. I left the elegant mansion of my affable host and hostess with the deepest emotions of pleasure, such as I have rarely experienced. To me, an acquaintance of yesterday, they displayed a warmth and sincerity of feeling I had no claim to, and can only attribute to a kindly motive of encouragement to undertake a voyage to their far-distant country, which they recommend most heartily, never failing to aid me with good counsel, and every kindness in their power. I am most fortunate in their patronage and support. Adieu.

GREAT CITIES, THEIR DECLINE AND FALL.*

ONE of the most interesting objects in an evening landscape is a traveller ascending, by many winding and difficult paths, to some hilly summit which has, during many miles of his journey, been towering over his head. Often he pauses, often he looks back; at last the ascent is accomplished, the toil is over, and he seats himself upon the grassy brow of the hill to survey the landscape that smiles at his feet. The day is departing, but the glow of sunset still lingers round the steeple of the village church, and flashes upon the ivy-grown windows of the old abbey, and reflects over the unwavering grass the long motionless shadows of the interlacing branches. The traveller gazes with a sweet but a solemn sadness. He is beholding for the last time that clear and vanishing landscape; already the *gradual dusky veil of twilight* begins to creep over the scene; the still homesteads embosomed in their old trees, and the white flocks that break the reflection of the overhanging boughs, seem to recede behind a veil of mist. Still that traveller lingers with a tearful and a loving eye. Every spot in that landscape to which he is about to bid farewell is familiar to him, and is associated with some hope or doubt, or sorrow or joy. In that grey hamlet church, behind which the crimson curve of the sun has just disappeared, leaving a shade of lustre, as if the wing of an angel had kindled the vapour as he floated through the quiet air into his Eden home,—in that hamlet church he had often knelt at the altar of his Lord; in that burial-ground, now glimmering with all its dark trees into the gloom of night, sleep the ashes of some who were dear to him in their lives, and examples to him in their deaths. His heart is touched by the spirit of memory. At this moment the curfew-bell from some

remote and misty tower swings over the shadowy fields, and tells its solemn summons to contemplation and repose. The traveller starts from his reverie at the sound; the recollection of the past is lost again in the hope of the future, and he once more resumes his long and weary pilgrimage.

Now change the scene and the figure; for the traveller leaving the home of his youth, substitute the student wandering away from the familiar haunts of actual life; and, for the landscape of nature, substitute the far-stretching and remote scenes of history. The historical, like the natural, traveller, finds many winding, difficult paths to climb before he can ascend to a summit of thoughtful experience, from which he is enabled to survey the objects beneath and around him; and when he has reached that elevation, the prospect is tinged with a melancholy light. He looks abroad upon the burial-ground of nations; on *this side* frown the majestic ruins of Palmyra and Balbec; on *that side* the fisherman dries his net upon the rock of Tyre; *here* towers the dreary solitude of Ephesus, no longer illumined by any pageant winding into the temple of Diana; *there* the traveller looks in vain for that sumptuous city which Poetry sang and Memory embalmed. The heroes, and the princes, and the philosophers of other days, sleep under those mouldering stones and that heaving sand. All that is old is passed away, or become new. Otho marks the ground on which the footsteps of Demosthenes once trod, and the sword of a Dictator dwindles into the bull of a Pope.

Over all these regions there had been a glorious and a radiant morning, and the night has sunk over them with all its immensity of shade. In the landscape of the fields and woods, as in the landscape of king-

* Theocratic Progress of English History. By the Rev. J. D. Schomberg, B.A. C.C.C., Vicar of Poleaworth, Warwickshire.

The Age of Great Cities; or, Modern Society Viewed in its Relation to Intelligence, Morals, and Religion. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.

The Victory of Faith, and other Sermons. By J. C. Hare, Archdeacon of Lewes.

doms and cities, we trace the alternations of seasons, the flush and brilliancy of morning succeeded by the languor and gloom of evening; and so we mark a wonderful analogy between the world of *men* and the world of *nature*. Their revolutions correspond in manner, though not in duration. While one side of the great world of history is illuminated and warmed by the sun of civilisation, the other is dark and cold; and, in the appointed course of years, the bright side sinks into gloom, and the dark side turns to the dawning ray. Athens revolves into light, as Egypt goes down into shadow; the sun sets on Athens to rise over Rome, and dies out at Rome to be rekindled at Bagdad. The great luminary of national light, and warmth, and fertility, runs his awful and majestic course,—a course appointed by the Divine Architect of heaven and earth,—and it was the contemplation of this sublime and wondrous vicissitude that uplifted even the imagination of Armstrong to a strain that might have flowed from the lip of Milton:—

“What does not Fate? The tower that long had stood
The crashing thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the sure but slow destroyer,
Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruin o’er its base;
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down;
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires sink with their own weight.”

It is a voice from heaven that tells us that all flesh is grass, and that the glory of man is but as the “flower of grass,”—a more fragile thing even than the grass itself; more brilliant, indeed, but exposed not only to the rude trample of the heedless footstep, but to the swifter desolation of the scythe. It was a beautiful amplification of the prophet to represent that the *distinctions* of humanity faded swifter even than *humanity* itself. Whatever is true of one flower in the grass, is true of the field; whatever is true of one man, is true of a nation. If the flower blooms only to fade, the man flourishes only to decay. “The law of change per-

vades every thing human. Manhood attains to its vigour only to be borne down, as to its second childhood, by age and its infirmities. Every thing is either rising or falling, and rising only to fall.” It is easy “to mark progression or decay; but *maturity*, we scarcely recognise it, when it begins to vanish and is gone. It is so with nations, it is so with every thing concerning the history of nations;” and in this melancholy contemplation of the principles of decay, often so imperceptibly, but so certainly, developing itself in the grandeur of national constitutions, we cannot but see the truth of Archdeacon Hare’s remark, “That nations, when they have begun to sink, have scarcely any power to check their descent; and that unless some happy shock drives them upward, *they commonly continue to fall with an ever-increasing velocity.*” Well, therefore, may we suppose the historical traveller to be touched with a solemn and thoughtful sadness as he gazes from the loftiest elevation of philosophic research upon the majestic burial-ground of nations. He will endeavour, with the magical arts of memory, to build up once more the golden cities where they dwelt in the ardour and bloom of their existence. He will see the sunshine gilding the terraced battlements of Babylon; he will hear the hum, the tumult, the rivalry of the Piræus; and will catch, on the still air of time, the rustling of Tyrian sails, wafting home the richest merchandise of the East. He will call up from the shadows of the past the glowing features of the orator who awoke the ambition, or the sweeter countenance of the poet who charmed the sorrows, of his country. With sterner scenes of history and warfare, he will mingle the gentler lineaments of poetry and peace. The Sabine farm, green to the very door, will shed its refreshing coolness over the hatred and the struggles of Augustus and Antony; and the spirit of fancy will break, as from a purple cave of cloud, from the unfolding verses of Catullus over the fever, and the storm, and the gloom of Catiline. But if the visions be created, they will not remain; soon the cold wind of reality scatters them into air; the student, indeed, lingers to recall the dream, but it comes no more:—

"He looks, and his heart is in heaven;
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill
will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away
from his eyes."

Perhaps of all the great cities whose voices of majesty resound through the silence and the solitude of time, Rome alone preserves the solemn grandeur and the mysterious awfulness of her fame. The traveller searches for Byzantium in the midst of Constantinople, and looks for the opulent commerce of Carthage in a few huts of poverty and desolation. But Rome lives; the torch of her renown has never been extinguished, the sceptre of her power has never been broken, the diadem of her splendour has never been stripped away. She has been transformed, but never annihilated; the torch has been kindled at a different flame, the sceptre has been waved over different regions, the diadem has marked the sovereignty of different potentates,—still the royalty of dominion has been hers—still she has spoken with a supremacy of will—still she has been the mistress of the world. We quote with delight the eloquent words of Archdeacon Hare, in a sermon preached in the eternal city:—

"Where upon earth is there any spot, Jerusalem alone excepted, in which the power of the Lord has been manifested as it has been in this fateful city, in this monumental mass, which neither the ferocity nor the cupidity of men has yet been able to sweep away, and in contending against which, Time seems to have been curtailed of its all-effacing power, in this vast, indestructible tomb of her who once was the Mistress of the World? When other mighty cities have fallen, they have fallen utterly; the dominion of Death over them has been total; the very ground on which some of them stood has become a prey to the elements; the generations that won and rejoiced in their glory, live only, if at all, in the scanty and shadowy records of history. But when Rome has fallen, she rose. When her carnal empire had been stripped off from her, she came forth as the queen of a spiritual empire; and within her walls the dead seem still to subsist side by side with the living,

in awful and almost indistinguishable communion. So that here the most trivial can hardly escape being struck with some lessons of serious thought, such as bear the mind from the present into the past, and through the past into the future. Even they can hardly fail to discern some of the truths which are here written in characters of gigantic size, legible even to the most short-sighted, intelligible even to the dullest. For who can fail to perceive here, how strong and mighty man is, feeble as he may appear outwardly, when the Lord of Hosts is bearing him onward?—how strengthless and impotent, on the other hand, though armed with all the power and skill of the earth, when the Lord of Hosts is against him? Where else has the Lord shewn such strength with his arm? Where else has he so scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts? Where else has he so put down the mighty from their seat, and so exalted those that were of low degree? Where else do we read so plainly that it is the Lord who giveth the victory, and that it is the Lord who taketh it away? Where else do we see so palpably that, even in this world, despite of the violence and wiles of its prince, that which is morally the best is, in the end, also, the strongest,—that virtue, like knowledge, is power,—that moral energy in a people is indispensable, not only to win an empire, but to keep it,—and that luxury and vice enfeeble the arm until the sceptre drops from its grasp? Of what place in the whole globe may it be said with such truth, that so far, at least, as regards natural religion, it is a prophet, yea, and more than a prophet!"

This is truth, and eloquent truth; and we think that the history of Rome, in all her dreadfulness of bigotry, and all her splendour of tyranny, was foreseen, at least, in the apostolic times.

Our readers are aware that the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians contains a most remarkable reference to some principle of iniquitous power, then comparatively dormant and harmless, which, in some future age of the Church, was to grow up into vigour and might. It appears that the Thessalonians, or, at least, some of the number, had conceived an opinion that the coming of Christ was to take place immediately, and this persuasion had produced much alarm in the Church of that city.

To allay this excitement, and to rectify this error, St. Paul addressed to the converts of Thessalonica a second letter, in which he tells them that the day of Jesus Christ will not come, except there come *first*, not, as we render it, a *falling away*, but, as it ought to be rendered, emphatically and particularly, *THE falling away*, or the apostasy. The Apostle then, as if conscious of the difficulty of the intelligence which he communicates, proceeds to remind the Thessalonians of a conversation which he had formerly had with them upon this subject; he assumes them to have been at that time acquainted with the cause which prevented the revelation of this man of perdition, and then, with a preliminary caution, as it were, goes on to announce the dark saying to which we have alluded. As if he had said, Let not the green and flourishing surface of Christianity deceive you into a belief that no agency of destruction is ripening beneath it,—that no pernicious vapours are waiting to be exhaled, and that no desolating fires are kindling to an eruption, for I tell you that “the mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he that letteth will let till he be taken on by the way.” This is, without controversy, a dark saying, but we take our place with those interpreters who apply it to the gradual developement of the *Papal power*. We entertain no doubt that the Apostle beheld, with the piercing eyesight of prophetic revelation, the appalling, yet magnificent vision of Romanism, rising in all its disastrous and stormy splendour behind the reddening horizon of time. We believe that when he reminded the Thessalonians that they knew what withheld the revelation of that power, the establishment of the Papal dominion, he alluded to the presence and the domination of the Roman emperors; when that obstacle should be removed, the path of Romish supremacy would become open; the purple would be replaced by a tiara, and the throne of an emperor by the chair of a bishop. It was to denote his consciousness of the gradual process of superstition and impiety, by which the catastrophe was to be brought about, that the apostle employed the remarkable phrase, “the mystery of iniquity doth already work;” and the

difficulty that presents itself in the conclusion of the verse will be immediately remedied by a slight critical correction. The Greek word which our translation renders the old English expression *to let*, means, properly, *to restrain or hinder*; and the signification of the passage, if justly drawn out, is this:—The Emperor of Rome at present keeps back or restrains the developement of this iniquity, which, I warn you, is already working, and he will continue to hinder and restrain it until, in the appointed course of the Providential government, he be removed and taken out of the way; then there will be nothing to check the growth and the destructiveness of this arrogant and unholy Superstition, which is already corrupting, in secret, the pure elements of Christianity; feature after feature of deception will appear from behind the veil, until, at length, the whole physiognomy of ungodliness will come out in the flushed and eager triumph of an audacious impiety, and the mystery of iniquity will be revealed in all its lustre of decoration, and in all its deformity of falsehood. As the inspired teacher of the Thessalonians declared, so it has happened; history confirms the warning of the Apostle. As the power of the Roman empire declined, the power of the Roman Church increased; the calendar of Olympus was succeeded by the calendar of the Propaganda; the fraudulent god was transformed into the fraudulent saint; the fabulous oracles spoke again in the blood of Januarius; the terrible Prætorium reappeared in the awful Vatican, and the sumptuous despotism of the emperors was replaced by the gorgeous tyranny of the popes.

We think it a fact unparalleled in the history of the world, that, during so many successive centuries, and amid such wonderful changes of rules, institutions, literature, manners, and religion, the operations of the same animating *temper* and *disposition* should be distinctly visible,—the same spirit, we say, only under a different manifestation. The *civil* was exchanged for a spiritual *despotism*, and the Pagan for the Christian intolerance. The same tyrant's soul that rushed to the face of Domitian, crimsoned the swelling features of Hildebrand, and the murderers of

the Colosseum glared again in the torturers of the Inquisition.

Vaughan opens his account of great cities with a brief exposition of his objects in speaking of them; and this he does by indicating the conflict between *feudalism and civilisation*. He dwells with satisfaction upon the spectacle of the mailed and arrogant power of the baronial times struck down on its knee beneath the onward pressure of the operative masses, and the castle and the banner of the knight obscured by the dark chimneys of swarming manufactories. The author's introductory remarks are composed with a studied brevity, and an imitation of Tacitus or Montesquieu. Every sentence bristles with an axiom in political economy. But the external effect is not produced by a strong internal feeling. There is none of the working nerve and play of expression which cause the intellectual features of the Latin and the French historians to be perceived behind the mask. It requires the plastic energy of genius to render a disguise natural. We cannot think the writer safe from overthrow when he observes that the most *murmuring nation has commonly been the most free*; whereas, in truth, there can be nothing strange in a murmuring people being free, since their murmurs are the clearest indication, not only of their possession of freedom, but of their intention to keep it.

The consideration of the rising splendour and influence of commerce brings the author to the front of his inquiry, viz. into the *character of great cities*. And here the first consideration that meets him is a disposition—which has never been altogether extinguished, but which seems now to be propagating itself to a wider extent—to sigh for the old solitude and grandeur of military and feudal power. We say that this disposition has never been entirely extinguished. It could not be, for if resolved into the simple elements of its formation, it will be found only to consist of an admiration of the *majestic* over the *minute*, and of the *picturesque* over the *commonplace*. From imaginative minds, therefore, disposed, from their very constitution, to survey objects under the illumination of their own thoughts, such a longing could never be extirpated.

In the ardour of their visionary enjoyments, they would never dream of the possibility of reviving with the splendour and pageantry all the squalidness and ignorance of feudalism. They would entertain no apprehension lest the tide of civilisation, flowing back into the sterile places of remote ages, should return with an ungovernable impetuosity of foam, sweeping along in its tempestuous current all the ruins and the deposit of centuries, to curse with barrenness the flourishing soil of the civil polity.

The object of Vaughan is to shew the dangerous consequences of such a recession from the *present* into the *past*, and while indicating the existence of these errors, to shew also their fatal antagonism to all that is valuable in our religious and moral condition. He has two objects, one to *overthrow* and one to *build up*, and while he batters down some tower of imaginary *falsehood*, to erect in its place some dome of truth upon the great temple of political economy. The course of his argument leads him to speak first of the great cities of ancient Asia, and our readers will be pleased with the following lively sketch of the appearances which may be supposed to have presented themselves to the eye of a visitor entering one of the great cities of the ancient East:—

“The masses on whom your eye would first rest are the slave multitude engaged in labour connected with the city traffic, or in the usual matters of domestic servitude. Mixed with these, you see, at certain seasons, the tillers of the ground, conveying the produce of the surrounding country, or of more distant regions, along the different pathways leading from the city gates to the places appointed for its sale or lodgment. So passed along the streets of Tyre ‘the 20,000 measures of wheat and the twenty measures of pure oil,’ which Solomon sent, year after year, to that city, in exchange for a supply of firs and cedars obtained from its sovereign. The merchant-king raised no corn, but his people were manufacturers and traders, and their manufactures and their wealth always sufficed to obtain supplies of that nature in abundance. Mingled with those who brought the produce of the rich lands of Syria into her cities, or who conveyed the harvests which teemed on the banks of the Euphrates, or the Nile, into the great cities which rose

on the banks of those rivers, you see another and a more numerous class of men, of an aspect more city-worn, but more shrewd and more thoughtful: and those are the people skilled in useful and decorative art—such as build, and weave, and produce all kinds of manufactures, ministering in a thousand ways to the comfort of the poor, and to the luxury of the rich, by producing every matter of needful or curious workmanship. Such were the five hundred men employed by Hiram, or Tyre, in raising and adorning the temple and palaces of Solomon, Hiram himself being a man ‘filled with wisdom, and understanding, and cunning, to work all works in brass.’ Turning from the crowds who pass their days thus amidst streets and factories, you cross the path of a more swarthy race, distinguished by their dress from all beside, and loitering about in groups, or busy beneath the scorching heat of an eastern sun in unlading the sea-worn vessel of her burden, and these are they who ‘go down to the sea in ships, who do business in great waters, and see wonders in the deep.’ In the same localities with these men, another order of persons may be seen, differing from all who have preceded,—men on whose beards some forty summer suns have fallen, whose costume marks them as belonging neither to the priesthood nor to the camp, while their furrowed brow, and piercing eye, and superior presence, suffice to apprise you that these must be the great traffickers of their time, men who have explored the most distant regions by means of the coasting ships of Phœnicia, or Arabia Felix, or by following the camel’s track across the burning desert, or through the more dreaded passes of the Tauric mountains. Looking above these classes, and the many besides which make up the promiscuous crowd before you, your eye might next be directed to the state of the more luxurious in such communities, moving abroad in all the glittering pomp of Eastern equipage. Among these the warrior caste is conspicuous, marshalled in their gorgeous trappings; but higher still is the place assigned to the men who bear the office of priesthood, whose sacred costume, and mystic services, and magnificent temples, are all of a nature to aid their pretensions as sole possessors of the higher order of intelligence. Above all these gradations of mortal meanness and of mortal greatness rises the demigod himself—the

sovereign, whose abode, as seen in the instance of a Darius, a Belshazzar, or a Ramesses, may be regarded as presenting the most impressive image of his colossal empire. While your eye performs its travel up the vast altitude, and along the extended space of the royal dwelling-place, and as you pass its gates, and move onward through the interminable wonders of its interior, every thing appears as though called into existence to serve as the emblem of a sovereignty capable of bidding defiance to the hand of man, and even to the power of time; whilst its external magnitude, its massy forms, and its gigantic strength, seem to proclaim it as the proper home of the world’s power; its endless magnificence disclosing itself every where through the regions within, seem to announce it with no less certainty as the appointed home of the world’s opulence.”—Pp. 17–20.

The cities of the East resembled the dwellings of rival and opposing Magicians; they presented a succession of contrasts which this world has never seen equalled for their splendour and their wretchedness: all that was magnificent blazed by the side of all that was squalid. Creation after creation rose from the wand of Beauty and the wand of Deformity. The power of the magicians was equal. The Genii of decoration and the Genii of plunder came alike to their respective summons; and the architectural glories of the palaces of Babylon towered over the intellectual ignorance of the most abandoned alleys of London. So it was with the cities of the East; and it may well be asked, with a thrilling wonder and fear, “If London presents such awful masses of the impure and revolting,” what spectacle must have been presented to the eye of the inquirer in the dark recesses of Thebes, or Babylon, or Antioch, or Ephesus? We shall return to this most interesting subject upon which we have thus turned, and endeavour to trace some of the causes to which the decline and fall of great cities are justly to be attributed.

THE GITANO.

On arriving at Despeno Perros in the Sierra on my route from Madrid to Granada, the rich productions of a tropic clime began to display their beauties. The waving oak, the flowering myrtle, first greeted us, to be followed successively by the towering palm, the olive, so oft the herald of peace and plenty, the mesembryanthemum, enlivening the scene with its profusion, and gorgeous flowers of glowing scarlet, while here and there extensive groves of orange and lemon-trees embowering an ancient convent or gloomy monastery, surrounding them with a heavenly atmosphere, breathing forth their perfume with every sun. And on approaching the fertile plain, the plants which tenant the desolate Sahara, the alluvial borders of the "flowing Nile," and the "happy land of Yemen," were all in abundance. We stopped; the *coup d'œil* was truly beautiful. The gloomy Sierra, now chiefly passed, towering behind; the Mediterranean in front, studded with snow-white sails; the city of Granada in the distance, glittering in the sun, while now and then the surrounding Genil and Darro could be seen "sparkling below." And not less picturesque was our *cortège*; here was to be seen the German, from the Sierran colonies, puffing from his meerschau, and sitting on his mule with as much lazy *nonchalance* as if listening to a song on his native Rhine; the wild and roving son of the Morena, with his sheep-skin jacket, long boots, shining knife, and ready carbine; the Castilian, haughty and self-confident, with his long sword, large cloak, and high-crowned, wide-leaved sombrero; the Navarrese, fresh from his craggy steeps, mixed with the "dark-eyed, dark-skinned, and fierce-looking Moriscoe;" while the red cap, flowing hair, velvet breeches, tight jacket, with its silver buttons, distinguished the Catalonian muleteer; and there, too, was Jean Jacques, his laugh so loud and joyous, telling of the gallant Frenchman, as he saw the moody Spaniards "clashed" some juggling,

ragged, raw-boned gipsies, of whom there were upwards of a dozen in our troop. All eyes were turned towards a horseman riding furiously along the rocky road and followed by another in as much haste; the road was so crowded with our company as to make them halt, and as the "Buenos dias Senors" of almost all greeted the travellers, our muleteers gave a respectful and friendly salute to the hindermost. "Do you know him, Quienes?" said I. "Señor Doctor C—" replied the driver. 'Twas the very man to whom I had a letter of introduction.

I rode forward, and, addressing my compliments, handed him a letter, he opened and read it. "Ah!" said he, "poor Tom! how is he? But, señor," said he, "an affair has taken place in the mountains between the king's troops and a strong party of contrabandists. A young and promising officer, I'm told by my companion, is mortally wounded. Do me the favour of calling at No. 16, Plaza Vivarambla."

Away bolted the guide and the doctor after him. From this, until we arrived at our dwelling in one of the principal streets, one scene of beauty succeeded another, till the mind of the unused became as it were satiated. Next day, after siesta hour, on turning into the Plaza Buenastardes de Dios, M. Amigo caused me to turn. 'Twas the doctor. I inquired for the officer.

"Ah!" said he, "dead. Could not live; run through, and spine splintered. Strange, just such a wound as I once saw given by a gitano. The similarity of the wound brings to my recollection a melancholy incident. How well has it been said, 'Truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction.' Doubtless you remarked that magnificent pile, splendid above others, in the plain as you came down. That, señor, was once the princely residence of Sot de Roma, and at the time of my story was one of the residences of Count C—, prime-minister to this kingdom. The scene that occurred is vivid to my memory.

though many summers have since passed over. Many a solano has blown over this land; many, I might nearly say all, of my best and earliest friends are gone, and how many of the stars of this land of beauty have I seen swept away in their bloom, alas! never to return. As intimate friend, I was requested to assist him in superintending the arrangements which were to grace the *début* of his only and beauteous daughter Leonora. Every thing was got up with the magnificence of an Eastern prince; before or since I have never seen it equalled. The hall, grand in its immensity, was ornamented and stuccoed in the arabesque style. The sofas of ebony and chairs of rose-wood were worked (in place of cane) with silver wire, while the tables and sideboards, of the rarest wood, were covered with the richest wines and most prized productions of this and other lands; a splendid chandelier streamed with light, which looked the work of enchantment from the various hues reflected from its many-coloured glass, with every variety of costume, all of the richest, sparkling with diamonds and shining with gold. Here was the royal blood of the desert, the last descendant of the haughty Zegris, his silken turban of snowy white, with its shining crescent, the pedestal of a precious stone, from behind which waved a scarlet plume; alone he stood, proud and kingly withal, returning passing courtesies with as much grace and dignity as if the Zegris was still the terror of Spain, while the haughty noble moved along, eyeing with disdain those who from low estate strode forward to the highest stations in the realm. Courtly elegance and graceful amenity marked the noble of the *ancien régime*, while the merry laugh of some naval officers told our own isle was not unrepresented; and there, too, some Italians, remarkable for their classic beauty, stood clothed in the uniform of colonels in the Spanish line. Count Florida — opened the ball with the fair *débutante*, and then, for the first time, as the glittering throng fell back, I remarked a young man of the most prepossessing appearance, a countenance of noble beauty; and a figure of the most exquisite proportion was well set off by a frock of

tela de oro, on which his curly locks of dark auburn fell with rich profusion; he seemed a favourite with the *doñas*; they smiled to him; and there, close by, was a fair girl, a form cast in the most beauteous mould; features truly delightful were rendered entrancing by eyes 'large and languishingly dark.' To my oft-repeated query of, 'Do you know them?' I could only obtain an unsatisfactory answer. The fandango now having given way to the valtz, a voice from behind said, 'Assuredly the death-warrant of that old *militaire* has been written; three times has he passed in the embrace of that tall and light-hearted Biscayan señorita; three times did he stop just opposite, rubbing his head, and gasping like a man in a sulphur-bath; each time, just as he was catching his breath, whish! away she hurried him, uttering an ejaculation now and then to go easy. But no; she heeded him not; she thought, I suppose, of nothing but her misfortune in getting such a partner.' 'Twas our host who addressed me; he immediately told me the young man I remarked was from Ireland, a noble family from the south; he came with letters of introduction from the French minister and the Condé de —. The girl was daughter to one of the merchant princes of Cadiz, brought up in the same convent with his daughter. They became as loving as sisters, and continual companions. There now she has passed in the arms of the 'Inglesé,' and there now Leonora de C—, after with the young Duke de O—. The valtz ceased; several pieces were performed, to the delight of all, on the piano, then a rare instrument in Spain; while several Parisian violinists drew forth their choicest strains, the young Conde Dalvara, striking his guitar, chanted forth a Moorish ballad. He ceased, when, from a far and secluded end of the room, a splendid prelude, executed in the most masterly style on the harp, astonished numbers of the company, and delighted me, now hearing it for the first time for many years. It was followed by a splendid march, and some of the most complex pieces of Continental composers. Our host informed me the performer came

to this country some years before with a small and delicate child, and with her alone he resided on the banks of the Darro, in a charming cottage sufficiently near to hear the murmur of its cascades and see the glance of its waters. There was more mystery and as little known of him now as the day he first came to Andalusia. 'Now,' said he, calling over a page, 'we'll try him for a song,' he whispered the boy. In a few minutes I saw the minstrel stoop towards him; his long and silvery hair falling on the page's shoulder. There was silence as his fingers wandered over the strings, striking up a bold measure; he sang a Spanish ballad; his voice, so full, rich, and harmonious, did ample justice to the copious and sonorous language of Spain. He appeared old, but his voice had in it all the energy, the depth of intonation; the harmony, the truth, and soul-like expression that belongs to youth alone. He went back to the glorious days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the victories of her great captain, the discoveries of Columbus, and the expulsion of the Moslems. I turned round; there was the haughty Morisco, his turban off, and his plume hanging melancholy-like beside it; one hand supported his head, the other hung listlessly by his side, thinking, perhaps, of the faded glories of his race, when Moslem Spain was the terror of Europe; pondering, perchance, on their last defeat, when the desert poured forth the colossal figures of her night-black sons to support the last bulwark of Mahomet's worshippers against the haughty Christians. The song ceased; one wild and thundering cheer burst from all. Again judge my feelings; think what a delightful melancholy stole over my soul as the first words of 'Savourneen deelish,' with a delightful accompaniment, saluted my ear. The scene of grandeur before me, more like those told as the works of the genii than the reality of life, vanished. And I was beside the companion of my youth, on the shores of Lough Ree, as he sang with a thrilling earnestness and powerful command of voice I never but once heard equalled. The Italian leader of the Parisian band, celebrated through Europe as a composer and

performer, appeared spell-bound; his countenance, lit up by a sublime expression of pleasure, drank in every note; and there was another apparently as much enraptured, 'twas El Señor Inglese, as the minstrel poured forth his last melancholy words. They came floating through the room, falling on the enchanted throng like a light summer cloud. The Señor Inglese stepped from the crowd; his elegant person excited the envy of some, and called forth the admiration of more, as he alone walked towards the minstrel. He addressed him; but, as the startled antelope bounds from the sight of the tiger, he hurried back. But the minstrel was beside him, his hand on the shoulder of the Inglese, George B—. They stood opposite me; the long white hair of the harper had now given way to 'flowing locks of glossy black;' a countenance of noble, but severe and scornful expression was rendered terrific by the fearful-rolling and fire-flashing eyes, the largest and darkest lover looked on; his skin was as dusky as that of a sun-tanned Alpic Jarrese: some words passed between them. The Englishman attempted to draw his diamond-hilted dagger, but a heavy blow from the other levelled him to the floor. 'Seize him! seize him!' fiercely exclaimed all. He sternly and loudly shouted, 'Stand! Approach me not!' and, throwing back his dark cloak, he drew forth a flashing sabre; his silken sash was studded with petronel-like pistols, and a silver bugle hung from his neck. 'Lo conosco! lo Zincalo!' whispered a voice. 'Twas the Italian officer. 'Stir not!' repeated the disturber. 'I come armed and prepared. Look!' said he, stamping his foot; and at the same moment the flowing curtains which veiled twenty windows were moved aside. A tall sombrero and dusky countenance peeped from each. 'Ay,' said he; 'ere a trigger could click, or a sword reach me, the ring of twenty carbines would sound the death-note of Spain's noblest blood. But look, ye nobles,' and he laid the point of his sword on the breast of the prostrate man, to prevent his moving; 'there lieth a reptile the williest of the serpent tribe. Allow him not in your palaces; pollute

not the presence of your wives and daughters by his presence—by one 'whose years, though few,' are stained with the blackest villany.' He stamped his foot. 'El Gitano,' was buzzed around, daggers flashed, and swords were drawn. He slipped the cord of his cloak, grasped it by the collar, whirled it round, and, with one blow, the splendid chandelier with its hundred lights fell crashing to the floor, leaving us in darkness. There was a step. I heard the words, 'Leonora mi alma, voya, voya, Estrella Mia.' The curtain moved back; a bound in the lawn, and rustle through the olives, told me the intruder had fled. In a moment after the doors flew open, Colonel Davila and several men rushed in, followed by servants, some with weapons, some with lights, and all with pale faces. All were abashed; none knew the Gitano was gone, and so was the Moriscoe. Señors, doñas, and senontas, were all huddled together, all gazing at the insulted señor, and scarcely believing that he was alive. 'Ha!' exclaimed the colonel, 'what's this?—a packet?' He opened it—slapped his hand against his thigh. 'We have him! to horse! You, señor, will accompany us; we may need you. And you, Señor B——, will come, I doubt not, to help me take your insulter, the gipsy contrabandista, the dread of Andalusia, and robber-chief of the Sierra Morena.' 'What hour is it?' responded our startled host. 'Away, Jeronimo; ride to the Alhambra. Tell Captain Hernan to turn out the dragoons, and meet me on the road to Alhama.'

"On the way Davila told us the letter he picked up was from the gipsy to one of his subalterns, to meet him in a certain place in the Sierra, where he would await him with two companions, stating he was sending those who accompanied him to the ball to intercept the Marquess San Antonia, who was coming from the capital to press the exertion against the contrabandistas. 'So, señors,' said he, 'you perceive we'll catch the thief easily—take him unawares; for when he sees himself completely surrounded, though a reckless fellow, he'll surely surrender.' We met the troop immediately after, and he sent them on the best road, while he

took a bridle-path, which he said would bring us out two leagues the city side of where we might hit on the chief. To you, M. Amigo, who have lately passed this desolate region, it will be unnecessary to describe the dark ravines and gloomy glens so often met with. After two hours' ride, we found ourselves entering one of them through a craggy defile. We chatted gaily, utterly devoid of apprehension, as Davila told us we were yet half a league from where we might expect to be joined by the body of the dragoons. Still we were on the *qui vive*. We were descending through the midst of the narrow pass, when a groan and a heavy fall behind caused us to turn round;—'t was the two orderlies on the ground. Two darkly clad men kneeling on them, flashing before their eyes those large and dreadful knives carried almost by all Spaniards. Two more held the bridles of the startled horses. The same moment a hellish yell rang behind us. Our bridles and legs were grasped; while the shining barrels of half a score of carbines, pointed by as many of the fiercest-looking men I ever beheld, were in front, while the foremost, who seemed to be their leader, a tall, commanding figure, respectfully touched his sombrero. 'Señors, fear not—be quiet—resist not. Attend us to the bottom of this glen.' B——'s blade was out; the arm that grasped his bridle was severed above the elbow, while a bullet from Davila's pistol cut through the spokesman's sombrero, and entered the open mouth of one of the carbineers. In an instant we were on the ground, men and horses; my throat was grasped so tightly as almost to deprive me of life. When I was relieved I found myself bound hand and foot; and the fellow, who I thought was going to send me over the river Styx, with all the ease imaginable took me lovingly in his arms. The colonel, who was large and powerfully built, was held by two of the villains, one having him by the ears and the other by the heels. The Honourable George B——d was carried in the same manner; and, on reaching the bed of the glen, we were flung to the ground like so many bags of corn. The leader again addressed us, say-

ing, 'Notwithstanding our disgraceful conduct, if our honour was pledged, he would unloose us, otherwise a plunge from a dagger would be our doom,' a threat which seemed to be highly relished by the majority of the assembly. As for myself, although never so nervous, I acquiesced in a moment. B—— and Davila followed.

"Are we loose?" said I.

"Yes, all but the horsemen."

"Well," said Davila, 'I suppose we may walk off now, our poor horses being ripped up?'

"No, señor," said the leader; 'a friend of mine requests a little conversation with you. There he is on your right.' And there stood our visitor of last night.

"So, colonel, I guessed aright, that your kind regards would lead you after me."

"My duty as well as inclination prompts me to hunt down any offender against our laws."

"Well, come hither."

"They spoke, Davila drew back in surprise."

"Can this be true?"

"Yes; are you satisfied?"

"Ay, as an affair of honour, but would I could prevent it."

"Say not so!" retorted the other.

"All this time B—— was silent, his face deadly pale: frequently he turned, but on every side met a steady and significant gaze."

"Well, villain," said the minstrel, addressing B——, 'we're now well and finally met; our long account will shortly be settled; the wrongs of my poor, gentle, dark-eyed Mary will be avenged! Before this have I offered you an honourable way to satisfy me for your villany; you agreed, but the dagger of an assassin left me weltering in my gore in the Corso of the Eternal City, as you supposed to rise no more, but here now we are in the bosom of the *Morena*: I've tracked you with the untiring energy of the sleuth-hound!'

"He cast aside his cloak and removed his slouching *sombrero*, he was clad in the uniform of an Austrian officer, the order of *Maria Therese* on his breast. Did a thunderbolt fall at my feet, more surprised or more astonished I could not be. 'T was the friend of my boyhood, Gerald. The tones of his voice, the lordly brow,

the raven hair, the extra eyes—why did I not recognise them? yet it was he, the same Gerald, but how changed!

"Draw, scoundrel! you shall not now escape!"

"Yes," replied B——; 'madman, you tempt your fate! Your slander, your falsehood, and your insult, shall receive their proper punishment!'

Their blades crossed, Gerald seemed the strongest, but, at the third pass, it was quite evident the *Señor Inglese* was the best swordsman. There was no boy's play. The rapid sweep of the broadsword was alternated for the short cut and deadly thrust of the small. Gerald lost first blood, and again his ribs were fleshed; he stepped back, raised his blade, and struck his opponent's sword and shivered it at the very hilt, and, like lightning, buried his own in unfortunate B——'s body to the hilt, which struck his breast. He fell, rolled over, sat up again, his life-blood bubbling from his lips, and looked—oh, God! he looked so full of despair and mortal anguish—that look which seemed to say, 'My lost soul is before me!' He fell back, the blood rushing from him in a torrent, the descending aorta being cut. He was dead in half the time I have been describing. Gerald A—— was kneeling over him.

"The companion of my youth," exclaimed he, 'but the blighter of my manhood! he is now before his Judge; the blood of that beautiful, innocent, but ruined girl, has cried to Heaven for vengeance! Night and day she seemed to stand chidingly before me. I've done this as much to avenge her wrongs as revenge my own injuries. My poor Mary—my lost and gentle one!' exclaimed he, his features pallid, and his soul seemed brimful of sorrow. He walked towards me, 'Doctor, or Robert,' said he, 'I've not forgot you. Last night I saw you drinking in that love which has seared my very heart. Good by! I can't say God bless you, for I fear I have no part in His graces!'

"He grasped my hand, and, bloody as he was, I could not draw it away. He lifted his cloak, and mounted a splendid steed a *contrabanda* held, waved his hand, bowed his head to the saddle-bow, and, like the wind, rushed through the steep pass; the

smuggler stood by, sullen and unmoved; Davila, pale and horror-struck, scarcely seemed to comprehend the scene before him.

"'Ramo!' cried the leader of the band, 'throw this body over the back of a mule. Colonel, wait here for half an hour, and your men will meet. You will find two horses better than those you've lost with your arms outside the pass.'

"He raised his sombrero and bowed respectfully; then, for the first time, I marked an extraordinary resemblance between him and Gerald A——. Davila looked at him.

"'Lo Zincalo?' said he.

"'Yes,' replied the other. 'I'm the Gipsy ruler of the Sierras, and although a hater of the 'Busne,' I'm not the tiger I'm represented by my enemies. I would serve a friend, though a Busne, and almost punish a Gitano if a deceiver. We may meet again.

"His men were now off, he again bowed and rode away. We then look-

ed at our unfortunate companion, the gayest in the last night's revel; and unbound the dragoons (who were safe with the exception of a few bruises), which we had scarcely done when twenty carbines rattled seemingly within twenty yards, immediately followed by the jingle of arms, and rush of horse, and the dark caps of the dragoons came in on the opposite side to where the smugglers went out. They were our own, they caught sight of the fellows riding down the hill, fired, and the greater part of the troop followed, though with little hopes of success. Davila and I mounted, and, on getting to the head of the pass, shots were again exchanged. But the contrabandistas were away, the bugle sounded, we carried the remains of poor B—— to the city, and buried him on the banks of the Genil. The affair caused great noise here; Davila was tried by court-martial, but was honourably acquitted."

MILITARY TABLEAUX; OR, SCENES FROM THE WARS OF NAPOLEON,
SKETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

No. II.

SCENES FROM THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

WHEN the swarming host intended for the invasion of Russia was assembling on the Niemen, General Gravert, the commander of the Prussian contingent, received an order to send two regiments of light cavalry to reinforce the main column of the grand army, which the emperor himself was to lead. The troops selected for this service were the 1st Lancers, who were attached to the 2d corps of cavalry, and the 2d Hussars, the regiment we propose to accompany through the campaign, and which was incorporated with the 1st corps of the reserve cavalry, under the King of Naples. This corps consisted of a heavy and a light division, the heavy division composed of two brigades of cuirassiers of six regiments each, and two light brigades, the one composed of four French regiments, the other, termed *La Brigade Etrangère*, of two regiments of Polish lancers, and of the Prussian hussars already mentioned. These thirteen regiments mustered 10,000 horse in the ranks, had twelve guns attached to them, and were under the orders of General Nansouty, one of the most distinguished officers in the French service. As our present sketch is taken from the journal of a youthful hussar, who accompanied the expedition, the reader will recollect that the Prussian troops raised after the unfortunate war of 1806 were levied by a rigorous conscription, which exempted no class of the population, so that we need not be surprised to find a private trooper quoting Homer and Schiller.

"The regiment having been suddenly assembled in the night of the 22d June, and informed of the declaration of war, received immediate orders to march; and, after a toilsome journey, we reached Kowno at noon, where we joined the 1st corps of reserve cavalry. The transition from the tranquil and retired quarter we had left to the noisy and tumultuous centre of a large army prepared for action—to the bustling

soldiers were busily engaged in providing against their various wants, was singular and striking in the extreme.

"Some arrangements were here made for supplying the troops with provisions; and every horseman received ten days meal, packed into sacks, which the men moistened in order to keep out the dust. But neither general nor regimental officers had any idea of the real value of these provisions. No one knew any thing about the interior of Russia. The most experienced had only served in Poland, where provisions were scarce and of an indifferent quality, but where there was no actual famine. The old soldiers did not like to burden their horses with the additional weight; 'We shall not starve,' said they, 'where our horses can live;' and the young ones readily followed the example of their seniors. And as neither generals nor commanders paid the least attention to the matter, these valuable supplies were soon carelessly consumed or as carelessly thrown away. For the horses no forage whatever had been provided; they were left entirely to the chance of what could be gathered in the hostile country.

"On the 23d June, the corps of Marshal Davoust, Oudinot, and Montbrun, having already crossed the Niemen, we also commenced the passage of the river. The march lay by the Kowno road towards the bridge; and, as every party that was either scattered or crowded together tried to make its own way, the wildest confusion reigned along the whole line. Cavalry, artillery, carriages, baggage-trains of marshals and generals, led horses, and camp-followers of every description, were pressed together in the narrow road between the hill and the river. From the many side-paths, stragglers also crowded in upon the column, and augmented the disorderly tumult. Cavalry soldiers, seeing their progress impeded by guns and carriages, strove to make

men were galloping forward to regain their distance in the ranks, while on others the complete stoppage of the crowd seemed to render all further advance impossible; and it appeared as if the confused mass would require whole days before it could be reduced to any semblance of order. All seemed eagerly impatient, however, to gain the hostile land whence so few were destined to return.

"We had not been long drawn up on the Russian side, where we expected to be reviewed by the emperor, when a tremendous storm, that had been gathering during the passage, broke out and disappointed our expectation. The lightning flashed with dazzling brightness, the thunder rolled in awful peals, and the rain fell in torrents. Every man was soon wrapt in his cloak to await the end of the tempest; but this circumstance, marking the very first step of the war, awakened the superstition of the soldiers, and made even some impression on their superiors. 'This is a bad omen,' said some. 'Few will return from this chase,' said others. Many similar expressions ran rapidly through the ranks, plainly indicating the feelings whence they arose. The brass bands of the French cuirassiers, that sounded a gallant march and dispelled these gloomy forebodings, rendered an essential service at the moment.

"The whole army expected that we should be forced to purchase the possession of Wilna by a general action; but we were mistaken: for the advanced guard no sooner approached the city, than the Russians withdrew, after exchanging a few cannon-shots. The troops were now immediately formed to hold a triumphal entry into the capital of Lithuania. And the French cavalry having turned the town to pursue the enemy, and a deputation been received by the emperor, the procession commenced. At the head of the column, and in honour of the country, were the two regiments of Polish lancers; the Prussians came next, and then followed the Imperial Guard in full parade dress. The enthusiasm of the people was at its height on the entrance of the French.

"Windows and balconies were filled with persons of both sexes, who cheered us as we passed along. In

the streets the joyful crowd almost impeded our march, and, from all directions, wine and provisions were handed to the famishing soldiers. It was the first and only happy scene of the whole campaign.

"Beyond the town the brigades were again assembled in bivouac, the guards alone remaining in Wilna. Whatever arrangements may have been made for supplying the troops with provisions, they proved of no avail; for, from the very outset of the campaign, the continued marches separated the army from their convoys, which were never seen again. The soldiers were obliged, therefore, to live on the produce of the country they traversed. But as the necessities of the swarming host were much greater than these supplies could relieve, the want of provisions was already severely felt during the first days of the war. As to any regular issue of rations, it was never thought of after the passage of the Niemen. Every one took what he could find, and lived as best he might. Whoever was exhausted fell down, remained where he lay, and was never inquired after. At first the consequences of the evil were not so much thought of. A battle was universally expected; and all supposed that the minor considerations were sacrificed and obliged to give way before greater and more important objects. The system which, at the very commencement, exhibited such frightful consequences, would be persevered in to the last, was never dreamed of for a moment. When the army reached Wilna, hunger was already raging in the ranks of the infantry, and many thousand horses of the cavalry had already perished.

"The examples of severity given by Marshal Davoust, who caused several soldiers, caught in the act of searching for provisions, to be shot, produced, and could produce, no effect whatever, and were only looked upon as so many acts of barbarous and wanton cruelty. The presence of the Imperial Guard protected Wilna from being sacked in search of provisions; but neither severity nor entreaties could save the suburbs, the neighbouring convents, villages, and country-houses, which were completely gutted. The scanty cultivation of the country, and the general poverty of the inhabitants made it

impossible for the large masses of troops encamped together to find sufficient supplies, even when they wandered for miles around, which the short time allowed for rest seldom permitted. It was this total disproportion between supply and demand which ultimately destroyed the army. Other circumstances occasioned loss and increased the ruin, but they were of little consequence, and only derived force and influence from this great and overwhelming cause of evil. A soldier who is obliged to fast for three days on a march becomes, if an infantry man, a straggler, and, if a trooper, he allows his horse to want, and is, in both cases, reduced to total inefficiency.

"If a number of writers praise the high condition in which the army reached the Niemen, they must have formed their opinion from the deceitful impression of the first moment. All were, no doubt, bound to confess that a finer, more numerous, and more efficient army could not be seen; but the infantry had been brought from a distance by rapid marches, and required rest, instead of being precipitated into new toils, and exposed to want and privations of every description. The horses of the cavalry, also, were in reduced and half-famished condition. Many had sore backs, that were actually rotting beneath the saddles; for the French trooper has little sympathy for his steed, pays little attention to the animal, and still less to the state of his saddle and appointments. At Insternburg the emperor caused two squadrons of Prussian hussars to be unsaddled, to ascertain the truth of the report, that there was not a sore-backed horse in the ranks, and was extremely surprised to find it confirmed by the result. Though every Prussian, and, indeed, every German regiment, would have been found in a similar condition, as it is not the practice in our service to ride galled horses till the sores are completely healed. But such a custom would be impracticable in the French army, for it would oblige the greater part of their cavalry soldiers to wander on foot. At Wilna we already saw French troopers mounted on the ponies of the country, called *Ku-nikas*; and the appearance in the ranks of these Lilliputian steeds and

colossal riders excited at first universal astonishment.

"The horses of the cavalry suffered far more indeed than the riders; for though the latter had found cause to regret squandering away the provisions first issued to them, they could manage better than the infantry—they could go farther in search of supplies; and rendered wise by experience, they never failed to load their horses when any thing came in their way. But forage was always as scarce with us as provisions were with the infantry.

"The neighbourhood of the camps never furnished sufficient forage for the famishing cattle; and were it not absolute folly, we should be tempted to say that the cavalry were assembled in such masses during this war, merely for the purpose of being handed over to certain destruction. The regiments attached to the different corps of the infantry fared much better than those composing the corps of cavalry. The former, comparatively few in number, and encamped round the infantry, were more fortunate in occasionally obtaining a sufficient quantity of forage than entire corps of thirteen or fourteen regiments that, like a swarm of locusts, devoured every thing in their passage.

"During the first days of the march we Prussians were all, from the brigadier-general downwards, extremely surprised to observe the independent manner in which the French searched for supplies. No sooner were the bivouacs established, than their foraging parties trotted out in all directions, while the foreign brigade stood waiting for orders and instructions. With us every thing was to be done according to rule and system, for which great praise was anticipated; but the praise never came, while the French returned well loaded with supplies before the Poles and Prussians had started. The example, however, was soon followed, and after the first few days, every regiment foraged for itself, and as best it might.

"On the march the service of the division was very simple, perhaps a little careless even. A party of 150 or 200 men, taken from the different regiments, and commanded by a field-officer, formed the advanced guard,

and was followed by a supporting regiment, a duty that was taken in succession through the whole division. The brigades also exchanged position on every march; but side patrols, and connected picquet chains, were never thought of, and a rear-guard the French deemed altogether superfluous.

"On the 5th July, our division under General Brueyes pressed the Russian corps of Doctoroff in hopes of engaging it before it could reach the Disna. Our hurried march lay through pine-forests, and over roads made of the trunks of trees laid parallel, and called, we believe, in America, 'Corderoy roads.' As the rain had softened the marshy ground, and separated the trees from each other, many horses sank in, and were injured, our advance retarded and rendered very difficult. The enemy was enabled, therefore, to cross the river, set fire to the bridge, and take good measures of defence.

"The entrance of the village of Koschiang, which was close in the rear, was barricaded; the enclosures and the ruins of the bridge were lined with dismounted troopers, who, by the fire of their carabines, commanded the only ford and both banks of the stream.

"Whether the French thought it right to press a retiring enemy to the utmost, or whether they acted by superior orders, I pretend not to say, but formidable as the position of the enemy appeared, General Jacquinot was no sooner in presence, than, placing himself at the head of the 16th Chasseurs, he led them down to the ford, in order to effect the passage sword in hand. The foremost horsemen had hardly entered the river, before the regiment were assailed by so sharp a fire, that they hesitated, and fell back in confusion, after a few feeble and unsuccessful efforts. The wounded, as they were led to the rear, declared the undertaking impracticable; and as the day was closing, we were in hopes of seeing these unpromising attacks relinquished.

"But in this we were mistaken; for an order was unexpectedly received, directing the Prussians, who were in the very rear of the column, and had the Poles and all the French, who had not yet fought, still before them,

to advance and make another effort. It was not without loss of time that we reached the head of the division, where, having been formed in column of sections, we advanced at a trot towards the ford. Arrived on the banks of the stream, a rattling fire from the ruins of the bridge, and from behind the fences, made the hussars pause; but some brave men and officers, dashing into the water at the critical moment, gave the right impulse, and the passage commenced, Generals Brueyes and Jacquinot standing on the bank, and, with drawn swords, encouraging the soldiers.

"The ford was, however, so narrow, that two or three men only could ride abreast. The direction was soon lost, therefore. Many troopers, also, kept as far from the bridge as possible, to avoid the fire poured down upon them, which added to the difficulty. The numbers who missed the ford had water to their very breasts. The stream was so deep, that the horses could only reach the bottom with their hind feet. Some stuck fast in the soft bed of the river; others, weakened by want, fell over with their riders. The plunging of wounded steeds, the frantic efforts of those rendered masterless by the fall of their riders, the fire of the carabines flashing through the gloom of evening, the shouts of the soldiers, and the narrow space on which the combat was fought, gave a wild and indescribable interest to the scene. The hussars of the rear sections, fancying they were sacrificed in a hopeless undertaking, rushed madly and with loud execrations into the river; and though all this confusion tended greatly to delay the passage, it was yet attended with ultimate benefit.

"A good part of the men having, notwithstanding the obstacles, gained the hostile bank, advanced at a gallop towards the barricaded entrance of the village. The gate flew open at their approach, and a body of Russian Uhlans rushed out upon them lance in rest. This unexpected onset made the Prussians halt, and then turn; and the enemy, following their advantage, drove the fugitives back to the verge of the stream. On open plain the chase would probably have continued farther. But the deep water

was dreaded more than the Russians; and Major Ziethen, who commanded the leading squadrons, having caused the assembly to sound, it was quickly and mechanically obeyed; and as the pursuit had been sharp, both parties were instantly mixed in close hand-to-hand combat. The fight was short and fierce, and ended in the total defeat of the Russians, who contended to great disadvantage with their long lances. Many threw them away, and were cut down in the act of drawing their swords.

"The Prussians now became the assailants in their turn, and entered the village at full gallop. In the broad street stood numbers of dismounted Uhlans, holding the horses of the men engaged behind the enclosures, and on the ruins of the bridge. Few had time to gain their saddles, most were sabred in attempting to mount, and the victors pursuing their course, arrived on the plain beyond the buildings.

"Here a regiment of dragoons drawn up in line again brought us to a halt. Both parties gazed at each other for a moment in dubious suspense; but Major Ziethen ordering the charge to sound, the onset was renewed with slackened rein, and the Russians, completely overthrown, were pursued far across the open country.

"While part of the regiment were chasing the defeated dragoons, the rest were trying to secure the Uhlans, who had been broken and dispersed about the village. Some cut their way through, some escaped under protection of the augmenting darkness, but numbers were surrounded, and mostly, as they refused to take quarter, cut down by our enraged soldiers. These Uhlans fought with the most determined obstinacy; many when they saw their bridles cut through—and this is the first cut of an old practised hussar—or had their bridle arms wounded, seized the swords with both hands, and rushed with maddening yells upon our people, and continued to lay about them till they fell beneath repeated blows.

"Supper was not to reward our victory, for every thing had been plundered out long before our bivouacs were established; we only found remnants, and sparing ones

into the bargain. But the enthusiasm of victory, which extended down to the private soldiers, made us forget our wants. The men sang and shouted, and, seated round their flickering watchfires, shortened the night by relating the individual details of the combat. The glory of the victory completely obliterated from their minds all thoughts of distress and suffering.

"The French, it must be confessed, readily acknowledged the gallantry of a deed of arms they had failed to achieve; and which, as it had been performed under their own eyes, could not well be denied. Henceforth the reputation of the Prussian troops was established, they now stood on higher ground, and all former prejudices disappeared at once. The action was mentioned with great praise in the sixth bulletin of the army, and several crosses of the Legion of Honour were distributed to the regiment.

"The Russians lost more than a hundred men in this affair, on our part twenty-four only were wounded. No spear-wounds were observed, the pelisses having sheltered the hussars against them; but some of the men had their wrists almost severed through; and these severe wounds made a deep impression on the soldiers, who tried to secure themselves against similar cuts by tying closely wound handkerchiefs round the arm. The total discontinuance of steel gauntlets and sleeves of mail for the sword-arm, shews that close hand-to-hand combats become every day more rare in modern war. On the present occasion the action proved so close because the narrow space of ground left no room for flight. On open plains such things rarely happen, and defensive armour is not therefore so much missed. We secured about fifty Russian horses in the action; they were of good quality, and in excellent condition, though many were severely galled, owing to the bad saddles and worse saddle-cloths of the Russian cavalry.

"General Nansouty obtained several days rest for his corps after this action of Koschiang; though they brought but slight benefit to the light division. The regiments changed position every day, and this, together with the constant

picquet and patrol duty, carried on with so much irregularity as to occasion constant alarms, prevented the men from building huts, and taking efficient measures to shelter themselves against the cold nights and frequent rain that fell at this time. It is difficult to say whether we suffered more when halting or marching.

"The Russian commanders-in-chief having taken post at Witepsk, detached General Osterman to occupy the wooded defiles of Ostrowno. This officer had no sooner placed his troops in a good position in front of the forest, than he sent forward General Pahlen with cavalry and artillery to ascertain the movements of the French.

"Our army had marched early on the morning of the 25th July; the first corps of cavalry was at the head of the column, the light division in front, and we were moving rather carelessly forward when we came unexpectedly on Pahlen's troops, who seemed to be as little prepared for the meeting.

"But we were more practised than our adversaries. The foreign brigade quickly formed front: the French hussars trotted round the flank of the enemy, who lost time in getting their regiments into order, and in trying to bring guns into action. While they were thus occupied, the French, concealed by some underwood, gained their flank, wheeled up, and instantly charged them. Threatened in front, assailed in flank, the Russians retired in all haste, leaving six guns in our possession, the evident reward of the promptitude with which the troops had formed, and the good order in which they had attacked.

"Delighted with this first success, the King of Naples pursued the enemy through clouds of dust, raised by the trotting of so many regiments, and at a rate which rendered it impossible for the infantry and artillery to keep pace with us, till, near Ostrowno, our course was suddenly arrested by the fire of artillery that told the foe was at hand. The corps formed, however, with tolerable calmness under the hostile guns; the divisions of Brueyes in front, the cuirassiers in second line. On a rising ground in advance of

the forest, the Russians had placed batteries, protected by squares of infantry on each side of this road. Their cavalry stood in second line near the edge of the wood, and their flanks were protected by patches of brushwood filled with skirmishers.

"When the dust had cleared away, and the formation of the corps been completed, it was found that we were within point blank range of the hostile guns, which continued their murderous fire without the least interruption. In the heat of pursuit, the King of Naples had entirely overlooked this; and as the strength of the Russian position, defended by all arms, secured it against the attacks of cavalry alone, there was nothing left but to fall back, beyond the range of fire, and await the arrival of the infantry and artillery; or remain where we were, and sacrifice men and horses without the slightest object. Not to recede, the King of Naples chose the last alternative;—he cantered along the front of the division, distinguished by his theatrical costume, and covered by the dust of the plunging shot: and seemed to take delight in being admired by friends and foes. The safety of the troops was sacrificed in favour of that personal vanity, which formed indeed the foundation of his bravery.

"In front of the French and Prussian hussars was a Russian battery of ten guns, protected by a large square of infantry, that, owing to its vicinity and perfect security, occasioned frightful havoc in our ranks—every shot tearing men and horses away. We could observe, with ease, the successive motions of the artillerymen, and tell the very instant when the ball would plunge in amongst us. The French hussars supported this destructive fire with the most heroic patience; and, for a time, the Prussians followed their example; but their patience was soonest exhausted; murmurs began to rise, and the men demanded to be led on to the attack. Our commanding officer, Colonel Czarnowsky, seeing how matters stood, sent to the commander of the French hussars, and requested he would support us in the attack; but the latter declined, on the ground of having no orders.

"Notwithstanding this refusal, the Prussians dashed forward, and threw

themselves with so much impetuosity on the hostile infantry, that they were completely rode over, after firing a single inefficient volley. The onset was so prompt and unexpected, that the artillerymen had only time to finish loading with grape, but not to fire. As usual in such cases, most of the broken infantry threw themselves on the ground; those who attempted to escape or resist were cut down. The artillerymen were all this time standing motionless, as if on parade, and the Prussians occupied with the infantry never thought of turning upon them and carrying off the guns; and the French, for whom this would have been an easy task, remained inactive spectators of the contest.

"The Russian cavalry in second line observing, at last, that the Prussians were unsupported, advanced to the charge, and forced them back. The retreat now lay along the front of the hostile battery, and the artillerymen, recovering from their trance, fired the guns into the midst of the flying rout. And a more destructive effect of grape-shot can hardly be imagined; horse and rider went down before the deadly shower, and on many points the ground was actually covered with the dead and the dying. The Prussians, after this severe check, resumed their former position; the Russian infantry, as if arising from the dead, stood up and reformed their square; and the fatal cannonade, so briefly interrupted, again opened upon us with the same murderous precision as before. Another attack, which the King of Naples attempted with the Poles, proved more unsuccessful than our own, and it was not till the arrival of the infantry divisions of Delzons, who were thrown into the woods on the flank of the Russians, that the latter forsook their position;—no attempt was made to molest their retreat.

"Thus ended an action in which every regiment in the corps had suffered, and in which great loss was sustained without producing any satisfactory result. Officers of talents and experience, though they rendered full justice to the gallantry of the King of Naples, spoke without reserve of his total want of ability, and openly blamed his conduct in needlessly exposing the cavalry, and sacri-

ficing them from mere vanity. The enthusiasm of victory which animated the Prussians after the combat of Koschiang, was altogether missed here,—for the soldiers were thoughtful and silent. At Koschiang, the exercise of active courage had awakened their strength and energy; here, passive courage produced a totally different effect.

"The Prussians had four officers and eighty men killed in this action; almost every soldier mourned the loss of a friend or comrade. Early in the morning, parties were sent out to bury the slain; and, as they had been protected against marauders by guards posted along the field, they still rested in the position in which they had fallen; and, where the effect of the grape-shot had been most destructive, men and horses lay closely pressed together.

"The French officers, who were always more disposed to admire daring deeds of arms, achieved in forward onset, than the cautious observance of superior instructions, were loud in praise of the attack made by the Prussians, though undertaken without orders and attended with great loss. All the commanders of squadrons were made knights of the Legion of Honour, and Colonel Czarnowsky received the officer's cross, without having, according to rule, held any previous grade in the order.

"The division of Brueyes happening, some days afterwards, to pass near where the emperor was resting under a tree, he desired the Prussian regiment to march past him in parade order. Having advanced to the head of the column, he complimented the soldiers on their gallant conduct at Koschiang and Ostrowno, and promised to request the king to promote their colonel to the rank of general. Pleased as the men were with the promise made to their commanding officer, and the praise bestowed on their conduct, they still recollected that they were Prussians, and marched past the mighty conqueror without uttering a single shout of 'Vive l'Empereur!' The general of division, greatly displeased at this want of respect, demanded the cause of it from Colonel Czarnowsky, who only replied, that '*the Hussars did not understand French!*'"

KATE KEARNEY.

"As old as Kate Kearney" is a common Irish adage. But let it not be supposed that it alludes to the celebrated Kate Kearney, "who dwelt on the banks of Killarney," whose charms were so great that all susceptible souls were warned,—

"From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney."

No. Beauties, though they may live to attain dowagerism, are never handed down to remembrance as old; they are only remembered as in their bloom; their latter-day faces do not go down to posterity in proverb or in song. Who talks of old Delia or wrinkled Sacharissa?

True, there have been one or two fortunate dames, who, like wine, are supposed to have improved by time (not "like sour ale in simmer," as Davie Gelatly says), and the charms of whose old age have been transmitted to us on marble or in song. Paul, the Silentiary, assured his mistress,—

"For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smother face,
I'd rather fold thee in my arms,
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose;
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows."^{*}

When Madame de Mirepoix sent a lock of her grey hair with some person-of-quality-like verses to her cavalier servente, the Duke de Nivernois, the courtier assured her in equally neat stanzas, that,—

"The little Loves are infants ever,
The Graces are of every age."

And a stone in Ely Cathedral records the name of Ursula Upcher, who at seventy-seven found an admirer of nineteen doating enough (like herself) to marry her.

But of the gallant Greek, Frenchman, and Englishman, we may opine that the sly old gentleman-usher at the court of Justinian was quizzing,

—that M. le Duc was constrained by the stately courtesy of the *ancien régime* to give a civil answer to "begging-the-question" verses. How could he, like the surly minister Harlai, tell a lady of fashion she was "an old ape?"

As for Dame Upcher's† bridegroom, he was surely smitten, not with herself, but her havings. She had been the widow Coxee, and

"Little Cupid took his stand
Upon the widow's jointure land."

But Kate Kearney, the charmer of Killarney, is known to us only by report of her youthful beauty. The Kate Kearney, whose longevity has passed into a proverb, was a native of Wexford, and is, or ought to be, an historical personage.

In the year 1649, Cromwell, reeking from the slaughter committed at the storming of Tredah, appeared before Wexford, and commenced the siege. The garrison made some slight defence, but shortly held a parley, to treat for terms of capitulation. During the parley the garrison neglected their guards, as some write, or, as others aver, the guards were drawn off by the treachery of Stafford, the governor. Cromwell's troops rushed into the town, and following the command of their stern general, to give no quarter, commenced a furious and indiscriminate butchery. The young, the old, the woman, the infant, the armed, the defenceless, all fell victims in the carnage.

Cromwell rode slowly and triumphantly up the principal street, unmoved by the yells and screams, and the rivers of blood and mangled carcasses, that met his ears and eyes. As he advanced, he came to an isolated group of dead. There lay an old man weltering in his blood, and the corpses of several young men heaped around him. A girl, respectably dressed, and apparently about seventeen years of age, hung over the bleeding bodies, wringing her hands in an agony too deep for

* Not having the original Greek at hand, I avail myself of the version by the translator of the Greek Anthology.

† Daughter of Dr. Humphrey Tyndall, Dean of Ely; she was called Sappho from her talents. She was married to Mr. Upcher two months before her death.

words or tears. But she started up at the near tramp of the war-horse; and, snatching with a frantic grasp at the bridle, she stopped the animal, and glared upon his rider. Her hair was flung back from her forehead, and fell dishevelled on her shoulders; her brow and hands were stained with blood, her eyes were wild, and her cheeks deadly pale. She presented such a ghastly appearance, that even Cromwell's iron heart quailed for a moment.

"In the name of God," she addressed him, in a voice hoarse from emotion,—“in the name of God, have you not had blood enough? Look! there lie my father, my brothers, my betrothed husband,—all that belonged to me! Does not this satisfy you? Have you not had blood enough? How will you answer to a merciful Creator for what you have already shed?” Cromwell uttered not a word, but disengaged his bridle from her grasp, and rode on. Yet the appearance and the words of Kate Kearney had awed him, and he gave immediate orders to stop the carnage: a remnant was saved, a miserable remnant indeed; but Wexford was happier in this respect than Tredah, from which but one solitary individual escaped with life from the swords of Cromwell's fanatical soldiers.

Kate Kearney survived the siege of Wexford, and the slaughter of all near and dear to her, for upwards of a century: so true it is, that

“Existence may be borne, and the deep
root

Of life and sufferance make its firm
abode

In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest
load.”—*Childe Harold*, canto iv.

So true it is that in minds of energy
grief adds, rather than diminishes,
strength; for

“Grief is proud, and makes its owner
stout.”—SHAKESPEARE.

That is, when grief has been caused
by unmerited oppression.

The father, brothers, lover, the all of poor Kate Kearney had been rent from her by brute violence; they had died nobly, but they were of humble rank, and her heart was their sole monument; and, perhaps, she felt it a pride and a duty to preserve that monument to them to the utmost, by living on—clinging to a lonely existence. She who had energy enough to confront the man of blood on his ruthless career, was not a character to yield to sorrow unresistingly, and escape into an early grave.

She lived unmarried and in want, far beyond the allotted period of humanity; for she was seen at the age of 118 going on crutches, and in great though decent poverty, by the father of Beauchamp Bagnall Harvey, a name, unhappily, too well known in the recent annals of Wexford. It was from the protracted age of this unfortunate woman that the saying, “as old as Kate Kearney,” took its rise. A short time before the Irish Rebellion of 1798, in which Bagnall Harvey took so lamentable a part, he mentioned the story to a gentleman, a citizen of Bristol (though a native of Dublin), and proposed raising a subscription in order to erect a monument to the memory of Kate Kearney.* But the breaking out of the Rebellion in '98, and the part Harvey performed in it, turned his attention from the poor desolate centenarian.

Well had it been for himself and his country had he remembered to good purpose the barbarities of the Cromwellian troops at the taking of Wexford, and had been warned by them before he invoked the fiends of civil war to riot again over the same ground that had reeked with the blood of all dear to Kate Kearney.

* Harvey was seconded in this proposed subscription by Hamilton Rowan, another name of unhappy and unenviable renown in '98.

ENGLISH ALLIANCES, AND EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

It is high time, after ten years of Whig misrule and three years of somewhat doubtful administration, that our Conservative government should look fully in the face the great question of our *foreign alliances*. We are, from principle and conviction, quite as much indisposed as any of our contemporaries can be to seek to disturb the consequences which have arisen out of recognised and established facts; and we are far, indeed, from desiring that alliances growing out of those facts should be repudiated or rashly changed. But an empire like that of Great Britain must have her own peculiar interests to attend to, her own mercantile and commercial views to promote, large outlets for her products to obtain and maintain, and an ever-increasing demand for yet further outlets to satisfy and appease. And as we are not at all ashamed of being thought or called the kings of the mercantile world—as we maintain that the advancement of civilisation, science, and morals, is identified with the spread of our commercial relations—as we understand by commerce that exchange either of the metals for merchandise, or of goods for goods, and products for products, all of which must bring man in contact with his fellow-man, and tend to humanise, to civilise, and to encourage feelings of amity and respect,—we hold that a nation of honourable and wealthy merchants, active, enterprising, and energetic, but moral, high-principled, and patriotic, is a nation of kings, aye, of giants too.

Now it is in this point of view, viz., looking upon England as a great commercial country, viewing her as the greatest manufacturing nation under heaven, and yet discarding “the” panacea of the Anti-Corn-law League as the veriest essence of charlatanism yet proposed to a reflecting and sedate people, that we wish to draw, at the beginning of a new year, the attention of parliament and of government to the present state of our English alliances. And most certainly, in undertaking this task, we enter not upon it with any angry or unkindly sentiments. We are not disposed to quarrel with Lord Aber-

deen, because, acting on the principle adopted by the Conservative government in 1830, of which he was then, as he is now, a distinguished and enlightened member, he has continued to acknowledge as legitimate, and to reciprocate amity and good intelligence with those states in Europe, whose dynasties were wholly or partially subverted by the revolutions of the period just named. Nor, casting a retrospective eye on the condition of Europe at that period, do we see any just cause for complaint against the government of that epoch. The state of our population and of public opinion at home, the inflammable nature of the public mind in France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Italy, and the great and indisputable danger which there then was of a general rising of democracy against every Conservative principle, rendered not only expedient the course which was pursued by British Conservatives, but made it even indispensable.

Nor are we, who have so recently set before our readers, in the *Memoirs* of His Majesty the present King of the French, a faithful picture of the political advantages which have arisen to the whole world from the wise and pacific policy of that truly great prince, now about to turn round and demand a cessation of those friendly relations which have existed, politically speaking, with so much advantage both to France and England during the last thirteen years. So with regard to Belgium. Although we are reminded by the recent death of that most admirable of all modern kings, the ex-King of Holland, of events connected with the Low Countries which we desire to forget, and although we cannot but feel that History, with her daring and fearless pen, will hereafter record that that persecuted monarch was an ornament to the age which had the honour of giving him birth; still, under the mild, benignant, and enlightened sway of Leopold I., we hope and believe that the Belgians will become a happy, prosperous, and pacific people.

So if we turn to PORTUGAL, whose interests our forefathers always regarded as their own, although we

feel very strongly the injustice to which we are submitting, the want of gratitude which its government exhibits, the ignorance of their true interests which the Portuguese display, and the French influence to which Dona Maria de Gloria has partly yielded, yet we are not asking Lord Aberdeen to tear in pieces the Quadruple Alliance, or to send to the Tagus a fleet to demand satisfaction. Once more; the present state of Spain is any thing but satisfactory to British merchants, British manufacturers, and British interests. The only man who understood how to conciliate the real interests of his own country with the commercial views and policy of Great Britain has been driven by French intrigue and by Spanish democracy to seek an asylum on the shores of England. And not only so, but the present aspect of affairs in that portion of the Peninsula is as unfavourable, both as regards the facts of the present, and the prospects of the future, as could possibly be desired by the most ardent hater of British alliances. Yet we do not call for an armed intervention in the affairs of Spain. We do not ask for a blockading squadron off the coasts of Biscay. We are restless, dissatisfied, and apprehensive; yet we are willing to negotiate, but not to delay; to examine, but not to procrastinate; and to cause it, above all things, to be understood, both by the courts of the Tuileries and the Escorial, that if the principle of the treaty of Utrecht is to be violated, it will not be infringed on with our consent, nor without our resorting to strong measures of reprisal, redress, and retaliation.

In following up and following out these opening indications of our views, we do not purpose to resort to any harsh or unfriendly expressions, nor to create any difficulties in the way of Lord Aberdeen's honest and well-principled policy; but we shall not, nevertheless, hesitate to call things by their right names, nor shall we merge British permanent interests in any polite or civilised feeling of respect and esteem for the monarchs now reigning in the countries to which we have referred. And the course which we have chalked out to ourselves in this discussion is the more clear and appropriate, since we

have never lent ourselves to faction; seek not to obtain momentary popularity by concessions to the inveterate enemies of the best and Conservative interests of our country; and have given our humble, but not, we hope, wholly useless support to those who, at least, have had the honour and the patriotism to rescue us from Whig-Radical degradation. Neither can it be supposed for a moment that any expressions which may have dropped from the pen of one of our most highly valued correspondents, will stand between us and that which we believe to be a duty that we owe to our country. It is one thing to write of Louis Philippe as an individual rarely gifted and very highly favoured by fortune, whom circumstances hurried into a situation of equivocal morality at the best, but whose excellent sense and high honour carried him admirably through them; it is quite another to speak of him as the monarch of a country in professed alliance with England, which has not yet learned to feel that its own best interests are inseparably mixed up with the interests of the British empire. Moreover, we mistake the character of the present enlightened head of the French administration, if, in his secret soul, he do not *feel* as we are anxious to express ourselves. Lifted by the whole tone of his moral and religious nature above the petty jealousies that too often obscure the better traits in the national character of his countrymen, M. Guizot cannot but perceive that the prosperity of both nations, yea, of the whole of free and enlightened Europe, is bound up in the continuance of the good understanding which now happily exists between the governments of England and of France. And with regard to the king, he knows too well the English character, its bluntness, its sincerity, its patriotism, ay, and its selfishness, if you will, when its leading and general interests are concerned, not to know that whilst as a nation we rejoice at his incomparable skill and success in the suppression of ultra democracy in France, and that whilst most unfeignedly do we desire a still long, peaceful, and happy reign to himself, and ages of undenied and undisputed succession to his dynasty, still that the commercial

and manufacturing interests of a country like Great Britain cannot be allowed to be compromised or endangered without a loud, deep, and honest cry being raised against it.

And besides all this, is it not a fact that no alliance, in the present state of the world where the material interests of society occupy so great a portion of its concern, can be durable and beneficial which is not based on mutual advantages, as well as mutual concessions? In plain terms, Great Britain requires allies who not only shall receive with grace and dignity, hospitality, ease, and royal magnificence our queen, and her admirable and esteemed consort, but who shall supply us with channels for our goods, outlets for the contents of our overstocked warehouses; and, as in the case of France, with the means of exchanging the products of our mines, collieries, mills, potteries, and manufactories, for French brandies, wines, fruits, silks, laces, and the other agreeable and beautiful merchandise of that highly favoured country. And yet at the time when "*the song of the shirt*" rings in our ears and causes them to tingle; when the facts of destitution it includes in its harrowing tale, and the statement that shirts are made for a farthing by our half-starving poor, that farthing paid, forsooth, in tea and sugar whilst another needy supplicant stands by to offer her industry in exchange for the tea-leaves; at a moment when "What shall we do in the end thereof" with this ever-increasing population, and with these intolerable pests, the Union-houses on the one hand, and beggars' lodging-houses, and hourly augmenting mendicity on the other; at a moment when every morning brings us some tale of heart-rending woe in the shape of breadless districts, and workmen without employ, what does France do? She issues on the recommendation, not of M. Guizot, we admit, but on that of the minister of commerce and of public works, a royal ordinance, or order in council, prohibiting the introduction of foreign merchandise by sea into Algeria. When we reflect on the origin of the war of France with the Dey of Algiers, on the French official explanations given on that subject at the time, on the solemn and deliberate

understanding with France on the part of all the great powers of Europe that when satisfaction should be obtained the territory of the Dey should be abandoned; and on the pledges given in 1830 that the new dynasty would be bound not merely in letter, but in spirit, by all the expressed or implied engagements made by and on behalf of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon with regard to Algiers, we confess that we feel more than astonished that the principle of excluding foreign products and merchandise from Algeria should be attempted to be enforced. There is a want of delicacy in this line of proceeding which strikes us as most extraordinary, and we are happy to know that it was rather forced upon and simply acquiesced in by M. Guizot than approved and encouraged. We are aware that we shall be told that such a man as M. Guizot ought to have preferred to resign office, rather than to have submitted to a proposal so opposed to the progress of reciprocity on commercial matters between kindred constitutional governments; but those who are well acquainted with the state of political parties in France know that it is a much more difficult task to regain power when once resigned in that country, than in almost any other in Europe. And those same persons likewise know that it is of the utmost importance to the present French dynasty that such men as M. Guizot should surround it, to the exclusion of those who hold Utopian theories, absolute views, or who belong to parties repugnant to the sound sense and deliberate convictions of the country. In plain terms, M. Guizot is "the" man of his epoch, and he finds it necessary sometimes, in order to maintain his principles and policy on the greatest questions, to yield upon those which are comparatively minor. But we think, considering all the concessions we have made to France, both commercially and politically during the last few years, that M. Guizot must be prepared to expect on the part of this country not retaliation in the first instance, for to that we should be opposed, but firm remonstrance, and a tone of decided protest. That this alone will be sufficient we are not certainly pre-

pared to assert. That we may have occasion to point to colonies of our own in all the continents of the world where, should a measure of retaliation be resorted to, France would be most seriously injured in her commercial interests, is not at all improbable. That we may find it necessary by the press of our own country, in foreign journals, at public meetings, and in the houses of the French legislature, to protest against the narrow, selfish, and unreciprocal policy which dictated the measure in question, is extremely probable. But one thing is certain, and that is, that as we cannot allow our national alliances to be purely political; as we cannot afford to be generous with regard to our famishing artisans and our miserable mechanics; as our government is bound to protect British interests at all times, and to provide for them, as far as possible, when suffering and crippled, France and her government must understand that our alliance cannot be secure, our friendship cannot be regarded as permanent, unless we are treated as commercial as well as geographical neighbours. We know the cuckoo cry of "selfishness" will be raised against us. We know that the *National* will exclaim, "Ah! ah! my masters!" addressing itself to M. Guizot's government, "you see by what a slender thread this English alliance hangs. The leopards are still the same!" To which, in anticipation, we reply, "To be sure they are." We are still the same, and it is our pride to make the avowal. We are a nation of merchants. We cannot afford to sacrifice the staple interests of our country. Our government will protect our cotton-mills and our factories as well as our farms and our lands, and we must have a sound, honest, fair, and reciprocal commercial treaty with France; and if France, which we believe to be the case, has a sort of vague as well as incorrect notion that we can be shuffled off to an interminable period with regard to this commercial treaty, it is now high time that she should be undeceived. It is not because Dr. Bowring, Colonel Thompson, Mr. McGregor, and Lord Granville, have failed in convincing the successive cabinets of Louis Philippe that a commercial treaty

must be executed between France and England, that therefore Great Britain has become less attentive to this very important measure. Indeed in proportion as each unaccountable and unjustifiable delay succeeds to those which have for so many years preceded it, British merchants and British manufacturers become alarmed, and demand, with their wonted energy, "How long is this state of things to last?" We know that the French government has been far less to blame than the French press, the French founders, the French colliers, the French mine-proprietors, the French manufacturers, and even the French merchants. We know that whilst the French public writers profess to understand, in all its length, breadth, and vastness, the science of political economy, both in reference to its theories and its facts, that they are, with but few exceptions, exceedingly superficial, but profoundly prejudiced. We know that whilst the press of France is compelled to record the sufferings and distresses of the wine and brandy-growing population of the centre and south of France, they yet oppose any and every commercial concession to Great Britain, although those very concessions would lead immediately to the improvement of their own sufferers. We know that the jealousy which exists amongst the peers as well as the deputies of France, of the power and strength of England, is so great, that many of those falsely termed "liberal" would prefer that French interests should be compromised, rather than that English interests should be benefited. We know how some of these men chuckle and rejoice at any thrust at England, and how popular with the thoughtless, passionate, and vindictive, any measure will be which savours of hostility to "perfidious Albion." We know how the De Genoudes of France, who represent the old aristocracy, but with a leaven of democracy mixed up with them, and how the legitimist party generally, would be inclined even to support the government of Louis Philippe, provided it would consent to wage an eternal warfare against British commerce. We know how the Republican party pounce down upon the smallest act of even com-

mon civility on the part of the French government towards our commercial men and manufacturing interests, and cry aloud, "France is sold to English shopkeepers!" And, knowing all this, whilst we say to Lord Aberdeen, choose your own time, your own means, your own agents, and your own measures, with the view of convincing France that we *must* and *will* have a commercial treaty, yet let that time soon arrive, let those means be effectual, let those agents be energetic, and let the measures be commensurate with the end.

In plain terms, the present mawkish, childish, lukewarm, undecided state of affairs with respect to this treaty, and to the British and French alliance, must speedily be put a stop to. We cannot, as a nation, afford to be generous to prodigality towards the French. We can be just, honourable, and friendly, and we ought to be each of these; but generous we cannot afford to be with two millions of beggars in Ireland to support, and with the overwhelming amount of misery in England amongst all the working-classes. The lower classes in this country naturally look to the higher, and God forbid, in His goodness and mercy, that they should so look in vain. The higher classes are not merely the nobility and the gentry, but the manufacturers, the merchants, the mine-owners, the ship-owners, of our land, and these all demand with one voice that such a commercial treaty shall be signed with France as shall, at least, indemnify us for the loss we have sustained in maintaining the quadruple alliance of western Europe.

That quadruple alliance was the joint production of Louis Philippe, Prince Talleyrand, and Lord Palmerston. It was a fearful and prodigious measure. It detached Great Britain from the old family of European sovereigns, and allied her with the new, or with the newly branched dynasties of France, Spain, and Portugal. That quadruple alliance was the death-blow to the Duke of Bordeaux and the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, to Don Carlos and the male line of the royal family of Spain, and to the till then existing hopes of Don Miguel and the male line of succession in Portugal. The quadruple alliance has brought with

it vast expenditure, interminable disputes, great opprobrium in other lands, and especially in monarchical Europe, and an amount of responsibility which cannot be regarded but with anxiety and fear. What have been its temporary or its permanent advantages? None—none whatever; and it is, therefore, we say, that the time has fairly come when we must examine, with renewed care and earnestness, the whole question of our British alliances.

And, although we have dwelt at some length on the subject of our commercial relations with France, we are scarcely less anxious to know what course is to be taken by the government of Spain. Nor is that anxiety other than augmented by the knowledge of the fact that M. Bresson, who has lately been sent to represent at the court of Madrid the government of Louis Philippe, is well known for his diplomatic talents with regard to all commercial subjects, as well as for his steady determination to make the subjects of paramount importance. Our trade with Spain has certainly not been improved by the quadruple alliance treaty. The men who are now in power and who surround the person of the young queen are certainly not so well disposed towards our products as those who preceded them. The regent is still an exile, and his party has hitherto been vanquished.

Now, whilst it is unquestionably of great importance to us, as it is to all old-established monarchies desirous, very naturally, of peace and of order, that Spain should speedily settle down into a state of repose, confidence, rational liberty, and prosperity, yet it is, if possible, of even greater importance that we should not carry on a trade with Spain entirely to our disadvantage. In proportion as "sherry" becomes the favourite wine, not only of our aristocracy, but of all classes, and in proportion as the wines, fruits, spirits, liquors, oils, and other condiments and produce of Spain, by reason of our reduced tariff, are more accessible in this country to all branches of the community, and are consumed in much larger quantities:—in the same proportion we have the right to demand, and must insist, that our manufactured goods are placed upon the best footing by the

government of Isabella II. And we have nothing to be ashamed of when we come to this determination. We do not attempt to conceal the fact that we are a commercial people, that our population is greatly increasing, that the wants of our community are vast, that we manufacture more than we dispose of, that the governments which owe us least civility and are the least in harmony with our constitutional principles are our best customers, that they would be far better if we separated ourselves from the league of Western Europe, that the quadruple alliance has been a very dearly paid for alliance by us, that it is an alliance solely of principle, and has not been in any respect one of interest or profit, and that whilst we heartily desire the prosperity and peace of our allies, we cannot consent to see nations, far less politically favourable to France, Spain, and Portugal than ourselves, yet treated with as much or more of commercial reciprocity.

And with regard to PORTUGAL, does it not amount well-nigh to a disgrace that no commercial treaty of a just and satisfactory nature should yet have been signed by the government of Dona Maria? Is it not pitiable to behold month after month the proprietors of Portuguese wines in bond in this country assured that the "ports" will soon be let out at a great reduction of duty; and yet that years, as well as months, pass by, and nothing is settled. We know that the Portuguese are astonished at our forbearance. We know that they cannot understand our submission to delay. We know that at former periods of our history such tergiversation and chicanery — yes, chicanery, — would have been visited with the severest displeasure of the court of London. And we know that many are the class as well as general interests of both countries which have suffered, and are still suffering, by the delay. To Lord Aberdeen, then, we venture to address the language of respectful remonstrance, and to call upon him to find us new outlets for our increasing manufactures.

And what shall we say of the question, still more grave, of an Anglo-American treaty? We have lately had in t country a smart and

witty controversy between Mr. Sidney Smith and the American writer General Duff Green. We have enjoyed the jokes and gibes of the not badly matched combatants, and have blushed for the strange notions of morality which seem to possess the Yankee. But, after all, what is the question of *reputation* to us, as a nation, when compared to the far, far greater one of a commercial alliance, and a fair, honest American tariff? The refusal to pay, on the part of state debtors, is a question of right and wrong which both parties must settle with their own consciences. The perverseness which induces the federal government to stand aloof from Great Britain, if not to effect hostility, is a much graver matter. We are actuated by no unfriendly feeling towards America when we say that something more than promises, arguments, civilities, or even negotiations, are required from her. We are not disposed, on the one hand, to treat America as a neutral power, such as Washington in his benevolent dreamings imagined she might be; and we are far from wishing to exclude her, on the other, from being heard, especially on all commercial questions, in the capitals and at the markets of Europe. We think her maritime rank and her commercial power entitle her to this act of courtesy. But, then, if we are to be looked upon as an ally of the United States; if we are to be prepared to declare, in the event of war against those states, that we shall not suffer the *principle* of the union to be disturbed, we must have something more than speeches from Mr. Webster, however eloquent, or despatches from the President, however complaisant. Once more: in plain terms, our alliance with America must be based, not on political questions, but on commercial interests. General Duff Green has returned to America to moot, to agitate in a new journal, to be called the *Republic*, the question of the commercial relations between Great Britain and his own country. We are aware that his Americanism is of no questionable character, and that he is no ardent lover of Great Britain. But we are likewise aware that he is a man of sense and influence,

and that his views and correspondence are much valued in his own country. We know he is of opinion that the Oregon question *must* be settled in a manner favourable to American views and sentiments. Be it so; but we tell the General, that not all his eloquence, whether in the senate or through the press, will ever induce the people of England to concede in this particular. The people of England believe that they yielded enough, perhaps more than enough, for the sake of peace, in consenting to the new line on the frontiers of New Brunswick and Canada. The first move made on the side of America, to occupy by force the province of Oregon, will be regarded in this country as a declaration of war; and it may be worth the General's while, as well as that of all who think as he does on this subject, whether even success in their pet enterprise would not be purchased at too high a rate, if it occasion a war of even three years' continuance.

The object which we have had in view in making the preceding observations must be evident to all. We wish to see peace maintained throughout the world. We have no desire to witness any violent disruption of existing treaties. We shall be delighted if, by pacific but energetic remonstrances, our commercial alliances shall be extended and improved. And we should deeply deplore the necessity for resorting to measures of retaliation against France, Spain, Portugal, America, or Belgium; but our alliances *must* now be looked to notwithstanding. As merchants, we must appear in the diplomatic arenas of the world; we must not lose sight for another hour of the fact, that our people are deeply distressed; that the manufacturing interests, quite as much as the agricultural, require relief and succour; and that we must, one and all, make a mighty effort to obtain new outlets for the productions of our native industry.

Whilst we have, however, thus criticised the conduct of some countries in the continent of Europe with regard to their commercial relations with our own island, we would by no means limit the principles of our remarks to the states in question. For, if we turn to the PROSPECTS OF EU-

ROPE, on the commencement of the year 1844, we shall find that all the sagacity, patriotism, and high-minded policy of Lord Aberdeen will be required to keep us on a level with other nations, to prevent us from taking a lower rank as regards European questions generally than we have been wont to do, and to keep us from retrograding both in the financial, commercial, and political scale. Undoubtedly, we have good reasons for congratulating the country on the recent commercial treaty with Russia, and on our opening prospects in China and at Hong Kong. It would be an act of outrageous injustice to deny to the government of Sir Robert Peel our humble meed of praise for the judgment and success with which these and other negotiations have been conducted, and from which the happiest results may with confidence be anticipated. Nor does the satisfactory state of some of our new Asiatic colonies, and those of New Zealand and Austral-Asia, admit of our passing them over without notice. Lord Stanley has displayed great tact and wisdom in his colonial administration, and there must of necessity, in the end, result an increased demand for the manufactures of the mother-country. These are subjects for congratulation, and we do not hesitate to name them.

But the new law of Europe brought about by the events and revolutions of 1830, and the great changes introduced thereby into those treaties of Vienna which in 1814 and 1815 were considered as final and conclusive, have led to a state of things which we now propose to examine, especially in its bearings on our commercial interests, and on that other question of our British alliances which we have already ventured to discuss.

The treaties of Venice were the masterly efforts of masterly minds, and the happiest combinations of human reason, philosophy, and experience. This we are prepared, not only to assert, but to prove, whenever a suitable occasion shall present itself for that purpose. But those treaties have been violated; a new European law has been gradually introduced; Belgium no longer remains a check against the inroads of France; France is no longer governed by

her dynasty of ages. Spain is the centre of intrigue on the part of all the discontented spirits of the south; Portugal is ever and anon disturbed by the contending parties of legitimacy and revolution; many of the states of Germany have been exposed to changes of dynasty, and others to changes of government; the possessions of the King of Holland have been abridged to very small dimensions; Switzerland has been divided into lesser and inferior cantons; Italy has likewise had its changes and convulsions; and, in one word, the compacts of 1814 and 1815 have been greatly violated. If we turn to Poland, we shall find her less independent and free than before the revolution of 1830 took place; if we look to the Turkish provinces, we shall, indeed, contemplate most marvellous alterations; if we cast our eyes over Greece, we shall behold a divided, impoverished, and distracted land. If we contemplate Servia, we shall witness the triumph of Russia; if we visit Italy, we shall see Austrian power exercising its mighty influence over the papal and other states. Turn where we will, if we examine the actual state of Europe with her condition in the years 1814 and 1815, when those master-pieces of diplomacy and those statesmanlike treaties of Vienna were signed, we shall find that, with but few exceptions, most countries have been affected by the changes since made, and that a new order of things has grown up which is neither monarchical on the one hand, nor democratic on the other, but which requires great watchfulness and prudence to keep within its just limits.

There are, undoubtedly, certainly features in this new order of things which are very far indeed from being satisfactory. In the first place, by the recognition of the Belgian revolution encouragement has manifestly been given to the *principle* of revolt; and the treaties, in their strongest and most peculiar characteristics, have been set at defiance. In the second place, the settlement made of Europe in 1815 has been subverted. In the third place, vested interests have been treated as of very secondary importance. In the fourth place, concessions have been made to France which at one time she would

not have asked or expected. And, finally, one of the most respectable and truly venerable thrones and dynasties of Europe has been treated with disrespect and contempt by the allied powers of the Continent. For let it not be forgotten that the justice of the Belgian revolution has never been admitted, that its necessity has been resolutely denied, that the virtues and talents of the house of Orange are undisputed, and that the concessions which have been made to Belgian revolt have been so made to might against right, and to injustice against justice.

These lamentable concessions have led to partition of territory, to separation of interests, to the triumph of the democratic principle, to the overthrow of the most indubitable rights, and to the transfer of whole masses of people from old to new governments without the smallest legal and peaceable, orderly and well-principled attempt being made to ascertain whether that transfer was consented to and agreeable. For it is one of the many inconsistencies of the democratic party in Europe, and throughout the world, that whilst it invariably insists that men are treated like cattle, and that they are never consulted by the kings and emperors of mankind, that when it, the democratic party, is even for a moment triumphant, its first act is invariably to seek to bind the majority by the decisions of the minority. And when we say invariably we make use of that expression advisedly; for it does so act invariably. And if we had need to confirm the accuracy of our assertion, we might do so by pointing to the revolution of Paris in 1830, when a small fraction of the chambers, illegally convened, made a new charter, a new king, and a new dynasty. To Belgium and to other countries we might also pass for illustrations of the accuracy of our statement; but these are unnecessary, since all revolutions of modern date have partaken of the same character.

On the whole, then, the events which took place in 1830, and those which have since followed, have all tended to bring about a new permanent order of things and of public law in Europe, and that order and that law have naturally led to new alliances.

Let us look for a few moments at Russia. This powerful empire in her relations with France has manifested a sincere and strong repugnance to French revolutions, and to the change which has taken place in the French dynasty. Whilst other powers have not hesitated to confide in Louis Philippe, the court of St. Petersburg and Moscow has been much more distrustful. This want of confidence has annoyed the King of the French, wounded the pride of the new Conservative party, given just cause of umbrage to the liberals, and led to feelings of decided hostility to the czar on the part of ninety-nine out of every hundred Frenchmen. Russia has hated the Belgian, and loathed the Polish revolutions; she has wholly repudiated the German, and sought to repress *instantly* the Swiss democratic movements; she has every where deprecated any change, except where her diplomatic agents have not comprehended her; and when they have, she has invariably taught them thereafter to see and feel that to nothing was Russia so much opposed as to the *principle* of revolt. The language which France has invariably used with regard to the Polish provinces of Russia both with respect to their lost nationality and fallen independence, has greatly annoyed the emperor; and the continuance of the quadruple alliance has defeated all the expectation of the imperial government. Russia tried by Pozzo di Borgo to form an alliance with France, which should be favourable to the government of the czar. When defeated in this main object, the same power laboured to effect a French alliance with Russia which should be disserviceable to England; and when both of these had failed, the court of St. Petersburg resolved on endeavouring to create a distrust of England on the part of the governments of Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Brussels. In all these, too, it has failed, and it now remains to be seen whether the growing dislike of Russia to France will not, ere long, break out into acts of palpable hostility.

Now what is the duty of Great Britain under this condition of things, and considering this state of feeling? Is it her duty to play the double game of equal friendliness to both, or

of equal indifference to the rival powers? We think not. The duty of Great Britain is to cause it to be felt by France that now is the time when commercial concessions on her part to England will be well timed, appropriate, and wise; and that nothing can be gained for her by standing aloof from the court of St. James's. Our policy with regard to this question should be observant, but still active, decided.

The commercial treaty which the Conservative government of Sir Robert Peel has effected with Russia, is of considerable importance to our manufacturing and commercial interests. The feeling of mutual confidence and respect which it has created is very properly kept alive by British merchants dwelling in the dominions of the czar. At all the public dinners, and at all the diplomatic banquets given by the merchants, or the ambassador of Russia in Great Britain, an admirable spirit and feeling prevail; and it must be evident, even to a casual observer, that Russia hopes eventually to detach England from her French alliance. We do not plead in favour of such a change. We know quite well that the sympathies of the English nation are acquired for the government of Louis Philippe, and especially whilst to such men as Guizot is confided the direction of the helm of the state. But we simply record facts, and it is for our own government carefully to watch for every opportunity favourable to the greater circulation of our manufactures in the vast territories of the Emperor of Russia.

Let us turn from Russia to Prussia, and notice the changes which are there taking place, as well as their influence, present and remote, on our English alliances. The visit of the King of Prussia to this country was an event which excited a far greater sensation in Germany and the North of Europe, than it did on our own shores. Russia is becoming very perceptibly less satisfied with the court of Berlin, distrustful of the tendencies to constitutionalism of the present monarch, and disposed to form Western alliances for the purpose of defeating Prussia's views. The good understanding, which happily exists between the spiritual heads

of the Church of England and the King of Prussia, with regard to Lutheranism and Episcopacy, has baffled and annoyed many governments, and none more so than that of the Emperor Nicholas. Engaged in a profitless discussion with the Pope, the Emperor of Russia has become entangled very much with regard to the Greek Church, and less disposed than ever to consent to what we term the principle of toleration. Well instructed on the subject of the differences as to church discipline, which the publication of the Oxford *Tracts* has brought prominently forward, the Emperor of Russia cannot conceive how the heads of the *English* Church can cordially co-operate, as they have done in regard to the Bishop of Jerusalem, with the King of Prussia. Not, indeed, that this is more than a secondary question in the eyes of the emperor, and not that it is one in which he is personally greatly interested, except that the visit of the King of Prussia to the court at Windsor, and the religious union with regard to the Jerusalem bishop, tend to excite some anxiety on the question of "Where will all this end?" The present situation of Prussia is in almost all respects very satisfactory; and the extension of our commercial relations with that kingdom would, indeed, be an object worthy of the most Herculean efforts, were it not governed by that German customs' union, of which it is, nevertheless, the head. It is, then, to that union that our government must address itself, not with the most distant hope of at once bringing about any large and practical changes, but with the desire to enlighten, to modify, to soften down prejudices, to remove doubts, and to set an example of enlightened and beneficial policy. We have not forgotten, and are not likely to forget, the reception which Dr. Bowring met with from the German economists and professors, and from the German sovereigns and princes. They were not to be satisfied by his numerous writings, or by extracts from the works of Jeremy Bentham. They asked for facts and figures; the doctor had them not; and he returned from the congress abashed and defeated. In fact, his presence there, without previous prepara-

tion and negotiation, was one of those unwise proceedings which were so common to the Whig-Radicals, when led in the Commons by the rashest man in the universe, Lord John Russell, and when represented in the Foreign Office by my Lord Palmerston. The German princes and economists were not prepared for the doctor. They were imbedded in their nationality, and had no notion of being disturbed by so questionable a politician as Dr. Bowring. He was neither Whig nor Tory, Conservative nor Liberal; he had served Lord Palmerston, and exposed him; he had been bamboozled by Mehemet Ali, and failed in Egypt; and his Turkish negotiations, though more advantageous, had still not greatly raised his reputation. He was not "the" man for Germany; for though they like Mrs. Austin's books, and read Jeremy Bentham's lucubrations, and talk about utilitarianism, and are, like the doctor, given to Socinianism and absurdity, still they are more positive than either himself or his friends, and would not sacrifice a thaler in exchange for a syllogism. In one word, our commercial negotiations with the Germans have failed, but they failed through ill-selected means, and a badly chosen, though honest, negotiator. But this past failure supplies no reason against future efforts. The men who have broken down the for ages insurmountable barrier of the Wall of China can most assuredly scale the wall of German customs. We know that much time and energy will be required. We know that we cannot, and ought not to offer to take German corn at a small fixed duty. We know that we must not so sacrifice our agricultural interests, great, staple, and national as they are, in order to obtain better terms for our manufacturers. We know that the reckless men who nominally presided over the interests of this mighty empire for ten years could have gone to the German congress of customs, and proposed much more eligible terms to the German princes. But we, also, know this, that the Germans have a profound respect for Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington, and that they would place far greater reliance in proposals com-

ing from a British cabinet so composed, than they would in one hundred Lord Melbournes, or in one thousand Lord Palmerstons. We therefore repeat, that we have very much to do in Germany, by and through Prussia; and that we by no means despair of seeing such commercial regulations made and established as shall very materially help on our depressed manufacturers. Our alliance with Prussia should certainly be not less intimate than with France. With a Protestant king, though with a mixed population; with an enlightened monarch, surrounded by not less enlightened ministers; with a powerful and well-disciplined army; with a loyal and dutiful people; with admirable political institutions, and moral and social ameliorations continually in progress, Prussia is one of those countries of which we should chiefly cultivate the friendship, because in all these respects she bears the strongest resemblance to our own.

AUSTRIA is still governed by the profound mind, business habits, and unfathomable diplomatic talents of Prince Metternich. This is, both for the empire and the emperor, an untold good. Acquainted most intimately with to others hidden, but to himself well known, movements and condition of every state in Europe, if not in the world, this extraordinary being is, as it were, every where present with his mind, and exercises over all cabinets and governments an unseen, but a real and powerful, influence. It was to his gigantic conceptions and clear and defined views that Casimir Perier was indebted for the conviction that it was possible to reconcile the new French dynasty to Europe, to introduce it into the family of sovereigns, by its means to keep down that very tyrant Democracy from which it had itself sprung, and to maintain peace, although all the elements of war were then in the most active moment. When the powers of Britain, France, and Russia, were engaged in a most iniquitous attack on the Turkish fleet at Navarino, Austria declined being engaged in the combat; and Prince Metternich remained faithful to the Porte. When the governments of Europe were literally afraid of receiving into their territories the ba-

nished family of the French Bourbons, Austria opened her castle-doors, and welcomed the royal exiles. When Italy rose as it were to a man, and threatened in 1831 to join the war party in Europe which cried "Death to all kings, and destruction to all thrones," Prince Metternich marched his Austrian legions into the dissatisfied districts, and repressed rebellion. When Ancona was occupied by French troops, and when that very occupation threatened to rekindle the taste for revolution in Italy, Prince Metternich limited the period of that occupation, caused the evacuation to take place at the promised period, and replaced Italy nearly in the same condition as that in which she had been put by the treaties of Vienna. The Prince Metternich is one of the most enlightened statesmen the present age of the world has produced. Those who caricature him as an absolutist, as a despot, as a believer in the divine right of all kings to govern according to their own will, and as the advocate of the duty of passive obedience to all laws, whether opposed to or in harmony with the laws of God, are as ignorant of his mind as they are of his heart. Prince Metternich is an admirer of all that is impassioned in oratory, of all that is sublime in rhetoric, of all that is exquisite in nature, of all that is philosophical in literature or the sciences, of all that is poetic, dramatic, scenic, and tasteful; and he is at the same time a sound logician, a subtle metaphysician, an acute detector of flaws either in argument or diplomacy, and is in all respects one of the most astonishing men of an epoch which has produced prodigies. To this statesman, diplomatist, and philosopher Europe owes a long, long list of obligations, which she can never cancel; and Austria would be entitled to inscribe on his monument,—

"METTERNICH THE GREAT."

Now, how do we stand with Austria? What are our relations with that powerful empire? Are they such as they were formerly? Are the cords of amity as closely drawn as when, side by side, our battalions marched against the common foe? Have we taken as much pains with Austria as we have with France to render her not merely a political but

a commercial ally? When we contemplate her extensive domains, her well-organised government, the unity and power of her measures, the wisdom and justice of her decisions, and the dependence to be placed on all her engagements, we cannot but feel anxious that those who cry for new marts, new outlets, and new roads on which to convey the products of our industry and enterprise, should find in Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, the Tyrol, Lombardy, and the Italian states under the Austrian dominion and influence, all those openings which are so much required, and which would be so advantageous.

The prospects of Austria are not, however, unclouded. The Italian states have lately given her new causes for uneasiness. It is very difficult indeed to govern so extraordinary a people as the Italians by governors and deputies at so remote a distance from the central seat of rule. Lombardy is always a cause of apprehension. The Papal States are badly administered by the ministers of the pope. And Austria is always looked to to keep down the principle of revolt, as well as to punish all aggressors. There are many other causes for uneasiness on the part of the government of Vienna, such as the present condition of Turkey, the growing influence of Russia in the south-east of Europe, the spread of anarchical principles in Switzerland, the dreadful condition of Spain, and the want of a strong and sincere alliance between the sovereigns and princes of Spain, Portugal, and Italy. Hungary and Bohemia, also, as well as Austrian Poland, supply abundant causes for uneasiness and anxiety; but so long as Prince Metternich presides over the court and government, no great disaster can well be apprehended.

Again, then, we ask, what are our commercial relations with Austria? How can they be improved? What can be done to open up to us as merchants the vast kingdoms which acknowledge her sway, and are, on the whole, happy under her rule? And again we urge that the state of our trade, manufactures, and commerce, require from our government prodigious efforts on every hand.

If we look to smaller states nearer home, we cannot begin with Belgium.

Now Belgium has by no means treated us well. For although we admire the judgment, wisdom, prudence, and patriotism of King Leopold for his adopted country, still we contend that Belgium has used us ill. She has used us ill with regard to her commercial arrangements with France being of an excluding character as against ourselves; and she has used us ill, also, in her direct relations with us. "Every one for himself, and God for us all," might be placed as an appropriate motto at the Belgian custom-houses; except, perhaps, that the words might be added after "God for us all," "*and especially for France.*" The combined attack of France and Belgium with regard to linen thread, was most flagitious; and the injustice done to our former coal and iron trade with France, through Belgian intrigue and diplomacy, cannot be forgotten by those who remember that we have never yet had the long promised compensation for the duties on French wines and brandies. With the sole exception of a small reduction in port and tonnage duties, too insignificant even to entitle it to notice, France has invariably been "stealing a march upon us" in all our commercial mutual relations. Belgium has much aided this unjust preponderance in favour of France; and the Belgians should be taught to feel that, whilst we admire the industry and talent of their labouring classes, our queen cannot visit their rich and productive provinces, and thus add stability to the throne of their king, without expecting, on the part of the Belgians in return, a spirit of concession and of sympathy in our commercial relations. We know very well that the agents and the apologists of "The League," will tell us that we have no other means of obtaining "better terms" with Europe than by consenting to glut our markets with foreign corn; this is their utopia. We are prepared for being laughed at by Colonel Torrens, because we hold it to be certain that by improved and extended commercial treaties with Europe and America, all can be effected which is necessary for the relief of our manufacturers, without resorting to measures which would be fatal to our agriculturists. We

are told, indeed, by some, that ere many sessions shall have rolled over our heads, Sir Robert Peel will himself propose a small fixed duty. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," we reply; and as this is not the first time that the predicted acts of the premier have not been converted into realities, we are contented to wait and see, observe, and examine, and not call "Wolf!" before the wolf approaches.

The prospects of the **TURKISH EMPIRE** are by no means satisfactory or encouraging. Lord Palmerston vainly imagined that, by reducing the power of the pacha of Egypt, and by securing the payment of the tribute money, he could give life and being to a corpse. But what is the present state of the Ottoman Porte, and what power still exercises the most chilling and oppressive influence there? There can be no doubt that it is Russia. We cannot hope much, then, for our commerce in that quarter; indeed, the apathy of the Turks, their indolence, their satisfaction with themselves, their aversion to all progress, and the conviction of the wisest and least superstitious amongst them, that, in spite of all the unrealised predictions of Mahomet, their empire must fall, render them by no means powerful, though they may be faithful allies. How long the day may be postponed when Russia, realising the plans of Catharine, will plant her southern capital on the shores of the Bosphorus, it is impossible for us to anticipate; but in the mean time Turkey is in a state of submission and slavery, and her prospects cannot inspire us with either confidence or respect. The crouching attitude of a power, existing only by sufferance, is not one with which commercial treaties can be signed with any advantage.

Thus, also, is it with Greece. Greece is badly governed. The recent revolution in that country is neither glorious nor profitable to any party, or to any system. It is neither advantageous to liberty or to government, to rulers or to the ruled. But there, also, the foot of Russia has left its impression, as it has done in Servia; and in both it has been proved, beyond doubt, that the cabinet of St. Petersburg had its ends to accomplish, and its policy

to follow up. When countries are in the condition of Turkey, Greece, and Servia, markets may be momentarily glutted, and advantage, for the time being, may be taken of their condition of inertia. But in order that commercial relations may be steadily, firmly, and vigorously established, and may become advantageous to all who are concerned, it is necessary that the governors and the governed should be in a healthy state of moral, social, and political action.

We must not forget when we look commercially and financially to the prospects of Europe, to turn our thoughts to the smaller, but very important, countries of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, the Hanse Towns, and Switzerland. We have a much better chance in each of these than we have in France. They have long been taught to regard us not as rivals, but as friends; and from the daily intercourse we have had with all of those which have sea-coasts and shipping, they have learned to appreciate our enterprise, skill, courage, good faith, punctuality, and zeal. They may fear our competition—they may dread our displeasure—they may speak with horror of our reprisals—but the British name is still held in great veneration in the countries and states to which we are referring. Now, as the prospects of nearly all these states, with, perhaps, only as an exception some of the cantons of Switzerland, are decidedly satisfactory, how do we stand commercially with each and every of them? Is nothing more to be expected in the way of the adjustment of custom duties? Are there no tariffs to be reduced? no more ports to be visited? no more favours to be solicited and obtained? We confess we think there are. We are aware that, in the case of Holland, she cannot yet have forgotten the ungrateful and ungenerous course we took with regard to depriving her of her Belgic provinces; and we do not doubt that some further time must elapse ere she can forgive that attack on the part of her once "faithful ally." But still the honest Dutchman is at heart a merchant. His colonies are by him cherished and loved; his trade and shipping are amongst the objects dearest to his

heart; and he can understand, and act upon the understanding, that reciprocity is the life of commercial alliances. Let us all, then, in private and in public life, in our writings, and on our travels through that rich, populous, and interesting country, seek to cultivate more than ever a good understanding with Holland. And let our government avail itself of every means in its power to secure to our merchants and manufacturers that confidence on the part of the Dutch, and to return to that confiding friendship which, before the events of 1830, were to them so profitable and pleasant.

As we have neither time nor space further to amplify on the particular prospects of each state in Europe, and as we desire to offer some general, and, we hope, not wholly unimportant reflections on the prospects of the whole Continent, we shall here cease our special examination.

It appears, then, to us, that there are very distinct and striking features in the prospects of Europe, arising out of three distinct facts, the examination of which will terminate our observations on "*English Alliances and European Prospects.*" Those three facts are, that since the construction of the treaties of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, there have arisen in Europe, 1st. A decided taste and affection for peace; 2d. A strong desire to extend the trade, commerce, and manufactures of each country; and 3d. A marked tendency in the minds of most men towards preferring constitutional to absolute monarchies. Let us look at each of these facts, for they will enable us accurately to appreciate the past, the present, and the future.

1st. A decided taste and affection for peace has grown up in Europe. When we reflect on the occasions for war, to say nothing of the excuses for war which have occurred in almost every portion of Europe since July 1830; when we remember that some states would have occupied their armies, kept down internal sedition and rebellion, and got rid of a host of wild and disordered spirits by enlisting them in their employ; and when we consider that the war-party in Europe resorted to every plan, stratagem, intrigue, to move to war the governments of the Continent, whe-

ther monarchical, constitutional, or republican, we are astonished at the prevalence of peace, and regard it as undoubtedly one of the most striking and astounding facts of modern history. And we think that it would be easy to shew that the progress of moral and religious education, the increase of charitable associations, the efforts of humane and benevolent men to appease the angry passions of their species, and to cultivate peace and good-will, are amongst the primary causes of this improved condition of the public mind. Even to peace-societies—even to the benevolent efforts of preachers, and teachers, and missionaries of peace—even to the dissemination of tracts in favour of peace in all languages—we would not withhold the meed of praise, inasmuch as, we doubt not, they have directly and indirectly contributed to this end. The horrors of war, the injustice of war, the folly and madness of war, are all felt more decidedly than ever; and so true is this in its fullest force, that a minister of state proceeding to the houses of parliament with a royal message announcing the declaration of war on the part of this country against any other power, except for some unpardonable wrong which could not possibly be otherwise atoned for, would be regarded as insane, and left without a supporter even on the ministerial side. "Peace" is the universal cry; and therefore it is that European prospects must, on the whole, be regarded as encouraging. With peace, all of happiness and prosperity are possible—with war they are impossible.

2. A strong desire exists all over Europe to extend the trade, commerce, and manufactures of each country. By a strong desire, we, of course, mean a stronger desire than has hitherto existed in the modern history of the European Continent. The principles of political economy in their practical bearing upon the commerce of nations are better understood. The value of commerce as a means of civilisation is more fully felt. The moral operation of commercial intercourse on the social happiness of the human race is more highly appreciated. A desire for constantly partaking in each clime, by means of trade and com-

merce, of the productions of other climes, is more generally entertained and cherished. A diminution of the jealousy felt in former periods of the efforts and productions of other nations and peoples, has most happily occurred. And the consequence of all this is, that the public mind of Europe has become desirous of extending the commercial relations, and the manufacturing enterprises of each country; from which results a feeling of reciprocity, at least on the part of the governed, which will terminate in a happy infection of the governors. All this has been going on gradually during the last twenty-five years, and we have, therefore, confidence in its durability. This is cheering to all those who, like ourselves, take a deep interest in our own trade and commerce.

And 3. A marked tendency exists in the minds of most men towards preferring constitutional to absolute monarchies.

It is a common and a daring libel, uttered with falsehood and rancour by the anti-Conservatives of Great Britain and the Continent, that our Conservatives are opposed to constitutional monarchies, and that nothing delights, nothing satisfies them, in the form of government, but despotic or, at least, absolute institutions. Forgetful of the fact that to the true and former Conservatives of this country they are indebted for all the practical liberty, and yet wholesome restraint, which, as a people, they and we enjoy; they madly allege that we are unprepared to rejoice at the gradual development of constitutional monarchies abroad. A more unblushing misstatement of Conservative opinion than this is seldom made. We, and all true Conservatives are, unquestionably opposed to a spirit of propagandism; we would at all times set our faces against those who would compel this and that country to adopt certain forms of government, whether the people were prepared or unprepared for their reception. But, nevertheless, when the people are prepared, when the movement is national, and not

foreign—natural, and not forced—we delight to witness the establishment of constitutional monarchies and representative institutions. A tendency to such establishment exists unquestionably in many parts of the European continent; and it is for this, as well as for the other reasons we have supplied, that we think highly, encouragingly, and satisfactorily of European prospects.

In concluding these observations, we desire, however, expressly to record our conviction that whilst our government must seek to extend our commercial relations with those of Europe and America, that very much has likewise to be effected in regard to our own colonies! When we reflect on their number, extent, and value: when we look at their population, their inexhaustible riches, and the outlets they could supply to our home manufactures if suitable and large encouragement were given to colonisation, we confess that we feel deeply concerned that the whole of this subject should be taken up by both the legislative and the executive powers in this country. We trust we are not indifferent to the varied difficulties surrounding this subject; and, if we know any thing of ourselves, we would not throw any difficulties in the way of our Conservative rulers, but in proportion as our Whig-Radical rulers were unable or unwilling to effect any real good for either our manufacturers or commercial interests, in the same proportion are we desirous that the government of Sir Robert Peel should not lay itself open to the same imputation. If our colonies should be rendered, as they can and ought to be, immense marts for our home products, and if British alliances shall be formed, or modified, with an eye to our commercial interests, we may, ere long, hope to see no indigence or misery in our streets, but the smiles of peace, plenty, and contentment. To aid in bringing about such results, either by word or deed, by reproof, suggestion, remonstrance, or encouragement, would be to us the highest object of our lawful and not unworthy ambition.

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FRENCH UNIVERSITY WRITERS.

" In die Traum und zaubersphäre,
Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen.
Fuhr uns gut, und mach' dir ehre ?
Das wir forwärts bald gelangen
In den weiten öden Räumen."—GOETHE, *Faust*.

" The limits of the sphere of dream !
The bounds of true and false are past.
Lead us on, thou, wandering beam—
Lead us onwards far and fast."—SHELLEY'S *Translation*.

THE French university has, as our readers may know, the sole direction of education throughout France. From the highest colleges to the lowest grammar-schools, no educational establishment not ecclesiastical can exist in that country, except under the immediate superintendence of this central authority. From the highest professors to the lowest ushers, all the teachers hold their appointments from, and at the pleasure of, the university. Diplomas, also, for the exercise of all the faculties, are given solely by the council of this institution. Its grand masters, inspectors, professors, and lecturers, are always among the most eminent men of letters of the kingdom. Their posts are posts of high dignity. And we may say that literature in their persons, in addition to its own proper influence, is invested with an official influence, with a legal dominion, the extent of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. The mind itself of the French nation is placed within the shaping hands of this great national power. The clergy alone are exempted from its control.

But the clerical body, or rather, as it is affirmed, the Jesuits, have lately—within the last few months—made several violent attacks on the uni-

versity, on the score of the irreligious and anti-Christian principles its professors and lecturers are said to disseminate throughout all the colleges and schools under their sway. The great importance, the conspicuous official and literary eminence of the party assailed, has excited much public interest in the charges brought against them. The question is not, who brings the charges? but, are they true? And, that this question is one of the most serious import, the immense influence which the infidel writers of the eighteenth century exerted over their country is alone sufficient to shew. Yet these writers were simply *literati*, whose opinions carried no weight or sanction from the state. They were not formed into an institution, and endowed with authority by the supreme government to instruct the whole rising generation of their countrymen. But the university *is*; and it is thus in a position to exercise a much *greater* power than the encyclopedists of the past age could possibly do. If, then, this power, which their monopoly of instruction confers in so absolute a manner on this body, be indeed devoted to the inculcation of infidel doctrines, the fact is certainly a very grave one; we cannot lay too much

emphasis upon it, for it is not possible that such a national education as this fact must imply should not be the *all in all* in its effects upon the mental and moral, social and political character, and future career of the French people.

Now we must, without further preface, and at once, inform our readers that the accusations brought against the university are true. It is not, however, surprising that they should not have been urged before. The French are not easily awakened to the danger of the irreligious instruction of youth. The education of existing French fathers was quite as irreligious as that which they give now to their sons. Religion, too, they consider as a matter quite apart from mental cultivation of every kind.

Besides, infidelity in France has changed its form. It is no longer what it was at the Voltairean epoch. It has become spiritual-mystical; it announces itself as *religious*. It is not a system of denial, but, we might almost say, one of unlimited, indiscriminate affirmation. If it accepts nothing as true, it is only by virtue of its rejecting nothing as false. It is a reaction from the denying incredulity of the last age into an incredulity of an exactly opposite character, which confuses the true and the false together, and in this confusion itself has its very existence. It is consistent, also, with much occasional laudation of Christianity, and hence, from all these causes, its real nature is hidden from all who do not closely examine it.

But the modern French infidels of whom we speak do not *rest* in this species of incredulity. It is not the end they aim at. Their incredulity is but preparatory to the introduction of a new philosophy which they are industriously excogitating for the further enlightenment of mankind. To explain ourselves.

They lay it down as an axiom that all religions have been hitherto *symbolical*, or imperfect shadows of imperfect truths. The first religious symbols in the rude infancy of society were, they tell us, as crude and gross as were the great masses of human beings to whom they were adapted. But that, as the intellect of men became more refined, there were

added to these symbols others, more suitable to the advancing developments of human nature, and varying in various regions on the earth. Christianity, they admit, to be the most refined symbolism of spiritual truth that has ever been promulgated. They reckon that it may yet continue to exist for sometime. They look, however, on its actual state to be a state of *transition*, for they pronounce it certain, that as Paganism and other forms of idolatrous, or, as they call it, *symbolic* worship, have passed away, and yielded their place to Christianity, so Christianity itself must pass away, and yield its place to their new philosophy, which they represent as the grand ultimatum to which all religions, from the beginning of the world, have secretly tended.

This philosophy is named the *Eclectic*. It would *choose* from out all ancient and modern creeds and codes of ethics the true principles which they are held respectively to contain, and, having discovered their mutual relations and harmonies, *fuse* them all together. Thus eclecticism aims at the *universal*. It has no limit, no centre, no home. Whilst it sees principles, or germs of truth, every where, it recognises positive truth nowhere. Whilst it sees in all religions vast adumbrations of truth, more or less obscure, it will recognise in no one of them any system of purely true doctrines. In this mighty ravelment of true and false, which all discriminations, we are told, have hitherto rendered only more ravelled still, the philosophers of this school set themselves up as the grand interpreters.

But their mode of proceeding is novel. They do not reason, observe, criticise, or appeal, on any occasion to facts or to experience, but they abandon themselves to *ideas*! to subtleties and fancies, which are thoroughly obedient and plastic to any system that may commend itself to a wilful mind. Ideology, Napoleon first called these wanton speculations, and they have adopted the word. Reason, in its legitimate functions, does not suit them, for it is a *separator* and *classifier*, and *fusion* is their object; in this, ideology helps them wonderfully. Ideology is, according to them, the highest—the spiritual form of reason, and the

only true key to all moral science. Truths and historic facts, subjected to its operation, lose entirely their original significations, and unfold meanings which soar away into the most rarified ether of a metaphysic mysticism.

On this plan, it is evident that all our acquired knowledge of past times is regarded but as raw material, as gross rudimental matter, to be thrown into the crucible of the new philosophy, and to come out thoroughly transmuted. Christianity, especially, the eclecticians would subject to this process of transformation, and they declare that when this is effected—that is, when the gospel of Christ shall have melted down with Paganism, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and all other creeds, including the late impious theories of the St. Simonians, the essence, the condensed spirit of them all, in which the Christian element will predominate, may furnish that idealised, spiritualised, eclectic religion, or religious philosophy, which may comport with the new intellectual and moral future, that is, even now, they assure us, dawning on mankind.

It is so much a matter of course that revelation, in the Christian meaning of the word, should be denied altogether by men entertaining such sentiments as these, that we should not mention the fact if they did not, nevertheless, proclaim their belief in divine revelations of another kind, which we cannot forbear to expose. Humanity itself, they tell us, is divine. All the revelations which humanity makes to itself they, therefore, hold to be divine also. In this sense, they call all the great social and moral changes that have ever happened on the earth, divine revelations; and to those recorded in the Bible they would give a conspicuous place. It is impossible, however, not to see that the revolution of '89 is, in their estimation, the revelation that has had abundantly more of the divine spirit of humanity in it than any other.

But it is time to justify our assertions by examples. All these we shall take from university writers. Messrs. Cousin, Villemain, Geoffroy, Mouton, Michelet, Quinet, Matter, Libri, Letrone, Dameron, Arnould, Chevalier, with many others, are

among the witnesses we have in waiting. Our limits, however, may not permit us to furnish extracts from the works (and their works are chiefly lectures) of all these instructors of the youth of France. Yet the subject we are upon has too deep an importance, too grave an interest, not to demand from us the amplest space we can possibly afford to it.

At the head of the eclectic school stands the name of Monsieur Cousin, a name to which an European celebrity is attached. We must, therefore, give more ample extracts from the works of this writer than we can afford to give from those of any of his followers. In the remarks we may subjoin we shall not presume to contend with the metaphysician. Our plain, humble, common-sense comments will only, perhaps, serve to shew the immense distance that separates common sense from metaphysics. The passage we first light upon from this author is one from his *Cours de Philosophie et de l'Histoire*. It describes his theory of the creation, and is as follows:—

“What is creation? Will you have the common definition? Here it is. To create is to make something out of nothing—to draw something out of nothing. And it must needs be that this definition appears very satisfactory, as we hear it repeated, even at the present day, almost every where. But Leucippus, Epicurus, Lucretius, Bayle, Spinoza” (all truly *Epicuri de grege porci*), “and all well-exercised thinkers, demonstrate, with the utmost ease, that from nothing can come nothing—that from non-existence nothing can issue; from which it follows that creation is impossible. The very base of the common definition is, in the idea itself of non-existence, an idea purely negative. But it is a property of mind to be able to set up all sorts of hypotheses—to be able, for instance, in the presence of a reality, to suppose the contrary. There is a real extravagance, however, in arguing from the possibility of an hypothesis, its reality. The hypothesis we speak of is besides more completely untenable than most others. It contains an absolute contradiction. Nothing is the negation of *all* existence; but who makes here the negation of all existence? Who? Why thought; that is to say, you who think. So that you who think, you deny, by your definition of the creation, yourself, your thought, and your negation itself. * * * What,

then, gentlemen, is it to create? Not after the hypothetic method, but after the method we have always followed—that method which borrows always from the human conscience that which afterwards, by a superior induction, it applies to the divine essence. To create is a thing very little difficult to conceive, for it is a thing we do every moment ourselves; in fact, we create every time we perform a free act. Man does not draw out of nothing the action he is about to perform; he draws it out of the power which he has in himself to perform it; he draws it out of himself. Here, then, we see the TYPE OF THE CREATION."

Now we unfeignedly suppose that this argument of M. Cousin is extremely profound, and we feel inclined to take shame to ourselves that we cannot see its profundity. Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinoza, and all the philosophers, ancient and modern, of their school (though it does not contain "*all well-exercised thinkers*") have the reputation of having been, or of being, very deep and subtle reasoners. Be it so then. We will not dispute their exceeding metaphysic elevation above all others. Nevertheless, they have never been able to carry with them the common sense and reason of mankind. There seems to be something antipathetic between their reasonings and conclusions and those of common sense the most amply informed. It is *this*, perhaps, and the immense *out-of-sight* superiority they assume over the general understanding, that has given to their speculations an exaggerated importance. Their minds breathe in a tenuity of atmosphere in which the intelligence of all other men gasps and dies. We abhor and admire. Poor Common Sense stands aghast. "These men," she says, "are learned, eloquent, deep. There can be no doubt about it. They puzzle me; I am not able to follow them. When I think I understand them, their arguments and opinions appear to me so absurd that I say to myself, surely they cannot mean *that*; and, giving up the effort to make out their meaning, I retire, with the humbling conviction of my own measureless inferiority and utter insignificance." But if she *should* attempt to reply to what she *thinks* she understands, the contrast between the *sublimity* of her metaphysic antagonists and the *bathos*

she makes of it, is most painfully ridiculous. We will give an example of this. As an unpretending representative of Common Sense, we will set down an answer to the passage we have just cited from M. Cousin's lectures; and we believe that our readers will then agree with us that its sublimity in the hands of Common Sense becomes pitiable bathos indeed.

If, then, we may judge from our own experience, we should say that the argument of M. Cousin, above stated, is one that has occurred to almost every schoolboy between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and that it has generally been discovered, even by these young thinkers, to be entirely sophistic and futile.

Schoolboys, of whose education logic makes any part, are taught, as one of their earliest lessons, "that a definition is simply a proposition, in which the idea of the attribute is the same as that of the subject, and in which the subject is of the same nature, and, it may be, the same name as the attribute." Also, "that to define any thing to the subject idea, two other ideas must be added." Thus, in the definition, man is a reasoning animal, to the subject idea, man, is added the general idea, animal, and the discriminating one of reasoning. But, according to this invariable rule, M. Cousin's definition of the creation, which is based, he tells us, but upon *one idea*, must be thoroughly defective. Besides, as he supposes *absolute nothing*, repeating the truism that "from nothing can come nothing," his words are devoid of all sense. The proper definition of the creation the schoolboy would soon see is this: the creation is that divine act by which the world has been called from non-existence into existence. This definition is complete. Creation is the subject, the divine action is the attribute; the idea of the attribute is identic with that of the subject, and the subject is the name itself of the attribute. To the idea of creation are also added two other ideas to define it,—the general idea of the divine action, and the discriminating one of the world called out of non-existence into being. But, admitting for a moment with M. Cousin, that *one single idea* can form the base of a definition, we deny that the idea of nothing or non-existence forms the

prominent idea even of the definition he has given. On the contrary, the word *creation*, the action that creates, must strike every one as the idea that predominates throughout the whole passage we have cited. However, this idea, in the sense in which it is entertained by all mankind, he endeavours to keep out of sight, to hide altogether, under the negative one of non-existence.

For, as he proceeds, he says, "Nothing is the negation of *all* existence," and from thence he concludes that those who believe in this original nothing or negation of *all* existence deny themselves their thought and their negation itself. True; but who does or ever did believe in the possibility of nothing—of *non-existence absolute*? Certainly those with whom M. Cousin contends have always maintained the *eternal existence of an omnipotent Being*. Their hypothesis, then, is not a negation of *all* existence, but a negation of all *created* existence till it was created. Will M. Cousin say that these involve themselves in the preposterous conclusions which follow inevitably from his preposterous absurdity—the negation of *all* existence? No. For, if these conclusions on the hypothesis of his opponents could stand, he would have found for that little word *all* another by which the belief of the world, on the subject of the creation, would have been fairly stated.

Or, perhaps, his own theory so entirely occupied his mind that he has attributed a deduction from it; viz. the synonymous meaning of creation and the negation of *all* existence to those who repel that theory *in toto*; for as he goes on he gives us to understand that this negation of *all* existence, which he represents as the general hypothesis, is not *his* hypothesis. He acknowledges that God, or the divine essence, *does* create, precisely, however, as we, as *all* men create. Every time we perform, he tells us, a free act, we create. We do not draw, he says, the action we are about to perform out of nothing (which would really be creation), we draw it out of ourselves, out of our own power to perform it. So, then, the objective matter and the subjective power are the same, and the block out of which the sculptor shapes a statue is the sculptor him-

self, or part of himself. And as God creates precisely as we do, the outward universe to which God gives shape and proportion, just as the sculptor does to the statue, is God, or a part of God. We also, as constituting the highest beings in the universe of which we have any cognisance, are, in a very emphatic sense, God, or at least essential parts of the Godhead. Thus, matter being God, and men being God, it follows that those who deny the eternal existence of matter and of mankind—that is, those who maintain the Christian doctrine of the creation, should be set down by M. Cousin, as a logical consequence of his theory, as denying *all* existence, themselves, their thoughts, and their negation itself.

A few more extracts will develop still more fully M. Cousin's philosophy, and shew too somewhat of the operation it is intended to have on Christianity:—

"Enthusiasm," he says in the work above named, "after having caught a glimpse of God in the outward world, created a worship, and caught a glimpse again of God in this worship.

"Faith attaches itself to symbols, and contemplates that which is not there (*ce qui n'y est pas*), or at least only there indirectly and obscurely. And herein is precisely the grandeur of faith; it recognises God in that which does not visibly exhibit God. But enthusiasm and faith are not, cannot be, the final developement of the human intelligence. In the presence of symbols, man, after having adored, experiences the want of *accounting to himself* for that which he adores—of accounting to himself, gentlemen, of *accounting to himself*—these are words of the gravest import. For on what condition can he thus account to himself? On one only, that of *decomposing* the sentiment of which he would account to himself, that of transforming it into pure conceptions, which the mind afterwards examines, and on the truth or falsehood of which it pronounces judgment.

"It is thus to enthusiasm and faith that reflection succeeds; but as enthusiasm and faith have their natural language in poetry, so reflection has for its organ dialectics; and so, gentlemen, behold we are now in a different world from that of symbolism and worship; for, on the day on which man first reflected, on that very day, philosophy was born."

On the subject of ideas, this pro-

found philosopher is still more eloquent and incomprehensible:—

"Ideas," he writes, "are thought under its natural form. They may be true or false; but we rectify, we develope them. They have this property, that they present an immediate sense to thought, and need nothing but themselves to be understood completely. Thought has no intelligence but with itself, and really understands only itself. It was itself only it understood in those inferior spheres of faith and reason, which we have passed through; but there was misunderstanding, because it saw itself under forms more or less false and unfaithful. It does not thoroughly understand, till, reassuming possession of itself, it takes itself for its own object. Arrived there, it has arrived at its limit; for it cannot go beyond itself, but it must necessarily reach this bourne. Till it has attained this ultimatum, its development is incomplete. Philosophy is the complete development of thought.

"Ideas, gentlemen, are the only proper objects of philosophy—the world of philosophy. And do not believe that ideas represent any thing but themselves, and that it is by virtue of their resemblance to that which they are intended to represent that we trust in them; ideas represent nothing—absolutely nothing but themselves. It is a false inference to suppose that the invisible represents any thing. Ideas have only one character,—that of being intelligible. I will add, that there is nothing intelligible but ideas. Ideas are not simple words, are not beings (*ces ne sont pas des êtres*); they are the conceptions of the human reason; and indeed the rigour of analysis forces us to ascribe them to the eternal principle of the human reason—to the absolute reason; for to this reason they belong; they are but, as it were, lent to our inferior reason. They exist by the existence of mind. They are nothing else than the mode of being (*la manière d'être*) of the eternal reason, viz., the ideas of the only intelligence to whom they can appertain—the life of the absolute intelligence. Thus our intelligence, or rather the intelligence that makes its apparition in us (*ou plutôt celle qui fait son apparition en nous*), is a fragment of the universal reason, of the absolute, infallible, eternal reason."

Let us hear now M. Cousin's theory of the Trinity, and of the nature of God:—

"That which constitutes," he says, in the discourse from which the preceding extract is taken, "the essence of our reason constitutes the essence of the eternal reason: that is to say, a triplicity which resolves itself into unity, and a unity

which developes itself in triplicity. The life of God is nothing else than the idea of the infinite, the finite, and their relations,—than the movement which goes from unity to multiplicity, and returns from multiplicity to unity. The unity of this triplicity is alone real; but, at the same time, this unity would perish entirely, if deprived of any one of the three elements which are essential to it. They have, all of them, the same logical value, and constitute the indecomposable unity. What is this unity? The divine intelligence itself. Behold the thrice holy God! My theory is founded on Christianity.

"It is manifest now, gentlemen, you see, that God is not an abstract God,—the dead God of the scholastics banished by the creation to the throne of a silent eternity; not an absolute existence, which resembles non-existence itself, but a God real and true, at the same time substance and cause, always substance, and always cause, being substance only by virtue of being cause, and being cause only by virtue of being substance,—that is to say, being absolute cause—one and many, eternity and time, space and number, essence and life, indivisibility and totality, beginning, end, middle, at the summit of all being, and in its lowest manifestations, infinite and finite, triple infinite,—that is, at once God, nature, humanity. For, in brief, if God be not all, he is nothing; if he is absolutely indivisible in himself, he is inaccessible, and consequently incomprehensible; and his incomprehensibility is to us his destruction.

"God, being then an absolute cause, must produce. Thus the creation ceases to be unintelligible, for there could be no more God without the world than there could be the world without God. In the system of Spinoza the creation is impossible; in mine it is necessary."

We do not undertake, we must here again inform our readers, to refute M. Cousin's doctrines,—merely to expose them. To the English reader, we believe, their refutation would be superfluous; for to him, no doubt, they appear to be what they are, filmy spider-webs woven in the air to catch poor human flies; in fact, nothing but ingenious and eloquent gibberish. Yet we cannot refrain from setting down a remark or two on the passages we have just transcribed.

We have seen how M. Cousin exalts ideas; but he nowhere throughout the work from which the above extracts are taken defines what he means by the term. He speaks of

ideas, as though they constituted the whole intellectual and spiritual being, not of man only, but of God. He says there is nothing intelligible but ideas; that they represent nothing, absolutely nothing, but themselves; and that they are the life of the absolute intelligence, or of Him whom the Christian would call the Almighty God.

Now we do not profess to apprehend with any distinctness what M. Cousin means by the word ideas. If, however, we at all understand him, he uses that term both in its *definite* and *indefinite* sense—interchangeably. In any definite sense, the import of the word must have a *precise limit*,—for a definition that does not *limit* the signification of the thing signified is misnamed, is no definition at all. But, in its definite sense, logicians mean, if we mistake not, by the word ideas single and separate conceptions or conclusions of the mind which are perfectly *distinct* and *clear*; not conclusions as combinations, as forming whole subjects, but conclusions as distinct *units*,—their *oneness* and *completeness* in themselves being, as ideas, their essential property. In the indefinite sense of the word, on the other hand, every movement of the mind may be called an idea; fancies, feelings, thought, reason, knowledge, being all made up of ideas, may be so named. Here the signification of the word is *unlimited*; but the mental movements of the idiot and the madman are in this sense ideas too, as well as those of the profoundest philosopher; so that, if there be nothing intelligible, it is equally true, also, that there is nothing unintelligible but ideas. In their definite meaning ideas are either self-evident, or they are reached by analysis; in their indefinite meaning, they have a wide, loose, all-comprehending signification. It is by employing the term vaguely, almost indiscriminately, in both its senses, that M. Cousin juggles admirably. He tells us that there is nothing intelligible but ideas. Here, then, if he uses the term in its definite, he uses it likewise in its indefinite sense; for he describes, in his description of ideas, *knowledge*. At the same time, he in many places repeatedly assures us, that it is only by *decomposing* our knowledge that

we can get at ideas. Here the word is employed simply in its definite sense. Again, he uses the words thought and ideas as though they were, in strictness, convertible terms, which they are *not*; for ideas do not necessarily suppose the *labour of cogitation*, which is thought.

On the whole, we believe a more perfect specimen of *hide-and-seek* rhetoric—for we cannot call M. Cousin's rhapsody reasoning—than the above passage affords, is nowhere to be found. According to him, man should not be defined a reasoning creature, but an *ideating* creature; for, in his panegyric of ideas, he exalts them much above reason. M. Cousin should have written this panegyric in mongrel Latin, and then it would have had exactly the character of those senselessly verbose incantations with which swindling quacks of old were wont to impose upon the ignorant. He should have added, also, the words with which these charlatans always terminated their jabbered spells, *Capiat qui capere potest*, and his conjuration would have been complete.

Seriously, we have not been able to satisfy ourselves that M. Cousin is really in earnest, and convinced of the truth of his own doctrines. It has often struck us, in reading his philosophic works, that his design throughout them all has been merely to amuse himself, and to delude his readers by a dazzling fence of words, — by a display of logomachy, in which he is so great a master, that he may be called the juggler *par excellence*,—the great Cagliostro of the nineteenth century. Like other *léger-de-mots*, or *slight-o'-words* men, he, however, despite his proficiency, often performs his tricks very clumsily. What, for instance, can be more bungling than this? He says that ideas are *conceptions of the human reason*, and yet *lent* to the human reason; and, in another part of the same work, "that it is certain that nothing is less personal to us than reason; that it does not belong to us" (*car il est certain que rien n'est moins personnel que la raison, et qu'elle ne nous appartient pas*). Surely he could have had no respect for his audience or the public when he uttered, and deliberately wrote, such nonsense as this!

We cannot forbear to add a word or two touching M. Cousin's doctrine of the Deity.

God, according to him, is, at the same time, unity, multiplicity, and the relations between unity and multiplicity; he is infinite, finite, and the relations between infinite and finite. These three ideas are the modes of God as necessary as himself, having the same value, and constituting the indecomposable unity. But God, infinite, finite, and the relations between infinite and finite, is nought to our understanding but a *chaos of words*, out of which we can extract no distinct meaning. The distinction between the finite and the relations we do not either discern, as it appears to us that all relations are finite, and that there is nothing finite that is not a relation. Again: God infinite, finite, and the relations between infinite and finite, must be the universe, from which he is not distinguished; and God not distinct from the universe resembles strongly the denial of God altogether. Now M. Cousin has told us that the incomprehensibility of God is to us his destruction; and he has shewn us himself, in the very passage in which this assertion occurs, *in what sense* this dictum of his is undoubtedly true.

Further, this God of M. Cousins must strike every one not as a *Being*, but as an *abstraction of human thought*; and who will fall down and worship an abstraction of his own thought? Why, man must feel himself as a living soul to be infinitely superior to this *idea-god*, which he has himself formed; for nothing more than an idea can he make of it, let him try as he will. The infinite, the finite, and their relations, can never present themselves to his mind as a *Being*. The slightest effort of reflection will shew him that they are mere *properties*. Infinity is a property, finitude is a property, and relations are properties; but what is the substance in which these properties inhere? Let M. Cousin tell us that, and we will tell him what God is. That substance is the incomprehensible God, the I AM of eternity. His incomprehensibility here is not his destruction; *for his existence and his incomprehensibility are one and the same identic conception of our minds*.

M. Cousin, too, represents the cre-

ation as *necessary, absolute, infinite*. But the ideas of creation and infinitude are contradictory. An infinite creature could not be a creature, and a created infinite could not be infinite.

We see, now, that eclecticism in its perfection is only another word for pantheism.

Alas, for the aberrations of infidelity! But how impossible it is that it should not for ever err wider and wider from truth. If the Bible be indeed a revelation from Almighty God, those who do not take it for the *centre of and guide to* all moral truth, *must go wrong*, and plunge deeper and deeper into labyrinths of error, in proportion to their ardour to reach true conclusions. And, if it be *not* a revelation from God, where are we? Why, in the midst of eclecticism, mysticism, ideology, and pantheism; for such straining as these terms indicate after spiritual verities would, under the supposition we have made, be all that could remain to man to meet, but not to satisfy, the most imperative demands of his spiritual nature. And from these fruitless and exhausting strainings his fall into the unspeakable degradation of idolatry would be inevitable; for unbiblical spiritualism and idolatry are counterparts of each other. Oh, how strongly do these wild and blind speculations of French philosophers prove the *necessity* of revelation; and, by proving its necessity, how convincingly do they furnish one of the strongest proofs of its *truth*!

We will now lay before our readers, from other university writers, a few extracts, which will shew how satisfactorily these great doctors accomplish the amalgamation, of which we have spoken, of all religions out of which their new philosophic religion is to spring. M. Matter, an inspector-general of the university, gives us very plainly to understand, in his *History of Gnosticism*, that the religion of the Jews was borrowed from the Egyptians and the Persians: in fact, was manufactured out of older religions, just in the same way that the French philosophers would manufacture a new creed now. He makes every effort to shew that some of the leading doctrines of the Bible were contained, with some slight differences, in the ancient superstitions

of the East, with a view, it would seem, to demonstrate the superiority of these superstitions over the Bible. The passage we particularly refer to is as follows :—

“ The doctrine of Egypt forms, with its symbols, a science so rich, so immense, that it is also impossible to give a full account of it. The Egyptian system is one of the noblest branches of the ancient theosophy of Asia, two other branches of which we discern in the speculations of the Hindoos and Persians. It commended itself early to the theosophists of Gnosticism, whose mission and holy task it was to interfuse with Christianity all that was profound and precious in the discoveries of older times.

“ The god of the Egyptians was an occult and hidden deity. He was the source of all might. He united all the attributes which the ancient Oriental theosophy had discovered in the Supreme Being. He was light, for he was the sun-god; he was invariable in the midst of all that is phenomenal in all worlds; he created nothing, but all emanated from him. When the moment of creation was come, this being, not having the power to operate the creation directly, spoke into existence, out of himself, the *logos*—a female being named Neith, who became the divine mother of all things. She was not, however, a different being from the supreme; she was merely a development of the God-head.

“ The system of Zoroaster is the most remarkable, and the most celebrated of all those which the Jews met with in Asia. God is there qualified as *time without bounds*. He is so thoroughly enveloped in his own glory, his nature and his attributes are so inaccessible, that he can only be to man the object of silent adoration. The beginning of the creation was made by emanation. The first emanation of the Almighty was the primitive light, and from this light there sprang the king of light, Ormund. By his word, Ormund created the world. He is its preserver and its judge; he is a being holy and heavenly; he is wisdom and knowledge. These doctrines offered analogies to the Jews, and led them to the most manifest and palpable imitations. The Pharisees thence derived their dogma of the constant conflict between good and evil. Like the Persians, they attributed evil and the fall of man to devils and their chief; and, like them, they acknowledged that the good had the special protection of the angels of *Jehovah*. Their doctrine on this subject of good and evil, and the fall, was much richer than that of the sacred Scriptures, and

the source from whence the Scriptures borrowed it is too evident to need pointing out. The Jews, whose religious institutions present, from the very beginning, so many remarkable affinities with those of Egypt, must have had an especial knowledge of the creed of Zoroaster.”

M. Edgar Quinet is still more dogmatic and confident in his assertion than M. Matter :—

“ Revelation,” he says, in his *Génie des Religions*, “ being operated only by nature (*ne se faisant que par l'organe de la nature*), all religions spring out of each other. The Hebrew God emanated from more ancient forms of worship. Christianity is a fusion of creeds from the East, from Greece, and from Rome. Every locality of nature, every epoch of time, having its peculiar character, represents the divinity under its peculiar form. From every form of the world a revelation arises. Each revelation produces a society, and every region of the earth its god, its worship. There is not a point in space or time that does not figure in the constantly increasing revelation of the Almighty. The earth veritably gives birth to her god in the travail of ages.”

And in the same work he adds :—

“ The power of transformation, having passed from matter into man (*la puissance de la transformation ayant passée de la matière dans l'homme*), is preparing for us a new religion, which will illuminate the universe, and restore its lost peace to the world. Asia and Europe have had their day; their religions have passed away: but America is still new, and it is to her that is reserved the mission of giving a new religion to mankind, which will reconcile the genius of the East with that of the West.”

From the same premises, however, M. Michelet arrives at a different conclusion. In his *Introduction to Universal History* he says :—

“ The word of Sinai was the result of the perfect mixture of the Oriental races. The word of Christianity is the expansion of the Jewish unity, fecundated by the genius of Persia and of Grecian Egypt. But the reign of Christianity is well-nigh over. The Social word (*la verbe sociale*) must succeed it, and it is to the future that the Social word belongs. In the country where the most perfect mixture of European races exists under the form of liberty and equality, the Social word has already broken out, but its revelation is successive. It is to bring heaven down upon earth (*elle doit transporter le ciel sur la terre*), and it is to

France that it appertains to manifest this new revelation, and to explain it."

Again, M. Lerminier thus writes; the passage is to be found in his *Cours de Philosophie*, which have been republished in a journal called *L'Ami de la Religion* :—

"Judaism is but an impotent disfigurement of the theocracy which Moses endeavoured to transplant from Egypt, where he had studied the secrets of the sanctuary. This sublime robber not only stole from the Egyptians their jewels, but their ideas also."

And, further on, he adds,—

"Man has an idea of the absolute; this idea produces love; love, desire; and desire awakens the imagination. Idea, love, desire, imagination, together, generate religion. But if religion is the supreme effort of humanity, it is, nevertheless, subject to the same conditions as humanity. Nothing, however, exists on the earth out of the limits of time and space. Nothing can move within these two forms that does not bear their impress, and is not circumscribed by their boundaries. Thus, though religion be in itself an idea eternal and universal, it has no eternal or catholic symbol. Christianity, then, is only one of the transient forms which the religious sentiment has adopted. We venerate it still, because it is in the nature of things, but we can recognise in it no other merit."

And, in his panegyric on Paganism, the same author says,—

"The merit of paganism is, that it developed the energy that is in man. We want, at present, some of the ancient Pagan virtues; and in the *recast* (*refonte*) of opinions, ideas, and morals, that is preparing, the true aspects of our nature, which the heathen civilisation had drawn out, and which Christianity has too much eclipsed, will reappear, to contribute to the elements of a *new humanity* (*reparaîtront pour contribuer aux éléments d'une nouvelle humanité*). It is, then, unjust to represent communities as having fallen into degradation by the empire of polytheism. Christianity has been beneficial to humanity, but it does not constitute humanity. Before its birth the world lived. It did not commence, and will not finish history."

M. Dameron, in his essay on the history of philosophy, expresses the like sentiments on a different subject :—

"Whether," he says, "we follow the tradition from Adam to Jesus Christ, or

from Jesus Christ to ourselves, it is always but one thought that has been given to the world. Let us grant that there has been a revelation or manifestation of the human ideal in Adam, and in Jesus Christ. We will not dispute the point; we cede it. Still, in our day, can truth, with its veils and images, find entrance into minds which demand rational and evident demonstration? Images, and even illusions, may have been necessary to minds that could only be affected by figures and mysteries. But to those in whom the faculty of reflection is developed and exercised, truth must be presented in naked luminousness; its own evidence is to them its only force."

Once more, M. Cousin :—

"Christianity," he writes, "is, no doubt, the cradle of modern science. I have myself pointed out more than one truth (that of the Trinity, for instance) hidden under the veil of Christian images. But we must not pretend that our reason should not attempt to discover new religious truths *under another form*. This would be to oppose the necessary progress of things."

M. Libri, even in a *History of Mathematics*, cannot forbear to express his opinion on the origin of Christianity :—

"As," he says, "Rome issued from a den of robbers, so it was bruited through the world that a liberator of nations had come out of a manger. This *Hebraic fact* produced great sensation, and was gradually received. It was only necessary, in order to this result, that the founders of Christianity should associate, with the announcement of their lowly deliverer, the ideas and the hopes which were then most prevalent in the world. The time for a great political revolution had come; such revolution had become necessary, inevitable; and, if the doctrine of Christ had not brought it to pass, some other event would have done so. This doctrine, however, the *travail of humanity*, worked itself out but slowly, for immense provisions are necessary to the establishment of religions. They *always* encounter difficulties, resistance, persecution; and these conflicts always continue till the strong doctrine, around which the ideas, the interests, and the new wants of men, group themselves, conquers the feeble doctrine of a past age, which is left behind in the progress of human society. *It is thus that religions are fabricated.*"

M. Gatién Arnoult, an inspector and professor of the university, the author of many works in high repute

in France, especially of one called *Doctrines Philosophiques*, from which the following extract is taken, is the last witness we shall call to establish the point before us:—

"Great," he says, "as Christian society may be granted to be, it is not, nevertheless, either supernatural or privileged in the order of humanity. By the French Revolution the Word will be made flesh, and will dwell among us (*la parole sera faite chair, et habitera parmi nous*). Then there will be an illustrious triumph and a complete developement of the principles of Christianity, which will be recognised as identic with those of the revolution of '89. God will be no longer the object of a symbolic worship, but of a pure worship in spirit and in truth."

Let us now pause for a moment, take breath, and look about us, that we may recover a little from the astonishment these amazing announcements have thrown us into. And let us endeavour, too, to account for the fact, that Frenchmen, grave, learned doctors, not romance-writers or poets, should entertain such preposterous views as these, and inculcate them throughout all the schools of France, and throughout all French society, with a fervour, an assurance, and an undoubtingness, that seems to spring from the conviction that they are themselves apostles, whose divine mission it is to accomplish the great moral revolution they foretell. A few hints on this subject will suffice to explain the matter to our readers.

Frenchmen appear to us, then, to use their minds, in the treatment of all moral subjects, in a manner, after an order of proceeding, precisely the reverse of that which its faculties suggest to all other men. And they treat these subjects themselves in a like manner; they invert their order, they turn them upside down before they will look at them.

For instance, with respect to our first assertion,—

Metaphysics and imagination bound our intelligence; the one in its *depths*, the other in its *heights*. We may profitably make excursions into these obscure regions, which are obscure from the very excess of their luminousness; but all the real acquisitions of the understanding lie *between* them. The intermediate region is the domain of experience, and

of reason too, as distinguished, on the one hand, from metaphysics, and, on the other, from imagination. Metaphysics aim at the *abstract*, the *absolute*; imagination soars into the intensities of the *indefinite*; but reason seeks and finds the realisation of strong, sure, *relative* truths. Now this intermediate ground, which may be called the only habitable track, the very homestead of the intellect, is the limit, all our mental faculties tell us, wherein should begin and finish all our inquiries after truth. The French, however, are always outward bound from this sphere of real practical knowledge. Despising relative truths, which appear to them to be no truths at all, merely *make-shifts* for truth, they seek for truth, by the aid of metaphysics, in its abstract forms. But these abstract forms, they soon perceive, do not represent man. They add, therefore, imagination to metaphysics, and these two conjoined have so much *vitality* in them, that the moral and intellectual life of an intermediating reason, of careful observation and examination, and of the long-hoarded experience of ages, looks like death in the comparison. On the base, or rather baselessness, consequently, of the mingled *abstract* and *indefinite*, they would build all their conclusions. The extreme tendencies of the mind, which lose themselves jointly in infinitude, seem to them to point the only way to the solutions they would arrive at.

And to ardent, aspiring unbelievers in revelation, how can it seem otherwise? If revelation does not bring in a satisfactory measure these solutions *home* to man, and teach him to *wait* for their full manifestations, man *will* go after them at all hazards. But, to go after them, he *must* disesteem the *relative*, and he *must* plunge into the *abstract* and *indefinite*. And this, we see, is what the French philosophers have done. Incredulity has driven them forth from out the homestead of the understanding. Their minds are loose upon space, and their philosophy is thus, naturally and inevitably, such as we find it; at the same time, subtle and vague, spiritualised and irreligious, giving us for knowledge, speculations, and for realities, visions.

Again, we say, they invert the

order of their subjects, they turn them upside down before they will look at them. The above extracts exemplify strikingly this assertion.

The Mosaic portions of the Hebrew Bible received merely as history, or as the most ancient book in the possession of mankind, should certainly take the precedence of the subsequent traditional and obscure accounts we have of religious rites and doctrines, that seem to have the same source as those instituted by Moses. But the French philosophers, without a particle of evidence to justify them in so doing, give precedence over the Bible to every ancient superstition that looks at all like an abominable perversion of the biblical creed. They see, consequently, in the idolatries of Oriental heathenism the first germs of the Mosaic dispensation, instead of learning from the Mosaic record how these idolatries themselves might be but corruptions of a primitive revelation. By this mode of proceeding, they turn one of the most striking proofs of the truth of revelation into the most decided proof of its falsehood. For certainly, on the hypothesis that the various forms of pagan worship had their remote origin in a revelation made to the earliest generation of men, the resemblances of these forms to the religion that professes to be a revelation, and their very divergencies from it also, furnish a strong corroboration of its claims to divine inspiration. On the other hand, if this religion itself be but borrowed from the old Pagan superstitions of the East, we must reject it as truthless, and unworthy of all belief, for the very same reasons that we reject these superstitions themselves. And this, on this very ground, is what the philosophers we speak of would have us to do. They deny that the old Pagan forms of worship have any biblical origin, though they trace in them many resemblances to the rites of Judaism; and they affirm, on the strength of these very resemblances, that the religion of the Bible is derived from paganism. But, if this be not to turn their subject, and history itself, upside down, to put consequence for cause, and cause for consequence, we know not what is.

To expose the falsehood which this

inversion of the fact that stood plainly before them involves, would be a work of supererogation; for it exposes itself, it is palpable. Our only difficulty is to account for the utter contempt of all historic testimony, which the adoption of this falsehood, as an undoubted truth, as a fundamental axiom, as the base of a pile of reasonings that would reach the sky, so glaringly manifests. But this difficulty, on a little reflection, vanishes away.

For what are facts, what is history, what is testimony to the ideologists? Nothing, as it were, but inert matter to receive from them life and sense; clay in the hands of the potter. If you tell them that history is against them, they will smile on you with ineffable pity. History is to them but "the letter which killeth," whilst they possess the spirit of the letter which giveth life. Till they have infused into history its true meanings, it is regarded by them as of no authority. Its use is, previously, merely to furnish materials for their theories. It must be subservient, as they hold it, in all respects, to their interpretations. And as to the idea that they should receive its significance from, not impart it to, history, they look upon such a notion as antiquated, retrograde, subversive of all liberty of thought, and altogether destructive of philosophy.

Of all the authors we have above named, M. Jeoffroy is decidedly the most serious; and M. Michelet the most erudite and imaginative. And if M. Cousin's philosophy had been confined to such men as these, though we should still hold it to be exceedingly pernicious, it could not have made such ravages in French society as it has made, and is still making. It could not have become popular, for M. Jeoffroy is too earnest and painful a writer to captivate the multitude; and M. Michelet's imaginations, except when he falls into the absurd, are by far too abstruse and enigmatic to present any distinct meaning to common readers. But inferior expounders have made the doctrines so painfully uttered by M. Jeoffroy, and so sylhetically announced by M. Michelet, familiar to all. Thus, these writers, who might otherwise have been comparatively innocuous, have become pre-eminently

dangerous. We feel, therefore, that we should leave our task incomplete, that we should fail to make out our case fully against the university, if we did not give an extract from that most learned, eloquent, and imaginative work, which M. Michelet has been pleased to call a History of France; and one, also, from M. Jeoffroy's public lectures, which have been published under the title of *Du Problème de la Destinée Humaine*.

The passage we are now about to translate from M. Michelet's history may seem to our readers to be somewhat wide of our subject; but it is for this reason we choose it, as it will shew that, even when engaged on topics quite apart from Christianity, French writers, of the class to which M. Michelet belongs, cannot yet refrain from allusions to biblical events, which exhibit the utmost wantonness of a fantastic incredulity and credulity mixed together. Incidental allusions, too, of this kind often furnish better testimony, as to the spirit that actuates an author, than more direct evidence; and we believe it would be difficult to find a page or two of a *reflective* cast, in any modern French writings, in which such anti-Christian thoughts as follow do not occur in the same most natural and matter-of-course manner. By the unjoined extract, it is evident that Mahomedanism and the Bible, sun-worship and the Gospel, have all about the same value, and all contain the same description of doctrines in the judgment of the historian.

M. Michelet thus writes of Mahomedanism:—

"Islamism is the most recent of Asiatic religions, the last, the impotent effort of the East, to escape from the weight of materialism. Persia, with her heroic opposition of the kingdom of light to that of darkness, of her Iran to her Turan, sufficed not. Judæa, shut up as she was in the unity of her abstract God, concentrated and indurated in herself, sufficed not. Neither the one nor the other could effect the redemption of Asia. What then can Mahomet do, who merely adopts the Judaic God, draws him out from among the one people, and imposes him on all? Will Ismael prove more powerful than his brother Israel? Will the Arabian desert prove more fruitful than Judæa and Persia?

"God is God—behold Islamism! It

is the religion of unity. Let man disappear; let flesh hide itself; no images, no art. This terrible God would be jealous of his own symbols. He would be alone, all in all, with man. He would by himself fill and satisfy his creature completely. The family is well-nigh abolished; relationship, the tribe also, all these old bonds of Asiatic society, cease to be. Woman is hidden in the harem; four wives, but concubines without number. Few are the ties between brothers, between parents and children. The name of Musulman fills the place of all other names. Families without a common appellation, without distinctive marks, without perpetuity, seem to be new families every generation. Each individual builds his own house, and the house dies with the individual. Man holds neither to man nor to the earth. Isolated, leaving no trace behind them, generations pass away, equal, in the regard of the leveller God, who will have no hierarchy, as the grains of sand in dust-heaps that sweep over the desert. This religion is really Arabia itself. This God, whom Mahomet stole from Moses, might remain abstract, pure, and terrible on the Jewish mountain, or in the Arabian desert. But see, the captains of the prophet lead him victoriously from Bagdad to Cordova, from Damascus to Surat. When the flashing of sabres and scimitars shall no longer kindle his fierce fire, he will humanise himself. I tremble for his austerity in the paradise of the harem, among the solitary roses, and sprayey fountains of the Alhambra. The flesh, accursed by this superb religion, obstinately reclaims its rights; the proscribed materialism returns, under another form, and avenges itself with the violence of an exile, who regains his inheritance. They have shut up woman in the seraglio, these abjurers of sensuality, but she shuts them up with her. They rejected our Virgin, and they have been fighting with each other, for a thousand years, about their Fatima. They have rejected the God-man and the doctrine of the incarnation, out of hatred to our Christ, and they have proclaimed the incarnation of their own Ali."

In his history M. Michelet takes often occasion to speak of Christianity, but he always associates it with other creeds, and sees in all of them the same species of idealising fanaticism, and nothing else; for instance, he says,—

"In the mysterious anarchy of the twelfth century, a prodigious sentiment, expressive of the moral power and grandeur of man, broke out. The Pelagians

made this bold announcement, 'Christ is nothing more than we are; each man may become divine by virtue.' The end, too, they declared had come, for that man himself was the end; he had but to believe in himself, to know himself to be God. Messiahs sprung up in all quarters. It was not only within the bounds of Christianity, but in Mahomedanism itself, the enemy of the incarnation, that man deified and adored himself. The Fatamites of Egypt gave the example. The chief of the Apasins declared that he was the Iman so long expected — the incarnate spirit of Ali. In Europe a Messiah appeared at Antwerp, and all the populace followed him. Another in Brittany seemed to resuscitate the ancient Gnosticism of Ireland. Amaury de Chartres, and his disciple David de Dian, maintained that God is perpetually incarnate in human nature. Such is the intoxication and pride of the *T [du Moi]* on its first awakening. By philosophy and by republicanism, it attacks the *Not I [Non Moi, i.e. God]* under three forms."

Those who are acquainted with M. Michelet's writings will not be at all surprised at the above extracts. Open any of his works, at any place, and passages to match or to surpass those we have just cited will be found. But two peculiarities mark most prominently all this author's productions.

1st. He identifies every where creeds with the countries wherein they are professed. The soul of man, and the external scenery which surrounds him, seem to him to be but images of each other. He finds all manner of fanciful resemblances between the two. The really powerful influence of climate, and of geographical position, all, of course, admit. But M. Michelet appears to attribute to country some mysterious and mystical influence more potent still. He writes as though he seriously believed that every separate region of the earth had a distant spiritual power, or God, presiding over it. But, though this fancy is surely an excellent one in poetry, it really shocks and revolts one when set down as a grave observation in the narrative of the historian, or the reasonings of the philosopher. 2d. This writer, whilst he passes over many, we might almost say, most of the leading events of history, as of no importance, frequently presents us with facts that he has brought out

of their dusty obscurity, and that are utterly worthless, as having the most profound insignificance. We have an example of this in the above extract, in his mention of the mad fanatics of Antwerp and Brittany, who gave themselves out as Messiahs, and whose apparitions he represents as indicating strikingly the mental travail of the world at that time.

We must now give the passage we have promised from M. Jeoffroy:

"It is now many years," he says, in the work we have already named, "that a great war has broken out in Europe between the human reason, on one side, and the imperfections of a solution that has for eighteen centuries governed that part of the world, on the other. What will be the future solution? I know not. Will it be religious or philosophic? Perhaps it is not impossible to foresee. Recollect, gentlemen, that, by virtue of the definition we have given, that which distinguishes the religious solution is, that it derives its authority from heaven, and is enveloped in forms, more or less symbolic. Well, I ask you, do you believe that, at the actual epoch, a solution can be presented to the acceptance of the masses on this title, viz. that it has been revealed? Do you think that they have any taste for a doctrine shrouded in figures? For my part, gentlemen, I am strongly inclined to answer this question by a negative. I speak according to my conviction. There remains, then, in my opinion, but one mode of coming to the rescue of our menaced society, but one only mode,—it is that of agitating philosophically those formidable problems to which a solution must necessarily be found; it is that of sincerely searching, by the rigorous processes of science, a solution rigorous also, which may be able to bear the severe scrutiny of that reason into whose hands civilisation has transferred the sceptre of authority. In substance this is all that has been aimed at by those who, with benevolent intentions towards the masses, envelope the new essays [St. Simonianism] they propose in religious veils. For, if enlightened minds can believe in the unity of such an envelopment, it is out of their power to see nothing in it but a figure. Now, then, gentlemen, you know the motives which, at a period and in a country like this, have induced me to state, in all its breadth, the problem of the human destiny, and to approach the subject with the strong and holy arm of science. I promise you neither complete solutions, nor incontestable solutions. I am but a simple workman in the immense task I have traced out. After fifteen years of

disquieting meditations on the enigma of the human destiny, I have arrived at convictions on many points, and on reasoned doubts on others. These convictions and these doubts, with the arguments that have led to them, I will now lay before you; and happy shall I be if my incipient solutions (*solutions ébauchées*) should serve one day as materials to construct an edifice of truth."

And so the inference is, the problem of the human destiny, not being explained, has only been rendered still more enigmatic by Christianity. The solutions Christianity offers must be regarded, in the light of M. Jeoffroy's remarks, but as additional enigmas, sphinx's riddles. And that they did darken and perplex all this writer's views (their divine origin being rejected) in the most distressful and pitiable manner, not only do his writings shew, but he has avowed as much distinctly, in words so forcible and so strikingly descriptive of the state of mind of thinking unbelievers, that we will give these words in the French, without comment, that they may lose nothing of their melancholy force by translation, or by any comments we could subjoin:—

"*La divinité*," he writes in a work published since his death, "*du Christianisme une fois mise en doute à mes yeux, je suis alors qu'au fond de moi-même, il n'y avait plus rien qui fut debout que tout ce que j'avais cru, sur moi-même, sur Dieu, sur ma destinée dans vie, et dans l'autre, je ne le croyais plus. De tous côtés, il n'y avait qu'une vaste énigme qui m'environnait.*"

We have seen now very sufficiently the species of infidelity which characterises the present philosophy of France. When this philosophy first appeared, or rather—for it is as old as Gnosticism—when it was last resuscitated in that country, its real nature was not recognised. Because it had much religious aspiration or spiritualism in it, it was thought to be friendly to Christianity, and many hoped it would find its rest in the Christian faith. But M. Villemain, in endeavouring to account for the origin of religious creeds, has described this sort of spiritualism, which he represents as their common source, and shewn how mistaken the hope erewhile entertained was:—

"*Spiritualisme*," he says, in his *Nou-*

veau Mélanges, "is born of despair and disgust. It is then, when social life offers nothing great to the mind, that the ardour of genius, the privilege of the few, carries these gifted few away, and plunges them into mystic speculations. They are enthusiasts of the Unknown, because they find no worthy occupation on the earth; and their souls, incapable of inaction, take the infinite for their career."

Now we will venture to assert, in direct contradiction to this eminent writer, that to the religion of the Bible, at least, this species of spiritualism is utterly repugnant. The grand master of the university has had evidently present to his mind, whilst writing the passage just cited, not Moses, not Jesus Christ, not the apostles, not Luther or Calvin, but the perturbed and tormented spirits of his own day and of his own nation. The founders of the Judaic creed, and the founders and reformers of Christianity, regarding them all equally for the moment as uninspired men, were remarkable, without exception, for their simplicity, singleness, and steadiness of purpose, and for the serene undoubtingness of their minds. Far from being *all abroad in speculations*, they were all men, as it were, but of *one idea*, occupied exclusively in the pursuit of one definite object. M. Villemain's description goes wide away from them, his *despair* and *disgust* belong to beings altogether of another stamp. These sad characteristics mark, however, on their very foreheads, those who have cast away every positive creed, and, by the very fact of being creedless, are launched into a spiritualism that knows no bounds. This state of mind is the most adverse possible to the reception of Christianity, much more so to its generation.

We find, indeed, that the earliest pagan opposers of the Gospel were the Platonists, the Epicureans, and the other mystical spiritualisers of the schools of Greece, and that the first corruptions of the Gospel, which led so rapidly to idolatry, arose also from the idealising glosses which these sophists, then called Gnostics and Christians by denomination, put upon it. By their unbelieving interpretations Christianity came to be regarded in the schools, as early as the beginning of the second century, somewhat in the same light as that in

which it is now regarded by French philosophers.

We have taken leave, therefore, to give its true application to the above extract. We apply it to these philosophers, not to the founders, as M. Villemain does, but to the *confusers* of all religions. The passage faithfully portrays them, and could only have been written when this description of men stood vividly before the mind of the writer.

We may as well in conclusion shew the resemblance between these modern French philosophers and the ancient Gnostics to whom we have just alluded. M. Matter, in his *History of Gnosticism*, furnishes us the means of doing this with the utmost ease. For we will leave our readers to judge whether the following observations, which that historian applies to the Gnostics, do not, *mutato nomine*, faithfully describe himself and the whole fraternity of authors to whom he belongs. We would not, however, associate *their* names with that of Simon Magus, though, if that foul impostor were indeed such a man as M. Matter represents him, their names will bear the association without injury :—

"Simon Magus," writes the inspector-general, "was the first founder of Gnosticism. He was not, as he has been represented, a political impostor; hew as a philosophic enthusiast. With the spirit of syncretism that characterised the epoch in which he lived, he attached himself to certain Christian ideas, whilst he remained out of the pale of the society which professed them. Accustomed to find truths every where and truth nowhere, those truths which he perceived in the apostles' instructions excited in his credulous mind a fermentation, which issued in the adoption of some of them into his own system."

And again :—

"Bardesanes, the founder of the second Gnostic school, had been educated in Christian ideas, to which he gave a preference; but he soon added to them all those of the surrounding schools of philosophy. Though by temper a dialectician, his works are nevertheless highly poetical. Gnosticism is, indeed, in itself the richest poetry. It charms especially by the brilliant images under which its mysticism is hidden."

And, speaking of another Gnostic doctor, M. Matter writes,—

"Carpocrates followed Valentinus. His philosophy, though strictly *cosmopolite*, contains doctrines more distinct and positive than those of any other schools. It not only opposed the imperfect laws of Mosaism, but it prescribed all particular laws; it acknowledged but one law, that of nature. This philosophy has sometimes been distinguished by the epithet *eclectic*, and merits, in some respects, the designation. It combined certain ideas of Platonism with certain opinions of Christianity. Carpocrates, born in the learned Alexandria, brought up in the Christian faith, the contemporary of Basilides, and Valentinus, and of all the most celebrated chiefs of the Gnostic schools, could hardly fail to be somewhat *eclectic*. He united to Christianity, to which he desired to give the greatest simplicity (!), the opinions of the East, such as the West had made them, with those of the West itself. The Carpocratians venerated the images of Zoroaster, of Plato, of Aristotle, and of Jesus Christ, as they did that of their own founder. They thus manifested the largeness and liberality of their views, and of their mode of ministering to the great cause of truth."

The following eulogy of Gnosticism, from the same pen, one would think was intended for covert eulogy of eclecticism itself :—

"Gnosticism is, perhaps, the most original system which ancient times have produced; it is, at least, the richest. It differs in its form and in its prominent ideas from every other doctrine, precisely because it arose out of a want which it alone could satisfy. It originated in the spiritual ambition of the gifted few to pass the bounds of the world of sense. It avoided, on the one hand, all that was anti-philosophic in mythology; and, on the other, all that was anti-dogmatic in philosophy. It adopted some of the tenets of Christianity, and strove to form a system which should embrace completely, on all sides, the human intelligence. The height from which Gnosticism contemplated all things forbade reasonings. By contemplation, by irradiations, by intuitions, it saw and discovered all its truths. Its language is full of images, and its doctrines are almost all allegories. No difficulty could stop it. It despised the vulgar philosophy much more than it was disdained by it. Originally, and at many epochs of its existence, it assumed the mission of reconciling parties, and operating a fusion of doctrines by a magnificent syncretism; but it was not able to accomplish this noble task."

Here we might stop, but a remark or two more we must allow ourselves.

It is the clergy of Rome—even the most pernicious and obnoxious branch of that clergy, the Jesuits—who are the first to expose the systematic infidelity of university education in France. How is this? Whence have this body derived their courage to attack, so boldly in front,* the infidel power under which they have quailed for more than the last half century? Do they perceive in the present phase of French infidelity a sure sign of returning influence to themselves? Doubtless they do.

Infidelity, when it is young and is an assailant, is strong; but when it veers and wavers, when it turns from denial to speculation, its virtue has gone out of it. Any superstition will then be found, after a short time, to be, with reference to the great masses of mankind, more than a match for it. Superstition has at least *repose* in it; and we will venture without hesitation to assert, though the assertion be a bold one, that it is *more satisfying* to the great spiritual want of human nature than wild, vague, limitless inquiries, which cease not, which cannot cease, which have no object but to find an object, as it were in infinitude, can possibly be. Were either paganism or Mahomedanism the established worship of France at this moment, we doubt not that the present infidel spirit of that country would soon bring either of these creeds into great comparative honour and veneration with the multitude; much more must it have this effect with respect to Catholicism, which contains within it many of the most essential truths of Christianity.

And it has already, to a very great extent, produced this result. The doctrines of Messieurs Cousin and Jeoffroy gave birth to St. Simonianism; the disciples of these professors were the first St. Simonians; but the St. Simonians have become, almost to a man, devoted and bigoted Roman Catholics, and the lectures of the professors of the university are driving

every day numbers of young students back into the bosom of the church they had before abandoned.

Romanism, nevertheless, it is plain, cannot hold and occupy *mind*. Whatever partial returnings there may be towards it among the educated, all the *active* intellect of France must, it would appear, be yet for a long time voyaging in the void of speculative doctrines. But, till intellect has a firm centre in positive religion, it will be ever (for man cannot suppress, though he may pervert the strongest tendency of his being) seeking its religious centre elsewhere, where it is not to be found—in politics!

Thus we find that intellectual Frenchmen really see in society, in the condition of man upon the earth, the sole proper sphere of their religious views. They would make religion merely social and terrestrial, for they assume that it is nought but a developement of humanity, varying and increasing throughout all the ages of the world. But though religion should potently influence, it cannot, whether true or false, be contained and included within society. It asserts, under the attempted restriction, its superior nature and aim; it bursts through the bounds assigned it, and explodes in revolution. It says to society, God I know, and eternity I know, but who are you? and it rends it to pieces.

Here, then, is the great peril that is impending over France. There is the very heart, the hot-bed of revolution in her infidelity, and in the education her rising generation is now receiving. By this education the religious nature of man is turned, as it were, by a fiend against himself to consume him!—*Infidelly-religious*, revolutionary principles! Of all the scourges that can afflict mankind, this, perhaps, is the severest; and this is the scourge the French university is industriously and zealously knotting and steeping in all venomous juices for the future benefit of their own country, and probably of Europe at large.

* The Jesuits have lately published a fierce attack on the university in a volume entitled *Le Monopole Universitaire*. This work has attracted so much notice, that it has been replied to by Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, who are both lecturers of the college of France.

FANNY ELSSLER AT PARIS.

Paris, February 1841.

SINCE I wrote you last, my dear Mina, I have received very sad intelligence from New York. The worthy gentleman of whom I spoke so gaily a couple of months back, the American lessee, Mr. Price, is no more! It is mournfully strange that the letter he wrote, giving me *carte blanche*, and urging my coming so strenuously, was the last he ever penned. He fell ill immediately, and with an obstinacy, that I learn characterised him, refused all medical advice. The third or fourth day from the beginning of the attack he desired to be conducted to the window. Looking out on the cold and wintry streets, he observed, "What a dark and gloomy scene is this!" sighed, and sat down in a chair, with his eyes still bent upon the heavy clouds floating above, and in a few minutes more his attendant approached him, and found him dead! This event has depressed me a good deal, for though I knew, of course, little of the deceased gentleman, yet I had anticipated long and intimate professional relations with him. I expected to commence my theatrical career in America, under his auspices, and I depended much on his great experience and known ability, to carry me safely and successfully through the trying ordeal that awaits me. After my first emotions of painful surprise, I thought, naturally, what effect this would have on my affairs. I considered myself free again, for my contract was made with him alone. His unfortunate death relieved me, then, of all imperative obligation, and I determined almost instantly to abandon going; for, the nearer I approach this great event of my life, the stronger become my apprehensions, and the deeper my anxiety to retreat from its accomplishment. But I fear this is now quite out of the question. Letters from the surviving manager and *associé* of the late Mr. P. have reached me, begging me not to disappoint the hopes generally entertained of my coming, and that my refusing to do so would involve him in serious loss, as other engagements had been neg-

lected, in the certainty of my filling up the time. This decides me to go on; besides, I have made much preparation, and I am aware that the Opera here suspects me of employing this *ruse* for certain motives they attribute to me; this alone would drive me on. I have been very busy these few days back in getting up my farewell benefit. These are usually grand occasions, and I felt especially solicitous that this parting festivity should not fall short in attraction or numbers to preceding triumphs. I have been making the tour of all the *célébrités du théâtre*, to ask their useful and flattering support, and it has been granted me with cheerful unanimity. It is customary, perhaps you know, for one artist to *lend* another his talent on these occasions, requiring the same service in return when the opportunity may arise. It is for each one to judge for himself whether the exchange be equal or not. There are some who demand payment, and they are right. I have secured, fortunately, the *artistes de l'Opéra Italien et du Théâtre Français*. Of course I have all the aid the *Académie* can afford, for which they expect a good round return of the receipts. My programme will carry me much beyond the legal hour of midnight, and I must be resigned to the deduction of the fine. I shall pay it the more readily since its destination is a good one. I will announce you the result. I have had several friendly visits from my worthy *directeur*, M. Duponchel. He seems uneasy and dissatisfied at my going, but is yet unwilling to exercise his undoubted prerogative. He has the right to buy my three months of liberty, but he fears, perhaps, it would cost him dear. He conceives I set a high value upon it. What woman does not? He talks of quitting the direction. I am not astonished at this, but every *artiste* of the establishment will truly regret it. I think his temper much too docile and mild for a position requiring great firmness and energy of character. In our department his ability is manifest, and most useful. In all matters of ornamental composition,

in the invention of costume, the decoration of the scene, and in all the endless variety of decorative detail that falls within his province and duty, his faultless taste pursues its elegant way, breathing beauty and attractiveness upon every object it touches. But this is only one and a subordinate branch of his arduous work, and his task is the more difficult, as he has come after one who performed his part so admirably. It is doubtful whether the Opera ever flourished more brilliantly, or was ever conducted with such skill and vigour, as during the *régime* of M. Veron. In him was mixed up every element necessary to constitute a successful *directeur*:—great literary merit, useful, if not indispensable; the nicest perception of artistic excellence, with the exact knowledge of the means to develop it in the most favourable light; an intimate acquaintance with the public taste, and the skill to shape it to his purpose; a most correct understanding of dramatic effects; the greatest sympathy with his *artistes* (too much neglected by *entrepreneurs*), a quick insight into their characters, and wonderful expertness in availing himself of their weaknesses; consummate tact, irresistible energy, and a strength of will that overpowered all resistance. With such qualifications, backed by untiring industry, and vigilant attention to his duties, it is not wonderful that his operatic reign was singularly prosperous, great in profit and fame to himself, and eminently satisfactory to the public. I came into the Opera at the close of his career, but in time, fortunately, to benefit by his directorial skill and activity. Hearing of my success in London, he came over to examine into my claims. Satisfied that I was not unworthy transportation to the bright sphere he moved in and controlled, he made very liberal offers for myself and sister, which were accepted, and off we started for Paris. He determined that my *début* should not take place immediately, and he employed the interval with the greatest assiduity in kindling a curiosity in the public mind concerning me, which he inflamed to the highest pitch of longing. When he thought them sufficiently aroused, and the moment ripe for the event, he announced it with a flourish of

his managerial trumpet that rung through the startled ears of all Paris. The night came, and my destiny with it. What my emotions were, it would be a vain attempt to pourtray; but I felt that the result decided my career, that I should remain a favoured and admired plant in this rich and coveted soil, or be nipped in the bud, and fall withered and forgotten, into darkest obscurity. Every thing was most judiciously arranged by the vigilant and sagacious *directeur*, for he knew his interest would be greatly affected by the public decision. A *divertissement* was got up for the occasion, and it was so managed that I did not appear until the public impatience was wound up to an almost intolerable point. It was contrived that I should appear with a close veil over my head and face, and which fell so amply down, as nearly to conceal my person. In this shrouded form I appeared on the stage, near to the lamps, and stood thus for a minute, whilst a pantomimic colloquy was going on about me. The house was silent, and almost breathless with expectation; my veil was thrown back, and instantly every opera-glass was levelled at my devoted head. I shrunk under the intensity of the gaze, so fixed and piercing; I fancied I was burning under the ardent stare directed so steadily upon me. As glass after glass was withdrawn, the pent-up feelings of the house found relief in loud murmurs of satisfaction, as I was told, being too anxious to determine the point for myself. My dancing gave equal pleasure, and as the ballet went on I rose in public estimation, till at the close I was called for, and received the heartiest tokens of admiration and good-will, more than I either deserved or expected; yes, far more. My success was, indeed, a prize for me. How much had I not to fear from the experienced judgment, the refined taste, of the French public, and the surpassing merit of my rivals! Taglioni was then at the very height of her renown; the matchless creation, *La Sylphide*, had carried her reputation to the uttermost ends of Europe, and her nightly performances at the Opera were hailed with enthusiastic plaudits by her enraptured admirers; and truly her execution was superb and fault-

less. Graceful as a swan, she glided majestically across the scene, leaving in her wake mute wonder, and delight. No one comprehended her perfection more fully, no one enjoyed it more heartily, than I did. Is it wonderful, then, that I trembled when I stepped forth, night after night, to contest with her the coveted palm of superiority, and divide with her the spoils of public favour? This rivalry, I dare say painful to both, was kept on for a year or two, when she left the Opera for Russia, where her success only equalled her great merits. I recollect one curious incident connected with her last benefit at the Grand Opera. She solicited and obtained, after much entreaty, the great favour from Vestris that he would appear on this occasion (for he has abandoned for ever *la scène*) and dance with her a minuet. Every one was moved and interested at this novel announcement; the *artistes* especially were gratified at this unexpected opportunity of doing honour to *le dieu de la danse*, once their model, and still their idol. All went on smoothly enough, when it was whispered that the friends of Taglioni were concerting some extraordinary means to do, her honour. It was proposed that Vestris the Great should crown her, with all due formality, *la déesse de la danse*. The excitement and uproar this produced amongst her jealous compeers may be readily imagined; intrigue set industriously to work, open opposition was not wanting, and the *directeur* was called in and appealed to; but, whatever he thought, he could not directly interfere. The partisans of Taglioni were diligent, zealous, and persevering, and they gained their point. The coronation was finally determined on, and the hopes of all pretenders was thus rudely dashed to the ground. It was arranged that, after the minuet was danced, the whole force of the Opera should form in marching procession, and pass round the stage; Taglioni and Vestris were to occupy the centre position, and as they saluted the public in front, the envied crown was to be placed on her victorious head; thereupon a grand galopade of the *troupe* was to follow; of course neither Vestris nor Taglioni was to share in this extraordinary procession.

The solemnity at length arrived; the minuet was executed in the most perfect manner. Vestris, awakened by this momentary return to the brilliant scene of his ancient glory, exerted himself with triumphant success; the *artistes* regarded him with the keenest interest—the public attention was absorbed; his movement was superb, his grace irresistible, and his execution faultless. Taglioni did her part, of course, as became her. The grand event was now approaching—the procession formed—Vestris, wreath in hand, took his place with Taglioni, all tremulous and eager, on his right. The march began, and these principal personages had just reached the front, Vestris was raising his hand to deposit its coronal gift, when, to their joint horror, the orchestra struck up the inspiring, boisterous, torrent-like, galopade! Down came the whole artistic force of the establishment, with an impetus that carried every thing before it; Vestris took to instant flight—Taglioni likewise fled; and the desired, hated coronation was thus prevented in the very act of consummation, and of course abandoned for ever. Taglioni instituted immediate inquiry into this provoking *contre-temps*. The leader of the orchestra was called for, who apologised for his mistake, but insisted that he received the signal to begin—who gave it was never known; whether some wag was bent on spoiling the sport, or whether it was mere accident, was never exactly discovered. There were many who declared it was an adroit manœuvre of Mons. le Directeur to keep peace within his disturbed boundaries, and restore order among his agitated and discontented subjects.

M. Veron retired from the Opera with a large fortune and undiminished fame. To the last he was enterprising, persevering, and successful. He gained largely by his experience in matters of business. He engaged me for a limited period at a certain sum. I demanded, on succeeding, that he would extend the term, which he readily did; but I discovered afterwards that I should have acted wiser to let the term run out, and ask more for a second one.

But to return to present events. I have to deplore the departure from

Paris of my powerful and truly disinterested patron, Mrs. G——. I am indebted to her for numberless civilities and kindnesses, that have laid me under the deepest obligations. The more I have become acquainted with her the greater has grown my attachment, the higher has risen my respect. Hers is a masculine mind, that I can lean upon as a sure and strong prop. Her counsel is good and refreshing to me; and sorely I stand in need of it, surrounded as I am by dangers and temptations, that make my life a perpetual struggle, and no one really interested in my welfare enough to guide me judiciously, or sustain me firmly and boldly. If I have found, as I think, such a friend at last, I shall regard myself as truly fortunate.

I was driving yesterday through the crowded streets, when I heard my name loudly proclaimed, and on turning round observed some one beckoning me with great vehemence to stop. I did so, and the person came dashing recklessly through mud and water to my carriage-door. It was no other than M. Laporte, of Her Majesty's Theatre, London. He came in hot haste, and at the last moment, to engage me to begin his season the commencement of next month. Difficulties presented themselves, but the negotiation was agreed to be carried on next day. How like Laporte to neglect his most important business to the latest hour, and then with what fiery energy he sets to work to redeem his imprudence! He is a very clever person, and has, too, that peculiar suavity of manner and warmth of address that make friends of all he approaches. He has various and high qualifications for his position, and, were he more steady in the performance of duties, doubtless his affairs would thrive better. He has been singularly fortunate in his managerial career whilst at the Opera. He derived immense profits from Sontag's success, and is said to have left the Opera for Covent Garden Theatre with a fortune of 30,000*l.*, which he entirely lost in the latter speculation. His habits, I have heard, are irregular; he thinks nothing of passing whole nights in gay carouse, and impairing health in sumptuous living and recklessness. He is an ad-

mirable actor. I have enjoyed some of his performances so highly as to make me regret he did not confine himself altogether to the scene as a performer, and leave to some one of calmer mind and more business-like habits the tedious and complicated details of theatrical management.

My dear Mrs. G——. Many thanks, and hearty ones, for your flattering and affectionate remembrances of me. I feared, that on your return to your elegant home you would give yourself entirely up to pursuits and friends far more congenial to your lofty taste, and that your petted *protégée* would cease any longer to occupy your thoughts, or interest your feelings. These apprehensions are happily put to flight by your charming letter, so full of kind sympathy and good counsel; I accept gratefully the one, as I hope to profit by the other. Believe me, that I became quite *triste* after your regretted departure. I had become so much accustomed to your delightful society and sprightly engaging conversation, that the sudden loss of both left quite a void in my time and feelings, that as yet no substitute has adequately filled up. How pleasant it was, of a dry, clear, winter's day, to stroll with you in some deserted part of those lovely gardens of the Tuileries, with its fine statues, half-starting into life; its sparkling fountains, its commanding terraces, and delightful vistas; and then listen, as we walked arm-in-arm, to your familiar but beautiful expression of thought, that took me up with them, on their strong pinions, and carried me through unaccustomed regions of reflection, where every thing was new, startling, and pleasing; and then, as we turned, your conversation would take a new channel and descend to me, asking questions of my strange history, that revealed so true an interest, so refined a curiosity, that I delighted to answer and explain. How deeply was I gratified, too, at your unrestrained exclamations of wonder and satisfaction at the simplicity and almost monotonous regularity of my life, which has been but a series of theatrical engagements, filled up with very hard work and moderate gains. True, events of marked interest and

deep pathos dot it here and there, but the canvass of my artistic life is covered over with constant annoyances and petty details. It seemed stale and insipid enough to me, but yet you found in it food for curious comment and romantic reflection, giving it some charm in my eye it never had before. Your candid, honest frankness acted like a spell upon me. My nature warmed again in the soft sunshine of those enkindling sentiments you so glowingly expressed, and the early openness and *naïveté* of my disposition became again evident; the reserve and cold caution I am obliged to wear as an armour against the intruding, assailing selfishness of the world, I dared to throw aside in your presence, and to sport and play in all the innocent freedom of thought and expression that is to me as sweet as it is rare and novel. I loved to hear you talk of my past, of "the triumphs and trials of my meteoric existence," as it sparkled in your eye. Familiarity and repetition have robbed it of nearly all its interest in my dull view. You have often expressed your amazement and anger at the heavy load of injury which scandal, malignant and persevering, has heaped on my name. Your heart has beat high with indignation as facts have falsified the calumnies that have made my home, cast where it might be, their hideous resting-place; and then, to my follies how just, how indulgent you have been! Your words of comfort are still ringing in my ears, "Each of us must shoulder the fardel of her sins, hoping she may make a tolerable 'set-off' of virtues and expiatory sacrifices." Yes, I feel, *chère amie*, that my acquaintance with you will give a new and more pleasing aspect to my life; its feverish excitement will be replaced by soberer joys, and, if less romantic, it will be at least more rational.

I have little news to send you. The greater part of my time is consumed now in completing my preparations for my American campaign that you have encouraged me to look forward to with such sanguine hopes. Heaven grant that all your good wishes may be realised! Have you heard of the event of the week, the production of the Count Walewski's play, *L'Ecole du Monde*? For weeks back, expectation has been greatly excited

by the rumours that have reached the public ear through a hundred channels, of what might be expected from this brilliant comedy. Little did any one anticipate that all would end so tragically. The prestige that surrounds, like a halo, its noble author, contributed a good deal to the curiosity that prevailed. His imperial descent, his various accomplishments, graces of person, set off by manners the most pleasing and dignified, have made him the lion and the pet of salons and boudoirs, even in Paris, where competition for notoriety and favour runs so high. In a luckless hour, doubtless to relieve the *ennui* of fashionable dissipation, he betook himself to writing a play for the Théâtre Français. This threw all coteries, literary and titled, into a ferment of anxiety and expectation. The committee of the "Français" cheerfully accepted the drama, and every rehearsal confirmed the good opinions entertained. The eventful night of representation came, big with the destiny of play and author. The theatre shone resplendent with the bright eyes of many a high-ranked dame, sparkling with delightful anticipation. All ranks and coteries sent forth its choicest representations to do honour to this solemnity—wit, talent, fame, beauty, distinction, and *haute* position, were labelled, broad and clearly, on almost every spectator of the thick throng, that lined the *loges*, covered the *parterre*, and filled every corner of the building. It was a sight and a compliment to make any author proud—an ovation that would have flattered Molière. But what a catastrophe! The curtain rose, the play went on, the performers exerted themselves to the utmost, the sprightly group was never more alert and gay; but scene followed scene, and fainter and fainter became the hopes of friends, keener and deeper the satisfaction of rivals; act succeeded act, till the *dénouement* overtook both play and author. The fate of both was no longer doubtful; and the chilly, funereal silence that prevailed, expressed it all too significantly. Yes, the poor, dramatic bantling, the first-born of its noble and clever parent, drew but a few short, convulsive breaths, and expired; but if any thing could soften so bitter a dispensation, it might

have been found in the pomp and circumstance that presided over its interment. I cannot express to you my sincere disappointment and regret at this unlooked-for result, for every one admits and admires the extreme cleverness of Walewski. How he could have failed with such a subject, after such opportunity and with such ability, is the wonder that sets speculation all afloat. His play has certainly various and great merits—it has all the materials of success: composition well chosen and duly combined, much literary beauty, but yet it lacks the essence to give it popular favour—it wants the vitality to make it breathe and move, enlisting your sympathies, and opening up the sealed fountains of the heart. What is the mystery that makes the writing a good play so difficult? Why is it that minds that vanquish all else, spend their force in vain on this common, but dangerous field? What are the means, where is hidden the recipe, for dramatic success? I know M. Scribe well enough to have extracted this secret, that is almost exclusively his, for failure with this Nestor of dramatists would be as marvellous as complete success with his less fortunate compeers. To others, however, whom it more concerns, will I leave the task of exploring this dark and intricate subject. I will content myself with merely this remark, that theatrical authors owe far more to their practical actors, the *artistes*, than is either known or acknowledged. Within my own province of ballet, I may be allowed to speak; and if the strangely-fashioned and ill-constructed things that authors bring you for acceptance were put on the stage, with all their imperfections on their head, many a name's bright renown would be damned by failure the most complete and mortifying. Indeed, there is hardly an instance where the ballet produced bears even a family resemblance to the one presented; and I know that it is in no way different with other dramatic compositions of a more pretending order. I have heard, well authenticated, many curious anecdotes I forbear repeating, concerning some of the proudest names of contemporary literature, to what a ludicrous degree they are indebted for popular

favour to the wit and genius of obscure or utterly unknown writers, who are happy in the adoption of their works by some high-sounding name in vogue. In England it is not otherwise. I was lately informed that a celebrated play, *The School for Scandal*, attributed to one of your distinguished authors, Sheridan, was, in fact, not his; that it was sent to him for examination, whilst manager, and that seeing its great merit, he contrived to retain it for months, till he declared it lost. The title of it was his own, and perhaps some alterations. Truly Fame is an accident, and most rarely wears its own chaplet. * * *

I find it impossible to continue my letter, so often am I called away by interruptions that hunt me thickly; visitors roll in upon me in one unceasing tide. Adieu, *et bon voyage*, ring in my ears all day long, so little recollection have I of the kindly voices that pronounce these parting benedictions. A countryman of yours was presented to me to-day by a mutual friend, Colonel W—e; very prepossessing in his exterior, and of fine address. He has an unmistakable air of *bon ton*, and has evidently lived in your best circles. He spoke kindly, or condescendingly, of America, where some distant branches of his family are residing. He has clearly a very indistinct notion of their whereabouts, and I am pretty sure he will never venture on a personal inquiry after it or them. It is amusing to listen to the undisguised expressions of horror of all my fashionable acquaintance at my romantic project. It is not that they are incapable of some curiosity to see what may be seen in the New World, but to traverse it would be, to most of them, worse than condemnation to solitary imprisonment on land. A ludicrous story was circulated a short time since of M. d'A—, who received a handsome legacy from a West India relative. This flattering mark of good feeling threw him into transports of very sincere gratitude, but it so happened that it was necessary, to get possession of the coveted doubloons, to go after them. Every ingenious means in the world were employed to escape this heavy penalty and charm the distant treasure to his

longing *bourse*; but neither law nor magic could aid him, and at length he desperately resolved to go. Preparations were made with all possible solemnity, at the bidding, in fact, a final adieu to the world. And who leaves Paris without some such sensation? His will was made, and his friends parted from with the funereal aspect of a man going he knew not where. He reached Havre, and found himself aboard. The ship was getting under weigh, when his face underwent a mortal change, and, with the desperation of one bereft, he insisted on landing. "Je renonce mon argent, et je renonce mon voyage," he cried. Once more on shore, he turned a complacent look on ship and sea, and then averted his eyes for ever, quietly declaring, "Qu'il aimait bien les poissons, mais pas assez d'être mangé par eux." This is the most practical illustration of the feeling here as to such a voyage. I have some misgivings lest I shall beat a similar ignominious retreat. My places are taken, and my name will go if not its owner. I learn that a distinguished leader of our *haut ton*, la Comtesse de Merlin, will be a fellow-passenger. This encourages me. I have still another example in an American lady, a Mad. Moulton, living for some time back in Paris in much splendour. Her *salons* have been a good deal frequented, for the French, like other people, have a sharp instinct for a fine house and good cheer. Who hoists a hospitable banner of this kind is not long without an army of hungry adherents. The Americans seem a truly generous people. I hear they give their days to the accumulation of money, but it appears their nights are devoted to its liberal expenditure. Some of the finest fêtes of Paris are under American auspices, for they ambitiously rival, in princely display, some of our grandest seigneurs. *Tout le monde* is talking now of a sumptuous festival at an American grandee's, Colonel Thorn, whose brilliant equipages are the admiration of Paris. He occupied a spacious mansion belonging to Madame Adelaide, which he fitted up with fairy magnificence and perfect taste. It seems odd, that a simple foreigner, without the prestige of rank or family, should

have achieved a position so firm and elevated as Monsieur Thorn is admitted to enjoy. His glittering *salons* are the favourite resort of the most distinguished of title and position in Paris. I do not know by what conjuring he has arrived at such a consummation; but he must have merit, tact, and wealth, in large proportions, to be able to retain it so successfully. His equipages, stud, and servants, are quite upon a royal scale; and, in spite of calumnious insinuations to the contrary, there must be some money left in America to sustain such an outlay. It seems he is a good deal railed at by some of his inconsiderate countrymen, who think, as he is so well able to entertain them, that it is very improper he does not. The malcontents quite overlook the conventional usages of polite society, and forget that persons must have some claim on the hospitality of another before they can indulge in vague accusations of indifference or neglect. I have heard directly from the colonel's friends, that he is most attentive and courteous to all who come sufficiently authenticated, but that he reserves the harmless privilege of excluding those he does not know, and who have no further title to civilities than the common one of a common country. A number of droll anecdotes have circulated through Paris on this subject, and I listen greedily to any thing American, as it may help to enlighten me, when it is so desirable I should be well informed of the character of this marked and peculiar people.

I remember being greatly entertained at a diverting story of some untaught American, who, finding himself in Paris, and left entirely to his own resources for amusement, bethought himself of his far-famed countryman, Colonel O—, and determined on paying him a friendly visit. It so fell out, that on the evening selected the colonel was entertaining, at a grand *dîner de cérémonie*, the *corps diplomatique*; and at the time the unknown guest arrived, attired, most unceremoniously, in an antique frock-coat and muddy boots, the dinner was still going on. He passed the wondering domestics by a quiet declaration of his friendly object of

seeing the colonel, and entering one of the numerous *salons*, proceeded leisurely to inspect the furniture, books, prints, &c., and at last seated himself comfortably before the fire, with his feet planted securely against the rich marble mantel-piece. The great doors of the *salle-à-manger*, which happened to be shut, were suddenly thrown open, and the distinguished company were thrown into a state of dismay which baffled description; but the easy *non-ébalance* of the intruder was adequate to the emergency; and after taking a long-drawn stare at the ribands and stars that saluted his curious eyes, he rose, in the most cheerful spirit, to shake hands with the colonel, who, by this time, had made his way to the undistinguished object of all this sensation. He explained, in a few words, that he had heard folks talk a deal of the colonel's fine house, and the very pretty things in it, and so he had come to take a look, and he was highly gratified with every thing he saw. This was a critical moment for our hero; but the astonished host displayed great judgment and good feeling in telling him, familiarly, to make himself at home, which he declared, very truly, he had done already. The matter was explained to the puzzled company, and caused great amusement from its singularity. The "unbidden one" became quite the lion of the *société*; and in going away—which he did at last—he assured his good-natured entertainer, that he was so highly pleased with so many agreeable attentions, that he would do them the favour of his company frequently during his stay in Paris, and it was not his fault that he did not.

You wonder, in the midst of hurry and bustle, I can find time to write you so lengthily; but I love to renew intercourse with you, even in this unsatisfactory way. Next week I hope to salute you. Till then, adieu.

London, March 1841.

Ma chère Thérèse,—Such a run as I had of it from Paris to London, from opera to opera, last week, was quicker work than any travelling part of my life of vagabondage that I can remember. Away we went

from the moment I waved you my last adieu, rattling, chattering, and splashing over rough causeways and muddy roads, the rain beating hard against the windows of my *calèche*, and the wind sharply whistling around us, till, with a loud cracking of whip, we entered, at eleven o'clock at night, the quiet town of Boulogne. The packet left at midnight, and we had hardly time to stretch our wearied limbs before we were summoned aboard, and, committing to the careful keeping of my landlord, the truest and most comfortable of carriages, that I part from an old friend, bound to me by a thousand agreeable associations, I descended into the confined and odorous cabin of the uneasy steamer, whose rolling gave token of the boisterous weather that awaited us, and I gave myself up to sea-sickness and every concomitant horror.

I reached my lodgings near Belgrave Square late on Friday, rehearsed, yet half-asleep, on Saturday morning, and made my *rentrée* before my old friends, the English public, the same evening. I did not distinctly feel that I had exchanged capital and people, till my eye wandered, wonderingly, over the dim and vast area of Her Majesty's Theatre. The contrast of this cheerless expanse to the sunny and elegant aspect of the French Opera was striking and chilly enough to wake me up thoroughly to my whereabouts, and, in truth, my first sensations were not the most agreeable. There is something peculiarly repelling in this theatre to the fastidious eye of the continental *artiste*, accustomed to brighter decorations and a more tasteful distribution of the *salle*. Nothing can be in worse taste than the ornaments so scantily scattered over the house; and then how dull and inelegant is the effect of six tiers of boxes, of extraordinary height, all split up and divided into small compartments, closely resembling pigeon-holes, or, liker still, the cabin-berths of a steam-packet, with their dusky red curtains, that look as if they came off the same piece. It almost gave me a qualm to regard them; but, *en revanche*, I have heard the best singer declare that no house was more favourable to the voice, that, notwithstanding its great

extent, they filled it with little effort, and that its rebound was most harmonious and agreeable. I received, of course, a cordial reception, for the English are hospitable and kind in their greetings to strangers, and hearty in their welcome to well-remembered favourites, and I feel it is not presumption in me, at present writing, to class myself in the latter happy category. I like the English greatly; and who does not? There is solidity and certainty in their character that may be reposed on in friendship, and measured in enmity; nothing shallow, treacherous, or base, disfigures their moral escutcheon. These are noble traits that elevate and dignify the nation they adorn, but the truth must be told, they are likewise very cold, formal, and cautious, even to suspicion, in manner. The higher classes are formidably so in their intercourse with strangers, and very affected in their communication with each other. No offence to my noble patron, I trust. The middle class is less marked by these forbidding peculiarities; but from top to bottom, through this verystratum of society, run certain dark veins, chiefly of demeanour, that disfigure greatly the natural beauty of their true but latent character. Every where in public the conduct of all classes is peculiar, and different from any thing I am at all familiar with. In the Opera House especially, my own sphere, and where I have a right to make my observations, I contemplate them with curiosity. The aristocracy are haughty in their bearing, but they sustain it well in dress and general tenour. Certainly, nowhere in the world does one see more splendid *toilettes* among the women, or more tasteful dressing among the men—the rich jewels of the former, and the white cravats of the latter, are prominent features, and both effective; but, after all, they are not natural, they deport themselves as if conscious the *parterre* was looking at them.

Whilst the *parterre*, the people, most respectably represented at 10s. 6d. a-head, how do they act? what is their aspect,—their *physiologie*, as the French have it? How different from the free and easy *don't-care-ism* of continental pits; wholly absorbed in the dramatic event before them, and indifferent or unconscious of what their titled neighbours may think or feel. The latter give themselves up to the exhilarating influence of fine music, or the luring seductions of the ballet; but of the hundreds who fill the benches of the Italian Opera, how few there are who devote themselves to the artists or the scene. How much more of their attention is directed to the stars and ribands of the greater actors who fill the boxes about them. There are reasons for this; for, in England, the opportunities are rare, indeed, to see these distinguished personages; and at the Opera, hours may be agreeably occupied in studying the lineaments of faces that are not more attractive, perhaps, than many on the stage; but that they happen to belong to people who have made them historical and interesting. But you are yawning, by this time, over my stage-reflections, so let us to other matters. The *Gipsy* is performing till we can get the *Tarantule* ready; and how strange it seems to me, Thérèse, not to see you at my side, as ever till this painful moment of our first separation. Need I tell you how heavily your absence afflicts me, and I now discover how much you have lightened my professional labours by your vigilance and attention to endless important details. How I shall get along without you henceforth I know not. Oh, dear! when I think how the days speed on, and the rapid approach of my now really decided departure, I am half inclined to bolt and turn back again. Don't be astonished if you see me bounce in upon you some *beau matin* next month.

A BOX OF NOVELS.

The Argument. — Mr. Yorke having despatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He treats of the severity of critics; of his resolution to reform in that matter, and of the nature of poets; of Irishmen; of Harry Lorrequer, and that Harry is a sentimental writer; of Harry's critics; of Tom Burke; of Rory O'More; of the young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs; concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box, viz. *The Miser's Son*, and *The Burgomaster of Berlin*. He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

SOME few — very few years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was king, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabour with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critic's) own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned in all the world beside. I say *our*, because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so) — fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread and butter for them; and, as you poured out their milk and water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion; but whereof as manhood advances, we are daily more apt to recognise the healthful qualities. For of all diets good humour is the most easy of digestion; if it does not create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire; above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and fright-

ful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic, while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild — we are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be blockheads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith sets to work to destroy them, is it clear that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age, I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executiveness; and that it looks upon the press-Mohawks (this is not the least personal) as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used a few years since to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green, — with amusement, perhaps, but with any thing but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognising the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, which they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquesses of the court of REGINA of Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh green crops of good-humoured thought. My little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying, that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabarata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject

most intensely interesting to England, viz. the Sanscrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal that the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so; and this is a truth which critics are sometimes apt to forget in their judgments of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at twopence per week, may fling stones at the blackbirds and drive them off and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, he will make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly; so the critic employed to assault the poet But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters—the harmless, kind singing creatures who line the hedge-sides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet), have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watch-boys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from *Castle Rackrent* downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woeful, tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of

Irish life—are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, *The Collegians*, has the same painful character; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of *Harry Lorrequer*, that he has not recognised the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language, is "The Night before Larry was stretched;" but along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. "The Groves of Blarney," is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the most lamentable wailing music: it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman, and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance-writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting him as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power give to English play-goers about Ireland! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gaiety was natural and constant; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whisky; for ever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes; a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation: it is only after an

Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's every-day state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humours we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character, in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays; and I think the most profoundly dismal of all the poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others laugh, but he does not laugh himself; as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humorists of the British sort.

So when he reads in the "Opinions of the Press" how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books, how the *Doncaster Argus* declares, "We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of *Our Mess*;" or the *Manx Mercury* vows it has "absolutely burst with cachinnation over the *facetie* of friend Harry Lorrequer; or the *Bungay Beacon* has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing *Charles O'Malley's* funny stories; let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by fits and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about *Lorrequer* after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and say that the author's characteristic is *not* humour, but sentiment, — neither more nor less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the ~~house-in~~ punch-making, and

charging, and steeple-chasing — the quality of the Lorrequer stories seems to me to be extreme delicacy, sweetness, and kindliness of heart. The *spirits* are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of Lorrequer in England, no man has been more fiercely buffeted in his own country, Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring *Martin Chuzzlewit* before the House of Commons; or the American President rapping *Sam Slick* over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the privy-council!

The great Corn-Exchange critic says that Lorrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish character, which he (the Corn-Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal, the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labours of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from the *Nation* that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary; that he has written a libel against Ireland, such as merits cord and fire! O patriotic critic! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit! what a noble professional independence he has! how free from envy he is! how pleased with his neighbour's success! and yet how ready (on public grounds — of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance! Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that

some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen should, therefore, back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honours, help no friend, have all on a level; and so the Irish press is at present martyring the most successful member of its body. His books appeared; they were very pleasant, Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humoured and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man; if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequerian romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, "chambers" let off (as in the old Shakespeare stage-directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headach with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a-week? Why does the *Nation* newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Fontenoy, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every single ballad of the *Nation*; there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country?

The persons who take exceptions to numerous hunting and steeple-

chasing descriptions which abound in these volumes, have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who never leaped across any thing wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Fozard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and many find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a "fast man" at college what he thinks of them. Go, dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of *Tom Burke*, and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories, where her majesty's flag floats; they are the pleasure of country-folk, high and low; they are not scientific treatises, certainly, but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college of Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though this is a favourite method with many critics—viz. to find fault with a book for what it does not give, as thus,—“Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information.” “Dr. Swish-tail's *Elucidations of the Digamma* shew much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humour.” And “Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. Oh! our country; our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong, withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!” &c. &c. &c.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-racious parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in *Tail's Magazine*), let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories shew no art of construction; it is the good old place of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being woefully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were, for the most part, canny, gallant, prudent, modest, young North Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost woman-like, delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish as any person will acknowledge, who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the Lorrequerian cyclis of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history they record in his great admiration for the military profession, in the which, after some adventurous half-dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder, form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the backs of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-coloured calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look. The illustrations, from the hand of the famous Phiz, shew to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humour, it is stark naught; ay, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures,

without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to laughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from two inches to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces and unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet and Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldiery of the consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry errors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

*Tom Burke of "Ours"** is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital, the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and lifelike. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying alone in his dismal old tumble-down house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of

An Old House at Home.

"I mounted the long flight of stone steps that led to what once had been a terrace, but the balustrades were broken many a year ago, and even the heavy granite stone had been smashed in several places. The hall-door lay wide open, and the hall itself had no other light save such as the flickering of a wood fire afforded, as its uncertain flashes fell upon the dark wainscot and the floor.

"I had just recognised the grim, old-fashioned portraits that covered the walls, when my eye was attracted by a figure near the fire. I approached, and beheld an old man doubled with age, his bleared eyes were bent upon the wood embers, which he was trying to rake together

* Our Mess. Edited by Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer). Vol. II. Tom Burke of "Ours," Vol. I. Dublin, 1844; Curry, jun. and Co. London, Orr.

with a stick. His clothes bespoke the most miserable poverty, and afforded no protection against the cold and cutting blast. He was crooning some old song to himself as I drew near, and paid no attention to me. I moved round so as to let the light fall on his face, and then perceived it was old Lanty, as he was called. Poor fellow! age and neglect had changed him sadly since I had seen him last. He had been the huntsman of the family for two generations, but having somehow displeased my father one day at the cover, he rode at him and struck him on the head with his loaded whip. The man fell senseless from his horse and was carried home. A few days, however, enabled him to rally and be about again; but his senses had left him for ever. All recollection of the unlucky circumstance had faded from his mind, and his rambling thoughts dwelt on his old pursuits; so that he passed his days about the stables, looking after the horses, and giving directions about them. Latterly he had become too infirm for this, and never left his own cabin; but now, from some strange cause, he had come up to 'the house,' and was sitting by the fire as I found him.

"They who know Ireland will acknowledge the strange impulse which at the approach of death seems to excite the people to congregate about the house of mourning. The passion for deep and powerful excitement, the most remarkable feature in their complex nature, seems to revel in the details of sorrow and suffering. Not content even with the tragedy before them, they call in the aid of superstition to heighten the awfulness of the scene; and every story of ghost and banshee is conned over in tones that need not the occasion to make them thrill upon the heart. At such a time the deepest workings of their wild spirits are revealed. Their grief is low and sorrow-struck, or it is loud and passionate; now breaking into some plaintive wail over the virtues of the departed; now bursting into a frenzied appeal to the Father of Mercies, as to the justice of recalling those from earth who were its blessing; while, stranger than all, a dash of reckless merriment will break in upon the gloom, but it is like the red lightning through the storm, that as it rends the cloud, only displays the havoc and desolation around, and at its parting leaves even a blacker darkness behind it.

"From my infancy I had been familiar with scenes of this kind; and my habit of stealing away unobserved from home to witness a country wake had endeared me much to the country people, who felt this no small kindness from 'the master's son.' Somehow the ready welcome and

attention I always met with had worked on my young heart, and I learned to feel all the interest of these scenes fully as much as those about me. It was then with a sense of desolation that I looked upon the one solitary mourner, who now sat at the hearth,—that poor old idiot man who gazed on vacancy, or muttered with parched lip some few words to himself; that he alone should be found to join his sorrows to ours, seemed to me like utter destitution, and as I leaned against the chimney I burst into tears.

" 'Don't cry, alannah, don't cry,' said the old man; 'it's the worst way at all. Get up again, and ride him at it bould. Oh, vo, look at where the thief is taking now—along the stone wall there.' Here he broke into a low wailing ditty—

" 'And the fox set him down and looked about,

And many were feared to follow.

'Maybe I'm wrong,' says he, 'but I doubt

That you'll be as gay to-morrow.

For loud as you cry, and high as you ride,

And little you feel my sorrow,

I'll be free on the mountain-side,

While you'll lie low to-morrow.'

Oh, Moddideroo, aroo, aroo.

Ay, just so—they'll run to earth in the cold churchyard—Whisht—hark there—soho, soho—that's Badger I hear.'

"I turned away with a bursting heart, and felt my way up the broad oak stair, which was left in complete darkness."

I don't know whether the *Nation* and the Irish journals call the above description libellous; but the truth is, the traveller in Ireland sees many such a tenement in a day's journey, and many such a wretched figure as that of poor old Lanty the huntsman peering at the coach as it stops and asking for wayfarers' charity.

Darby the Blast, with his fine words and sham humility, his savage fidelity and his admirably affected loyalty, is an excellent, though not a flattering Irish portrait. His eulogium on tobacco will be pronounced a masterpiece. It is illustrated by a delightful design of Phiz, most delicately and charmingly etched and full of grace and fancy.

The Piper on Pipes.

" 'Do you ever take a shaugh of the pipe, Master Tom?'

" 'No,' said I, laughing, 'I never learned to smoke yet.'

" 'Well,' replied he, a little piqued by the tone of my answer, 'tis worse you might be doin' than that same. Tobac-

co's a fine thing for the heart! Many's the time when I'm alone, if I hadn't the pipe, I'd be low and sorrowful—thinking over the hard times, and the like; but when I've filled my dudgeon, and do be watching the smoke curling up, I begin dhraming about sitting around the fire with pleasant companions, chatting away, and discoorsing, and telling stories; and then I invint the stories to myself, about quare devils of pipers travelling over the country, making love here and there, and playing dhroll tunes out of their own heads; and then I make the tunes to them; and after that, maybe, I make words, and sometimes lay down the pipe and begin singing to myself; and often I take up the bagpipes and play away with all my might, till I think I see the darlinest little fairies ever you seen dancing before me, setting to one another, and turning round, and capering away—down the middle and up again: small chaps with three-cornered hats, and wigs, and little red coats, all slashed with goold; and beautiful little craytures boulding their petticoats this way, to shew a nate leg and foot; and I do be calling out to them, 'Hands round'—'that's your sowl'—'look at the green fellow—'tis himself can do it'—'rise to the jig, hoo!' and saix 'tis sorry enough I'm when they go, and lave me all alone to myself.'

"And how does all that come into your head, Darby?"

"Troth, 'tis hard to tell," said Darby, with a sigh; "but my notion is, that the poor man that has neither fine houses, nor fine clothes, nor horses, nor sarvants to amuse him, that Providence is kind to him in another way, and fills his mind with all manner of dhroll thoughts, and quare stories, and bits of songs, and the like; and lets him into many a sacret about fairies, and the good people, that the rich has no time for; and sure you must have often remarked it, that the quality has never a bit of fun in them at all, but does be always coming to us for something to make them laugh. Did you never lave the parlour, when the company was sitting with lashings of wine and fruit, and every convanieny, and go down-stairs to the kitchen, where maybe there was nothing but a salt herrin' and a jag of punch, and if you did, where was the most fun I wondher? Arrah, when they bid me play a tune for them, and I look at their sorrowful, pale faces, and their dim eyes, and the stiff way they sit upon their chairs, I never put heart in it; but when I rise, 'Dirty James,' or 'The Little Bould Fox,' or 'Kiss my Lady,' for the boys and girls, sure 'tis my whole sowl does be in the bag, and I squeeze the notes out of it with all my might."

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Darby echoes the latter sentiment in poetry as follows:—

"*Darby the Blast.*"

Oh! my name it is Darby the Blast,
My country is Ireland all over;
My religion is never to fast,
But live, as I wander, in clover;
To make fun for myself every day,
The ladies to plaze when I'm able,
The boys to amuse, as I play,
And make the jugs dance on the table.
Oh! success to the chanter, my dear.

Your eyes on each side you may cast,
But there isn't a house that is near you
But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can
cheer ye.

Oh! 'tis he that can put life in a feast;
What music lies under his knuckle,
As he plays 'Will I send for a Priest?'
Or a jig they call 'Cover the Buckle.'
Oh! good luck to the chanter, your
sowl.

But give me an audience in rags,
They're illigant people for list'ning;
'Tis they that can humour the bags,
As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
There's many a weddin' I make
Where they never get further nor sigh-
ing;

And when I perform at a wake,
The corpee looks delighted at dying.
O! success to the chanter, your
sowl."

In the company of this worthy, whose patriotic sentiments he unwarily adopts, the youthful Thomas makes his escape from the paternal attorney to whom he was to be bound apprentice, and takes to the country-side, where various adventures befall the couple. A cottage is burnt down over his ears (the scene, the farmer with his bravery and cunning, the terrible rebel-hunter Major Barton, with his brutal, undaunted resolution, and the accidents of the fight and explosion, are most capitally described), and presently we find young Tom in Dublin, in front of that celebrated building which is the Bank of Ireland now, but which sounded of old to the voices of Flood and Grattan. The picture of Irish life and an Irish mob is excellently lively:—

"Nothing struck me so much in the scene, as the real or apparent knowledge possessed by the mob of all the circumstances of each individual's personal and political career; and thus the price for which they had been purchased—either in rank, place, or pounds sterling, was

cried aloud amid shouts of derision and laughter, or the more vindictive yells of an infuriated populace.

"Ha! Ben, what are you to get for Baltinglass? Boroughs is up in the market. Well, Dick, you won't take the place—nothing but hard cash. Don't be hiding, Jemmy. Look at the Prince of Orange, boys. A groan for the Prince of Orange! here is a fearful groan from the mob echoed through the streets. 'There's Luke Fox—ha! stole away;' here followed another yell.

"With difficulty I elbowed my way through the densely packed crowd, and at last reached the corner of George's Street, where a strong police force was stationed, not permitting the passage of any one either up or down that great thoroughfare. Finding it impossible to penetrate by this way, I continued along Dame Street, where I found the crowd to thicken as I advanced. Not only were the pathways, but the entire streets filled with people—through whom the dragoons could with difficulty force a passage for the carriages, which continued at intervals, to pass down. Around the statue of King William the mob was in its greatest force: not merely the railings around the statue, but the figure itself was surmounted by persons, who, taking advantage of their elevated and secure position, hurled their abuse upon the police and military with double bitterness; these sallies of invective were always accompanied by some humorous allusion, which created a laugh among the crowd beneath, to which, as the objects of the ridicule were by no means insensible, the usual reply was by charging on the people, and a demand to keep back, a difficult precept when pressed forward by some hundreds behind them. As I made my way slowly through the moving mass, I could see that a powerful body of horse patrolled between the mob and the front of the college; the space before which and the iron railings being crammed with students of the university, for so their caps and gowns bespoke them. Between this party and the others a constant exchange of abuse and insult was maintained, which even occasionally came to blows whenever any chance opportunity of coming in contact, unobserved by the soldiery, presented itself.

"In the interval between these rival parties, each member's carriage was obliged to pass, and here each candidate, for the honours of one and the execrations of the other, met his bane and antidote.

"Ha! broken beak, there you go! bad luck to you. Ha! old vulture, Flood."

"Three cheers for Flood, lads," shouted a voice from the college, and in the loud cry the yells of their opponents were si-

lenced, but only to break forth the next moment into further license.

"Here he comes, here he comes," said the mob; 'make way there or he'll take you flying. It's himself can do it. God bless your honour, and may you never want a good baste under ye.'

"This civil speech was directed to a smart, handsome-looking man of about five-and-forty, who came dashing along on a roan thoroughbred, perfectly careless of the crowd, through which he rode with a smiling face and a merry look. His leathers and tops were all in perfect jockey style, and even to his long-lashed whip he was in every thing a sportsman-like figure.

"That's George Ponsonby," said a man beside me, in answer to my question; 'and I suppose you know who that is?'

"A perfect yell from the crowd drowned my reply, and amid mingled curses and execrations of the mass, a dark-coloured carriage moved slowly on; the coachman evidently fearful at every step lest his horses should strike against some of the crowd, and thus license the outbreak that seemed only waiting an opportunity to burst forth.

"Ha! Bladdershops, Bloody Jack, are you there?" shouted the savage ring-leaders, as they pressed up to the very glasses of the carriage and stared at the occupant.

"Who is it?" said I, again.

"John Toler, the attorney-general."

"Amid deafening cries of vengeance against him, the carriage moved on, and then rose the wild cheers of the collegemen to welcome their partisan. A hurrah from the distant end of Dame Street now broke on the ear, which, taken up by those nearer, swelled into a regular thunder, and at the same moment the dragoons cried out to keep back, a lane was formed in a second, and down it came six smoking thoroughbreds; the postillions in white and silver, cutting and spurring with all their might. Never did I hear such a cheer as now burst forth; a yellow chariot, its panels covered with emblazonry, came flying past; a hand waved in return from the window to the salutation of the crowd, and the name of Tom Conolly of Castletown rent the very air; two outriders in their rich liveries followed, unable to keep their place through the thick mass that wedged in after the retiring equipage.

"Scarcely had the last echo of the voices subsided when a cheer burst from the opposite side, and a waving of caps and handkerchiefs proclaimed that some redoubted champion of Protestant ascendancy was approaching. The crowd rocked too and fro as question after question poured in.

"Who is it? who is coming?" but none could tell, for as yet the carriage, whose horses were heard at a smart trot, had not turned the corner of Grafton Street; in a few moments the doubt seemed resolved, for scarcely did the horses appear in sight when a perfect yell rose from the crowd and drowned the cheers of their opponents. I cannot convey any thing like the outbreak of vindictive passion that seemed to convulse the mob, as a splendidly appointed carriage drove rapidly past and made towards the colonnade of the parliament-house. A rush of the people was made at the moment, in which, as in a wave, I was borne along in spite of me. The dragoons, with drawn sabres, pressed down upon the crowd, and a scene of frightful confusion followed; many were sorely wounded by the soldiers, some were trampled under foot, and one poor wretch, in an effort to recover himself from stumbling, was supposed to be stooping for a stone, and cut through the skull without mercy. He lay there insensible for some time, but, at last, a party of the crowd, braving every thing, rushed forward and carried him away to an hospital; during this I had established myself on the top of a lamp-post, which gave me a full view, not only of all the proceedings of the mob, but of the different arrivals as they drew up at the door of the house. The carriage whose approach had been signalled by all these disasters, had now reached the colonnade. The steps were lowered, and a young man, of the very handsomest and most elegant appearance, descended slowly from the chariot; his dress was in the height of the reigning fashion, but withal, had a certain negligence that bespoke one who paid less attention to toilette than that his costume was a thing of course, which could not but be, like all about him, in the most perfect taste. In his hand he held a white handkerchief, which, as he carelessly shook, the perfume floated over the savage-looking, half-naked crowd around; he turned to give some directions to his coachman, and at the same moment a dead cat was hurled by some one in the crowd and struck him on the breast, a cry of exultation rending the very air in welcome of this ruffian act; as for him, he slowly moved his face round towards the mob, and as he brushed the dirt from his coat with his kerchief, he bestowed on them one look, so full of immeasurable heartfelt contempt, that they actually quailed beneath it; the cry grew fainter and fainter, and it was only as he turned to enter the house that they recovered self-possession enough to renew their insulting shout. I did not need to ask the name, for the yell of bloody Castlereagh shook the very air."

How Tom Burke further fared—how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope—how he became the *protégé* of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character, certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model)—how Captain de Meudon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France), leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the Ecole Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations)—how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal-machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love—are not all these things written in the blood-coloured volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid, and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, sparkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands of readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window at Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Damchun; and that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, taken in at Hong Kong, where poor, dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, delighted, at the picture of "Peeping Tom;" or that it is to be had at the Library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors and the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it—the critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographical point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and blushing modesty, timidly apologises to the reader for discoursing to him about a book which the universal public peruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing him all health and prosperity.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regarding the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain truculent captain (who is very properly done for), and who goes by the name of *Amédée Pichot*. Why this name above all others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexander Dumas, or Eugene Sue? *Amédée Pichot* is a friend to England in a country where friends

to England are rare, and worth having. Amédée Pichot is the author of the excellent life of Charles Edward, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the *Revue Britannique*, in which he inserts more translations from *Fraser's Magazine* than from any other periodical produced in this empire. His translations of the works of a certain gentleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted by scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles (which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name) has given the French people a most exalted idea of English lighter literature; he is such a friend to English literature, that he will not review a late work called *Paris and the Parisians*, lest France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists; it is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have slaughtered Amédée Pichot in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now having said our little say regarding *Tom Burke*, we come to the work of an equally famous Irish novelist, the ingenious, the various author of *£. S. D.*,* latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, "Treasure Trove."† It is true that something concerning a treasure is to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but *£. S. D.*, or D.C.L., or what you will, is quite as good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it,—at least I take it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, every body quarrels with the title of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family plate which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandisers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard-

dumpling, and is not to be taken in by titles in the main. *£. S. D.* is a good name; may all persons concerned have plenty of it!

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form,—a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale, but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for—that circumstances look prosperously enough for the hero—that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father; all this is very well. But the hero's name is *Corkery*. *Bon Dieu!* can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe, the affianced of a Kirwan (name equally illustrious, as Hardman's *Galway* relates),—can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of *Corkery*? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII., or young Ned Corkery must be found to be somebody else's son than his father's, the old grocer of Galway. But this matter has been settled long ere this; and if Ellen and Edward are married and happy (though, indeed, some people are married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for the matter of that), if they have taken the matrimonial line, Ellen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.‡

The novel carries us back to the year 1745, when the respected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the service of His late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when men, instead of bandying compli-

* *£. S. D.*; or, Accounts of Irish Heirs furnished to the Public Monthly by Samuel Lover. London, 1843. Lover, and Groombridge.

† If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work, he would have perceived that *£. S. D.* is the general name of a series of works, of which *Treasure Trove* is only the first. Those who know Ireland must be aware that the title *£. S. D.* is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of specie there being immense—only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered.—O. Y.

‡ Private to the editor.—Please to add here in a short note the catastrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

ments and *congrées* in Belgrave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid gloves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned out on the hill-side sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's thundering dragons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's grenadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad one, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan and claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled beards, and huge, gold-topped canes, grinning over a *fricandeau* at Very's! We have seen them, these warriors of the latter days—we have seen Belgrave Square—we have seen the chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the royal door, and battling about eightpenny fares at the sacred threshold—we have seen the cads shouting, "This way, my lord! this way, mounseer!"—we have seen Gunter's cart driving up with *orgeat* and *limonade* for the faithful warriors of HENRI! He was there—there, in the one-pair front, smiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau sucrée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du Guesclin were athirst. *O vanitas!* *O* woeful change of times! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now? If Henri was to say to one of those martyrs in white *paletots* and lackered boots, "*Seigneur comte, coupez moi cette barbe, que vous paraissez tant chérir;*" would the count do it? Ah! do not ask! do not let us cut too deep into this dubious fidelity! let us have our opinions, but not speak them too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to choose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the sole moral of the above sentence.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest. The incidents are almost too many. The scene varies too often. We go from Galway to Hamburg—from Hamburg to Bruges—from Bruges, *viâ* London, to Paris—from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies, without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that

defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation, that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure, and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity:—

" 'Dillon!' said Marshal Saxe, 'let the whole Irish brigade charge! to you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish brigade shew an example!'

" 'It shall be done, marshal!' said Dillon, touching his hat, and turning his horse.

" 'To victory!' cried Saxe, emphatically.

" 'Or Death!' cried Dillon, solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse's side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.

" Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient of the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable; he shouted, as he rode along, '*Remember Limerick!*' and then, wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment, to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge, the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall; he received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and, as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know, also, he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge; plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won; the column could no longer resist; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion; *they lost the field with honour*, and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought was bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty; but they took consolation in a

strange land in the thought that it was only their own right arm could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain."

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When once it appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can stand against it. Why does not some military Liberal write the history of this redoubtable legion?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shewn that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to *fag an Bealach*, as Mr. Lover writes it, to "clear the way;" on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, "at least all Ireland will heartily digest."

"Fag an Bealach."

Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most:
As yet 'tis but a notion
We dare not name;
But soon o'er land or ocean
'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus.
Fag an Bealach!

We our hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
The thought we know—
So, like the ocean bird, boys,
We touch and go:
For dangers deep surrounding,
Our hopes might swallow;
So through the tempest bounding,
Fag an Bealach!

This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell:
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing;
But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!

For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale,
boys.

Fag an Bealach!

Lawyers may indict us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bayonet
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow,
So is lawyer's prattle—
Fag an Bealach!

Better early graves, boys,
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it;
Better bite the dust, boys,
Than to kiss it!
For dust to dust at last, boys,
Death will swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fag an Bealach!

Hurra! clear the course! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen; his blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in a mortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—any thing for his country! "Your sowl!" how I see the Saxons flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before St. Patrick!

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by you, O Samuel Lover? Are you, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon? You, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed any thing but peace and goodwill as yet: you, whose name did seem to indicate your nature; the happy discoverer of the four-leaved shamrock, and of that blessed island "where not a tear or aching heart should be found!" Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. You need not. The lies

which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach,—leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country,—the *only* feasible thing, the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? “A song,” say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, “is the spawn of a poet, and, when healthy, of a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world.” And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact, that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in London, and string together rhymes for Fanga Bolla, and reasons for treason! “All Ireland,” forsooth, is “heartily to digest” the song! A pretty moral, truly, for all Ireland,—a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue-vitriol, Prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red-hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honour and conscience, and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony-cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery, and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? Now, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a

priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never “be food for the world,” be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women, were never made to live upon such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests, too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world,—a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should only be kindness and peace? . . . I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast, in perfect good-humour and benevolence, let us say that the novel of *Treasure Trove* is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable Fanga Bolla, it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of delicate and graceful etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real, natural, *Lover*-like feeling about it.—

“*The Soldier.*”

’Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,

Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,

When 'midst the shout of victory swelling,

A soldier fell on the field he won.

He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,

And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?

He was only one of the rank and file.

But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,

And drank to his pretty colleen:

’Oh! darling! says he, ’when I die

You won't be a widow—for why?—

Ah! you never would have me *vourneen*.’

A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life-stream shed;

A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's
head.

And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Their emerald valleys and crystal foun-
tains

Were never shining more green and
bright;

And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
He pledged the dear island of green;—
' Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been.'

A tear now fell—for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond
thinking

Brought heaven and home, and his true
love nigh.

But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow!
He made with death capitulation,

And with warlike honours he still
would go;

For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen!"

Here is the commencement of an-
other lyric:—

"O remember this life is but dark and
brief;

There are sorrows, and tears, and des-
pair for all,

And hope and joy are as leaves that
fall.

Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant
leaf

Before the autumn of pain and grief!

There are hopes and smiles with their
starry rays,—

O press them tenderly to thy heart!

They will not return when they once
depart!

Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days
Though the light, though the glee but a
moment stays!"

But these pretty, wild, fantastical
lines are not from *Treasure Trove*.
They come from another volume
bound in yellow; another monthly
tale, from another bard who "lispes in
numbers," and has produced a story
called the *Miser's Son*.*

The *Miser's Son* (no relation to

the *Miser's Daughter*) is evidently
the work of a very young hand. It,
too, is a stirring story of love and
war; and the Pretender is once more
in the field of fiction. The writer
aims, too, at sentiment and thought-
fulness, and writes sometimes wisely,
sometimes poetically, and often (must
it be said?) bombastically and ab-
surdly. But it is good to find a
writer nowadays (whether it be pro-
fitable for himself is another question)
who takes the trouble to think at all.
Reflection is not the ordinary quality
of novels, whereof it seems to be the
writer's maxim to give the reader and
himself no trouble of thinking at all,
but rather to lull the mind into a
genial doze and forgetfulness. For
this wholesome and complete vacuity
I would recommend —†

And now we come to the *Burgo-
master of Berlin*,‡ from the German
of Willebald Alexis, which has been
admirably translated by W.A.G.
It is a somewhat hard matter to pe-
ruse these three great volumes;
above all, the commencement is diffi-
cult. The type is close; the German
names very outlandish and hard to
pronounce; the action of the novel
rather confused and dilatory. But
as soon as the reader grows accus-
tomed to the names and the style, he
will find much to interest him in the
volumes, and a most curious and
careful picture of German life in the
fifteenth century exhibited to him.
German burghers, with their quar-
rels and carouses; German princes,
for whom the author has a very Ger-
man respect; German junkers and
knights gallantly robbing on the
highway. The whole of that strange,
wild, forgotten German life of the
middle ages is here resuscitated for
him with true German industry, and
no small share of humour. There
are proverbs enough in the book to
stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos
with wisdom; and you feel, after
reading through the volumes, glad
to have perused them, and not a little
glad that the work is done. It is
like a heavy book of travels; but it
carries the reader into quite a new

* The *Miser's Son*: a Tale. London: Thompson, James Street, Gray's Inn Lane.

† Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

‡ The *Burgomaster of Berlin*, from the German of Willebald Alexis. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

country, and familiarises him with new images, personages, ideas.

Here is a striking specimen of the style :—

The Feast in the Forest.

"On the spot where Hans Makeprang's cart stood there was afterwards a great feast. No human eye saw it: it was a sight that would not have suited the human eye. The sky was grey enough before; but now it became black. The red pine-branches shook their boughs, and from every one the crows sprang up, and circled in the air, croaking. Then they descended like night upon the stones; and as flies blacken a spot where there is a drop of something sweet, so they covered the dead body of the horse with their black wings.

"But then came another rushing through the air, and on the highest branches sat other birds, with crooked bills, rocking themselves. They were hawks and kites, and they flew down upon the lumps of stone; and the crows were restless, and fluttered backwards and forwards.

"But whilst they were contending, and the crows which had flown away kept coming again, scarce giving the hawks time for their dainty meal, there might be seen two dark spots in the highest clouds; nearer they drew with immense circles, and as they came nearer each circle became less. The crows fluttered anxiously, and the hawks looked up and screamed, still unwilling to quit their food; but down came, with outspread wings wide enough to wrap round a lamb, with glistening eyes and powerful-hooked beaks, two mighty eagles. It was as if a hot stone had fallen from the clouds hissing and glowing, raising dust, and smoke, and vapour where it fell. Just in such a manner they pounced upon the carrion, beating their wings so, that the grass moved, and the loose snow was blown about; and they dug their claws into the body, so that it seemed as if the dead animal was moving again, and making efforts to get up.

"The crows flew croaking away, and the other birds screamed and flew here and there, ever coming again, but not venturing to approach. There was a sound and a warring in the air, and all for the carrion. But as night approached, and the birds began to seek their nests in the hollow trunks, and the eagles, sated, flew away, bearing pieces with them to their distant nests, then out crept the foxes, and plundered what the eagles had left. But not for long; for out of the depths of the woods came a distant

howling. All that had life was silent; nothing was heard save the sound of long leaps in the cracking brushwood. The foxes stole away; for the wolves were there, and they tore, with frightful howlings, what the kites, and eagles, and foxes, had left. When the morning came, all that was left of Makeprang's horse was a few picked and broken bones: it was gone here and gone there."

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now,—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages: many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes; and, to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big-wigs prescribe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in future; but the receipt for that sort of writing

has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakspeare did not write for futurity; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire, viz. to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakspeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public; and though the great Doctor Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him "a dull dog, sir,—a low fellow," yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this minute as real a character, as much loved by us as the old doctor himself. What a noble, divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is as strong as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own. All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV. we got to know in the same way—out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Izaak Walton, and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity; if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great-grandchild will think of this or that author—of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question—the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller, if their gentle humours, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures, touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy, as they have the nineteenth? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for the *Christmas Carol*,* or

any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticise, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Buonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French republic. I do not mean that the *Christmas Carol* is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noon-day; but it is so spread over England by this time, that no sceptic, no *Fraser's Magazine*,—no, not even the godlike and ancient *Quarterly* itself (venerable, Saturnian, big-wigged dynasty!) could review it down. "Unhappy people! deluded race!" one hears the caulflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, "What strange new folly is this? What new deity do ye worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logic, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humours, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *as in presenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum." But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, "Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the *Christmas Carol*."

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas con-

* A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. London, 1843. Chapman and Hall.

version. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas-day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fulness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cat-

tle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His royal highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard-of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "GOD BLESS HIM!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

M. A. T.

THE WINDS.

THE winds are hurrying by me with a tone,
That tells of sorrows past, of woes to come.
Desolate, desolate, their wings are sweeping,
Like ocean wailing, or its monsters keeping
Their howling watch o'er storms that yet lie sleeping.
Tell me, ye winds, stop on your course and say,
What ye have witness'd on your fearful way.
Have ye swept through the lone deserted halls,
Where once bright visions flash'd and jewels shone?
Where now the moonbeams glance on ruin'd walls,
And thy voice mingles with hoarse waterfalls,
Dashing neglected over rugged stones,
And struggling with their roar to drown thy moans?
Have ye rush'd in your might and wrath,
By those towers where many have wept?
Waking in your dark midnight path
Low echoes which long have slept.
Have ye left them still and motionless,
Standing in stately loneliness?
Have ye poured out your strength in caves,
In sullen murmurs deep,
Where beneath the angry waves
Sea-nymphs their vigils keep,
O'er the graves of those who lie sleeping
Beneath the dashing surge,
With its hollow moans for requiem,
And thy wild notes for dirge?

They answer not—they pass me with a groan—
Still rushing on to their mysterious home!

THE SPECULATIVE PARRICIDE.

A PLATONIC STUDY.

"Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
 Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear. The times have been
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end.—*Macbeth*.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD observes ingenuously, in one of his letters to Charles James Fox, that Plato and Aristophanes were among the authors whose works he could never read through. Few scholars would say as much in the case of the comic poet; for if any classical writer can be said to be fashionable, it is he, though the wild character of his wit, his everlasting parodies of tragedies now lost, his incessant local allusions, concur to render the study of his productions difficult. With Plato the case is somewhat different. He is supposed to lie wholly beyond the sphere of popular intelligence, not because of any peculiarities in his language or manner, but because he is very commonly believed to treat of subjects in which men of the world neither are nor can be interested.

But upon what, then, do the Platonic dialogues for the most part turn? Not upon steam-trains, we admit, or spinning-jennies, or upon the best methods of flying in the air, or upon mesmerism, or homœopathy, or the cold-water cure, or repeal. Nevertheless, the topics which Plato delights to discuss are not altogether without their importance. He treats, for example, of politics, morals, and religion; that is, of the best methods of securing the happiness of mankind both here and hereafter. He even touches upon political economy, and commerce, and love, and industry, the management of wives and children, the arts of sophistry, and the mischievousness of tragedies and epic poems.

He is, then, a grave writer, it will be said, and, though his speculations may be highly profitable, very little pleasure or amusement can be derived from them. Besides, we need not now trouble ourselves with Pagan sermons, having so many compositions of that sort amongst ourselves, written in our own language, and

nicely adapted to the times. Plato, we are sorry to say, has left us few sermons. Grave, no doubt, he sometimes can be when it seems to make for his purpose; but, on the whole, we look upon him as a comic writer, replete with genuine wit, sometimes disguised in solemn phraseology, sometimes bursting forth inopportunistly in the midst of the most serious discussions, but more frequently introduced without reserve for the obvious and most legitimate purpose of enlivening and delighting the reader.

The fact being precisely as we have stated, it seems difficult to explain how it can have happened that Plato has in almost all ages been "caviare to the general." Our own hypothesis is as follows:—For some ages before the final extinction of Paganism, there flourished in Egypt and elsewhere a class of men who styled themselves philosophers and pretended to be the disciples of Plato. That they understood his philosophy we cannot be so uncharitable as to believe, for if they did we can only regard them as so many impostors. It is more reasonable to suppose that, being endowed with wild and irregular imaginations, living much in solitude, conversing with their own ideas, or rather dreams, they became, as a necessary consequence, enamoured of mysticism, which transported them to the antipodes, as it were, of the actual world, in which they beheld men subjected to any thing but the laws of philosophy.

Indeed, it may be generally observed that there is a very intimate connexion between mysticism and despotism. The inventors and professors of the Vedah system sprang up under the sacerdotal tyranny of the Brahmins. Sufeeism first developed itself under the iron sceptre of the Shah-in-Shah, and our neighbours of Germany, urged, if they will

pardon us the remark, by the same influence, have, in most periods of modern history, been fain to seek "the soul's joy which lies in doing" among those obscure and visionary regions of the intellectual universe which separate the domains of philosophy from those of poetry and romance. Be this as it may, we discover the reason of Plato's unpopularity in the vagaries of the modern Platonists, who, standing between us and their supposed master, have cast back their shadows upon him and eclipsed his brightness.

In some such way as this we are accustomed to account to ourselves for a fact which would be otherwise inexplicable, because both in character and subject the majority of the Platonic dialogues appear to us essentially popular. In the first place, they are, to a very high degree, dramatic, and, as the discussion or investigation proceeds, a number of characters, through whose instrumentality the business is accomplished, are simultaneously developed. In most modern specimens of this form of composition, where the matter, we mean, is philosophical, such as the dialogues of Hylas and Philonous on matter and spirit, and those in the Minute Philosopher between Euphranor, Alciphron, Lysicles, &c., upon things in general, there is no delineation of character at all. You see through the interlocutors at a glance. The author, incapable of disguising his partialities, brings forward, obviously, one person to beat and another to be beaten, sides throughout with the victorious party, and never puts his principles even in seeming peril for a moment. Plato is far more skilful. For although, when Socrates appears, it is generally felt that the right side is that which he espouses, he plays the part of Proteus so admirably, that it seldom in any dialogue becomes perfectly evident what he does espouse. Accordingly, it is not for the purpose of adopting a philosophy ready made that Plato should be read. In our opinion, there were many important questions upon which he had not made up his mind, and many others upon which he did not consider it safe to declare it. Besides, as the art of education consists not in the trans-
fusion of knowledge, but in the form-

ation of habits and in the exciting of the appetite to know, so the art of philosophising, which may be looked upon as the education of men, consists in freeing all the powers of the mind from the trammels of prejudice, sloth, and ignorance, and setting it on the highway to wisdom.

Consonantly with this view of the matter, Plato's interlocutors often start subjects, pursue them for a short time, and then turn to the consideration of something else, connected, no doubt, with the original topic in hand, but sufficiently different from it to afford the charm of variety. In the *Euthyphron*, which forms the theme of the present study, several propositions are examined, slightly, perhaps, upon the whole, but yet seriously enough to excite and direct towards them all the powers of the reader's mind.

Tiedemann, Schleiermacher, and others, though diligent students of every thing connected with the Platonic Dialogues, seem, nevertheless, to have overlooked an extremely important point in the design of the *Euthyphron*, which, when properly considered, will be found to be a kind of supplement to the *Gorgias*, rather than an accidental appendage connected with the *Protagoras*. In the former of these dialogues, which may be regarded as one of the most remarkable compositions bequeathed to us by ancient Greece, Socrates maintains a very startling doctrine. He says, that when an individual has been guilty of any offence against the laws of God or man it is as much his own interest, as it is the interest of society, that he shall suffer punishment. If, therefore, his offence be worthy of stripes, he will undergo them; if of fetters, he will submit to be bound; if of fines, he will pay them; if of exile, he will leave his country; and if of death, he will die. For, according to the Socratic theory, guilt is moral disease, and punishment the cure which that disease requires. To bring the offender to justice, therefore, is the same thing as to supply him when sick with the services of a physician. Now as, when a man is labouring under the effects of any malady, none are so eager to procure him medical aid as his nearest and dearest friends, so, if he be oppressed by the consciousness

of crime, none ought to be so sollicitous to provide him with the only remedy which Providence has, in that case, made available, as he himself in the first place, and in the next his parents, children, or family.

This notion required for its basis the belief upon which was afterwards founded the doctrine of penance and purgatory; namely, that suffering necessarily, by its natural operation, purifies and restores the soul to its original state. But Socrates, however comprehensive his mind may have been, was, obviously, far from foreseeing all the consequences which might be drawn from the principle he had thus laid down. For example, it never occurred to him, we will suppose, to imagine that, out of his general theory of crime and punishment, practical attempts at parricide could possibly flow.

Nevertheless, we may fairly infer from the *Euthyphron* that there were persons at Athens sufficiently material and cast-iron in their composition to be able to consider human actions as so many questions in mathematics; to disregard the sacred influences of relationship and consanguinity; and to be incapable of perceiving that no conclusions of abstract reasoning can sanction us in trampling upon the primary instincts of nature and setting at nought the elemental affections and impulses of the heart.

Experience, however, speedily undeceived him. In the first place, he himself became obnoxious to the laws of his country by the commission, not of a real, but of a conventional crime. The Athenians, it is well known, believed in a certain hierarchy of gods, in whose honour the state had ordered divine service to be performed, and respecting whom numerous fables were popularly related and required to be received as articles of religion.

Socrates, and the philosophers generally, rejected these sacred legends, together with the divinities whose actions they were supposed to celebrate, and elevated their thoughts to a knowledge, though imperfect, of the true God. This, however commendable in itself, was an offence against the laws of Athens, and Melitos, a tragic poet, scandalised, perhaps, at the great reputation and

influence of the philosopher, brought a public accusation against him in the court of the king archon, which consisted of two counts, the first charging him with innovating in matters of religion, the second with corrupting the youth by imbuing their minds with these new doctrines.

This circumstance rendered it necessary for Socrates to repair to the purlieus of the law-courts, where, while waiting for his trial to come on, he seems to have moved about conversing, as usual, with whomsoever he met in a talkative mood.

The quarter of the city in which the king archon usually sat as judge was adorned with magnificent buildings and porticoes, among which were the Royal Portico, where the court was held, the portico of the Hermæ, the portico of Zeus Eleutherios, and the Painted Portico. All these structures were situated in the street leading from the Peiraic gate to the new market-place, and a person pacing to and fro beneath their long colonnades could behold successively, according to the direction in which he moved, the conical mountain of Lycabettos, the rock of the Acropolis, surmounted by the glittering structures of the Propylææ, the Parthenon, and other temples, and the Hill of the Areiopagos, famous for the uprightness of the judges who commonly sat upon its summit.

Walking here,—admirer sometimes the deep blue of the sky, sometimes the groups in *terra cotta* which stood sharply relieved against it, representing Theseus precipitating Sciron into the sea, and the carrying away of Cephalos, called the Beautiful, by the goddess of the day,—in the midst of clients, interpreters of the law, and that rabble of idle non-descripts who in all countries affect the neighbourhood of equity and justice, Socrates was recognised by an old acquaintance, one Euthyphron, a soothsayer, whose chief ambition seems to have been to be employed, like our countryman Lilly, in prophesying for the public. To impress the vulgar with the greater awe, he was dressed, it is to be presumed, in his divining habit, which consisted of a sort of mitre, and a various-coloured network of woollen thrown over his other garments.

This honest man, notwithstanding

the laudableness of his pursuits, found that, like his betters, he had fallen upon "evil days and evil tongues." Calchas, his predecessor in the art, had flourished in an age when the greatest men in Greece thought it incumbent on them to submit their judgment and their actions to the direction of that portent and dream-interpreter. But time had now sapped and undermined the foundations of the divining art, since our friend Euthyphron, though, as he assures us, his predictions never failed to be accomplished, had the mortification to behold himself regarded by his countrymen in the light of a juggler or a merry-andrew. Still, in whatever light he might be contemplated by the world, Socrates did not disdain to hold communion with him. Besides, we should deceive ourselves were we, with some of Plato's commentators, to look upon Euthyphron as a mere contemptible ignoramus. He boasts, indeed, and glorifies himself upon his superior knowledge, and is so far ridiculous; but in many respects he may be regarded as the representative of the popular mind of his age, inclining rather towards the credulous than the sceptical side, but in the main, perhaps, not more superstitious than the rest of his countrymen. In his appreciation of Socrates he exhibits some acuteness, and lets fall in the course of the dialogue two or three remarks which betoken considerable judgment and reach of understanding.

Surprised at the philosopher's allusion to his trial, of which no rumour had hitherto reached him, "Who is your prosecutor?" inquires he.

"I don't very well know the man," replies the son of Sophroniscos. "He is young, however, and as yet little talked of. His name, I believe, is Melitos, and he belongs to the Pitthean Demos. So, if you happen to know of a person thus called, belonging to that tribe, with long straight hair, thin beard, and hooked nose, that's your man."

"I am not acquainted with him, Socrates; but what charge does he prefer against you?"

"What charge, friend? Any thing but a slight one, I consider; for it is surely no trifle for a young

man like him to have so important a brief entrusted to him. He knows, however, as he says, in what way the youth are corrupted, and who it is that corrupts them, from which he would seem to be some very sage person, who, having fathomed my shallowness, has determined to complain to the city, instead of running to tell his mother, of my design against the innocent young folks of his age. He is, in fact, the only statesman going who understands his business, since he perceives clearly how necessary it is to begin with the training of youth, that they may be rendered good citizens, as husbands-men who would bring any plants to perfection always bestow their chiefest care upon the seedlings."

The whole account of Melitos is one of the most masterly examples of the Socratic irony, keen, quiet, but to the last degree effective. This person, it will be remembered, was a poet, and probably made use in his accusation of highly figurative language; for Socrates seems to satirise, though very slightly, an expression of his. "I am, as he says, at blasting future generations in the bud." The metaphor, in itself, however, is fine, and could only have appeared objectionable to Socrates, if he really did entertain any objection against it, from something in the context which has not been preserved. The irony that follows is biting. Having taken care of the youth, Socrates observes that Melitos would no doubt extend his solicitude to his elders, and see that the old men were precisely what they ought to be. This idea occurs, also, I think, in the *Gorgias*, where Socrates inquires, "What have we children for, but that they may watch over our conduct, and keep us to our duty?" Similar in spirit is the remark made in Sir Robert Naunton, by the jocose recorder Martin, who, finding in the reign of James I. a number of minors in parliament, observed, that formerly it was the custom for old men to make laws for youth, but that now they had reversed the practice, by inviting children to legislate for their fathers.

The reply of Euthyphron, elicited by Socrates' account of his accuser, contains the most beautiful and remarkable thought in the whole dialogue. Appearing to accept seriously

the interpretation which the philosopher had ironically given of the proceedings of Melitos, he says :—

"Would that it might prove so ; but I greatly dread lest the contrary should happen ; since, at all events, he begins with attacking the very Hestia, or household god of the state, by seeking to injure you. In what way, however, does he pretend that you corrupt the youth ?"

"Why, in a way which, when plainly stated, appears most strange : he charges me with being at the same time a manufacturer of new gods, and a despiser of the old. Such are the grounds of his proceeding."

This observation introduces a fresh topic, the one which is the most difficult and obscure connected with the history of Socrates,—I mean the spirit which he said appeared to him from time to time cautioning him and restraining his actions ; for it never counselled what to do, but only what to shun. This spirit, or, in the language of ancient Greece, demon, was, perhaps, nothing more than his own exquisite prudence, or conscience, of whose voice and intimations he may have spoken somewhat too figuratively, while he was interpreted and understood literally. He may even have believed that since the internal monitor in him, as in all other men, was more audible at some times than at others, it might have been a voice from God. This would be no impeachment of his understanding ; for, since God has indubitably revealed things to mankind, Socrates may have flattered himself that he was chosen to be the recipient of some kind of revelation. At all events, his language will often bear this kind of interpretation, and upon such grounds did his accusers in part proceed. Alluding to the philosopher's last answer, "I understand," observes Euthyphron, "he calls you a manufacturer of gods, because of the divinity which you say habitually appears to you. It is on this he founds his accusation of your innovating in divine things, and has brought an action against you in court, knowing that such matters are liable to be easily misrepresented to the people."

The conclusion of Euthyphron's speech is extremely curious in many respects. It shews with what Shak-

spearian accuracy Plato could paint the interior movements of the mind ; and in the next place it discloses to us the estimation in which the art of soothsaying was held in those times. In the Homeric ages, as we have observed, augurs and soothsayers directed the march of armies and the affairs of kingdoms ; but when Euthyphron addressed his countrymen in the public assemblies, and undertook to foretell what would come to pass, they laughed at him ; though, as he himself avers, he had never made a single prediction which had not been accomplished. But, putting himself and Socrates in the same category, in the true Falstaff vein ("they hate us youth"), he says, "the multitude envy all persons like us ; we must, however, pay no attention to them, but go our own gait."

From the reply of Socrates we learn that he thought it no great calamity to be laughed at. Even to be suspected of being wise he considered a thing tolerable in itself, since the Athenians trouble themselves very little as to whether a man were wise or not, provided he permitted the people to enjoy their folly. But if he set up for a reformer, and pretended to impart his wisdom, they were quickly down upon him, "either," as he phrases it, "through envy, or through some other feeling equally creditable." The remark of Euthyphron on this point shews that he was wide awake.

"How the Athenians," he says, "might be affected towards me under such circumstances, I don't mean to try."

The worthy soothsayer had, in fact, no desire to become a martyr. His last observation convinced Socrates of this.

"I see now," said he, "why you are so chary of your inward opinions, and have little desire to impart your wisdom. But for myself I apprehend the Athenians have made the discovery that, through my philanthropy, I am not only ready to lavish upon every man what I possess without reward, but that if I had any thing I would pay persons to listen to me. If, therefore, as I was saying, they were only about to laugh at me, as you say they do at you, I should think it no great matter to be dragged into court by jokers and scoffers.

But if they enter upon the affair seriously, it must be uncertain how it will end, except to you soothsayers."

A very brief snatch of dialogue serves, as we have seen, to explain the motives which had brought Socrates to the Royal Portico, after which it becomes Euthyphron's turn to declare the nature of his business. In this part of the composition Plato displays extraordinary skill. Had he represented the diviner as in any degree doubtful of the rectitude of his conduct, he must have rendered him so utterly detestable, that it would have been impossible to experience any interest in his affairs. It is not intended, however, that he should be looked upon as a diabolical personage. At bottom, no doubt, there is a radical flaw in his character; but, superficially, he appears to be nothing more than a wrong-headed and pedantic moralist, who, having got hold of an hypothesis, imagines it to be incumbent on him to suffer it to ripen into all its consequences. As often happens, moreover, he is most proud of that which should have most deeply affected him with shame. The reason is, that falsely supposing himself to be wise, and imagining that it has been given him to soar above the vulgar, he seems to discover merit in departing from the ordinary practice of mankind, and in shocking the prejudices of the multitude. He, therefore, does not hesitate at all, as soon as the questions of Socrates afford him an opening, to declare that he is bent upon committing parricide, not according to the coarse method resorted to by ordinary murderers, but by rendering the state his accomplice, and employing the instrumentality of the law.

"And you, also, then," exclaims Socrates, "have some cause in hand; but what is it? Are you plaintiff or defendant?"

"I pursue."

"Whom?"

"One, to pursue whom will appear to you to be madness."

"What, then, do you pursue some person who has wings?"

"Nay, he whom I pursue, so far from having wings, is a man well stricken in years."

"Who is he?"

"My father."

"Your own, my good man?"

"Exactly."

"What is the crime, and the nature of the accusation?"

"Murder!"

Socrates, at the announcement of so astounding a design, ceases to be a cold speculator, and becomes at once a man alive to all the impulses and emotions of humanity. He forgets utterly the barren generalisations of the *Gorgias*, which lie open to precisely the same objections as the actual proceeding of *Euthyphron*, and undertakes to convince the worthy soothsayer that the enterprise in which he has embarked is the most flagitious and unnatural conceivable by the human imagination.

But besides being a philosopher and a moralist, Plato aims also at being a judicious writer, and, therefore, instead of plunging his interlocutors at once into profound investigations respecting the principles and motives of human action, he introduces something like a short story, by Socrates requiring Euthyphron to explain the circumstances in which his parricidal prosecution had originated. This renders it necessary to allude to certain historical facts, which may in some measure be regarded as consequences of the great Median war.

In the year 446 B.C., the island of Naxos, one of the largest of the Cyclades, fell under the power of Athens; and, eleven years afterwards, Tolmides led thither a number of cleruchi, or colonists, for the purpose of strengthening the influence of the Athenians in that part of the *Ægean*. Among these emigrants, Pantios, the father of Euthyphron, appears to have been one. At least, we find him, in consequence of this act of colonisation, settled at Naxos, and cultivating a farm there. The lots, or grants of land, thus obtained by the companions of Tolmides, must have proved highly profitable to them, since Naxos is one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the whole Archipelago. On the north-west are several high mountains, covered with wood, and producing emery. Elsewhere we find a succession of hills and valleys, for the most part richly cultivated, and containing numerous vineyards and orchards, filled with a great variety of fruit-trees.

Streams, too, cool and transparent, flow down the bottom of the valleys, and traverse the small, but rich plains which extend to the edge of the sea. The wines of this island, whether red or amber-coloured, were anciently of so superior a quality, that they caused it to be considered as the peculiar abode of Dionysos, who, in his extreme liberality, is said, by the poets and mythologists, to have bestowed upon the inhabitants a fountain of pure wine. This, it is to be presumed, was intended for the gentlemen. For the ladies he had another and, perhaps, more welcome gift: he abridged the period of their gestation to eight months, having himself inhabited no longer the bosom of Semele. To account for the name of this island, the Greeks had an abundance of traditions; some tracing it back to one of its ancient Carian inhabitants, others to a son of the moon-struck Endymion, while a third class of etymologists derived it from *ναζειν*, an ancient verb, signifying to sacrifice.

Whether Pantios busied himself in this kind of researches does not appear. But he seems to have been an active agriculturist, and certainly resided in the country on his own lands, the system of absenteeism not having then, perhaps, been invented. Like our brethren in the southern states of the Union, "we guess," he was a slaveholder too; but, not possessing a sufficient number of bondsmen, he was fain to hire day-labourers (*μιλισταί*), to assist in the cultivation of his farm.

Now the experience of all ages tends to prove two things: first, that rustics will sometimes get drunk; second, that being drunk they will be quarrelsome. This was exemplified by one of the hinds and one of the slaves of Pantios; for, a dispute arising between them, the labourer fell upon the slave and killed him.

There was no coroner in those days; otherwise he might, by the help of a proper jury, have brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. But the verdict of Pantios was very different. He looked upon the *pelates* as a murderer, and, causing him to be seized, and bound hand and foot, had him cast into a moat,—that, probably, which surrounded his castle. Meanwhile, having the fear of

the *Dicasts* before his eyes, he immediately despatched a messenger to Athens, to take the opinion of counsel as to what he should do with his prisoner. The winds may, perhaps, have been contrary, the messenger slothful, or the lawyers hesitating and slow. At any rate, several days elapsed before Pantios obtained a reply from Athens; and as, in the meanwhile, no attention was paid to the prisoner, the cold, hunger, and his chains, put a period to his life.

This event placed our friend Euthyphron in a novel and very extraordinary position. He had, of course, no enmity against his father, and, doubtless, was in no hurry to inherit his estate; but, entertaining the highest possible ideas of justice and equity, he at once conceived it to be his bounden duty—without reference to relationship, without considering what might be the effect of his proceeding upon public opinion, and, moreover, without consulting a single individual among his friends or family—to prosecute the old man, his father, for murder. He soon, however, discovered that the several members of his household were less enlightened than himself. For, as he complains to Socrates, not one of them all,—no, not even the white-bearded octogenarian who was the object of the prosecution, could be made to perceive the justice or the piety of it. This extreme perversity on the part of the old gentleman was what most particularly touched the sensitive Euthyphron. He seems to have expected that Pantios would have congratulated himself upon the possession of so heroic a son, who could set the laws of nature at defiance, and despise the opinions of all mankind, in carrying out his own abstract ideas of right and justice. But he found both father and friends utterly incapable of following him in his sublime flights, through the mere ignorance of divine matters, and incapacity to distinguish between piety and impiety. But aware of the bold genius of Socrates, he did not doubt in the least that he should carry his sympathy along with him, and was, in consequence, evidently prepared to receive his condolences upon the silly persecution carried on against him by his family. He is, therefore, taken considerably aback when the philo-

sopher, instead of falling in with his exalted views, takes his stand upon the same ground with the vulgar, and hints at the possibility of his being mistaken.

"By all the gods! Euthyphron," exclaims the philosopher, "dost thou pretend to understand divine things so accurately as to be certain that, in prosecuting thy father for such a cause, thou art not thyself guilty of impiety?"

"My knowledge would be of small use to me," he replies, "and Euthyphron knows in this differ little from other men, if I did not comprehend all these things with the greatest nicety."

It is now that the dialogue enters upon its proper subject, which was to demonstrate two things: first, that the popular legends respecting the gods were to be regarded as so many poetical tales, either invented at pleasure by mythologists, or set afloat in those early periods of civilisation, when men as yet understood nothing of God, and had formed no proper conception of the nature of religion and virtue; second, to shew that virtue is not the creature of positive institutions, but that it rests on an eternal basis, established at the beginning by the supreme Author of all things. But, in order to arrive at this conclusion, Socrates by no means assails Euthyphron with the formal powers of logic. He rather plays with him, brings forward and discusses mythes from the elder religion of Greece, and carries on clandestinely his war of extermination against the poets.

The soothsayer, in order to shield himself from public censure, alleges the example of the gods, observing, that since Zeus had bound and imprisoned his father Cronos, while the latter, in turn, had mutilated Ouranos, it would be impossible for such of his countrymen as acknowledged the piety and justice of these transactions to condemn him for following the example thus set him by the inhabitants of Olympus. Plato does not seem to have heard of that tradition, or to have thought that it would make for his purpose, which represents Cronos as swallowing certain animated stones, called Bætyli, in lieu of the offspring of Rhea. Nor did he think proper to indulge

in that system of allegory by which the fables of old times may be reconciled with the doctrines of philosophy. According to this system, Zeus,—the living one, from the verb ζᾶν, to live,—may be said to bind and abridge the power of time, and deprive it of its sovereignty over creation, by producing faster than it can destroy. On the other hand, as the world is said to be the offspring of time, Cronos, by calling it into existence, may be said to have infringed upon the undivided sway of Ouranos, or that eternity *a parte ante* which existed before the world was.

The people, however, did not thus understand their mythology, but interpreted its fables literally, and derived from them a sanction for the very worst crimes they could commit. Socrates, therefore, was perfectly right in making war upon the popular religion of his country. For, according to this wild system of theology, the gods were all of them imperfect beings, gifted some with more, some with less knowledge, and endowed, accidentally, with weaker or stronger propensities towards goodness and rectitude. In determining, therefore, the nature of piety and impiety, or in the establishing of an unerring rule for the guidance of human actions, it would by no means do to adopt the theories which appear to be prevalent in Olympus.

For example, Euthyphron, siding with the younger divinities, maintained it to be perfectly right, under certain circumstances, for children to rise against their parents. But the partisans of Ouranos and Cronos, if there were any, would have argued differently, and denounced both the Metacronian divinities, and those who took them for patterns, as guilty of impiety and rebellion. To establish the reality of virtue, therefore, and to demonstrate it to be binding on all created beings, at all times and in all places, it was necessary in Pagan Hellas for philosophy to shew that virtue did not derive its sacred character from the favour of the gods, but that, on the contrary, if the gods esteemed it, they did so only because of its inherent and inalienable excellence.

Happily, Christianity has delivered us from the necessity of making such inquiries; but it may, nevertheless,

not be unworthy of a liberal curiosity to examine the foundations upon which morality rested among the wisest people of antiquity. Unfortunately, however, the speculations of Plato, more especially those in the *Euthyphron*, will not enable us to arrive at certainty in this matter. Socrates is here entirely satisfied with overthrowing, and not only does not build up himself, but omits even to point out the way by which we might build up for ourselves. It may be said, perhaps, that his object was particular, that he sought to maintain no general thesis, but contented himself entirely with prevailing on the soothsayer to desist from prosecuting his father, in which, according to a tradition preserved by Diogenes Laertius, he succeeded. This, doubtless, if we may regard the fact as historical, was a great triumph, and more richly deserved a crown than the achievement of those Romans who preserved the life of a fellow-citizen in battle. For, according to his own creed, he thus saved, perhaps, from perdition a human soul. Yet we, at this distance of time, may regret that, while alarming the conscience of the speculative parricide, while undermining and beating to the ground those battlements of pride and vanity which the poor diviner had erected about his hypothesis, he did not proceed a step farther, and shew to us frankly and without disguise what he himself considered piety and impiety to be.

Probably a very attentive study of the dialogue may put us on the track towards discovering it ourselves. He inquires of Euthyphron, why it is that we worship the gods, and of what service our worship can possibly be to those eternal beings? From the reply to this query, we learn what was, probably, the popular notion on the subject. People thought, according to the soothsayer, that when they presented offerings, the gods ought to be pleased with them, since they were thus expending in adoration the things which they themselves most prized. Socrates, however, immediately puts this on a new footing, by inquiring from whom it is that men receive what they possess? which speedily makes it evident that, while they obtain every thing from the gods, they imagine them-

selves to be singularly meritorious when they determine to give them back a small part of what is their own.

From this and similar considerations, the inference is soon drawn, that piety is not synonymous with offering sacrifice; and the inquiry reverts to the point whence it set out, which was to determine the nature and object of piety, and generally of every other virtue. Socrates, in the course of the dialogue, shews very clearly that the value of our actions, and, consequently, of the principle from which they proceed, is not to be estimated by the amount of their utility to the gods, since, when properly examined, our virtues are found to be of no service whatever to them.

This naturally directs the investigation into another channel, and suggests the question whether all actions be not virtuous or otherwise, in proportion as they are useful to ourselves. The theory of virtue shadowed forth by this demand may appear at first sight to be extremely narrow and unelevated; in fact, to be synonymous with utilitarianism. But truth is truth; and, after ranging through the whole region of nature and possibility, it is found to be beyond our power to assign to virtue any other purpose. But by insinuating this, Socrates is very far from seeking to establish such a system of selfishness as any man of the world would be willing to accept. According to the Socratic philosophy, the object of our existence is happiness, which consists in that perfect equilibrium of the intellect, passions, and affections, of old, by a figure now become trite and commonplace, denominated harmony. Every thing which brings us nearer to this state, or tends to preserve us in it, is virtuous, while every thing which checks our progress, or tends to throw us back when arrived, is vicious. But man, not being self-existent, and not existing alone in the universe, is conscious of being a subordinate and responsible agent. This consciousness impels him into many inquiries; first, he desires to ascertain to whom he owes his being, and what is the nature of that cause upon which he depends as an effect. This is the highest exercise of his intellect, and by employing it wisely he discovers that

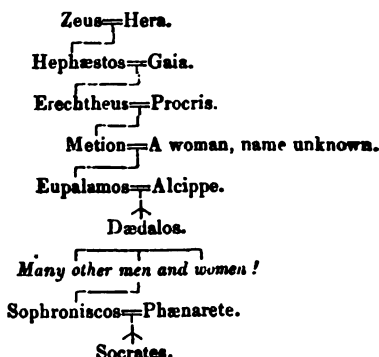
the cause in question is in perfect harmony with itself. From the next step in the inquiry he learns that the author of all subordinate intelligences has established certain laws for their guidance, by rigidly following which, they in their sphere, and each according to his capacity, may enjoy a measure of that harmony which constitutes the felicity of the Supreme Being. Thus the science of ethics is erected on the relations subsisting between God and man; and habits and actions are found to be virtuous, not because they are pleasing to God, but because they promote the end designed by his providence, which is to secure our own happiness; and for this alone they are pleasing to him.

What I have here said occurs nowhere in the *Euthyphron*, or, so far as I know, in any other dialogue of Plato. Yet it is certainly Platonic, because it grows up spontaneously in the mind while we converse with the characters which he introduces speaking. And this is the peculiarity, and that which constitutes the excellence of this philosopher's remains. *Euthyphron*, as we have already remarked, is by no means an adept in ethical and metaphysical speculations, but an individual taken at haphazard from among the innumerable representatives which then existed of the popular style of thinking. This, which seems at first a circumstance to be regretted, is precisely the best thing that could have happened. For, as he occupies the common level of humanity, philosophy, in order to communicate with him, is compelled to lower her sphere and cause it to move parallel with the body to be enlightened by it. Had *Euthyphron* been a subtle reasoner, a lofty thinker, initiated in all the mysteries of philosophy, Socrates would probably have retired with him into the innermost recesses of ontology, and carried on a discussion little profitable to mankind in general. The humble capacity of the soothsayer renders such a proceeding impossible. Being short, every link of the investigation must descend near the earth, or he cannot touch it. Nay, more, being once confuted or convinced does not satisfy him. He reclothes his error, and brings it forward under a new shape; so that the confutation, also, has to be remodelled and brought to

bear, as it were, upon an ever-shifting point. Still, as to the inhabitants of this earth it is the heavens that appear to move around in mysterious dance, so to the soothsayer, it is not his own reasonings, but those of Socrates, that seem to resemble quicksilver, or, to borrow his own figure, the statues of *Dædalos*.

Concerning these wonderful works of art, ancient writers have preserved an extremely provoking silence; or rather, saying a great deal about them, they explain nothing. To them, however, *Dædalos* seems to have been what Steam-engine, perhaps, may prove to future generations. Every work of art beyond the reach of ordinary intelligence they attribute to him, and at length proceeded so far as to endow him with miraculous powers. Even in minute and trifling matters, every thing curious was ascribed to *Dædalian* ingenuity. Thus the dolls which moved with springs were the invention of this artist; and, when *Augæas* was at a loss how to capture the thieves who robbed his treasury, it was to the wit of *Dædalos* that he applied for assistance. The story, we fancy, is familiar to our readers, how the great mechanician set his snares in the golden treasury; how *Agamedes* was taken; and how his companion, *Trophonios*, to avoid detection cut off his head; together with the flight of *Cerayon* and *Trophonios* to Athens and *Boeotia*. But the self-moving statues remain still an enigma. It would seem, that wherever they might be placed, they would never stand still, but, mocking the hand of him who sought to grasp them, glide hither and thither like shadows; nay, though fashioned of bronze, they had almost the warmth and vitality of flesh and blood, so that, in order to keep them quietly upon their pedestals, it was absolutely necessary to chain them there.

No wonder, therefore, that *Euthyphron*, knowing the pedigree of Socrates, should have made merry with him upon his supposed logical artifices. Nevertheless the ancient genealogists, to whom we are indebted for the history of the landed gentry of Attica, have been guilty of a grievous oversight in tracing the descent of Socrates from the author of the *Augæan* snares. It is thus, however, that they give it:—



Now the son of Sophroniscos, a sculptor by profession, and an able one too, since the beautiful group of the Graces which adorned the Acropolis was his, being thus descended from the Dædalian family, might, therefore, be supposed to possess the art of giving a sort of rotundity to his principles, so that they would constantly slip away from beneath the foot of reasoning. But he very earnestly, in his discourse with the parricide, disclaims this ability, and maintains that he had rather possess sound and immovable principles than be master of the wealth of Tantalos. Nevertheless the inclination was certainly strong in him to examine the foundations of established opinions, to rock and shake them, and render people apprehensive of their fall, whether they were subversible or not. But a false notion he would quixotically go out of his way to attack. Thus, in the present discussion with Euthyphron, he flies off into the realms of poetry, for the purpose of overthrowing an idea which two verses of Stasinos had rendered popular:—

Ζῆμα δὲ τὸν βίβαντα, καὶ δὲ τὰς πάντας
 ἰφύμνουν,
 Οὐκ ἰδίαις εἰσὺν ἴνα γὰρ δίος, ἴδω καὶ
 αἰδῆς.

"Where there is fear," exclaims the bard, "there, also, there is shame." But Socrates, desirous of convincing the soothsayer that popular opinions are almost always wrong, undertakes utterly to demolish the proposition of Stasinos. He shews, therefore, that fear may be where there is no shame; since we may fear the plague, but cannot be ashamed of it. On the other hand, if we be ashamed of an action, we

are afraid to be seen committing it; and, therefore, observes the philosopher, we must reverse the poet's saying, and affirm that, "Where there is shame, there, also, there is fear." This criticism, however, is merely introduced by way of illustration, the object being to shew that, although whatever is pious must be just, every thing just is not necessarily pious. From this he concludes that although the father of Euthyphron might be justly prosecuted, it would yet be contrary to all the laws of piety that he should be prosecuted by his son.

Having proceeded thus far, and evidently awakened very serious apprehensions in the mind of the soothsayer, he presses him to develop completely his theory of piety. But the honest man had now begun to turn his eyes inward upon himself, to be troubled at the aspect of his own intentions, to be filled with doubts and misgivings, to distrust even his own lofty pretensions to divine knowledge. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he feels himself humiliated. His self-confidence gives way, and he finds in his own case a verification of the maxim he had newly learned, that where there is shame, there, also, there is fear. He is uneasy in the presence of Socrates, whose terrible powers of destruction in matters of opinion he has just witnessed. He, therefore, trembles for the safety of all his notions; and, lest not one of them should be left to him, he suddenly takes to flight, promising to renew the investigation at some future period, but manifestly with the solemn determination to break that promise. As we have said, however, the speculative parricide slays his father only hypothetically.

THE DRAMA.

A BILL is now passing through the House of Commons to relieve play-actors from the imaginary pains and penalties attached to their profession. It is reprieve after the execution. Now that, with few exceptions, the votaries of the sock and buskin are little better than such, the law is about to declare that they are no longer vagabonds. Oh! that it might prove all-powerful to recall to life some of those spirits who have quitted the scene, that it were able to restore this degenerate amusement to its pristine worth.

When Carlyle asserts, that it is a right blessed thing that Shakspeare was born to this earth, he might have added, that it is a heavy curse that no one remains to give him utterance. Of all the unhappy changes which have taken place in the moral world, none is more to be deplored than that which has reduced the stage to its present unworthy condition, and banished the legitimate drama from the number of our national amusements. How trace the causes? to what attribute this national calamity?

Let us examine, and refute, in so doing, some of the generally alleged ones.

We will not mount upon stilts, nor explore the æthereal realms, but first see what influence some of the changes in the common habits of the people have had upon this neglect of the stage; and, first, the late dinner-hour, which we believe may have its share in this matter. If the curtain rises at seven, and those who were in the habit of visiting the theatre, and finding themselves upon the fifth row of the pit at six and three-quarters, do not locate themselves at their own dinner-tables till a little before eight, it is evident that the fifth row of the pit must remain empty. Now the pit in the good old times was the thermometer of the house; if that was well and snugly filled, the theatre was warm throughout. It is not to that class of society which dines at this late hour that the theatre has to look for much support; yet if the same taste prevailed which did formerly, if the same means of gratifying it still ex-

isted, it would have votaries enough even from this class which contrives, in spite of these late prandials, to transfer that patronage to the Opera House which it formerly gave to the other theatres. It must be admitted, however, that this change of hours has produced a very detrimental effect upon the prosperity of the stage.

There is another objection now made to the English theatre, that the entertainments are so long, that they cease to entertain before their termination, and that to be confined for five successive hours within the close walls of Covent Garden is enough for once in the season. This is very true, the *séance* is much too long, but it is by no means absolutely necessary to sit it all out; and, moreover, it must be remembered that it is only from the commencement of the decline of the real drama that this has been the case. When the representations consisted of a five-act comedy and a two-act farce, and when these were acted, as they once were, few of the real amateurs of such performances ever found them too long. Now that the quality has degenerated, the quantity has increased in proportion, and who will endure the penance of five hours' imprisonment to see as many trumpery pieces, of which one is in itself a nauseous dose?

Quality and quantity here combine, therefore, to frighten us from the benches; and we must now ask what it is that has deteriorated the one and increased the other. It was about the time when we ourselves first made our *début* upon the great stage of life, about the fifth age of the seven, that the change began to operate on the public taste.

It was at this precise period that the Great Unknown was at work at his forge, heating his furnaces with all that issued from the Minerva Press in Leadenhall Street to produce a purer strain of morality, and a semi-historical romance, in the shape of the Waverley Novels. It was a great work—a grand experiment. It did all it hoped to do, but it did more. Had it stopped with its first-

born, it would not have lived unlaurelled upon earth. It would have worn its crown, for it never excelled its first conception; but it brought forth a second time, and in its younger offspring laid the foundation to that species of amusement which, by little and little, supplanted the legitimate drama.

Guy Mannering led the van of the melodramatic band. The combined talents of Braham and Miss Stephens, supported in the ludicrous departments by the powers of Emery and Liston, and the *tout ensemble* crowned by the pomp and pageantry of scenic decoration and gorgeous apparel, created a new and false taste, and succeeded by degrees in rendering that which once pleased, nay, we may say profited so much, both tame and insipid.

We do insist that a more unfortunate mistake was never made, or one of more fatal consequences to those who, having no objection to a fair quantum of music in scenic representation (and no one understood its fitness better than the "native wood-note warbler)," have been deprived of all that they did profess to understand, of all, at least, that gave them pleasure by this overwhelming passion for musical dramas.

It is true that Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, are not accounted vagabonds; but, when they are no more, those who idolised them in life may be at a loss to find their monuments. It may be a vain search, as it has been for Juliet's tomb; but we can go into Westminster Abbey and look upon a certain vagabond, one Mr. Garrick, who occupies the most conspicuous place in Poets' Corner. The full-length figure of the plebeian actor stands pre-eminent in that sanctuary in which no corner has been allotted, or rather where every niche has been refused to the patrician bard.

The million has declared for music. When an opera supported by first-rate artists is announced, the benches are filled at half-past six, the boxes are crammed by seven. "We must be in time to hear the overture," says the million, and the bee-hive is lined throughout, and buzzes in full chorus.

Let us turn to another assigned cause. The stage is vulgar; no-

body, *comme-il-faut*, goes to the play nowadays. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The generality of pieces now represented are detestably, infamously, grievously vulgar. Where the fault—where the cause of the evil?

It is not fit that our children (adult ones) should see such stuff. True, again. Was it so formerly? Was it so under the Kemble dynasty? Was not the stage then a school of elegance? Was it not an exalted idea of our species which we drew from the representation of the Roman general, in all the pompous clothing of his rank, or the bare, half-naked, ragged Octavian, when personified by our tragedian? We have seen him bare his leg in *Hamlet* when he would seem mad. Did any *Patrician's Daughter* hold her fan before her face?

When George III. frequented the theatre almost weekly, the first person in the house and the last to leave it, his whole soul in Sir Pertinax, or convulsed with Grimaldi, was there a less refined taste than there is at present? Was he afraid of taking his daughters there?

Kings, too, have been fond of music. George II. was a great amateur. He has been known to sit almost solus in the theatre to hear Handel's oratorios, which the composer declared to be a great advantage to them, for the emptier the benches the finer did the music sound. Still, with all this royal patronage, the drama flourished in those days.

It was the introduction of melodrama, we believe, that first injured and subsequently dethroned its elder brother. A new taste was created. It was not a pure taste for music. Had it been so, it would have kept itself within proper bounds. Could we refer to a file of play-bills from about the year 1815 and the subsequent years, we could trace the march of the usurper. It was not the despot's fiat, it was the insidious traitor that brought about this revolution.

Novels began to be dramatised, and novels may be sung or said; it is not of much consequence which. Now the singing part was well done; but singing cannot hold out as long as declamation. We have heard Miss Adelaide hold a long while upon a note, but she would have found it

difficult to go through Juliet in the same strain. Braham could flourish away for five minutes in Henry Bertram, but he could not have flourished through Mark Antony's address in the same way; it would have stuck in his throat, like Macbeth's amen. The saying part, therefore, must be done to give breathing-time to the singers, and this said saying part was generally of a very commonplace nature.

We do not look for those bursts of eloquence, those expressions of the soul, which characterise the higher order of dramatic productions, in novels, or, if we did, we should not find them; supposing that such existed, they would be out of place in the interludes of Bravuras. These gaps were filled up by a species of comic, which depended much more upon the actor than the composer, and the mind (may we use the word on this occasion?), stretched to its utmost at the melody of the vocalist, was let down rather suddenly to seek relief in the comic gesticulations of a Liston, or the broad Yorkshire dialect of an Emery, as these would represent such important characters as Dominie Sampson or Dandy Dinmont.

Now what is to please much and to last long must be a just representation of human nature: these were by no means such, they were overdrawn, they were exaggerations; they might please for a while, and did so, as long as the novelty aided them, but they would not have lasted but for other adjuncts. This was supplied by the introduction of gorgeous scenery.

To the success of an opera, then, these three requisites were indispensable. It became as necessary for the run of a piece that each change of scene should receive as many plaudits as each new song. This led to a very great change in theatrical management, and increased the expenses of dramatic representations a hundred fold. The eye will not be easily satisfied. It requires a continual change of scene, it lives upon what is good, it is not satisfied but that much more splendour is in store for it, and it is impatient for the experiment. Consequently, each successive opera must be got up with splendour outvying the last. The ear, the mere musical

ear, which consists of a drum, a labyrinth, and some semicircular canals (they do not penetrate very far into the brain), is a sceptical organ also. It believes that more melody is to be found, and it will have it if it be to be procured. It is a restless, travelling body; it will not be content with home produce; it must explore foreign lands and bring home all that is most choice. We poor lovers of the drama never thought of such a thing. When we had seen Kemble in Penruddock we were perfectly convinced that nothing more was to be desired—we did not believe in the existence of any thing better in any part of the world. We were satisfied; poor things! our ignorance was perfect bliss. We do not recollect what was the colour of his doublet. Nay, we should have listened with as much attention to Miss O'Neill if she had poured forth from a green bench with a few old flower-pots upon the ground as when she did from the rich garden scene and splendid balcony. We required no such adjuncts. The part was the whole with us, if the part were well sustained.

This appeal to the passions through the influence of soft music, assisted by all the adjuncts which we have mentioned as necessary to complete success, did tend first to unhinge the train of rational and steady thought, and to set it out on a sea of adventures. It was never satisfied, it never had enough, it was ever craving.

The Muses were appealed to for assistance; they sent Terpsichore. An evening's amusement required for its completion an opera which should excite all the warmer feelings; these were not allayed by the pirouettes of the light-dressed Arcadians, who were now necessary to wind up the performance. Enraptured by the melodious warblings of a Malibran, excited by the graceful postures of a Taglioni, is it surprising that the *Road to Ruin* was played to empty benches in one house when the real thing was going on at the other? Old Dornton might moralise here, Goldfinch was going it there. Could it have stopped even there, far as it was gone, there might have been salvation; but no, there is no resting-place for the let-loose passions. The Muses have done all in their power, we must invoke the Furies. Then

came all the devilments of *Der Freyschutz*, and *Faust*, and the *Danaïds* to our succour, and we feasted awhile on these. They passed over the stage, and lived but for a day; but Mephistopheles remained, and he is a polite and obliging gentleman. He made nothing of Faust till he introduced him to Margaret, and then he accomplished his ruin. The spirit of Mephistopheles introduced itself on our boards. The proper excitement which love once produced in the female characters of our genuine bards gradually passed into the adulterous sensuality of the young France. Morality fled, and hid herself behind the scenes; and Mrs. Haller found more devotees than Katharine of Arragon.

Then it was that good folks said, "We cannot take our daughters there."

If it be objected to us that the exceptionable is to be found abundantly in our old writers, we reply in the affirmative; but the exceptionable is the exception; it is incorporated with so much good, that it is lost in the mass. Now it forms the bulk; and, if we analyse the pieces at present, we shall find (more certainly in respect to the French stage than our own) that, like Marmontel's *Moral Tales*, they are deficient only in morality.

This has led to further consequences, and to the final bankruptcy of the drama.

The better classes of society deserting the theatres, and flocking to operatic performances, it necessarily followed that the representations must be accommodated to the tastes of an inferior order of society, who would not disapprove of the *équivoque* which caused the desertion of the higher ranks upon the same terms as they did, but who would not relish it because they would not comprehend it. For such audiences things must speak plainer, and still plainer and plainer, as the supporters of the theatre descended in grade of respectability, till *Tom and Jerry* and *Jack Sheppard* were sufficiently intelligible to all; and equally intelligible must it now be to most that there is no longer a dress circle.

If we are told that every body goes to the Opera nowadays, we find no cause for rejoicing in the fact; because, of those who do go, the greater part are in the situation of

ourselves, who are not judges of music, who do not enjoy it, who find it a toil; and, this being the case, they put themselves in a false position, where amusement is not sought for amusement sake, where pleasure does not please. Such conduct is a species of tacit prevarication.

We believe that the restoration of the legitimate drama would be a means of restoring the middle classes to their sober senses, and to their really noble sphere of life. The dress circle would again be filled with some of the fairest of Albion's daughters.

One of the causes of the deterioration in the caste of play-house audiences is to be found in the indiscriminate admission of orders, which the managers have adopted to serve as decoy-ducks to fill the benches. This has operated in a doubly detrimental sense, and defeated its own purpose. The class of people to whom these have been so largely dealt are not those who by their appearance would add much grace or brilliancy to the house; and then, again, they have been so lavishly bestowed, and so easily procurable, that either the houses have been filled with such, or where they have been withdrawn they have been left empty.

The desideratum has been accomplished which Cobbett in the *Rejected Addresses* declared necessary to warrant his frequenting the theatre, viz., that they should leave off taking money at the doors. The *veluti in speculum* has been removed, and the check-taker receives a written order in lieu of a stamped coin.

It is no wonder that the treasury of the managers, who have of late so rapidly succeeded each other, has become bankrupt.

The most lamentable part of the tale, which remains to be unfolded—and we much question our own capacity in rendering reason of the calamity—is the fact (we do not deny it to be such), that there is not at the present time one genuine good actor upon the English stage. We assent to this assertion from those who feel all that we do upon the subject, and the question is not so much how it is so, as what are the means of remedying it.

There is not a Google, there is

not a comedian, with the exception of Farren, upon the London boards. The corps dramatic is as vulgar as the audiences to which they perform. There is scarcely a lady upon the stage, with the exception of Miss Helen Faucit, whose principle claim to consideration consists in meriting this title.

We do not intend to impugn the moral character of the sex; but we have not, since our return, been fortunate in seeing one actress whose education or whose calibre of intellect is sufficient for the conception of a tragic heroine's or a genteel comedian's part.

Miss O'Neill's place has never been supplied. The Kembles have died out. Kean's mantle has not fallen on his son. Matthews, Liston, Downton, Munden, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, have bequeathed nought to their successors. Power has found a watery grave.

Nature's journeyman has made the present generation, and not made them well.

Macready, who has laboured so meritoriously in his attempts to restore the drama, has been inefficient in supporting it by his own abilities, or in procuring genuine talent.

If there were a demand for good performers, the supply would be found. It must be remembered that taste is a contagious epidemic; it pervades all classes of society. It is domineering, tyrannic, despotic; as long as it sways, there is no hope of directing it; as long as a harmony of taste prevails in any one direction, every other chord will be out of tune, how delicately soever it may be touched. Were Garrick to come down from Westminster Abbey, I question whether he would cope with Lablache, whom none admire more than ourselves. Our hope depends upon the fact, that these despots are fickle and changeable; that they do sometimes sigh after the beauty of truth. They bewail their lost Hermione. They have followed their Perdita, they have been literally wrecked on the shores of Bohemia. Yes, there is truth even in the error. It is upon a fabulous sand that they have wandered, a nowhere that they have sought their treasure. They have found a statue—it is all that remains. There it is in all its beauty, the fifteen

years have passed away; may the time be near at hand when it shall come down from its pedestal, when it shall again breathe its charms in the breasts of a rational public. We can hardly hope that it can be in the power of any one individual to do for our stage what Richelieu did for the drama and literature of his day, yet it was in the power of that great man to give a strong bias to the productions of those days. He did summon mighty spirits, and they marched forth and conquered. We must await our crisis. Exhaustion must attend upon the ideal. There is a wide space for the imagination to revel in. It may be boundless, but, like the pampered steed, it is lost between the two extremes. It dies of a surfeit, or starves from distaste of wholesome provender.

A modern play-bill is indication sufficient of the low ebb of the drama. It once was a modest production, announcing the evening's performance, and the names of the persons who sustained the characters; but the good wine needed no bush. It was of very moderate dimensions, could be conveniently held in the hand to be referred to just as the actors came upon the stage, could then be crumpled up in the hand, and put into the waistcoat pocket. Now it is a good yard long, and as inconvenient for reading as a double *Times* newspaper. It is like the widow Wadman's nightgown, it requires tucking up at the bottom.

In taking this cursory view of what we suppose to be some of the most influential causes in determining the decline of the drama, we think we may affirm that this is not to be attributed to any of the trivial changes which have taken place in the domestic arrangements of society. Neither is it due to any lack of dramatic interest. It is mainly due to a vitiated taste. Imagination has run away with reason, and the mind no longer reposes on the soberness of truth. The disease is highly contagious, it has spread widely through the flock, but it is not incurable. Time will eventually put a stop to this dry-rot, this murrain. We do not despair of seeing the drama restored to its usual standard. It will not be done by offering premiums for the best comedy illustrative of the

times. This will do nothing for it; we require the past to hold up the mirror to the present, not the present to the future. Few moralists will be found to aver that they would wish to see the customs and manners of the times in which we live held up to the succeeding generations as embodied in a prize comedy. We think that Macready deserted the helm too soon. The vessel was, we think, upon a favourable tack; the wind was far from prosperous, but the ship made some way by a slant, the wind was not dead ahead. Shakspeare was not performed to crowded houses, but still there were remunerating audiences.

One drawback to this much-to-be-wished-for consummation is to be found in that pretended march of intellect, which has thrown society out of its place, nay, put it out of joint.

That restless disposition to be what we are not, and never can be, has ruined us for what we really are. This has effected a most baneful influence upon the stage. None are contented to excel in the subordinate characters, because they must aspire to perform those for which they are utterly unfit. Thus an admirable Gravedigger makes a most wretched Hamlet. It is this mounting to the stars which has sunk the stage so low. There are no servants, nay, what is more, there are no helps nowadays either on or off the stage. Still, we repeat, we do not despair; we hope to see things better in this respect, finding that they cannot be worse. Some powerful mind may still be found to arrest the progress of the disease. Some return to the penfold may still be hoped for; the same power which operated to produce its downfall may be efficient for its restoration. A little patronage from high authorities would work

miracles in its favour. Half the sums laid out upon less useful objects would insure the success of one national theatre at least. Let the impulse but be given, and the ball will roll. Find but the patrons, the objects worthy of patronage will not be far off. All this will not be effected by legislative enactments. We look forward to more effectual means. We believe that, as Carlyle has so repeatedly expressed it, a lie will not endure for ever,—*magna est veritas et prevalebit*, was a saying of old. Let it be fulfilled in this instance. Let the truths of Shakspeare and his contemporaries shine again in their original splendour, and the spurious, degenerate, and sensual productions of the present day, will soon grow pale, and finally be extinguished. We trust to reaction; agitation has done its worst. It may have done some good withal. If the constitution be destroyed, there is no hope; if tainted only in its surface, then the flesh will grow up sound from beneath where the slough has separated. Let us try to hasten this process. It may be deferred too long.

What changes must have taken place in public taste, which was sufficient to support two national theatres in the metropolis when it only numbered half a million of souls; now it counts two millions, and one of the theatres is closed.

We await resuscitation with all the persuasion that a well-directed, well-appointed drama is powerful in its moral influence on the human mind. The requisites must be sought in patronage sufficient to reward good actors, and acting sufficiently good to justify the patronage. To accomplish which, a change in the present taste, so exclusively devoted to musical productions, is also imperative.

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH BARRY LYNDON SHOWS HIMSELF TO BE A MAN OF SPIRIT.

DURING this dispute, my cousin Nora did the only thing that a lady, under such circumstances, could do, and fainted in due form. I was in hot altercation with Mick at the time, or I should have, of course, flown to her assistance, but Captain Fagan (a dry sort of fellow this Fagan was) prevented me, saying, "I advise you to leave the young lady to herself, Master Redmond, and be sure she will come to." And so, indeed, after a while she did, which has shewn me since that Fagan knew the world pretty well, for many's the lady I've seen in after times recover in a similar manner. Quin did not offer to help her, you may be sure, for, in the midst of the diversion, caused by her screaming, the faithless bully stole away.

"Which of us is Captain Quin to engage?" said I to Mick; for it was my first affair, and I was as proud of it as of a suit of laced velvet. "Is it you or I, cousin Mick, that is to have the honour of chastising this insolent Englishman?" And I held out my hand as I spoke, for my heart melted towards my cousin under the triumph of the moment.

But he rejected the proffered offer of friendship. "You—you!" said he, in a towering passion; "hang you for a meddling brat, your hand is in every body's pie. What business had you to come brawling and quarrelling here, with a gentleman who has fifteen hundred a-year?"

"Oh," gasped Nora, from the stone bench, "I shall die; I know I shall. I shall never leave this spot."

"The Captain's not gone yet," whispered Fagan, on which Nora, giving him an indignant look, jumped up and walked towards the house.

"Meanwhile," Mick continued, "what business have you—you meddling rascal, to interfere with a daughter of this house?"

"Rascal yourself!" roared I; "call me another such name, Mick Brady, and I'll drive my hanger into your

weazand. Recollect, I stood to you when I was eleven years old. I'm your match now, and, by Jove, provoke me, and I'll beat you like—like your younger brother always did." That was a home-cut, and I saw Mick turn blue with fury.

"This is a pretty way to recommend yourself to the family," said Fagan, in a soothing tone.

"The girl's old enough to be his mother," growled Mick.

"Old or not," I replied; "you listen to this, Mick Brady (and I swore a tremendous oath, that need not be put down here), the man that marries Nora Brady must first kill me—do you mind that?"

"Pooh, sir," said Mick, turning away, "kill you, flog you, you mean! I'll send for Nick the huntsman to do it;" and so he went off.

Captain Fagan now came up, and, taking me kindly by the hand, said I was a gallant lad, and he liked my spirit. "But what Brady says is true," continued he; "it's a hard thing to give a lad counsel who is in such a far-gone state as you; but, believe me, I know the world, and if you will but follow my advice, you won't regret having taken it. Nora Brady has not a penny; you are not a whit richer. You are but fifteen, and she's four-and-twenty. In ten years, when you're old enough to marry, she will be an old woman; and, my poor boy, don't you see—though it's a hard matter to see—that she's a flirt, and does not care a pin for you or Quin either?"

But, who in love (or in any other point, for the matter of that) listens to advice? I never did, and I told Captain Fagan fairly, that Nora might love me or not as she liked, but that Quin should fight me before he married her—that I swore.

"Faith," says Fagan, "I think you are a lad that's likely to keep your word;" and, looking hard at me for a second or two, he walked away likewise, humming a tune; and,

I saw he looked back at me as he went through the old gate out of the garden. And when he was gone, and I was quite alone, I flung myself down on the bench where Nora had made believe to faint, and had left her handkerchief; and, taking it up, hid my face in it, and burst into such a passion of tears, as I would then have had nobody see for the world. The crumpled riband which I had flung at Quin lay in the walk, and I sat there for hours, as wretched as any man in Ireland, I believe, for the time being. But it's a changeable world! When we consider how great our sorrows *seem*, and how small they *are*; how we think we shall die of grief, and how quickly we forget, I think we ought to be ashamed of ourselves and our fickle-heartedness. For, after all, what business has Time to bring us consolation? I have not, perhaps, in the course of my multifarious adventures and experience, hit upon the right woman; and have forgotten, after a little, every single creature I adored; but I think, if I could but have lighted on the right one, I would have loved her *for ever*.

I must have sat for some hours bemoaning myself on the garden-bench, for it was morning when I came to Castle Brady, and the dinner-bell clanged as usual at three o'clock, which wakened me up from my reverie. Presently I gathered up the handkerchief, and once more took the riband. As I passed through the offices, I saw the Captain's saddle was still hanging up at the stable-door, and saw his odious red-coated brute of a servant swaggering with the scullion-girls and kitchen-people. "The Englishman's still there, Master Redmond," said one of the maids to me (a sentimental black-eyed girl, who waited on the young ladies). "He's there in the parlour, with the sweetest fillet of *veal*; go in, and don't let 'im browbeat you, Master Redmond."

And in I went, and took my place at the bottom of the big table, as usual, and my friend the butler speedily brought me a cover.

"Hallo, Reddy, my boy!" said my uncle, "up and well?—that's right."

"He'd better be home with his mother," growled my aunt.

"Don't mind her," says uncle

Brady; "it's the cold goose she ate at breakfast—didn't agree with her. Take a glass of spirits, Mrs. Brady, to Redmond's health." It was evident he did not know of what had happened; but Mick, who was at dinner, too, and Ulick, and almost all the girls, looked exceedingly black, and the captain foolish; and Miss Nora, who was again by his side, ready to cry. Captain Fagan sat smiling; and I looked on as cold as a stone. I thought the dinner would choke me, but I was determined to put a good face on it; and when the cloth was drawn, filled my glass with the rest; and we drank the King and the Church, as gentlemen should. My uncle was in high good-humour, and especially always joking with Nora and the captain. It was, "Nora, divide that merry thought with the captain! see who'll be married first." "Jack Quin, my dear boy, never mind a clean glass for the claret, we're short of crystal at Castle Brady; take Nora's, and the wine will taste none the worse;" and so on. He was in the highest glee,—I did not know why. Had there been a reconciliation between the faithless girl and her lover since they had come into the house?

I learned the truth very soon. At the third toast, it was always the custom for the ladies to withdraw; but my uncle stopped them this time, in spite of the remonstrances of Nora, who said, "O, pa! do let us go!" and said, "No, Mrs. Brady and ladies, if you please; this is a sort of toast that is drunk a great dale too seldom in my family, and you'll please to receive it with all the honours. Here's CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN QUIN, and long life to them. Kiss her, Jack, you rogue; for 'faith you've got a treasure!"

"His already?" I screeched out, springing up.

"Hold your tongue, you fool—hold your tongue!" said big Ulick, who sat by me; but I wouldn't hear.

"He has already," I screamed, "been slapped in the face this morning, Captain John Quin; he's already been called coward, Captain John Quin; and this is the way I'll drink his health. 'Here's your health, Captain John Quin;'" and I flung a glass of claret into his face. I don't

know how he looked after it, for the next moment I myself was under the table, tripped up by Ulick, who hit me a violent cuff on the head as I went down; and I had hardly leisure to hear the general screaming and skurrying that was taking place above me, being so fully occupied with kicks, and thumps, and curses, with which Ulick was belabouring me. "You fool!" roared he—"you great blundering marplot—you silly beggarly brat (a thump at each), hold your tongue!" These blows from Ulick, of course, I did not care for, for he had always been my friend, and had been in the habit of thrashing me all my life.

When I got up from under the table all the ladies were gone; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain's nose was bleeding, as mine was—*his* was cut across the bridge, and his beauty spoiled for ever. Ulick shook himself, sat down quietly, filled a bumper, and pushed the bottle to me. "There, you young donkey," says he, "sup that; and let's hear no more of your braying."

"In Heaven's name, what does all the row mean?" says my uncle. "Is the boy in the fever again?"

"It's all your fault," said Mick, sulkily; "yours and those who brought him here."

"Hold your noise, Mick!" says Ulick, turning on him; "speak civil of my father and me, and don't let me be called upon to teach you manners."

"It is your fault," repeated Mick. "What business has the vagabond here? If I had my will, I'd have him flogged and turned out."

"And so he should be," said Captain Quin.

"You'd best not try it, Quin," said Ulick, who was always my champion; and, turning to his father, "The fact is, sir, that the young monkey has fallen in love with Nora, and finding her and the captain mighty sweet in the garden to-day, he was for murdering Jack Quin."

"Gad, he's beginning young," said my uncle, quite good-humouredly. "Faith, Fagan, that boy's a Brady, every inch of him."

"And, I'll tell you what, Mr. B.," cried Quin, bristling up; "I've been insulted grossly in this 'ouse. I ain't

at all satisfied with these here ways of going on. I'm an Englishman, I am, and a man of property; and I—I——"

"If you're insulted, and not satisfied, remember there's two of us, Quin," said Ulick, gruffly. On which the captain fell to washing his nose in water, and answered never a word.

"Mr. Quin," said I, in the most dignified tone I could assume, "may also have satisfaction any time he pleases, by calling on Redmond Barry, Esquire, of Barryville." At which speech my uncle burst out a-laughing (as he did at every thing); and in this laugh, Captain Fagan, much to my mortification, joined. I turned rather smartly upon him, however, and bade him to understand, that though I was a boy, for my cousin Ulick, who had been my best friend through life, I could put up with rough treatment from him; yet, even that sort of treatment I would bear from him no longer; and that any other person who ventured on the like would find me a man to their cost. "Mr. Quin," I added, "knows that fact very well; and, if *he's* a man, he'll know where to find me."

My uncle now observed, that it was getting late, and that my mother would be anxious about me. "One of you had better go home with him," said he, turning to his sons, "or the lad may be playing more pranks." But Ulick said, with a nod to his brother, "Both of us ride home with Quin here."

"I'm not afraid of Freeny's people," said the captain, with a faint attempt at a laugh; "my man is armed, and so am I."

"You know the use of arms very well, Quin," said Ulick; "and no one can doubt your courage; but Mick and I will see you home for all that."

"Why, you'll not be home till morning, boys. Kilwangan's a good ten mile from here."

"We'll sleep at Quin's quarters," replied Ulick; "*we're going to stop a week there.*"

"Thank you," says Quin, very faint; "it's very kind of you."

"You'll be lonely, you know, without us."

"O yes, very lonely!" says Quin.

"And in *another week*, my boy,"

says Ulick (and here he whispered something in the captain's ear, in which I thought I caught the words "marriage," "parson," and felt all my fury returning again).

"As you please," whined out the captain; and the horses were quickly brought round, and the three gentlemen rode away.

Fagan stopped, and, at my uncle's injunction, walked across the old treeless park with me. He said, that after the quarrel at dinner, he thought I would scarcely want to see the ladies that night, in which opinion I concurred entirely; and so we went off without an adieu.

"A pretty day's work of it you have made, Master Redmond," said he. "What you, a friend to the Brady's, and knowing your uncle to be distressed for money, try and break off a match which will bring fifteen hundred a-year into the family? Quin has promised to pay off the four thousand pounds which is bothering your uncle so. He takes a girl without a penny—a girl with no more beauty than yonder bullock. Well, well, don't look furious; let's say she *is* handsome—there's no accounting for tastes,—a girl that has been flinging herself at the head of every man in these parts these ten years past, and *missing* them all. And you, as poor as herself, a boy of fifteen—well, sixteen, if you insist—and a boy who ought to be attached to your uncle as to your father——"

"And so I am," said I.

"And this is the return you make him for his kindness! Didn't he harbour you in his house when you were an orphan, and hasn't he given you rent-free your fine mansion of Barryville yonder? And now, when his affairs can be put into order, and a chance offers for his old age to be made comfortable, who flings himself in the way of him and competence?—You, of all others; the man in the world most obliged to him. It's wicked, ungrateful, unnatural. From a lad of such spirit as you are, I expected truer courage."

"I am not afraid of any man alive," exclaimed I (for this latter part of the captain's argument had rather staggered me, and I wished, of course, to turn it, as one always should when the enemy's too strong); "and it's *I* am the injured man, Cap-

tain Fagan. No man was ever, since the world began, treated so. Look here—look at this riband. I've worn it in my heart for six months. I've had it there all the time of the fever. Didn't Nora take it out of her own bosom and give it me? Didn't she kiss me when she gave it me, and call me her darling Redmond?"

"She was *practising*," replied Mr. Fagan, with a sneer. "I know women, sir. Give them time, and let nobody else come to the house, and they'll fall in love with a chimney-sweep. There was a young lady in Fermoy——"

"A young lady in flames," roared I (but I used a still hotter word). "Mark this, come what will of it, I swear I will fight the man who pretends to the hand of Nora Brady. I'll follow him, if it's into the church, and meet him there. I'll have his blood, or he shall have mine; and this riband shall be found dyed in it. Yes! and if I kill him, I'll pin it on his breast, and then she may go take back her token." This I said because I was very much excited at the time, and because I had not read my novels and romantic plays for nothing.

"Well," says Fagan, after a pause, "if it must be, it must. For a young fellow, you are the most bloodthirsty I ever saw. Quin's a determined fellow, too."

"Will you take my message to him?" said I, quite eagerly.

"Hush!" said Fagan: "your mother may be on the look-out. Here we are, close to Barryville."

"Mind! not a word to my mother," I said; and went into the house swelling with pride and exultation to think that I should have a chance against the Englishman I hated so.

Tim, my servant, had come up from Barryville on my mother's return from church, for the good lady was rather alarmed at my absence, and anxious for my return. But he had seen me go in to dinner, at the invitation of the sentimental lady's-maid; and when he had had his own share of the good things in the kitchen, which was always better furnished than ours at home, had walked back again to inform his mistress where I was, and, no doubt, to tell her, in his own fashion, of all the events that had happened at Castle Brady. In spite of my pre-

cautions to secrecy then, I half suspected that my mother knew all, from the manner in which she embraced me on my arrival, and received our guest, Captain Fagan. The poor soul looked a little anxious and flushed, and every now and then gazed very hard in the captain's face, but she said not a word about the quarrel, for she had a noble spirit, and would as lief have seen any one of her kindred hanged as shirking from the field of honour. What has become of those gallant feelings nowadays? Sixty years ago a man was a *man*, in old Ireland, and the sword that was worn by his side was at the service of any gentleman's gizzard, upon the slightest difference. But the good old times and usages are fast fading away. One scarcely ever hears of a fair meeting now, and the use of those horrid pistols, in place of the honourable and manly weapon of gentlemen, has introduced a deal of knavery into the practice of duelling that cannot be sufficiently deplored.

When I arrived at home I felt that I was a man in earnest, and welcoming Captain Fagan to Barryville, and introducing him to my mother, in a majestic and dignified way, said the captain must be thirsty after his walk, and called upon Tim to bring up a bottle of the yellow-sealed Bordeaux, and cakes and glasses, immediately.

Tim looked at the mistress in great wonderment; and the fact is, that six hours previous I would as soon have thought of burning the house down as calling for a bottle of claret on my own account; but I felt I was a man now, and had a right to command; and my mother felt this too, for she turned to the fellow, and said, sharply, "Don't you hear, you rascal, what *your master* says! Go, get the wine, and the cakes and glasses, directly." Then (for you may be sure she did not give 'im the keys of our little cellar), she went and got the liquor herself; and Tim brought it in, on the silver tray, in due form. My dear mother poured out the wine, and drank the captain welcome; but I observed her hand shook very much as she performed this courteous duty, and the bottle went clink, clink against the glass. When she had tasted her glass, she

said she had a headach, and would go to bed; and so I asked her blessing, as becomes a dutiful son—(the modern *bloods* have given up the respectful ceremonies which distinguished a gentleman in my time)—and she left me and Captain Fagan to talk over our important business.

"Indeed," said the captain, "I see now no other way out of the scrape than a meeting. The fact is, there was a talk of it at Castle Brady, after your attack upon Quin this afternoon, and he vowed that he would cut you in pieces; but the tears and supplications of Miss Honoria induced him, though very unwillingly, to relent. Now, however, matters have gone too far. No officer, bearing his majesty's commission, can receive a glass of wine on his nose—this claret of yours is very good, by the way, and by your leave, we'll ring for another bottle—without resenting the affront. Fight you must, and Quin is a huge strong fellow."

"He'll give the better mark," said I. "I am not afraid of him."

"In faith," said the captain, "I believe you are not; for a lad I never saw more game in my life."

"Look at that sword, sir," says I, pointing to an elegant silver-mounted one, in a white shagreen case, that hung on the mantel-piece, under the picture of my father, Harry Barry. "It was with that sword, sir, that my father pinked Mohawk O'Driscoll, in Dublin, in the year 1740: with that sword, sir, he met Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone, the Hampshire baronet, and ran him through the neck. They met, on horseback, with sword and pistol, on Hounslow Heath, as, I dare say, you have heard tell of, and those are the pistols (they hung on each side of the picture), which the gallant Barry used. He was quite in the wrong, having insulted Lady Fuddlestone, when in liquor, at the Brentford Assembly. But, like a gentleman, he scorned to apologise, and Sir Huddlestone received a ball through his hat, before they engaged with the sword. I am Harry Barry's son, sir, and will act as becomes my name and my quality."

"Give me a kiss, my dear boy," said Fagan, with tears in his eyes. "You're after my own soul. As long as Jack Fagan lives, you

shall never want a friend or a second."

Poor fellow! he was shot six months afterwards, carrying orders to my Lord George Sackville, at Minden, and I lost thereby a kind friend. But we don't know what is in store for us, and that night was a merry one at least. We had a second bottle, and a third too (I could hear the poor mother going down-stairs for each, but she never came into the parlour with them, and sent them in by the butler, Mr. Tim); and we parted at length, he engaging to arrange matters with Mr. Quin's second that night, and to bring me news in the morning as to the place where the meeting should take place. I have often thought since, how different my fate might have been, had I not fallen in love with Nora at that early age; and had I not flung the wine in Quin's face, and so brought on the duel! I might have settled down in Ireland but for that (for Miss Quinlan was an heiress, within twenty miles of us, and Peter Burke, of Kildangan, left his daughter Judy 700*l.* a-year, and I might have had either of them, had I waited a few years). But it was in my fate to be a wanderer, and that battle with Quin sent me on my travels at a very early age, as you shall hear anon.

I never slept sounder in my life, though I woke a little earlier than usual, and you may be sure my first thought was of the event of the day, for which I was fully prepared. I had ink and pen in my room—had I not been writing these verses to Nora but the day previous, like a poor fond fool as I was? And now I sat down and wrote a couple of letters more; they might be the last, thought I, that I ever should write in my life. The first was to my mother. "Honoured madam"—I wrote—"This will not be given you unless I fall by the hand of Captain Quin, whom I meet this day in the field of honour, with sword and pistol. If I die, it is as a good Christian and a gentleman,—how should I be otherwise when educated by such a mother as you? I forgive all my enemies—I beg your blessing, as a dutiful son. I desire that my mare Nora, which my uncle gave me, and which I called after the most faithless of her sex, may be returned to Castle Brady,

and beg you will give my silver-hilted hanger to Phil Purcoll, the gamekeeper. Present my duty to my uncle and Ulick, and all the girls of my party there. And I remain your dutiful son,—**REDMOND BARRY.**"

To Nora I wrote,— "This letter will be found in my bosom along with the token you gave me. It will be dyed in my blood (unless I have Captain Quin's, whom I hate but forgive), and will be a pretty ornament for you on your marriage day. Wear it, and think of the poor boy to whom you gave it and who died (as he was always ready to do) for your sake.—**REDMOND.**"

These letters being written, and sealed with my father's great silver seal of the Barry arms, I went down to breakfast, where my mother was waiting for me, you may be sure. We did not say a single word about what was taking place; on the contrary, we talked of any thing but that; about who was at church the day before, and about my wanting new clothes now I was grown so tall. She said, I must have a suit against winter, if— if— she could afford it. She winced rather at the "if," Heaven bless her! I knew what was in her mind. And then she fell to telling me about the black pig that must be killed, and that she had found the speckled hen's nest that morning, whose eggs I liked so, and other such trifling talk. Some of these eggs were for breakfast, and I ate them with a good appetite; but in helping myself to salt I spilled it, on which she started up with a scream. "*Thank God,*" said she, "*it's fallen towards me.*" And then, her heart being too full, she left the room. Ah! they have their faults, those mothers; but are there any other women like them?

When she was gone I went to take down the sword with which my father had vanquished the Hampshire baronet, and, would you believe it, the brave woman had tied a *new riband* to the hilt, for indeed she had the courage of a lioness and a Brady united. And then I took down the pistols, which were always kept bright and well oiled, and put some fresh flints I had into the locks, and got balls and powder ready against the captain should come.

There was claret and a cold fowl put ready for him on the sideboard, and a case-bottle of old brandy too, with a couple of little glasses on the silver tray with the Barry arms emblazoned. In after life, and in the midst of my fortune and splendour, I paid thirty-five guineas, and almost as much more in interest, to the London goldsmith who supplied my father with that very tray. A scoundrel pawnbroker would only give me sixteen for it afterwards, so little can we trust the honour of rascally tradesmen!

At eleven o'clock Captain Fagan arrived, on horseback, with a mounted dragoon after him. He paid his compliments to the collation which my mother's care had provided for him, and then said, "Look ye, Redmond, my boy; this is a silly business. The girl will marry Quin, mark my words; and as sure as she does you'll forget her. You are but a boy. Quin is willing to consider you as such. Dublin's a fine place, and if you have a mind to take a ride thither and see the town for a month, here are twenty guineas at your service. Make Quin an apology, and be off."

"A man of honour, Mr. Fagan," says I, "dies, but never apologises. I'll see the captain hanged before I apologise."

"Then there's nothing for it but a meeting."

"My mare is saddled and ready," says I; "where's the meeting, and who's the captain's second?"

"Your cousins go out with him," answered Mr. Fagan.

"I'll ring for my groom to bring my mare round," I said, "as soon as you have rested yourself." Tim was accordingly despatched for Nora, and I rode away, but I didn't take leave of Mrs. Barry. The curtains of her bedroom-windows were down, and they didn't move as we mounted and trotted off. . . . But two hours afterwards, you should have seen her as she came tottering down-stairs, and heard the scream which she gave as she hugged her boy to her heart, quite unharmed and without a wound in his body.

What had taken place I may as well tell here. When we got to the ground, Ulick, Mick, and the captain, were already there. Quin,

flaming in red regimentals, as big a monster as ever led a grenadier company. The party were laughing together at some joke of one or the other, and, I must say, I thought this laughter very unbecoming in my cousins, who were met, perhaps, to see the death of one of their kindred.

"I hope to spoil this sport," says I to Captain Fagan, in a great rage, "and trust to see this sword of mine in yonder big bully's body."

"Oh! it's with pistols we fight," replied Mr. Fagan. "You are no match for Quin with the sword."

"I'll match any man with the sword," said I.

"But swords are to-day impossible; Captain Quin is—is lame. He knocked his knee against the swinging park gate last night, as he was riding home, and can scarce move it now."

"Not against Castle Brady gate," says I: "that has been off the hinges these ten years." On which Fagan said it must have been some other gate, and repeated what he had said to Mr. Quin and my cousins, when, on alighting from our horses, we joined and saluted those gentlemen.

"O yes! dead lame," said Ulick, coming to shake me by the hand, while Captain Quin took off his hat and turned extremely red. "And very lucky for you, Redmond, my boy," continued Ulick; "you were a dead man else, for he is a devil of a fellow—isn't he, Fagan?"

"A regular Turk," answered Fagan; adding, "I never yet knew the man who stood to Captain Quin."

"Hang the business!" said Ulick; "I hate it. I'm ashamed of it. Say you're sorry, Redmond; you can easily say that."

"If the young feller will go to *Dublin*, as proposed—" here interposed Mr. Quin.

"I'm not sorry—I'll not apologise—and I'll as soon go to *Dublin* as to —!" said I, with a stamp of my foot.

"There's nothing else for it," said Ulick, with a laugh, to Fagan. "Take your ground, Fagan,—twelve paces, I suppose?"

"Ten, sir," said Mr. Quin, in a big voice; "and make them short ones, do you hear, Captain Fagan?"

"Don't bully, Mr. Quin," said Ulick, surlily; "here are the pistols." And he added, with some

emotion, to me, "God bless you, my boy ; and when I count three, fire."

Mr. Fagan put my pistol into my hand,—that is, not one of mine (which were to serve, if need were, for the next round), but one of Ulick's. "They are all right," said he. "Never fear ; and Redmond, fire at his neck—hit him there under the gorget. See how the fool shews himself open."

Mick, who had never spoken a word, Ulick, and the captain retired to one side, and Ulick gave the signal. It was slowly given, and I had leisure to cover my man well. I saw him changing colour and trembling as the numbers were given. At "three," both our pistols went off. I heard something whizz by me, and my antagonist giving a most horrible groan, staggered backwards and fell.

"He's down !—he's down !" cried the seconds, running towards him. Ulick lifted him up—Mick took his head.

"He's hit here, in the neck," said Mick ; and laying open his coat, blood was seen gurgling from under his gorget, at the very spot at which I aimed.

"How is it with you ?" said Ulick. "Is he really hit ?" said he, looking hard at him. The unfortunate man did not answer, but when the support of Ulick's arm was withdrawn from his back, groaned once more and fell backwards.

"The young fellow has begun well," said Mick, with a scowl. "You had better ride off, young sir, before the police are up. They had wind of the business before we left Kilwangan."

"Is he quite dead ?" said I.

"Quite dead," answered Mick.

"Then the world's rid of a coward," said Captain Fagan, giving the huge prostrate body a scornful kick with his foot. "It's all over with him, Reddy,—he does n't stir."

"We are not cowards, Fagan," said Ulick, roughly, "whatever he was ! Let's get the boy off as quick as we may. Your man shall go for a cart, and take away the body of this unhappy gentleman. This has been a sad day's work for our family, Redmond Barry, and you have robbed us of 1500*l.* a-year."

"It was Nora did it," said I ; "not

I." And I took the riband she gave me out of my waistcoat, and the letter, and flung them down on the body of Captain Quin. "There !" says I—"take her those ribands. She'll know what they mean ; and that's all that's left to her of two lovers she had and ruined."

I did not feel any horror or fear, young as I was, in seeing my enemy prostrate before me ; for I knew that I had met and conquered him honourably in the field, as became a man of my name and blood.

"And now, in Heaven's name, get the youngster out of the way," said Mick.

Ulick said he would ride with me, and off accordingly we galloped, never drawing bridle till we came to my mother's door. When there, Ulick told Tim to feed my mare, as I would have far to ride that day, and I was in the poor mother's arms in a minute.

I need not tell how great were her pride and exultation when she heard from Ulick's lips the account of my behaviour at the duel. He urged, however, that I should go into hiding for a short time ; and it was agreed between them that I should drop my name of Barry, and, taking that of Redmond, go to Dublin, and there wait until matters were blown over. This arrangement was not come to without some discussion ; for why should I not be as safe at Barryville, she said, as my cousin and Ulick at Castle Brady ?—bailiffs and duns never got near *them* ; why should constables be enabled to come upon me ? But Ulick persisted in the necessity of my instant departure, in which argument, as I was anxious to see the world, I must confess, I sided with him ; and my mother was brought to see that in our small house at Barryville, in the midst of the village, and with the guard but of a couple of servants, escape would be impossible. So the kind soul was forced to yield to my cousin's entreaties, who promised her, however, that the affair would soon be arranged, and that I should be restored to her. Ah ! how little did he know what fortune was in store for me !

My dear mother had some forebodings, I think, that our separation was to be a long one ; for she told me, that all night long, she had been

consulting the cards regarding my fate in the duel; and that all the signs betokened a separation; and, taking out a stocking from her *escritoire*, the kind soul put twenty guineas in a purse for me (she had herself but twenty-five), and made up a little valise, to be placed at the back of my mare, in which were my clothes, linen, and a silver dressing-case of my father's. She bade me, too, to keep the sword and the pistols I had known to use so like a man. She hurried my departure now, (though her heart, I know, was

full), and almost in half-an-hour after my arrival at home I was once more on the road again, with the wide world, as it were, before me. I need not tell how Tim and the cook cried at my departure, and, mayhap, I had a tear or two myself in my eyes: but no lad of sixteen is *very* sad who has liberty for the first time, and twenty guineas in his pocket; and I rode away, thinking, I confess, not so much of the kind mother left alone, and of the home behind me, as of to-morrow, and all the wonders it would bring.

CHAPTER. IV.

IN WHICH THE HERO MAKES A FALSE START IN THE GENTLE WORLD.

I rode that night as far as Carlow, where I lay at the best inn; and being asked what was my name by the landlord of the house, gave it as Mr. Redmond, according to my cousin's instructions, and said I was of the Redmonds of Waterford County, and was on my road to Trinity College, Dublin, to be educated there. Seeing my handsome appearance, silver-hilted sword, and well-filled valise, my landlord made free to send up a jug of claret without my asking, and charged, you may be sure, pretty handsomely for it in the bill. No gentleman in those good old days went to bed without a good share of liquor to set him sleeping, and on this my first day's entrance into the world, I made a point to act the fine gentleman completely, and, I assure you, succeeded in my part to admiration. The excitement of the events of the day, the quitting my home, the meeting with Captain Quin, were enough to set my brains in a whirl, without the claret, which served to finish me completely. I did not dream of the death of Quin, as some milksops, perhaps, would have done; indeed, I have never had any of that foolish remorse consequent upon any of my affairs of honour; always considering, from the first, that where a gentleman risks his own life in manly combat, he is a fool to be ashamed because he wins. I slept at Carlow as sound as man could sleep; drank a tankard of small beer and a toast to my breakfast; and exchanged the first of my gold

pieces to settle the bill, not forgetting to pay all the servants liberally, and as a gentleman should. I began so the first day of my life, and so have continued. No man has been at greater straits than I, and has borne more pinching poverty and hardship; but nobody can say of me that, if I had a guinea, I was not free-handed with it, and spent it as well as a lord could do.

I had no doubts of the future; thinking that a man of my person, parts, and courage, could make his way any where. Besides, I had twenty gold guineas in my pocket, a sum which (although I was mistaken) I calculated would last me for four months at least, during which time something would be done towards the making of my fortune. So I rode on, singing to myself, or chatting with the passers-by; and all the girls along the road said, "God save me, for a clever gentleman!" As for Nora and Castle Brady, between to-day and yesterday there seemed to be a gap as of half-a-score of years. I vowed I would never re-enter the place but as a great man; and I kept my vow too, as you shall hear in due time.

There was much more liveliness and bustle on the king's highroad in those times, than in these days of stage-coaches, which carry you from one end of the kingdom to another in a few score hours. The gentry rode their own horses or drove in their own coaches, and spent three days on a journey which now occu-

pies ten hours ; so that there was no lack of company for a person travelling towards Dublin. I made part of the journey from Carlow towards Naas with a well-armed gentleman from Kilkenny, dressed in green and a gold cord, with a patch on his eye and riding a powerful mare. He asked me the questions of the day, and whither I was bound, and whether my mother was not afraid on account of the highwaymen to let one so young as myself travel ? But I said, pulling out one of them from a holster, that I had a pair of good pistols that had already done execution, and were ready to do it again ; and here, a pock-marked man coming up, he put spurs into his bay mare and left me. She was a much more powerful animal than mine, and, besides, I did not wish to fatigue my horse, wishing to enter Dublin that night, and in reputable condition.

As I rode towards Kilcullen, I saw a crowd of the peasant people assembled round a one-horse chair, and my friend in green, as I thought, making off half a mile up the hill. A footman was howling "stop thief" at the top of his voice ; but the country fellows were only laughing at his distress, and making all sorts of jokes at the adventure which had just befallen.

"Sure, you might have kep him off with your blunderbush !" says one fellow.

"O the coward ! to let the captain bate you ; and he only one eye !" cries another.

"The next time my lady travels, she'd better lave you at home !" said a third.

"What is this noise, fellows ?" said I, riding up amongst them, and seeing a lady in the carriage very pale and frightened, gave a slash of my whip, and bade the red-shanked ruffians keep off. "What has happened, madam, to annoy your ladyship ?" I said, pulling off my hat, and bringing my mare up in a prance to the chair-window.

The lady explained. She was the wife of Captain Fitzsimons, and was

hastening to join the captain at Dublin. Her chair had been stopped by a highwayman ; the great oaf of a serving-man had fallen down on his knees, armed as he was ; and though there were thirty people in the next field working when the ruffian attacked her, not one of them would help her, but, on the contrary, wished the captain, as they called the highwayman, good luck.

"Sure he's the friend of the poor," said one fellow, "and good luck to him !"

"Was it any business of ours ?" asked another. And another told, grinning, that it was the famous Captain Freny, who, having bribed the jury to acquit him, two days back, at Kilkenny assizes, had mounted his horse at the gaol door, and the very next day had robbed two barristers who were going the circuit.*

I told this pack of rascals to be off to their work, or they should taste of my thong, and proceeded, as well as I could, to comfort Mrs. Fitzsimons under her misfortunes. "Had she lost much ?" "Everything : her purse, containing upwards of a hundred guineas ; her jewels, snuff-boxes, watches, and a pair of diamond shoe-buckles of the captain's." These mishaps I sincerely commiserated ; and knowing her by her accent to be an Englishwoman, deplored the difference that existed between the two countries, and said that in *our* country (meaning England) such atrocities were unknown.

"You, too, are an Englishman ?" said she, with rather a tone of surprise. On which I said, I was proud to be such, as, in fact, I was ; and I never knew a true Tory gentleman of Ireland who did not wish he could say as much.

I rode by Mrs. Fitzsimons' chair all the way to Naas ; and, as she had been robbed of her purse, asked permission to lend her a couple of pieces to pay her expenses at the inn, which sum she was graciously pleased to accept, and was, at the same time, kind enough to invite me to share

* Mr. Barry's story may be correct ; but we find in the autobiography of Captain Freny, that it was not he, but a couple of his associates, who were acquitted from a bribe of five guineas distributed amongst the jury. He describes the robbery of a lady under precisely similar circumstances. In the present day, the peasantry of Tipperary look on at murders.

her dinner. To the lady's questions regarding my birth and parentage, I replied that I was a young gentleman of large fortune (this was not true; but what is the use of crying bad fish? My dear mother instructed me early in this sort of prudence), and good family in the county Waterford. That I was going to Dublin for my studies, and that my mother allowed me five hundred per annum. Mrs. Fitzsimons was equally communicative. She was the daughter of General Granby Somerset, of Worcestershire, of whom, of course, I had heard (and though I had not, of course I was too well-bred to say so); and had made, as she must confess, a runaway match with Ensign Fitzgerald Fitzsimons. Had I been in Donegal? — No! That was a pity. The captain's father possesses a hundred thousand acres there, and Fitzsimonsburgh Castle's the finest mansion in Ireland. Captain Fitzsimons is the eldest son; and, though he has quarrelled with his father, must inherit the vast property. She went on to tell me about the balls at Dublin, the banquets at the Castle, the horse-races at the Phoenix, the *ridottos* and routs, until I became quite eager to join in those pleasures; and I only felt grieved to think that my position would render secrecy necessary, and prevent me from being presented at the court, of which the Fitzsimonses were the most elegant ornaments. How different was her lively rattle to that of the vulgar wenches at the Kilwangan assemblies. In every sentence she mentioned a lord or a person of quality. She evidently spoke French and Italian, of the former of which languages I have said I knew a few words; and, as for her English accent, why, perhaps, I was no judge of that, for, to say the truth, she was the first *real* English person I had ever met. She recommended me, farther, to be very cautious with regard to the company I should meet at Dublin, where rogues and adventurers of all countries abounded; and my delight and gratitude to her may be imagined, when, as our conversation grew more intimate (as we sat over our dessert), she kindly offered to accommodate me with lodgings in her own house, where her Fitzsimons, she said, would welcome

with delight her gallant young preserver.

"Indeed, madam," said I, "I have preserved nothing for you." Which was perfectly true; for had I not come up too late after the robbery to prevent the highwayman from carrying off her money and pearls?

"And sure, ma'am, them wasn't much," said Sullivan, the blundering servant, who had been so frightened at Freny's approach, and was waiting on us at dinner. "Didn't he return you the thirteens in copper, and the watch, saying it was only pinch-beck?"

But his lady rebuked him for a saucy varlet, and turned him out of the room at once, saying to me when he had gone, "that the fool didn't know what was the meaning of a hundred-pound bill, which was in the pocket-book that Freny took from her."

Perhaps had I been a little older in the world's experience, I should have begun to see that Madam Fitzsimons was not the person of fashion she pretended to be; but, as it was, I took all her stories for truth, and, when the landlord brought the bill for dinner, paid it with the air of a lord. Indeed, she made no motion to produce the two pieces I had lent to her; and so we rode on slowly towards Dublin, into which city we made our entrance at nightfall. The rattle and splendour of the coaches, the flare of the linkboys, the number and magnificence of the houses, struck me with the greatest wonder; though I was careful to disguise this feeling, according to my dear mother's directions, who told me that it was the mark of a man of fashion never to wonder at any thing, and never to admit that any house, equipage, or company he saw, was more splendid or genteel than what he had been accustomed to at home.

We stopped, at length, at a house of rather mean appearance, and were let into a passage by no means so clean as that at Barryville, where there was a great smell of supper and punch. A stout, redfaced man, without a periwig, and in rather a tattered nightgown and cap, made his appearance from the parlour, and embraced his lady (for it was Captain Fitzsimons) with a great deal of cordiality. Indeed, directly he saw

that a stranger accompanied her, he embraced her more rapturously than ever. In introducing me, she persisted in saying that I was her preserver, and complimented my gallantry as much as if I had killed Freny, instead of coming up when the robbery was over. The captain said he knew the Redmonds of Waterford intimately well, which assertion alarmed me, as I knew nothing of the family to which I was stated to belong. But I posed him, by asking *which* of the Redmonds he knew, for I had never heard his name in our family. He said, he "knew the Redmonds of Redmondstown." "Oh," says I, "mine are the Redmonds of Castle Redmond;" and so I put him off the scent. I went to see my nag put up at a livery stable hard by, with the captain's horse and chair, and returned to my entertainer.

Although there were the relics of some mutton-chops and onions on a cracked dish before him, the captain said, "My love, I wish I had known of your coming, for Bob Moriarty and I just finished the most delicious venison pasty, which his grace the lord lieutenant sent us, with a flash of sillery from his own cellar. You know the wine, my dear? But as by-gones are by-gones, and no help for them, what say ye to a fine lobster and a bottle of as good claret as any in Ireland? Betty, clear these things from the table, and make the mistress and our young friend welcome to our home."

Not having small change, Mr. Fitzsimons asked me to lend him a tenpenny-piece to purchase the dish of lobsters; but his lady, handing out one of the guineas I had given her, bade the girl get the change for that, and procure the supper, which she did presently, bringing back only a very few shillings out of the guinea to her mistress, saying that the fishmonger had kept the remainder for an old account. "And the more great, big, blundering fool you, for giving the gold piece to him," roared Mr. Fitzsimons. I forget how many hundred guineas he said he had paid the fellow during the year.

Our supper was seasoned, if not by any great elegance, at least by a plentiful store of anecdotes, concerning the highest personages of the city,

with whom, according to himself, the captain lived on terms of the utmost intimacy. Not to be behindhand with him, I spoke of my own estates and property as if I was as rich as a duke. I told all the stories of the nobility I had ever heard from my mother, and some that, perhaps, I had invented; and ought to have been aware that my host was an impostor himself, as he did not find out my own blunders and mistatements. But youth is ever too confident. It was some time before I knew that I had made no very desirable acquaintance in Captain Fitzsimons and his lady, and, indeed, went to bed congratulating myself upon my wonderful good luck in having, at the outset of my adventures, fallen in with so distinguished a couple.

The appearance of the chamber I occupied might, indeed, have led me to imagine that the heir of Fitzsimonsburgh Castle, county Donegal, was not as yet reconciled with his wealthy parents, and, had I been an English lad, probably my suspicion and distrust would have been aroused instantly. But, perhaps, as the reader knows, we are not so particular in Ireland on the score of neatness as people are in this precise country, hence the disorder of my bed-chamber did not strike me so much. For were not all the windows broken and stuffed with rags even at Castle Brady, my uncle's superb mansion? Was there ever a lock to the doors there, or if a lock a handle to the lock, or a hasp to fasten it to? So, though my bed-room boasted of these inconveniences, and a few more, though my counterpane was evidently a greased brocade dress of Mrs. Fitzsimons', and my cracked toilet-glass not much bigger than a half-crown, yet I was used to this sort of ways in Irish houses, and still thought myself in that of a man of fashion. There was no lock to the drawers, which, when they *did* open, were full of my hostess's rouge-pots, shoes, stays, and rags, so I allowed my wardrobe to remain in my valise, but set out my silver dressing apparatus upon the ragged cloth on the drawers, where it shone to great advantage.

When Sullivan appeared in the morning, I asked him about my mare, which he informed me was doing well; I then bade him bring me hot

shaving-water in a loud dignified tone.

"Hot shaving-water!" says he, bursting out laughing (and I confess not without reason). "Is it yourself you're going to shave?" said he. "And maybe when I bring you up the water I'll bring you up the cat too, and you can shave her." I flung a boot at the scoundrel's head in reply to this impertinence, and was soon with my friends in the parlour for breakfast. There was a hearty welcome, and the same cloth that had been used the night before, as I recognised by the black mark of the Irish stew-dish, and the stain left by a pot of porter at supper.

My host greeted me with great cordiality; Mrs. Fitzsimons said I was an elegant figure for the Phoenix; and, indeed, without vanity, I may say of myself that there worse-looking fellows in Dublin than I. I had not the powerful chest and muscular proportion which I have since attained (to be exchanged, alas! for gouty legs and chalk-stones in my fingers, but 'tis the way of mortality), but I had arrived at near my present growth of six feet, and with my hair in buckle, a handsome lace *jabot* and wristbands to my shirt, and a red plush waistcoat, barred with gold, looked the gentleman I was born. I wore my drab coat with plate buttons, that was grown too small for me, and quite agreed with Captain Fitzsimons that I must pay a visit to his tailor, in order to procure myself a coat more fitting my size.

"I needn't ask whether you had a comfortable bed," said he. "Young Fred Pimpleton (Lord Pimpleton's second son) slept in it for seven months, during which he did me the honour to stay with me, and if he was satisfied, I don't know who else wouldn't be."

After breakfast we walked out to see the town, and Mr. Fitzsimons introduced me to several of his acquaintances whom we met as his particular young friend Mr. Redmond, of Waterford county; he also pre-

sented me at his hatter's and tailor's as a gentleman of great expectations and large property; and although I told the latter that I should not pay him ready cash for more than one coat, which fitted me to a nicety, yet he insisted upon making me several, which I did not care to refuse. The captain, also, who certainly wanted such a renewal of raiment, told the tailor to send him home a handsome military frock, which he selected.

Then we went home to Mrs. Fitzsimons, who drove out in her chair to the Phoenix Park, where a review was, and where numbers of the young gentry were round about her, to all of whom she presented me as her preserver of the day before. Indeed, such was her complimentary account of me, that before half an hour I had got to be considered as a young gentleman of the highest family in the land, related to all the principal nobility, a cousin of Captain Fitzsimons, and heir to 10,000*l.* a-year. Fitzsimons said he had ridden over every inch of my estate; and faith, as he chose to tell these stories for me, I let him have his way—indeed was not a little pleased (as youth is) to be made much of, and to pass for a great personage. I had little notion then that I had got among a set of impostors—that Captain Fitzsimons was only an adventurer, and his lady a person of no credit; but such are the dangers to which youth is perpetually subject, and hence let young men take warning by me.*

I purposely hurry over the description of my life, in which the incidents were painful, of no great interest except to my unlucky self, and which my companions were certainly not of a kind befitting my quality. The fact was, a young man could hardly have fallen into worse hands than those in which I now found myself. I have been to Donegal since, and have never seen the famous Castle of Fitzsimonsburgh, which is, likewise, unknown to the oldest inhabitants of that county; nor are the Granby Somersets much bet-

* The Editor of the Memoirs of Barry Lyndon cannot help pointing out here a truth which seems to have escaped the notice of the amiable autobiographer, viz. that there were more than two impostors present at Captain and Mrs. Fitzsimons' table, when they and their young guest dined there. It never seems to have struck Mr. Barry that had he not represented himself to be a man of fortune none of the difficulties here described would have occurred to him.

ter known in Hampshire. The couple into whose hands I had fallen were of a sort much more common than those at present, for the vast wars of later days have rendered it very difficult for noblemen's footmen or hangers-on to procure commissions, and such, in fact, had been the original station of Captain Fitzsimons. Had I known his origin, of course I would have died rather than have associated with him; but in those seraph days of youth I took his tales for truth, and fancied myself in high luck as being, in my outset into life, introduced into such a family. Alas! we are the sport of destiny. When I consider upon what small circumstances all the great events of my life have turned, I can hardly believe myself to have been any thing but a puppet in the hands of Fate, which has played its most fantastic tricks upon me.

The captain had been a gentleman's gentleman, and his lady of no higher rank. The society which this worthy pair kept was at a sort of ordinary which they held, and at which their friends were always welcome on payment of a certain moderate sum for their dinner. After dinner, you may be sure that cards were not wanting, and that the company who played did not play for love merely. To these parties persons of all sorts would come; young bloods from the regiments garrisoned in Dublin; young officials from the Castle; horse-riding, wine-tipping, watchman-beating men of fashion about town, such as existed in Dublin in that day more than in any other city with which I am acquainted in Europe. I never knew young fellows make such a show, and upon such small means. I never knew young gentlemen with what I may call such a genius for idleness; and whereas an Englishman, with fifty guineas a-year, is not able to do much more than to starve, and toil like a slave in a profession, a young Irish buck, with the same sum, will keep his horses, and drink his bottle, and live as lazy as a lord. Here was a doctor, who never had a patient, cheek by jowl with an attorney, who never had a client; neither had a guinea—each had a good horse to ride in the park, and the best of clothes to their backs. A sporting clergyman without a liv-

ing: several young wine-merchants, who consumed much more liquor than they had or sold; and men of similar character, formed the society at the house into which, by ill-luck, I was thrown. What could happen to a man but misfortune from associating with such company? (I have not mentioned the ladies of the society, who were, perhaps, no better than the males) and in a very, very short time I became their prey.

As for my poor twenty guineas, in three days I saw, with terror, that they had dwindled down to eight; theatres and taverns having already made such cruel inroads in my purse. At play I had lost, it is true, a couple of pieces, but seeing that every one round about me played upon honour and gave their bills, I, of course, preferred that medium to the payment of ready money, and when I lost paid on account.

With the tailors, saddlers, and others, I employed similar means; and in so far Mr. Fitzsimons' representation did me good, for the tradesmen took him at his word regarding my fortune (I have since learned that the rascal pigeoned several other young men of property), and for a little time supplied me with any goods I might be pleased to order. At length, my cash running low, I was compelled to pawn some of the suits with which the tailor had provided me; for I did not like to part with my mare, on which I daily rode in the park, and which I loved as the gift of my respected uncle. I raised some little money, too, on a few trinkets which I had purchased of a jeweller who pressed his credit upon me, and thus was enabled to keep up appearances for yet a little time.

I asked at the post-office repeatedly for letters for Mr. Redmond, but none such had arrived; and, indeed, I always felt rather relieved when the answer of "No," was given to me; for I was not very anxious that my mother should know my proceedings in the extravagant life which I was leading at Dublin. It could not last very long, however; for when my cash was quite exhausted, and I paid a second visit to the tailor, requesting him to make me more clothes, the fellow hummed and ha'd, and had the impudence to ask payment for those already supplied; on

which, telling him I should withdraw my custom from him, I abruptly left him. The goldsmith, too (a rascal Jew), declined to let me take a gold chain to which I had a fancy, and I felt now, for the first time, in some perplexity. To add to it, one of the young gentlemen who frequented Mr. Fitzsimons' boarding-house had received from me, in the way of play, an I O U for eighteen pounds (which I lost to him at piquet), and which, owing Mr. Curbyn, the livery-stable keeper, a bill, he passed it into that person's hands. Fancy my rage and astonishment, then, on going for my mare, to find that he positively refused to let me have her out of the stable, except under payment of my promissory note! It was in vain that I offered him his choice of four notes that I had in my pocket—one of Fitzsimons' for 20*l.*, one of Counsellor Mulligan's, and so forth,—the dealer, who was a Yorkshireman, shook his head, and laughed at every one of them; and said, "I tell you what, Master Redmond, you appear a young fellow of birth and fortune, and let me whisper in your ear that you have fallen into very bad hands—it's a regular gang of swindlers; and a gentleman of your rank and quality should never be seen in such company. Go home, pack up your valise, pay the little trifle to me, mount your mare, and ride back again to your parents,—it's the very best thing you can do."

In a pretty nest of villains, indeed, was I plunged! It seemed as if all my misfortunes were to break on me at once; for, on going home and ascending to my bed-room in a disconsolate way, I found the captain and his lady there before me, my valise open, my wardrobe lying on the ground, and my keys in the possession of the odious Fitzsimons. "Whom have I been harbouring in my house?" roared he, as I entered the apartment. "Who are you, sirrah?"

"*Sirrah!* Sir, said I, I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland."

"You're an impostor, young man, a schemer, a deceiver!" shouted the captain.

"Repeat the words again, and I run you through the body," replied I.

"Tut, tut! I can play at fencing

as well as you, Mr. REDMOND BARRY. Ah! you change colour, do you,—your secret is known, is it? You come like a viper into the bosom of innocent families; you represent yourself as the heir of my friends the Redmonds of Castle Redmond; I introjuice you to the nobility and gentry of this methropolis (the captain's brogue was large, and his words, by preference, long); I take you to my tradesmen, who give you credit, and what do I find? That you have pawned the goods which you took up at their houses."

"I have given them my acceptances, sir," said I, with a dignified air.

"*Under what name, unhappy boy—under what name?*" screamed Mrs. Fitzsimons—and then, indeed, I remembered that I had signed the documents Barry Redmond instead of Redmond Barry; but what else could I do? Had not my mother desired me to take no other designation? After uttering a furious tirade against me, in which he spoke of the fatal discovery of my real name on my linen—of his misplaced confidence and affection, and the shame with which he should be obliged to meet his fashionable friends, and confess that he had harboured a swindler, he gathered up the linen clothes, silver toilette articles, and the rest of my gear, saying, that he should step out that moment for an officer, and give me up to the just revenge of the law.

During the first part of his speech, the thought of the imprudence of which I had been guilty, and the predicament in which I was plunged, had so puzzled and confounded me, that I had not uttered a word in reply to the fellow's abuse, but had stood quite dumb before him. The sense of danger, however, at once roused me to action. "Hark ye, Mr. Fitzsimons," said I; "I will tell you why I was obliged to alter my name, which *is* Barry, and the best name in Ireland. I changed it, sir, because, on the day before I came to Dublin, I killed a man in deadly combat—an Englishman, sir, and a captain in his Majesty's service; and if you offer to let or hinder me in the slightest way, the same arm which destroyed him is ready to punish you; and, by heaven, sir,

you or I don't leave this room alive!"

So saying, I drew my sword like lightning, and giving a "ha, ha!" and a stamp with my foot, lounged it within an inch of Fitzsimons' heart, who started back and turned deadly pale, while his wife, with a scream, flung herself between us.

"Dearest Redmond," he cried, "be pacified. Fitzsimons, you don't want the poor child's blood. Let him escape—in Heaven's name let him go."

"He may go hang for me," said Fitzsimons, sulkily; "and he'd better be off quickly, too, for the jeweller and the tailor have called once, and will be here again before long. It was Moses the pawnbroker that peached; I had the news from him myself." By which I conclude that Mr. Fitzsimons had been with the new-laced frock-coat which he procured from the merchant-tailor on the day when the latter first gave me credit.

What was the end of our conversation? Where was now a home for the descendant of the Barry's? Home was shut to me by my misfortune in the duel. I was expelled from Dublin by a persecution occasioned, I must confess, by my own imprudence. I had no time to wait and choose. No place of refuge to fly to. Fitzsimons, after his abuse of me, left the room growling, but not hostile; his wife insisted that we should shake hands, and he promised not to molest me. Indeed, I owed the fellow nothing; and, on the contrary, had his acceptance actually in my pocket for money lost at play.

As for my friend, Mrs. Fitzsimons, she sat down on the bed and fairly burst out crying. She had her faults, but her heart was kind; and though she possessed but three shillings in the world, and four-pence in copper, the poor soul made me take it before I left her—to go—whither? My mind was made up, there was a score of recruiting parties in the town beating up for men to join our gallant armies in America and Germany; I knew where to find one of these, having stood by the serjeant at a review in the Phoenix Park, where he pointed out to me characters on the field, for which I treated him to drink.

I gave one of my shillings to Sullivan, the butler of the Fitzsimonses, and, running into the street, hastened to the little ale-house at which my acquaintance was quartered, and before ten minutes had accepted his Majesty's shilling. I told him frankly that I was a young gentleman in difficulties; that I had killed an officer in a duel, and was anxious to get out of the country. But I need not have troubled myself with any explanations, King George was too much in want of men then to heed from whence they came, and a fellow of my inches, the serjeant said, was always welcome. Indeed, I could not, he said, have chosen my time better. A transport was lying at Dunleary, waiting for a wind, and on board that ship, to which I marched that night, I made some surprising discoveries, which shall be told in the next chapter.

GREAT CITIES, THEIR DECLINE AND FALL.

THERE was a certain sad and solemn propriety in commencing our remarks upon the decline and fall of magnificent cities, in the shadows of the departing and the twilight of the coming year, as we contemplated the majestic dissolution of another period of time, and beheld the august funeral slowly descending into the awful mystery of the past—the memory, almost by a natural transition, reverted to the scenes of distant ages and the habitations of mighty men of old—and we seemed to hear from the desolation of Babylon, and the rocky solitude of Tyre, the echo of that thrilling admonition of the Apostle, that the *fashion of this world passeth away*. Of the four monarchies which once illuminated the world with their sumptuous commerce and dazzling achievements—the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman—scarcely the faintest ray of beauty remains. Their suns of glory successively rolled down the dark valley of years, leaving only a melancholy light to gild the calm streams of philosophic meditation. One of our old writers compared them to four beds of flowers, in the same garden; one gathered at six—one at seven—one at eight—one at nine—all in the same morning. It is impossible to survey such a perpetual elevation and overthrow of mighty kingdoms, with their costly apparatus of civil polity, and their rich lights of civilisation, and their precious embellishments of literature and art, without a sigh; nor can we forget to think that if this most eloquent missionary and preacher of the Gentiles could now revisit the regions through which he travelled in his holy labour of evangelising the world, if he could once more assume that weak bodily presence, whose ashes the storms and suns of eighteen centuries have scattered and burned; and if, with his natural eyes, he could again look abroad over the scenes of his glorious eloquence and his pastoral affection; if he could revisit that Corinth, where he laboured with his own hands, abiding with that Jew who had lately come from Italy, *because by their occupation they were tent-makers*; or Lystra, where the adoring inhabitants brought oxen

and garlands to the gates in his honour; or Philippi, where that Lydia, a seller of purple, *attended to the things which were spoken of Paul*; or Thessalonica, where the infuriate populace assaulted the house of Jason; or Ephesus, where God *wrought special miracles by his hand*; or Galatia, where the Cross had thrown so broad and deep a shadow,—if the Apostle could now revisit these consecrated places, how would he look in vain for the streets in which he preached, and the houses in which he abode, and the prisons in which he suffered! Where are the gorgeous opulence of Corinth and the beautiful grace of Antioch? A few hovels would moulder upon his eye where once towered the resplendent temple; and, as he gazed upon these scenes of anguish and misery, we can believe that he would take up the lamentation of the Prophet, and say, that thorns and briars had come upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city, for he could not but perceive, as he wandered along the silent pathways, that the new *wine mourneth, the voice languisheth*, all the merry-hearted do sigh, that the mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.

And yet such a spectacle would be perfectly accordant with that view of the revolutions of human power which was present to the eye of St. Paul, when he said that the *fashion of this world passeth away*. He regarded the world as a theatre for the display of terrible and startling exploits in the wrestling and overthrow of kings and champions in the terrific embrace of that conqueror TIME. That admonition and warning were addressed to the converted inhabitants of Corinth, a people peculiarly familiar with dramatic representation; and we can see the inspired orator taking them by the hand, and saying, "Look at your own theatre in this your magnificent city of Corinth; mark how your scenes are perpetually shifting—the actors in those plays of which you are so fond do not act their own proper and personal concerns; they assume the characters of other men, and so, when they weep in some solemn tragedy, it is as though they

wept not—there is no reality of sorrow in their complaints; if they rejoice in some brighter scene of mirth, it is as though they rejoiced not; it is only a fictitious semblance of joy which they exhibit to the spectator. If they seem to contract marriages, or to personate the opulent merchant, or the powerful nobleman, it is only an assumption—a delusion. When the drama is ended, the curtain falls upon all their splendour, and wealth, and influence. The rich merchant, despoiled of his treasures of a fargathered commerce, retires in his rags; and the king, forsaken by his brilliant retinue of courtiers, lays his head upon a pallet of straw. Now these things are an allegory—the theatre of Corinth is an emblem of the theatre of the world. Its representations are perpetually changing; one scene, one actor, succeeds another. Nothing endures; nothing abides. The sweetest bonds of affection are broken; riches make to themselves wings; power and influence vanish more quickly than they came; and thus it may be truly affirmed of men as of kingdoms, of families as of cities, that the fashion of this world passeth away. But, of all these varieties, there is one efficient and impelling cause. The aspect of human affairs is constantly changing, and new scenes are ever opening to our gaze in this illuminated theatre of life; but that aspect only changes, and those new scenes only arise, according to the will of the Divine Governor, executing different purposes at different periods of time. The infinite multitude of incidents and events, which compose and diversify the records of human existence, are all exhibited in harmonious connexion; and the state of man, whether scattering the dust over the wilderness in his savage career, or building up the lofty visions of philosophy and poetry amid the tumult and wealth of cities, assumes fresh appearances from century to century, as the several parts of the divine scheme are being worked off in regular succession.

And thus the world will continue to revolve in this atmosphere of mystery, into which it has been launched, continually changing its relation, both to persons and things; thus will the scenes of history be perpetually shifting upon this gigan-

tic stage of human probation, until the great catastrophe shall come in sight, and the intricate machinery shall be broken, and the fading scenery shall be cast aside, and the costume shall be rolled up, and the gorgeous theatre itself shall be consumed by fire, in the terrible end and consummation of all things. Then the whole plan of Providence, with regard to this lower system of the universe, shall come out from the shadow of uncertain knowledge and perception in all its fulness of lustre, and all its symmetry of grandeur;—every separate feature shall be seen in its own particular relationship and fitness to the government of the universal King. All difficulties of our feeble comprehension shall be cleared up and dispersed; a wonderful unity and design shall be traced in all these many-coloured episodes of human history, thus collecting and winding up at the close into the single manifestation of the glory of the Creator, displayed in the general blessing and welfare of Him and his creation.

In our former remarks, we alluded to the existence of Rome in our day among the great cities of the world; and we think that the source of her vitality may, in some degree, be traced to the presence, under a modified and altered aspect, of those principles which before raised her to so dazzling an eminence in ancient history. And those principles we consider to be these:—

1. The principle of developement;
2. The principle of identity;
3. The principle of proselytism.

We shall speak with brevity of each in their order. First, of the *principle of developement*; and this principle will be easily explained to those who have not already heard of its existence. The question between the Churches of England and Rome regarding a rule of faith is a *question of fact*, viz. whether the peculiar doctrines which the Church of Rome introduced into her creed *did*, or *did not*, form a part of the *rule of faith*, or *apostolic tradition of the early Church*. This rule of faith and this apostolic tradition have been sought by learned and unprejudiced men, and have not been found. To evade the inference unavoidably to be drawn from this circumstance, the modern advocates

of the Romish Church have invented a theory, which they call the *theory of development*, which theory proceeds upon the assumption, that divine institutions *exist only in germ in Holy Scripture*, and are left there to be developed and ripened by the progress of events, the necessities of the age, and the influence of the popular atmosphere, just as the variegated leaves and odour of the flower lie buried in the seed until called forth by the genial influences of the sun and rain. The effects of the admission of this doctrine would be as immediate as they would be disastrous; new developments of articles of faith would be continually startling the world; and there would inevitably cease to be any sanctity or any truth in the apostolic declaration of a *faith* once delivered to the saints. But the fact which we especially wish to impress upon our readers is, the resemblance of this principle of development, thus applied by modern Rome to the growth and diffusion of her religion, and the principle applied by ancient Rome to the growth and diffusion of her polity; we ask them to recognise the outline of the vicar-apostolic in the arrogant dignity of the pro-consul. We believe, that it was a great achievement of the master-policy of Imperial Rome to accommodate her laws, and customs, and modes of thoughts, to the temperament of the nations whom she brought, whether by conquest or by alliance, within the circle of her central influence. Wherever she planted her standard, she planted also her tyranny; but, as she suffered her standard to open, fold after fold, until it flashed to the sun, in all its fulness of splendour, so she permitted the seed of her tyranny to expand and develop itself slowly in the new and uncongenial soil of foreign habits and prejudices, until it sprang up into the stately growth of a protecting, yet an overshadowing despotism. She governed her tributaries, while she flattered them with the belief that they governed themselves. The history of the Roman domination in Jerusalem, in the dawn of the Christian religion, furnishes an illustration of our theory. The pleasing aspect of a domestic legislature deluded the Jewish people into the dream of na-

tional independence, while, in reality, the wing of the Roman eagle darkened the land. The principle of political development has become the principle of spiritual development.

II. *The principle of identity.* And this designation explains itself; *identity means sameness*; and, therefore, when we speak of the principle of identity in reference to the Church of Rome, we mean to assert that she maintains all the opinions which she ever proclaimed, and is animated by the same temper which ever distinguished her in the darker scenes of her supremacy and pride. And, to establish our assertion, we need only request the reader to compare the present with the past—to read the history of the dead by the history of the living. Over Europe, the papal arm is even now casting a gigantic and restless shadow—a shadow that lowers before the eye whithersoever it turns. If we look at home, we find Romanism every where putting forth indications of a restless activity. She cannot, indeed, re-establish here the machinery of the Inquisition. Indeed, not in England only, but on the Continent of Europe in like manner, the spirit of the age is opposed to all *direct* persecution on account of men's religious opinions. But persecution may work out its ends as effectually when applied without violence as with it; and of indirect persecution, we see in other lands manifest tokens. Why are the Jews branded and exposed to the contempt of their fellow-citizens in every corner of the Papal states? Why are the Waldenses, the faithful descendants of those faithful men, who, long ere the advent of Luther, worshipped God among the mountains that divide Italy from France as their fathers had done before them, threatened with the resumption of privileges secured to them by treaty, and of which treaty, moreover, this one nation of England is the guarantee? What was it that compelled the Protestant inhabitants of one of the fairest valleys of the Tyrol to seek refuge not long ago within the territories of the King of Prussia? Are these movements neither insignificant nor harmless? Surely they are not. They proclaim before God and man that Rome in her spirit is what she ever was; and that if she

have laid aside the use of rack, and scourge, and dungeon, her zeal to extend the limits of her spiritual empire by all practicable means has not abated. We have still in the modern Rome, the feature and the expression of her mother of ancient days. The Rome of the emperors still lives in the Rome of the popes—the principle of identity is there; the temporal has become a spiritual despotism; the name is altered, but the motive is the same. The Prætorium rises once more in the Vatican; and the victim of the amphitheatre re-appears, in all his agony, in the captive of the Inquisition.

III. *The principle of proselytism* has always been the impelling motive of modern Rome; it has been the heart, upon whose action all the energy of her mighty frame and constitution depends. The history of her missions is the history of her grandeur—the history of her renown. And at no period of her annals has this principle been developed with equal magnitude and splendour. It matters not what may be the perils of the climate, or the difficulties of access, or the barbarism of the inhabitants; wherever the wave foams beneath the hissing keel of our English merchantmen, there the queen of the seven hills plants her footsteps. She struggles with us in Asia, she dares us in Africa. And in this principle of proselytism, thus frightfully developed, we mark the complete, the reckless abandonment of all attempts to ameliorate the condition, or enlighten the ignorance of her own people at home. The squalid misery of the inhabitants is the mile-stone that warns the traveller of his entrance into the territory of the pope. The passion of Romanism is the passion of proselytism—a passion indulged, with all the hardihood of desperation, heedless of the means, looking only to the end. And this principle of conversion is only a revival of the principle of conquest; still the Rome of the consuls and the emperors lives again in the Rome of the cardinals and the popes; a spiritual has replaced a temporal subjugation; the colony has been contracted into a mission; and the spear and the sword of the legion have gained a new intensity of de-

struction in the sophism and the poison of the Jesuit. And, with such a principle of developement, such a principle of identity, and such a principle of proselytism, who can wonder that Rome should yet remain one of the great cities of the world? For ourselves, we look upon her preservation as a standing miracle, wrought by God himself, and intended to promote his own omnipotent schemes of wisdom and benevolence. In a certain sense, the moon of time has stood still upon the city of the emperors, but it has stood still by the divine command, and it has stood still, to read a solemn and a thrilling lesson to mankind. The existence of Rome teaches two things; one is, that the presence of some vital motive, some animating principle of activity, is necessary to keep the current of the popular blood in circulation, and so to preserve the great body and frame of society from decrepitude and decay; the other is, that the influence of some religious principle, whether true or false, is required to strengthen and to uphold the efforts of nations and cities, not less than of families and of men. We say a religious principle, whether it be true, or whether it be false; because its truth or its falsehood affects not its national reception. When pagan Rome ceased to be a worshipper, she ceased to be a conqueror; her temples of superstition and victory were closed together; the popular mind, having lost its stimulant, became languid and unstrung; and there was no bright and ennobling moral principle to substitute the religion of the conscience for the religion of the imagination. We have read, with interest, some remarks of Archdeacon Hare, not remotely connected with this subject:—

“Whether in ancient or modern times, so long as a nation has been animated by a zealous spirit of religion, it has grown in glory, and prosperity, and power. But, when its religious spirit has begun to decay, its glory, and prosperity, and power, have begun to decay also; and the departure of the former has always been the death-blow to the latter. Instances, it is true, may be cited of very small states which have been overpowered and bereft of their independence, in the very prime of their moral existence, by the overwhelming pressure of some external foe. These, however, can hardly

be regarded even as exceptions to the general law, that the glory and prosperity of a people depend upon its moral energy, any more than the death of the martyrs, or that of some good men who may have been swept away by some great physical calamity, militates against the universal truth, that God has never forsaken the righteous. God did not, indeed, think fit to work a miracle in order to save their lives. But the superhuman fortitude which the martyrs have displayed, in the midst of their torments, has proved that God did not forsake them in the hour of their distress; that, on the contrary, he was with them most when they most sorely needed him, enabling them to hold out in the good fight until the last, and converting the flames which consumed them into a halo of glory, as their purified spirit disencumbered itself from the body which had been weighing it down. There it has been with states also, when they have fallen before might in defence of right. One may even regard it as a special favour, vouchsafed to them, to have been cut off before they fell into that decrepitude from which nothing human appears to be exempt, that so they might hold out the rare example of a people whose last hour has been the hour of its greatest glory. Their spirit, too, has been triumphant. Though they fell in the cause of right, it is through such examples that right acquires its sacred influence over the minds of men, and triumphs in the end over might. So that these exceptions do not prove that the prosperity and power of a people, much less that its glory, which is its truest prosperity and its highest power, is independent of its religious character. Often, on the other hand, have nations, comparatively weak, been enabled, through their moral and religious energy, to repel foes who, according to all human calculations, would infallibly have crushed them. Thus, even against the death that comes from without, religion will uphold a state; while against that more fearful death which springs from within, and which creeps through all its members, poisoning and benumbing the very heart and soul, it is the sure and only preservative. No religious people has ever fallen by any inward decay; no thoroughly irreligious people has ever been able to stand.”*

We have already mentioned the panegyric which a modern writer, Dr. Vaughan, has pronounced upon those vast combinations of passion and prejudice, and information and ignorance, and poverty and pride,

which are expressed under the general appellation of *great cities*. With much of cleverness in his argument, there is a very large portion of false reasoning and unsound conclusion; and we think it scarcely possible to compose a chapter, more enriched with errors, than the pages which the author has bestowed upon great cities in relation to *literature*. We do not object to his definition of the whole literature of antiquity as that of an aristocracy; nor shall we dissent from the comparison which he institutes between the literature of Athens in the age of Pericles and the literature of Rome in the age of Augustus. The condition of the national atmosphere was the same. It had been purified, and illuminated, and warmed by successive rays of intellectual sunshine, gradually converging into central and governing lights of imagination, and eloquence, and taste. But to say of such a literature, that it is addressed exclusively to *men of education and leisure*, is neither consistent with probability nor with truth. It was the literature itself which educated the people. A Prussian schoolmaster, armed with all the weapons of his normal agitation, might smile upon the multitude that pressed each other out of the unroofed theatre where Electra was seen sitting by the pillow of Orestes. Nor can we perceive the critical accuracy of affirming, of such a literature, that it has its place “with the amusing and the ornamental, more than with the absorbing or the useful;” that it is fully as much an “affair of style and manner, as of thought and substance;” or “that literature in this stage becomes a species of art, which men study for its own sake; its elaborate conformity to certain received rules, and the polish given to all its details, being its great attraction.”

Now the Latin literature of the golden age consisted of poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. Before we could decide upon the class to which it ought to be assigned, whether the ornamental or the useful, we should be obliged to define what we mean by the words. We know many productions of the intellect which are ornamental without being useful;

and it is possible for every reader to remember a still greater number of works which may fairly be styled useful, without preferring any claim to be considered ornamental. The true criterion of all *utility* is to be sought in the *result*; and that result may be very tardily developed. Harvey died before his theory of the circulation of the blood was accepted even by men of ability and science. Now, considered with reference to this prospective, this ultimate usefulness, we believe that every work of true genius might satisfy the scruples of the sternest political economist. Great authors are the most efficient legislators of great cities, and a sermon of Barrow will last longer than an Act of Parliament. We hesitate not to affirm, that all works which are really *ornamental* are, at the same time, intrinsically useful. The epic poems of Milton have been productive of more positive benefit in minds of a certain class than the gravest treatises of ethics. The holy pictures of Raphael have awakened purer thoughts of devotion than have been kindled by many homilies. The displeasure with which the author, to whom we refer, regards the classical literature of the aristocracy, naturally disposes him to turn a complacent eye upon that literature which, as it is popular, may be said to belong to the many. "The people have now a literature in common with the peerage." And this improvement in the condition of the masses of society Vaughan ascribes to the influence of great cities. Now the fallacy into which the writer falls, and which vitiates his entire argument, is the very obvious one of substituting the growth and progress of national education for the growth and progress of national literature. The truth lies on the other side of his proposition; and the accurate demonstration resulting from the preceding steps would be, not that literature has flourished in proportion to the enlargement of cities, but that, in proportion to the enlargement of cities, literature has always declined. Instead of a massive folio of Jeremy Taylor or Cudworth, we have a threepenny union of discourses by a churchman and a dissenter. The wider the diffusion of knowledge, the slighter the probability of the productions of genius. It

is not a new aphorism, that a period of newspapers is never a period of high mental manifestation. The voice of the nightingale would not be heard if it sang near a mill, while the stream was tumbling and boiling over the wheels.

All the works, which confer immortality upon English literature, were written before the age of great cities had commenced. Compare the London of Milton with the London of the nineteenth century,—where would he now look for his garden-house? Nor is Vaughan altogether insensible to the evils to which we refer. He admits that, in a great city, there must ever be a constant vibration and movement in the multitude of wheels which compose the civil machinery, which he confesses to be unfriendly to the prosecution of works demanding the exercise of silent, continuous, and profound thought. It is completely false to designate our own age the age of literature; it ought to be called the age of new editions. New books are old books, with gilt leaves and lettered. And it must ever be the effect of the constitution of cities to propitiate the ignorant many at the cost of the intelligent few. Publishers consult the market, and come out with the fashions of the season, as regularly as a milliner in Regent Street.

A man, who should entertain the desperate thought of creating a taste for a particular quality of genius, would be considered as a more than usually enthusiastic candidate for the frowns of Mr. Commissioner Bowen. The result is obvious and inevitable; literature, properly so called, the fruit of patient meditation and anxious research, declines into languor and debility; cleverness mocks genius; and farce grins under the mask of comedy.

And we believe that the same observations would apply with equal truth to the progress and the encouragement of Art in all its various developements. A great city is not less fatal to the painter and the sculptor, than it is to the philosopher and the poet. The bustle, the excitement, the fever, the rivalry of politics, the utilitarianism of commerce—each and all benumb and depress the energies of the invention. "The republican

traders of Holland," it is said, "could boast of a fine school of art in the seventeenth century, while a hundred years were to pass before England, with all the supposed advantages of her aristocratic institutions, could be said to possess one. We have become great in art, as we were become great in commerce, and only in that proportion." Now we believe this passage to be an entire fallacy. It has to be shewn that the Dutch school was either created or fostered by Dutch enterprise or speculation. On the contrary, some of the painters of that school, whose productions are now prized and cherished, lived neglected and died unhonoured. Nor is it in any sense true that the growth of English art has been commensurate with the growth of English commerce. If the progress of native art is to be estimated by the excess of exports in the nineteenth century over the exports of the eighteenth century, then the wheel of time should be reversed,—country readers, instead of looking out for a new specimen of the Luck of poor Lyndon in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, should be watching the postman down the field-path with Sir Roger de Coverley's last adventure at Vauxhall, as detailed in Addison's *Spectator*; Lord Bolingbroke ought to have arrived at Grafton Street from his Norman Villa, in the place of Lord Brougham; and Sir Joshua Reynolds ought to occupy the presidential chair of the Royal Academy, in the unavoidable absence of Sir William Beechey. We think that, with the single exception of Venice, it will be found that the cities, which gave their names to the illustrious schools of Italian art, were not only not commercial, but were emphatically the contrary. Nor are we confident that even Venice ought to be excepted. Was it the spirit of commerce that inspired the glowing eye and strengthened the industrious hand of Titian, as he leaned against that window upon which the southern sun cast all its empurpled splendour? But if it be maintained that the merchants and princes of that ocean-queen did stimulate and inflame genius by their bags of gold, yet, surely, those precious ships, that poured the offerings of the Eastern World into those Ve-

netian treasuries, never visited the tranquil cities of Bologna or of Rome,—there, at least, it was not commerce which quickened the pencil of art. It was not to please the eye of the luxurious trader, that the serene Madonna of Raphael shed smiles from her solemn eyes over the cheek of the HEAVENLY CHILD; or that the wondering Apostles were summoned by Leonardo to encircle the last supper of their LORD. It is not to commerce, but to religion, that we owe the grandest achievements of pictorial genius. That cities, or combinations of different persons and different pursuits, are favourable to the culture and the maturity of art, cannot, indeed, be denied. The painter, in this respect, differs from the author. But, then, the cities, which are favourable to art, are precisely the cities which are not commercial, and are not great. We employ the word commercial, as it is intended to be employed by its panegyrists, to express the manufacturing and money-getting temper of a people. Now, in this sense, few persons will venture to apply the epithet to the most famous and the most intellectual city of the ancient world. Athens, indeed, had her ships and her harbour; but hers was a picturesque commerce—her ships might have thrown their shadows over the waters of a poet's dream. Her population was idle above every city in the world; they passed their time in *asking something new*, or in listening to the tragedy or the farce of *Æschylus* or *Aristophanes*, or the quarrels of *Æschines* and *Demosthenes*. So, again, with the rich old Flemish towns which are so intimately related to Flemish art; they were in themselves elements of the beautiful and the picturesque—they were pictures, requiring only to be reduced.

There is one point of view in which we contemplate cities with peculiar interest, and that is in relation to the religious, the moral, and the intellectual improvement of their inhabitants. It is here that we are to seek for the real causes, not only of their elevation, but of their fall. It is in these crowded thoroughfares of busy existence, that we are to erect the conductors which can alone draw down fire from heaven, to purify the heavy and pestilential atmosphere of

moral sickness and moral depravity. It is this atmosphere of ignorance and irreligion which renders great cities so deadly and so terrible,—and the more deadly and terrible, because its influence is slow and unregarded; it weakens the nervous system of the understanding; it chills the heart; it communicates an unhealthy hue to the complexion of domestic life; and its injurious influences do not stop here; they descend to a future generation; the moral and intellectual stature dwindles; the constitution of virtue is impaired. Ourselves, the people of the greatest, the richest, the costliest, the squalidest city in the world—it becomes us especially to consider our gifts and our duties, our talents and their interest. “What a ghastly crash would it be, sounding to the uttermost shore of the universe, if England, with her thousand crowns of glory, and with the Church of God in her heart, were to fall down into hell!” Ours is a land of great cities, they ought also to be cities of refuge—cities of illumination. To them is intrusted the glorious mission of feeding the famishing families of the land—feeding them with the bread and with the water of life. It is a noble and a comforting thought to look back into the clouds and tempests of our history, and to recognise amid the gloom and terror of the troubled elements the mild and blessed radiance of the angel who erected his throne in the storm. Happy will it be for us, if we profit by the affecting instruction of the days that are gone—if we read with faithful, earnest eyes the sorrows, as well as the joys of our country. The curtain has risen upon another scene in the august drama of our history,—the age of great cities is, perhaps, the last age of the world; to these cities England has a mission,—she can give them the Bible, and she can give them education. It may be the Divine will that she is to be the potter by whom the flexible elements of society are to be wrought and moulded; and, if England be intrusted with this mission, she must find her missionary only in the *Свучахъ*. The Sabbath bell must be the messenger to awaken the spiritual sleeper in the dark courts and lanes of London. It must be no longer supposed that pastoral intercourse,

and pastoral oversight, can be only offered and maintained in the repose of village fields, and among the scattered families of the hamlet. Eloquent and truly has the argument been put by Chalmers, in one of his commercial discourses:—

“Did a king come to take up his residence among us,—did he shed a grandeur over our city by the presence of his court, and give the impulse of his expenditure to the trade of its population—it were not easy to rate the value and the magnitude which such an event would have in the estimation of a common understanding, or the degree of personal importance which would attach to him, who stood a lofty object in the eye of admiring townsmen. And yet it is possible, out of the raw and ragged materials of an obscure lane, to rear an individual of more inherent worth than him who thus draws the gaze of the world upon his person. By the act of training in wisdom’s ways the most tattered and neglected boy who runs upon our pavements, do we present the community with that which, in wisdom’s estimation, is of greater price than this gorgeous inhabitant of a palace. And when one thinks how such a process may be multiplied among the crowded families that are around us,—when one thinks of the extent and the density of that mine of moral wealth, which retires, and deepens, and accumulates, behind the front of each street along which we are passing,—when one tries to compute the quantity of spirit that is imbedded in the depth and the frequency of these human habitations, and reflects on this native ore, that more than the worth of a monarch may be stamped, by instruction, on each separate portion of it, a field is thus opened for the patriotism of those who want to give an augmented value to the produce of our land, which throws into insignificance all the enterprises of vulgar speculation. Commerce may flourish or may fail, and amid the ruin of her many fluctuations may elevate a few of the more fortunate of her sons to the affluence of princes. Thy merchants may be princes, and thy traffickers the honourable of the earth. But in the very basis of human society, and by a silent process of education, materials may be found which far outweigh in cost and true dignity all the blazing pinnacles that glitter upon its summit. And it is, indeed, a cheering thought to the heart of a philanthropist, that near him lies a territory so ample, on which he may expatiate, where, for all his pains and all his sacrifices, he is sure of a repayment, more substantial than was ever wafted by richly laden flo-

tills to our shores,—where the return comes to him, not in that which superficially decks the man, but in a solid increment of value fixed and perpetuated in the man himself,—where additions to the worth of the soul form the proceeds of his productive operation—and where, when he reckons up the profits of his enterprise, he finds them to consist of that which, in the highest of all authorities, he is assured, to be more than meat, of that which is greatly more than raiment.

“Even without looking beyond the confines of our present world, the virtue of humble life will well bear to be contrasted with all the pride and glory of an elevated condition. The man also, though among the poorest of them all, has a wisdom and a weight of character which makes him the oracle of his neighbourhood,—the man who, vested with no other authority than the meek authority of worth, carries in his presence a power to shame and to overawe the profligacy that is around him,—the venerable father, from whose lowly tenement the voice of psalms is heard to ascend with the offering up of every evening sacrifice,—the Christian sage, who, exercised among life's severest hardships, looks calmly onward to heaven, and trains the steps of his children in the way that leads to it,—the eldest of a well-ordered family, bearing their dutieous and honourable part in the contest with its difficulties and trials,—all these offer to our notice such elements of moral respectability, as do exist among the lowest orders of human society, and elements, too, which admit of being multiplied beyond the reach of any present calculation.”*

In this manner, the cities of the land may become the instruments of spiritual and temporal health, of future and present happiness. Among the evils inseparably connected with vast congregations of human beings and human passions, is the disposition to absorb in particular places the greatest possible amount of opulence, and splendour, and luxury. The age of great cities has been always the age of neglected villages. The wealth of a nation, thus flowing from the extremities towards the head, inevitably tends to produce

excitement and repletion, often terminating in ungovernable frenzy, or in frantic outbursts of passion. Nor are the effects of this *congestion* of the national blood confined to the seat and organ of the disease: they are soon perceptible in the remotest members; the current of vital energy and enterprise flows sluggishly through the arteries of towns and the veins of villages: it is even possible for the city to flourish in apparent vigour while the hamlet shrivels into debility and decay. The head and arms of the giant may retain thought and motion while his limbs hang powerless and benumbed. He, therefore, who desires to quicken or to regulate the circulation of the vast frame of modern society, must, undoubtedly, begin by acting upon the sources of that circulation, *great cities*. If the head and the heart perform their duty, the subordinate members will partake in the general well-being. It is one of the peculiar advantages of cities, that they supply the lover of his race with the means of thus improving and thus regulating the moral wealth of the multitude. The electric properties of benevolence and sympathy, not less than of emulation and courage, are drawn out by the rapid contact of masses. The elements of happiness and of grandeur exist in cities, and await only the directing hand of the true patriot to call them into action. It is the note of the Divine Ruler of the world, that every scheme of human amelioration should be effected by *intermediate agency*. He who could work *without us*, chooses to work *by us*. A noble task is assigned to us; may our labours be worthy of it! And while the architecture of magnificent cities thus rises around us, with all the beauty and swiftness of a dream, we shall be manifesting the purest love of our country by unceasing efforts to raise within our streets the far nobler architecture of an *educated, a moral, a Christian population*.

* On the Advantages of Christian Knowledge to the Lower Classes.

THE ARTIST'S DESPAIR.

1246

" Fur l'ultima lagrime,
 Che il miser versò,
 Poi cupo nell' anima
 Il duol rinserò ;
 Di negri fantasmi
 Poi sempre il nodri
 Ah! misero, misero,
 La vita abborri!"

" SIR HORACE THOROUGHGOOD is requested to call on Morton Sheridan this evening after eight, on matters of supreme importance.

" 13 Little Russell Street, Bloomsbury,
 " Friday, May 2."

" Dear me! what is the matter with him? Hard up, I dare say, poor fellow. Perhaps ill, and just this evening—this evening! Let me see. Dinner with Sir Samuel Goodrich—ball at the Countess of Ragland's—Macready's benefit at the Haymarket. I wish to goodness he had chosen a more convenient opportunity! 'Matters of supreme importance'—fudge! What more momentous business than a snug dinner with an old crony? And yet if the poor devil is in distress—an upright, warm-hearted fellow like Morton Sheridan! Oh! come, Sir Horace, make up your mind, we must go."

After this brief commune with himself, the good-natured baronet took up his hat and stick, not omitting, by way of precaution, to cram a few bank-notes in his pocket-book.

" Bloomsbury — Little Russell Street, Bloomsbury! I should like to know what business decent people have to take up their quarters in Bloomsbury?—and these vile streets are so dirty, and these side-walks so greasy—what a fool I must have been not to order out my brougham! And yet—no, hang it! better so; a carriage would create such a bustle in these dingy regions, and John has such a way of thundering at poor people's doors. Better so. Let us spare the nerves of poor Sheridan the irritation of a menial's impertinence. Well—I wonder what is the matter with the poor artist; I have not seen him for an age, and, now that I recollect, there were none of his paintings this season at the Exhibition. Why, Sir Horace, how very remiss,

how very unkind of you never to inquire after him! Good gracious! how forgetful this London life makes the kindest of us!"

At the corner of Museum Street, Sir Horace met two of his friends.

" Ha! John Ashton, Tom Landor! My good fellows, how are you? Whither go you? What! to Little Russell Street?—to Morton Sheridan's?—a note from him?—both of you?—the same as mine! Why, what does the fellow mean by issuing such circulars? Humph! going to give a grand supper, I suppose; exhibiting some of his new sketches, maybe—'matters of supreme importance,'—announcing his forthcoming marriage, perhaps, or making his will!"

Ashton and Landor were not the only friends, besides the baronet, whom the distressed artist had invited to his house that night. As they were ushered into the room, they found about ten of their acquaintance already assembled. There was Sir William Hardy, Lord Randolph, John Bellamy, the poet Lewis, two Irish M.P.s, a few young artists, and a distinguished German sculptor.

It was hardly after sunset, but the last faint streaks of a sickly twilight, still lingering on the purloins of that foul neighbourhood, in vain struggled to penetrate through the narrow aperture, through which the painter economised the light of day to accommodate it to his purposes, so that the room on first entering appeared plunged into utter darkness, and the reddish glare of a languid coal-fire dancing fitfully over the assembled company as well as on the pale busts, models, and clay-figures scattered in sublime disorder around, gave them a look of lurid ghastliness which did not much tend to improve the general look of that gloomy apartment.

Morton Sheridan was not a very

handsome personage; but there was something in his open, manly countenance which easily won and permanently secured the good opinion and will of every casual acquaintance. In early youth he was known as a hearty good fellow, a blithe lad full of frolic and glee. As he advanced in life, the intense pursuit of what proved to him an unthankful profession, and, as it was surmised, the *res angustæ domi*, had gradually severed him from his gayer associations. He had lived many years abroad, and of late, as Sir Horace has already hinted, had been little seen or heard of. That matters went not very smooth with him, his friends had not the slightest doubt. Still they were at a loss how to account for that general invitation in such very strong terms of adjuration, as they knew him too well not to feel assured that he would sooner starve a thousand times, than apply for relief, or even acquaint any living being with his difficulties.

They found him seated in a leathern arm-chair, dressed in his loose and somewhat fantastic artist's costume. The cares he had bestowed on his long dark hair, on his linen, on the very folds of his gown, shewed that he had taken more than usual pains to prepare himself for the reception of his visitors. He looked calm and collected; on his countenance, always beaming with intelligence, there sat now an air of easy dignity and serenity, which drove at once from his friends' minds the sad forebodings, naturally aroused in their fancies, on receiving that hasty and ominous summons.

He rose, and bowed in silence to each of them as they made their appearance, motioning each of the new comers to one of the chairs that had been already disposed round the fire, and which began now to fill the poor but somewhat spacious apartment. Before him, at an oblique angle with the chimney, there stretched a long writing-table covered with green cloth; beside the table, on his right, rose a huge easel, against which rested a large picture, turned upon its face. The table, the easel, and other instruments and paraphernalia of his profession, compactly drawn up, apparently with a view to make room for his guests, constituted a line

of defence, behind which the painter found himself entrenched, as it were, and separated from the rest of the company. Presently an untidy wench, who officiated as the poor artist's only attendant, brought in and laid upon the table a pair of lighted candles, snuffed them, and curtsied as she left the room.

"Gentlemen," at last began Sheridan, as the door closed upon the heels of the retreating domestic, "kind friends, I thank you! In my days of youthful sanguineness, when I fancied that every smiling countenance betokened a loving heart, I could hardly have hoped that my call had power to bring so many friends to my side. In this hour of final despondency, when I needed only a few warm and true bosoms to bear me through this last trial, I cannot express how proud, how happy you make me by complying with so much readiness, in so great a number with my request. I thank you; as you have not deserted your poor friend, so may God never forsake you!

"Hurried on, goaded on in our mad race of life, in obedience to that instinct of self to which alone we continue true to the last, it is no wonder if we have no leisure to look after such of our fellow-wayfarers as may happen to sink overpowered by the road-side. Grappling each of us with our own share of misery, far from reaching a helping hand, we scarcely shrink from treading on our fallen neighbour, as we rush onward in our headlong strife. No man has a right to complain if he be left to perish unheeded; because evil is stronger than any, stronger than all of us; and, in the experienced inefficiency of our means of resistance, we recoil from the idle contemplation of suffering which it is not in our power to avert or to soothe.

"But he,—the weary pilgrim, the wounded warrior bleeding to death on this wide battle-field of the earth,—he who has long manfully borne up against the tide of adversity, and, after strenuous but hopeless endeavours, crosses his arm on his breast and resigns himself to his doom,—shall be charged with faint-heartedness, if on the moment of succumbing he be tempted to implore from his fellow-beings—not their assist-

ance, for despair admits of no auxiliaries—not their regret and sympathy, not at least that sterile commiseration which is almost invariably akin to contempt—but a word of reverence even more than love—the assurance that he has well deserved of his race, that he has stood his ground as be-seemed a man, and even in his downfall only yielded to irresistible, iron necessity.

“It is for such a purpose that I requested your attendance here this evening. I wanted your countenance to a decisive, irrevocable measure which I am determined to adopt. I required your good leave for a long, long journey, from which I shall never return; and I wished you to stand on the shore and bear witness to the calmness and security with which I take my departure—with which I bid my country, my friends, and all I held dearest in life, a last-
ing farewell.

“It will be no difficult task to acquaint you with the causes that have led to this resolution. Mine was not an adventurous life, and there are hardly any of its leading vicissitudes with which you are unfamiliar. It was an artist's life—an unsuccessful artist's. It was the powerless struggle of an aspiring, soaring intelligence against unresisting and yet unyielding matter; the melancholy waste of all the faculties of a strong mind on a field of exertion in which unwearied industry, stern perseverance, unswerving will, are, by themselves, utterly unavailing. My genius lied within me! From the first moment that, an untutored country lad, I sketched the old church in our village-green, Art, as an evil demon, took possession of its devoted victim. Like the arch-tempter, it exacted the sacrifice of my soul in exchange for its creative gifts; but, different in this from the great enemy of human kind, it secured its prize without being true to its own share of the compact. It worked upon me the persuasion that nature had lavished on me the elements of greatness; it repeated incessantly in my ears, ‘Thou, too, art a painter!’ an egregious hallucination of which death alone can bring the total disenchantment.

“From that moment I was a doomed man. My scanty patrimony, the bloom of my youth, the sunshine

of my days, the repose of my nights, were wasted on shapeless creations, beneath whose very features there seemed to lurk a fiendish sneer at the stark impotence of their maker. The glow of heated fancy, the trance of inspiration, the ineffable voluptuousness of conception, during the pressure of which I felt as if floating through an ethereal region between earth and paradise, subsided at once on the first attempt at mixing my colours. My buoyant imagination seemed limed, as it were, by the viscid clay on my palette, and every flutter of its wings sunk it deeper and deeper, till it utterly deprived it of its ingenite power of flight. All the tints in the rainbow could not body forth the colourless dreams of my fancy. The fitting phantoms of my brain refused themselves to all mechanical incarnation. The spark which I presumed to steal from the sun could not live in the mephitic medium of an earthly atmosphere. Every touch of my brush was like a downfall from the clouds. My failure was always proportionate to the degree of my previous excitement. If it ever happened that my works secured the suffrage of the vulgar (for without some partial success I could hardly have fed so long on my deplorable illusion), if my paintings ever met with public applause at the Exhibition, it was only when the hand wrought without the head, only in those moments of mental exhaustion, in those lucid intervals of my dreary infirmity, when my fingers went, almost unconsciously, through the mechanical routine of my craft. On these vile specimens of the materialism of art, I hardly deigned to cast a look of disgust and scorn; but those vague, shadowy sketches which I intended for a revelation of my heavenly visions, the pictures in which form was to be made subservient to spirit, in which the artist aspired to be, not the imitator, but the master of nature, those were never openly exposed, never privately shewn to mortal eye; in fact, never achieved. Before those crude fantasies I stood as if spell-bound, gazing upon them with a vacant stare, as if my eyes were gifted with the photographic power of the sun, as if the realisation of my unsubstantial conceit were to be the

work of magnetism or magic, rather than the result of manual exertion, as if the canvass could, like a mirror, reflect the image of my intangible thought.

"In this manner long hours were spent in a consuming agony of inaction, amidst the withering throes of a barren travail; and when I finally rose, and tore myself from the charm of that ecstatic contemplation, my head swam round, throbbing and aching with feverish excitement.

"Then I looked around me, into the mad, whirling world, from which I fancied I had secluded myself past return, and with the zest of long abstinence, deep for a season, I dived into its bewildering eddies, and in its enervating pleasures, in its cramping inanities, I strove to lull myself into utter unconsciousness. In vain! To exhaustion and satiety regret succeeded and self-reproof, and at the first twinge of remorse, that sleepless longing for something unattainable, incomprehensible, again sprang up in my bosom.

"Thus ruled by an unconquerable fatality, I returned to my dreary toil. For a brief space it seemed as if my spirit, refreshed by that short respite, had broken through the trammels of material obstacles. For a few touches the hand harmonised with the head. Oh, rapture! My idea, radiant with unearthly tints, started into life under my trembling pencil. But alas! but alas! to the deceitful beams of that transient aurora chaos succeeded and deeper night. The creation of my morbid imagination assumed before my eyes gigantic, terrific dimensions. It pressed on my giddy brain till it crushed, it overwhelmed it; till I either fell senseless at the foot of my abortive sketch, or, in a paroxysm of rage, I tore it from the easel and trod it down with deep curses of frantic despair!

"At war with myself, I extended my execration to all surrounding objects. To the dulness of this gloomy climate, to the tardiness of my northern blood, to the grovelling spirit of my unimaginative countrymen, rather than to any deficiency of talent, I was willing to attribute my want of success. I rated the stars which had cast my lot on a land saddened by the incessant frowns of Heaven. I fancied that painting, like the vine,

could never thrive under this pale, sickly sun; that fancy could have no full swing under the dead weight of this unelastic atmosphere. Urged by that idea, I hastened from a land that could be no home to genius; I abjured it—cursed it! I moved through the Continent an eager pilgrim, with the light step of an enfranchised prisoner. Across the sea, athwart the mountains, I flew to the birthplace of art, to the universal fatherland of great minds. I was in Italy—an Italian! Only in that country has art ever been idealised. I gazed on a Raphael, or a Guido, as a living evidence of the practicability of my wildest conceptions. What thought can be said to be unutterable? What images can fancy conjure up which oil-colours may not convey to the senses? Art is as infinite as mind itself; and am I not an artist? Let only the secret working of these ancient masters be revealed to me. Their excellence was only the result of a skilful preparation of their colouring materials. It is only in the execution that I have any thing to learn. My conceptions embrace as wide a design as the most daring among them.

"Alas! I was soon to learn that execution is the beginning as well as the achievement of art. Ten years of anxious wandering were frittered away in bootless efforts to obtain possession of this artist's mechanism, which should be the slave, and yet is nothing less than the tyrant, of thought. This mixing of colours, which I despised as a mere handicraft common to the meanest dauber, was, however, the utmost attainment of sovereign intellects. It is a gift as rare in Italy, at the present day, as in any other part of the world. It constituted the peculiar charm of the ancient masters; it was invented, perfected by them, and died with them. In my attempts at an emulous imitation of their master-pieces I lost that nerve of originality in which I had hitherto prided myself. Truth began, at last, gradually, but irresistibly, to force itself upon my reluctant mind. The bitter conviction glared before my eyes. The brush dropped from my hands, my head sunk on my bosom—I was not intended for a painter!

"I began to comprehend that

those bright, flitting fancies on which I had laid my claims to an artist's genius may equally glimmer through the benighted understanding of the dullest of men. That they are the vital spark inherent in the spiritual substance of every man's soul, latent under the deepest layers of coarse sensualism, slumbering, but not extinguished, under the ashes of the coldest materialism; that every man's mind is teeming with volumes of never-to-be-written poetry; that each of us might say, with a boast analogous to Archimedes's, 'Give me but a language and I will reveal Heaven!' But that he alone is indeed a Creator who suffers not those familiar demons of imagination to run riot in his brain, but, with the might of a fearless enchanter, secures them in his grasp, subjects them to his will, forces them into daylight under the shape of words, colours, or notes; that the privilege of genius consists less in the conception than in the expression of thought; that, in short, a man is only a poet in as much as he is a versifier; only a painter in proportion as he is a colourist.

"Thus did I see myself baffled in the sole object of my whole life. In the midst of my career I became aware that I had followed a road without issue. Great God! upwards of thirty years lived in vain!

"And yet this blasting conviction, this death-blow to my fondest expectations, found my heart more calmly resigned than I had anticipated. No stroke of affliction can bear down the stubbornness of human vitality. An outcast from the temple of art, I continued to worship at its threshold. I shrunk from the creator into the mere amateur. I followed, a discarded suitor, in the train of the beauty that spurned me. The quiet enjoyments of the man of taste are not without relish even for one who aimed at the more tempestuous raptures of operative genius. A long contemplation of the beautiful gives our mind all the refinement of the most exquisite Epicurism. A visit to the Tribune, or a lounge in the halls of the Vatican,—a thunderstorm in the Apennines, or a sunset in the Bay of Naples, had lost none of their charms, even though I had relinquished all hope of reproducing

the wonders of nature, or rivalling the prodigies of art. Sense was not deadened or blunted, even though deprived of all vent and utterance. Inaction is not idleness in Italy; there is life in the air you inhale, life in your listless languor, life in the very dreams of your slumbers.

"From this delicious state of supineness domestic afflictions came rudely to awake me. My father died, and the sins of his prodigality were severely visited on his no less extravagant son. I hastened back to England only to find myself an orphan and a beggar. In presence of staring poverty I was roused into exertion. Once more I took up my pencil, no longer, alas! to wrestle with the overpowering emotions of an exuberant fancy, no longer to toil for endless renown, but to engage in a desperate struggle—for bread!

"Ten years' absence had made me almost a stranger at home; still a few persons were living who had witnessed the earliest essay of what they looked upon as a promising genius. A long sojourn in Italy was no trifling recommendation in the eyes of the untravelled part of our wealthy citizens. Among these lower ranks of patrons of the fine arts I was for a season a novelty. I was invited to give life in my canvass to the round face of an overfed alderman; to produce a faithful imitation of the sharp features, shrivelled neck, and red elbows of his eldest daughter; to delineate the crazy chimney-tops of his Elizabethan villa at Hackney. In a profession in which mediocrity itself is an abomination, I consented at once to sink to the lowest order. I became a mere drudge. Still, even yet, I shrunk not from the degrading task. I drank my cup to the lees. I despised myself, and lived on.

"But I prostrated myself in vain. Fortune could not be propitiated by the most abject acts of dastardly submission. My vulgar employers gradually dropped me. Perhaps my talents did not even come up to their standard of excellence, or some successful rival stepped forward with stronger claims to their patronage. Perhaps, also, my inborn haughtiness and irritability were not always sufficiently curbed in presence of those purse-proud idiots. Perhaps,

in some unguarded moment, I betrayed my repugnance to the vile jobs that were offered to me.

"I deny not the charge. My stubborn spirit, my fiery temper, may have had an ample share in working out my destitution. Adversity never fails to find a ready auxiliary in the morbid tendencies of our soul. Man is but too often the worst enemy of himself. But, to whatever causes my calamities might be ascribed, my desolation was now complete. I was left alone, with no prospects but sheer starvation before me.

"Thank God! I had now nothing to fear. All hopes of happiness were long since blighted; but I was now denied the very means of subsistence. Society cast me out of its bosom. The earth had not a square foot of ground for me to stand upon. I welcomed despair; I hugged it with a lover's transport; I revelled in its cold, withering embrace. Heaven and earth had forsaken me. I considered myself acquitted of all debts. I was at last thoroughly, absolutely, unconditionally free. I breathed again. I was now at liberty to do as I pleased with myself. I determined—to die!

"Yes, my friends, I have gazed upon the sun which shall never rise again for me. I have watched the deepening night which is to be the forerunner of a darker and more durable night. I am resolved on self-destruction!

"Start not—answer not—do not stir! Step not between me and my irremovable resolution. I anticipate all your remonstrances. I have provided against all opposition on your part. Think you I would so freely avow my design, if it were in the power of any living being to frustrate it? I am determined to die, and no man who loves me could conscientiously wish to thwart my purpose.

"Spare me your useless protestations of unbounded devotion. Tell me not that your friendly zeal is ready to snap your purse-strings, that the poorest of you is willing to break the last crust with an old friend. God bless you! I mean no reproach. It is the way of the world, and I hold you not accountable for a long neglect which originated in the common selfishness of mankind.

But during these last three years, in which I was plunged deeper and deeper in this abyss of misery, which of you sought me out? who remembered me? who thought it his duty to offer me a share in his fortune? Had you, to-morrow, heard the announcement of my death by starvation, would all your benevolent intentions save you from the charge of murder?

"What! you give no relief unsolicited? But know you not that a man of honour dies, and begs not; that he hides, denies his distress, never implores your charity, till he has resolved not to survive his humiliation? Oh! take not pride from him to whom nothing else is left; the poor alone has a right to be proud. It is his last defensive weapon to save him from being trampled to the dust. I could not accept of any man's bounties; nothing could induce me to live by your alms. I asked for employment; I offered to work for my bread. I shrunk from no toil; I recoiled from no degradation. The world has no occasion for my services; I can make myself no useful member of society, and I will not hang on it, a parasite.

"Once fixed on this determination, you will ask what object made me solicit your presence. Do not think that I wanted courage to die alone, or that I indulged a vain wish to exhibit my firmness before you. I require neither your support nor your commiseration. But on this supreme moment I felt a longing for a final communion with men. I obeyed an almost animal instinct of clinging to life even in the jaws of death. Had I been stretched on my death-bed by consumption, or by any other lingering complaint, you would have vied with each other in performing the last offices by my side, you would have smoothed my pillow, you would have received my last breath, treasured up my parting words. Should it be otherwise now, because despair, and not disease, suddenly forces me from this world, and urges me to another, where nothing but darkness and terror await me? Hold out your hands—stand by me! Death is bitter, my friends, even though life may have become unbearable. Once more, to-day, I mingled with the world as I took leave of it; with

the springing step of buoyant youth I dashed through the crowded streets. How busy was life around me, whilst death lay heavy on my bosom; and the day was so pure and balmy, and every tree in the park was in blossom, and every carriage glittered, and every horse pranced, and every woman smiled.

"Alas! the smile of woman! I have not revealed yet the deepest source of affliction. I loved, my friends, and never was loved. My arms never clasped the object of my tenderness,—my head never rested on a faithful bosom. I loved, not a woman, but woman. With an artist's power of abstraction I worshipped unsubstantial idols; as long as I fancied myself a creator, I was dead to the charms of God's creatures. Whilst my pencil conjured down angels from heaven, how could I long for mortal embraces? You see this canvass on my easel:—that was my first picture and the last. I worked at that canvass till I could tell my years in every touch of the brush;—that was the woman I loved. It is no more finished than the thousand sketches which I have torn to pieces in my sullen mood of despondency. It is no less a failure; but I loved it, and could not bring myself to destroy it. Touch it not now, you will see it when I shall be no more.

"But when I abjured art, when I found myself an outcast from my paradise of dreams, groping through this benighted world, struggling against want and obscurity, oh! then I sought refuge in a woman's bosom—then I gazed wistfully after every fair form that swept heedlessly past the forlorn painter, and I felt as if I could have held them by the hem of their garment, and thrown my arms round them, and pressed them to my bosom, and cried, 'Love me!—oh! let me be loved ere I die!'

"Alas! all of them seemed to read in my eyes the despair that sat on my soul. They shuddered at my haggard look, they feared me. Oh! he lies who describes woman as a tender, sensitive being. They also shrink from the contact of poverty and sorrow; they also refuse to smile on the wretch the world frowns upon. They do, indeed, delight in scenes of

feigned misery, in fictitious recitals of imaginary disasters; for to their keen sensibilities sadness itself is a luxury, and tears a source of voluptuous emotions; but the sight of actual misery, the approach of real distress, is as unwelcome to them as to the most selfish of the coarser sex. All anxious for our safety, we steer wide of the craft perilling by our side in the ocean of life,—we dread a collision with its foundering wreck,—we stand in a superstitious awe of the deadly grasp of its drowning mariner. No—no! the sunbeam of woman's eye never shot across the gloom of my despair,—the music of her voice never stilled the tempests of my spirit. Unloved I descend to my grave!

"Let, then, calm friendship surround him whom all warmer affections deserted. Leave me not, my friends! You see I am calm and collected. Profoundly grieved, incurably wounded to my heart's core, but not unmanned, nor demented.

"God forgive me! I am no suicide. The world issued the warrant, and left me only the choice of my death. I have chosen the shortest and easiest. Be ye my witnesses that I depart at peace with mankind. None of them ever wronged me. It is no man's fault if our race have outgrown its appointed abode,—if it has multiplied till the earth can no longer hold it. Let us cast lots. Let the less fortunate make room for their betters. I will set the first example. There is another world, let us hope, for those who find no place in this,—another world, incomprehensible, but, undoubtedly, boundless and endless."

After these words, Sheridan ceased abruptly. His friends had heard him in silent amazement. Nothing could be more astonishing than the contrast between the mildness and sedateness of the artist's manner and the terrible import of his words. His calmness deceived the most discerning among the bystanders. They hung down their heads, they dared not raise their eyes into each other's faces. There were moments, indeed, in which some of them would have interrupted him. They waited for a pause, for a fair opportunity to start up and secure the unhappy madman. He gave them no time.

He rose suddenly at the conclusion

of his speech. He stared at them for one second with a cold, bitter smile, then, with the swiftness of lightning, he tore open his loose gown, and a short, lead-coloured blade was seen gleaming in the air.

Of all that company one only had been a silent but not idle spectator. Sir Horace Thoroughgood had glided unperceived through the easel and the wall. Sheridan had hardly time to raise his arm for the fell stroke, ere the weapon was wrenched from his hand.

"Young man, not so!" exclaimed the baronet, as he secured the maniac in his powerful embrace; "ask us not to stand by and witness such a work of awful butchery. We admit the justice of all your past grievances. Could self-destruction annihilate by-gone evils, could suicide be retrospective, it might, perhaps, be a blessing to you. But how dare you murder the future? How know you what destinies are in store for you? 'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

Sir Horace said no more; he knew how to minister better than words to a diseased mind. A hackney-coach was called for; the struggling maniac was almost forced into it. Sir Horace bade them drive to his house in Harley Street.

On the following morning a large number of the baronet's friends took

luncheon with him. A picture was produced; it was the same that poor Sheridan alluded to in his insane speech, bequeathing it, as it were, to his friends. It represented a slight female figure, clad in snow-white drapery. The form was hardly sketched, but the countenance was an ineffable type of superhuman loveliness.

Sir Horace proposed its sale by auction; the good baronet himself acted George Robins for the occasion. The picture was adjudged to Lord Randolph for 500 guineas. The painter was present, pale, silent, and sullen; a sigh burst from his breast; he threw his arms round his preserver, and wept.

On the same afternoon Sir Horace drove the rescued artist to his villa at Richmond. Lady Thoroughgood and her two lovely daughters were prepared for the reception of the repentant suicide. All that feminine tenderness could suggest was resorted to to make a paradise of their delightful residence. Sheridan looks still downcast and gloomy, but God is with him, and better thoughts begin to spring up in his breast. Reconciled to life, he has been often heard to repeat, with deep conviction, "His wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in His pleasure is life: heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

THE PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

PART I.

WHEN first I saw the Prince de Metternich he was in his forty-second year. For he was born on the 15th of May, 1773; and when first I beheld this remarkably handsome and healthy-looking statesman, it was in the month of June 1814. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had come over to England, to pay their respectful and fraternal homage to the Prince Regent; but, for family and state reasons, it had been deemed expedient for the Emperor of Austria to return from Paris to Vienna, in-

stead of visiting the British metropolis. The Prince de Metternich had been selected by his august sovereign as his special representative at the court of St. James's on this memorable occasion, and this mark of favour and preference was highly appreciated by this distinguished statesman. "Is that the Prince de Metternich?" inquired a member of the House of Commons of the old Whig Rump, as the Prince entered the Guildhall of the City of London, on the 18th of June, 1814, to be present at the civic

banquet,—“Can that be the Prince de Metternich?” “Yes, that is the Prince de Metternich,” was the reply; “but why do you express such astonishment?” “Because I expected to see so different a man to that now before me. I had conceived of the prince as a sort of Jesuit-looking monk, with head bending over his chest, with sallow complexion, with the air of a true disciple of Machiavel; and now, instead of all this, there is a handsome and healthy-looking man, who stands and walks erect, with an open, intellectual, and agreeable countenance, and apparently without formality or stiffness.” The conversation then turned on the true and trite sentiment of “how wrong it was to judge by appearances;” but the old Whig M.P. returned, ever and anon, during the dinner and the evening, to the very mistaken notions he had formed of the Austrian minister.

The Prince de Metternich, on the occasion in question, was conversing with great animation with Count Mierveldi, the then Austrian ambassador at the court of London, and they were evidently admiring the most magnificent pageant before them. The Prince Regent was explaining to the Emperor Alexander the meaning of the various trophies and ornaments which were collected on that very interesting solemnity, and the King of Prussia was enjoying with the Prince Royal, now the Prussian monarch, the splendour of the scene. Baron Humboldt was contemplating the countenance of his king and master; Marshal Blucher was raising his eyes with astonishment at the marvels which surrounded him; and Counts Hardenberg and Nesselrode were enjoying the dainties which were set before them.

When the health of the Emperor of Austria was proposed, Prince Metternich rose and bowed. There was but little cheering. It was evident that his character was not understood by many of the assembled citizens. They connected with his name certain notions of absolutism, without the philosophy and truth, which formed part of his real character. They very likely remembered the outline of the congress of Rastadt, but the *minutia* had escaped them, as well as the principle for which he

had contended, and the memory of his talent was all that remained.

That banquet was worthy of the occasion which led to its celebration, and worthy of that city of London, whose loyalty, during the most trying times of financial difficulty and commercial depression, had justly won for it the respect and gratitude of all Europe. The disinterestedness of Great Britain, not only during the long conflict of the Revolutionary war, but also after that war had been terminated, when the spoils were to be divided, and countries or districts to be appropriated by the great powers, was the subject of constant reference on the part of the Emperor of Russia. “His magnanimous and disinterested ally, the Prince Regent of Great Britain,” were words which were continually on the lips of the Emperor Alexander; and the Prince de Metternich, on all occasions, both private and public, expressed similar opinions in strong terms, and accompanied by glowing eulogies. Not, indeed, that this was the first time that the prince had become acquainted with the English character, or had studied on the spot the English nation, since, when a young man, he visited the shores of Great Britain, and investigated our national habits, partialities, prejudices, and institutions.

Clemens Wenzeslaus Nesselrode, Lothario, Earl and Prince Metternich, Winneburg, Duke Portella, Earl of Königswart, knight of the Golden Fleece, and grandee of Spain, first class,—possessor of all the highest and most elevated European orders,—his imperial royal majesty's privy councillor, court chamberlain, court chancellor, and cabinet minister,—also, minister of foreign affairs, and prime minister of the empire, taking precedence of all others in dignity and office, is descended from an ancient family, which rose to distinction during the time of Henry the Holy, the last of the Saxon emperors. The family possessed the country from the Moselle to Handsruck; and Lothar, one of the founders of the family, was, from 1599 to 1623, Archbishop and Elector of Treves.

The present Prince de Metternich is the son of Francis George Metternich, the first prince of that house, who was born in Coblenz in 1746.

The subject of these reminiscences was born in the same city, and studied, after a careful preparatory education, at the university of Strasbourg. He was present, with his father, at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, in 1790, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His younger years were sedulously devoted to the study of international law, and to the principles of government. These studies were conducted at the university of Mayence. In the year 1792, he was, likewise, present at the coronation of the late Emperor Francis II.; and he then assisted his father in his administration, and subsequently visited several European courts, remaining some time in England. The disasters carried into the Rhenish countries by the French armies dispossessed his family. In 1794, his talents obtained for him a post at the imperial court; and in the following year he was married to Mary Eleonora, daughter of Prince Ernest of Kaunitz-Rittberg, and the granddaughter of the imperial chancellor. His diplomatic career commenced in 1797-8, when sent by the emperor as plenipotentiary to the congress at Radstadt. His talents and policy at that congress I shall hereafter examine, and shall content myself for the moment, by drawing a rapid and general sketch of the outline of his life to the year 1814, with which I have commenced these Reminiscences.

Hostilities between Austria and France having broken out, in consequence of Austria adhering to the coalition between England and Russia, Count Metternich left Berlin, when the third coalition of Prussia with Buonaparte had been ratified. In 1806, after the humiliating peace of Presburg, which ceded Venice and the Tyrol to Napoleon, Count Metternich, under the title of Earl of Coblenz, proceeded as ambassador to Paris, where he had one of the most difficult parts to play with the haughty and victorious usurper, and with so skilful and impenetrable a foreign minister as Prince de Talleyrand. The Count de Metternich could not, undoubtedly, prevent the disastrous war which broke out, in 1809, between Austria and France. Yet peace, on the one hand, and the supremacy of Austria in Germany on the other, were, at all times, the

great objects of his diplomatic career. Such views were not in accordance with the ambition of Napoleon, nor with the spirit of his restless and belligerent subjects; and the Austrian ambassador returned to Vienna. Soon afterwards he arranged the preliminaries of that forced peace, which gave Napoleon still greater power over Austria, and emboldened him not only to demand, but enabled him to insist on being married to a princess of the house of Hapsburg.

The Russian campaign having proved disastrous to Napoleon, and the Austrian cabinet having, at first, undertaken a position of mediation, Count Metternich endeavoured to bring about a cessation of hostilities. There can be no doubt but the matrimonial alliance between Napoleon and the daughter of the Emperor of Austria led to this movement; but the usurper continued as haughty as if he had conquered Russia; and Prussia took her ground with a nobleness which more than compensated for her desertion of Austria on a former occasion. The most distinguished period of the Prince de Metternich's life now commenced; first, by his arranging the Quadruple Alliance treaty at Toplitz; and, second, after the battle of Leipsic, in following up those measures, in which he was personally engaged, with incessant vigilance at Frankfort, Friburg, Basle, Langres, Chaumont, at the convention of Fontainebleau, and at the peace of Paris.

From Paris he accompanied the allied sovereigns to England, and the time he spent amongst us was devoted by him to observing the state of the United Kingdom in regard to our social and national condition. The famous congress of Vienna, which opened in the October following the treaty of May 1814, was that in which, as president and negotiator, his diplomatic abilities were displayed in the most distinguished and extraordinary manner. And, although somewhat out of order of date, I propose devoting the *first* portion of my Reminiscences of this celebrated man rather to the middle, than to the commencement, or decline, of his life; and shall, in my next article, trace him more fully from the beginning of his diplomatic career, to the time when to him were confided

by the Emperor of Austria the many thorny positions connected with the congress of Vienna.

I shall, likewise, in that *second* portion of my Reminiscences, examine his conduct at the congress of Rastadt, look into his proceedings and policy from 1815 to 1830, describe him as the negotiator with the Revolutionary party, and trace him to the present time, when, at the good old age of seventy-one, he is enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, the respect of all his fellow-subjects, and, I may add, the gratitude of Europe.

Before, however, I proceed to detail the memorable part he took at the congress of Vienna, and, in regard to all its proceedings, it is necessary clearly to state what are the principles, invariable and decided, of the prince. He does not believe that political liberty is essential to the happiness, honour, or dignity of man. He does not believe that the nations which have enjoyed the greatest degree of this political liberty, have been the wisest, most virtuous, or most happy. He does not believe that the material wants and comforts of the people are so well, or so invariably attended to under a constitutional, as beneath the sway of an absolute monarch. He believes that the liberty which the people ought to enjoy every where, is the liberty of making the most of their labour, the liberty of enjoying all they acquire, the liberty of worshipping God according to the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church, the liberty of enjoying all social and family comforts, without any arbitrary infringement or exactions, the liberty of free action in all things which are not opposed to the laws of the state, and the liberty of forming those relationships and ties, which ensure to man his greatest amount of mere worldly enjoyment. But he does not believe in republicanism or federalism. He does not believe in constitutional monarchies. He does not believe in the three powers in the government of a state. He does not believe in the action of such government for the welfare of a people. He is of opinion that the unrestrained liberty of the press is much more injurious than beneficial. He is a friend to education, but it must

be of a Roman Catholic character. He believes not only in the possibility, but in the certainty of men being most happy, when they pay the least attention to their political institutions. He believes that civilisation should by no means be identified with what he regards as revolutionary principles. He believes that no man really feels that politically free institutions are essential to his happiness, as is food, and as are comfortable dwellings, family associations, religious instruction, and protection in the enjoyment of his personal freedom, his fortune, and his life. He believes that the *absolute* principle, assures to man a far greater amount of happiness, than either the democratic or the constitutional principle; and he, therefore, has devoted a large portion of his life to its defence and maintenance. But he is no tyrant. He is no lover of despotism. He invariably opposes all tendencies to tyranny. He has repeatedly defended the rights of German citizens when they were most in peril. He was a friend to Poland, to the free towns and cities of Germany, to petty princes, and to smaller states; and whilst he has invariably proclaimed the absolute principle as the one most favourable to the happiness of civilised man, he has bent to circumstances, yielded to facts, and sought to render events, which he regarded as calamities, as little calamitous as possible.

There are certain prevalent opinions with regard to the Prince de Metternich, which I shall attack indirectly. And I prefer this line of proceeding, because I desire rather that the incontrovertible facts I shall adduce should speak for themselves, and thus meet the objections which are made to the views and policy of the prince, than that any mere eulogy or defence on my part should even be believed and adopted. The Prince de Metternich is a very great man. He has been mixed up, ardently, zealously, perseveringly, in all the events of the last fifty years. During that half century he has been one of the political chiefs of Europe and the world. He has fought the battle of the monarchy with a zeal, discretion, energy, and forbearance, which prove him to be a consummate statesman. He is now reposing on his laurels. He is

now witnessing the success of his monarchical policy and measures. And it will surely be interesting to contemplate such a man at one of the most interesting periods of ancient or modern history—I mean at the time of the congress of Vienna.

The Prince de Metternich was unquestionably one of the most distinguished actors in the great drama of the Vienna congress. He had studied Europe with long and sustained attention. He was perfectly familiar with the difficulties, whether moral, social, physical, or political, appertaining to each state. He had watched with care the demands made by rash people of their respective governments, during the war which had raged for so long a period. And he was fully prepared to discuss their wants, to combat their prejudices, and to relieve positive and undoubted evils. He knew not less intimately the relations of European governments the one to the other; the changes which had been brought about by the events which had transpired since 1789; and the further important changes which must take place, before any thing approaching to a settlement of Europe could be said to be effected.

Let us now see him at work. Let us watch him before the congress. Let us move with him through the various stages of the history of that great assembly. This shall be done without prejudice, and without partiality.

When the prince became one of the leading members of the congress of Vienna, he carried to that congress a perfect knowledge of existing treaties. There were the separate and secret articles concluded in October 1813 between Austria and Bavaria. There was the treaty of alliance of the 2d of November, 1813, between Austria and Wirtemberg. There was the project of a federal constitution for Germany communicated by the Prince of Hardenberg to the Prince de Metternich, at a conference which had taken place at Baden, in Austria. There was the treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814. And, in one word, a multitude of documents were to be consulted, and the claims they recognised to be discussed and altered, or maintained. With all of these the subject of

these Reminiscences was perfectly familiar.

Do we examine the proceedings of the sittings of the committee appointed to superintend the affairs of the German states, and which committee was composed of the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wirtemberg? We find that Prince de Metternich was the man who took the lead; that he opened the conferences; that he proposed that the basis of a Germanic confederation should be agreed on; that he it was who submitted that the committee should be limited to the representatives of the five powers just named; that he insisted that the secondary powers ought to, and must, submit to their decisions; and he it was who concocted, with the representative of Prussia, those articles for the organisation of the German Confederation, which were subsequently submitted to and adopted by the other members of the German committee.

When the ambassador of the King of Wirtemberg insisted on the right of the king, his master, to precedence of the King of Hanover, it was the Prince de Metternich who declared, "that between and amongst each other, all kings were equal."

When the Grand Duke of Baden claimed, as of right, to be admitted to the conferences of the German committee, and to form one of their number, it was the Prince de Metternich who opposed any addition thereto. "The states of the first class," said the prince, "called upon to constitute the committee, are, in consequence of their European relations, in a far better position to make suitable propositions than are the German states of the second and third class." Against this decision the smaller states protested; and the name of Prince de Metternich was pronounced with anger by very many of the lesser German potentates. "What care I?" exclaimed the prince, on one occasion, "for the indignation of the Grand Duke of Baden? We do not want a congress of republics, but a congress of sovereigns."

When it was suggested that the states of the second and third class should, nevertheless, be, from day to day, or from time to time, kept informed relative to the decisions of

the German committee, it was Prince de Metternich who said, "No; it is our duty, on the contrary, to keep all our decisions entirely secret; and even none of us five, who constitute the committee, ought to have the right to submit any proposition to our respective courts, until the projected constitution shall be complete. Then, let each representative apply to his government for its definitive instructions."

When the project of twelve articles agreed upon between Austria and Prussia came on for discussion, it was Prince de Metternich who defended each clause. In the Prince de Wrede he found an able and zealous disputant; but the close reasoning of the Austrian diplomatist almost invariably prevailed. The right of Austria to have *two* votes, and of Prussia to have the same number, at the deliberations of the German confederation, was maintained with great vigour by the prince.

When the minister of Wirtemberg insisted before the committee, that it was not necessary to fix the rights of German subjects by any declaration of those rights, it was the Prince de Metternich who replied,—

"In my opinion, it is absolutely necessary to fix those rights. In the ancient constitution of Germany, certain rights were guaranteed to all German subjects; but in these later times, in some of the states, oppressive measures have been introduced, from the continuance of which the people ought to be guaranteed. For instance, in some states it has been ordained that persons possessing property must pass a portion of every year in the capitals of those states. This cannot be longer tolerated. Indeed, in some cases, where men of property have possessions in four or five different states, how is it possible that they should obey such requisitions?"

That was a noble document, and worthy of an enlightened monarch, a powerful government, and a free people, which the Counts of Munster and Hardenberg were directed to present, as the two plenipotentiaries of the prince regent, then also Prince Regent of Hanover, to the committee of the five German courts, on the 21st of October, 1814.

I question greatly whether those Whigs who made it their constant business to libel the government of

the prince regent, and to represent him as a despot, would have dared to have made use of such language as the following, and which I extract from the state paper in question:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Great Britain and of Hanover cannot possibly admit that the changes which have taken place in Germany have given a right to the princes to claim an absolute or despotic sway over their subjects..... A representative system has existed, as of right, in Germany from time immemorial. In many states its organisation was based on particular arrangements entered into between the prince and his subjects; and in countries where the states had even ceased to exist, the subjects possessed important rights which the laws of the empire had established, and to which they still granted their protection..... The King of Great Britain is indubitably as much a sovereign as any European prince whatever; and the liberties of his people, far from tending to overthrow his throne, established its stability."

This was the language of the noble-minded and liberty-loving prince regent, who was yet so often represented as the "ally of despots, and the enemy of freedom."

When the Prince de Metternich perused this incomparable document, he exclaimed, "When liberty is thus understood, and when power is thus exercised, constitutional freedom is quite compatible with the monarchical principle." To be sure it is.

That was an interesting discussion which took place in October 1814, when the enlightened views of the prince regent with regard to the cause of constitutional freedom in the states of the confederation, were combated by some of the representatives of the five courts. But the Prince de Metternich, to his honour be it recorded, ranged himself on the side of rational liberty, and thus assured the triumph of constitutional principles.

It was the Prince de Metternich who made also the famous proposition, that

"To prevent one state of the confederation from compromising the external safety of Germany, each state should be compelled not to make any warfare itself alone, nor to take any part in such a war; and not to conclude any alliances, treaty.

or convention, for the service of troops, without receiving the consent of the confederation."

It was the same prince, also, who declared that, although, in consequence of the large states which Austria added to those of the confederation, she claimed the right of two votes, yet that she voluntarily offered to contribute a double proportion of the expense of that body.

The opposition offered by the court of Bavaria to the decisions of the German committee was founded on an idea that the ancient constitution of the empire ought to be preserved; but the Prince de Metternich demonstrated on several occasions, and especially on the 26th of October, 1814, that such a constitution was no longer possible or applicable, and that the Germans did not wish to found their new institutions on the basis of their old ones.

When the Prince de Wrede attacked the independence of the "free cities" of Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen, and declared that "Bavaria could not recognise such a title," it was the Prince de Metternich who observed, "these cities have been already recognised as free by the alliances they have contracted with foreign powers, and notably with England and France; and that such facts could not be set aside." Yet this is the man who is constantly misrepresented as the enemy to human liberty.

When the discussion took place between the members of the German constitution committee on the question of what security should be given to the Germans, that their individual liberty should be respected, it was the Prince de Metternich who said that,

"Although Austria was quite agreed that the rights of sovereignty should be secured to the princes of Germany, it ought, nevertheless, not to be lost sight of, that the object they had then in view was to form a Germanic confederation, and a great political body, composed of German states; and that consequently, in case any attack should be made on the political existence or rights of an individual, contrary to the tenor of the federal act, or of the constitution, and that by such act the individual would be injured in his rights as a German citizen, that the confederation ought to have the power of punishing those contraventions, and

that the federal tribunal should be established to take cognisance of all such complaints, and provide remedies for all violations of the general constitution!"

Was this the language of an arbitrary and tyrannical despot?

The jealousy of Bavaria and Wirtemberg of the power and influence of Austria, soon manifested itself in the Germanic constitution committee; and not only on the subject of the double votes claimed by the court of Vienna, but likewise on a variety of other points, the representatives of the two first-named powers evinced their want of trust in the Austrian government. On all these occasions the Prince de Metternich spoke without reserve, acted with the most perfect good faith, and displayed a firmness on the one hand, but a sincerity on the other, which secured for him the approbation and confidence of all. On every occasion the prince advocated the advantages of peace, the necessity for union, and the duty of securing to the people all the rights and advantages to which they were manifestly entitled in the new combination. In these views the prince was powerfully seconded by an autograph letter written to him by the Emperor Alexander of Russia; in which his majesty stated, with distinctness, that he fully coincided in the sentiments of Prince Metternich, and desired that his views of the rights of the German people, should be carried into effect.

In the early part of the proceedings of the congress of Vienna, the question of "What was to become of Poland?" was felt to be one of the most difficult. The project relative to the incorporation of the whole of Poland with Russia, as a distinct kingdom, under a viceroy, was at first concerted between Russia and Prussia, at the period of the signature of the treaty of Paris. This project, however, was greatly opposed by the Prince de Talleyrand. In vain did Russia and Prussia invoke a secret article of the treaty of Paris, which compelled France to accede to the division which the "allies" should agree to, of the countries which had been conquered or ceded. The Prince de Talleyrand insisted, that by the word "allies" must be understood the whole of the allies, and not this or that power: and that France

would only recognise the decisions come to by the congress *en masse*. Now, what was the line of conduct adopted by the Prince de Metternich on this important occasion? Did he oppose the Prince de Talleyrand, and the honest and fair interpretation put upon the treaty in the interest of Poland? By no means. He united his voice with those of France and England, and the Polish question was therefore submitted to a new and general discussion. The inconveniences which would have arisen from the union of the whole of Poland, under a Russian viceroy, were at last admitted, even by the King of Prussia, the private friend of the Emperor Alexander; who did not believe that the acquisition of Saxony, and of the countries between the Meuse and the Moselle, could balance the dangers to which the incorporation of Poland would expose his monarchy. The Prince de Talleyrand, with his consummate tact and *finesse*, also laboured to prove to the other powers, the great evils which *must* arise from so colossal an aggrandisement of Russia; and he proposed to give to the King of Prussia all the duchy of Warsaw,—at least to the banks of the Vistula. This was generally felt to be the best arrangement, provided it would be found impossible to re-establish Poland in a manner useful to the balance of power in Europe. In the whole of these negotiations the Prince de Metternich invariably leant to the side of the unfortunate, and Poland had in him a decided and powerful friend.

But, to return to the German constitution committee, and to the conduct of the Prince de Metternich with regard to the Germanic confederation. The King of Wirtemberg, dissatisfied with the proceedings of the committee, and displeased at finding that the propositions made by his representatives were not well received by the other members, sent, on the 16th Nov. 1814, a written protest, in which he required that the whole of the plans of Austria and Prussia, with regard to Germany, should be submitted to him before he should be further required to proceed with the discussions as to the constitution of the confederation. This was the beginning of a serious and formidable opposition. On the very

same day, also, a note was delivered to the Princes de Metternich and de Hardenberg by the plenipotentiaries of *twenty-nine* foreign princes and free cities of Germany, in which they demanded, without delay, to be called upon to deliberate on the subject of the constitution and the constitution of their common country. This formidable list of twenty-nine was afterwards augmented to thirty-four by the signatures of five other courts. This was the beginning of a very severe conflict, during the whole of which the Prince de Metternich displayed a firmness, forbearance, patience, and energy, which confounded those who were most resolute in opposing him. The Duke of Brunswick was energetic in his complaints. The Grand Duke of Baden was decisive in his demands. The plenipotentiaries of the King of Denmark were loud in their remonstrances. And a host of very petty states indeed joined in the general "*charivari*" against the firm and unwavering Prince de Metternich.

But how instructive and delightful it is to notice and record how a giant man with a giant mind calmly, deliberately, and fearlessly proceeded to confront his opponents and to defend his system. He began with the plenipotentiaries of the King of Wirtemberg, and, six days after the receipt of their protest, forwarded a note, which destroyed at once the false accusations which they, in the name of the king, had brought against him. In that admirable document the prince thus expresses his opinion with respect to the "object of the great alliance which had delivered Europe from an ignominious yoke," as far as relates to Germany. He says, "that object, as regards Germany, was the dissolution of the Rhenish confederation, and the re-establishment of German liberty and of the constitution, with some modifications."

Whilst constantly occupied with great questions of *principle*, in the discussions which took place before the congress and in the various committees, the Prince de Metternich, nevertheless, found time to attend to the details of each measure. It was he who drew up the admirable instructions to the Statistical Com-

mission, formed to collect together, for the information of the congress, all particulars relative to the territories conquered by Napoleon and his allies. Without such information, it was clear that the various demands, reclamations, and even positions, of those states, could not be understood. That commission did well its work; but to the subject of these Reminiscences were they indebted for their plans and system.

One of the first measures which came under the consideration of the high plenipotentiaries of the eight powers, parties to the treaty of Paris, was one of universal importance and philanthropy. It was in January 1815 that that question of the abolition of negro-slavery and the annihilation of the slave-trade was brought under the consideration of the congress of Vienna. And how did the Prince de Metternich conduct himself during that memorable debate? Did he oppose the cause of emancipation? Did he sanction the long-existing traffic in human flesh? No. He proclaimed, in language worthy of the Christian representative of a great Christian state, that *his* voice was for the cause of humanity, justice, and real civilisation. His was no mere adherence to the cause of philanthropy and mercy, but he pleaded with eloquence and authority for the abolition of the horrible traffic in negro life and blood. Yet this is the man whom it has been the habit of democracy during forty years to represent as an enemy to freedom and to the human race!

In February 1815 the representatives of the thirty-four lesser German states became most importunate. They had taken no part in the proceedings of the German constitution committee, and they apprehended that the Germanic confederation would be formed without their consent. They accordingly re-addressed the Prince de Metternich, who assured them that all that had been done by the committee was merely preliminary, and that when the whole of their labours should be completed, the representatives of the various states of Germany would be duly convoked. The Prussian government had in the meantime been occupied in preparing two projects; ~~the one, taking it for granted that~~

the confederation would be divided into circles, and the other, under the supposition that it would *not* so be divided. Prussia was in favour of the division into circles, and yet Prussia protested her desire to see the smaller states of Germany maintain their independence, and not be exposed to become sacrificed to the ambition of the greater German powers. The document in which these views and opinions are given to the Prince de Metternich is one of the ablest state documents ever drawn up by any plenipotentiaries of any government.

The ever-memorable treaties of the 25th March, 1815, which were signed between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, were in a great measure the work of the Prince de Metternich. Never were treaties prepared with greater diplomatic skill, or with a more enlightened and philosophical attention to the permanent interests of the whole of Europe. They will bear the closest investigation, and in proportion as they are studied will they be found to contain the most enlarged, noble, and powerful views. The treaty between Great Britain and Prussia now lies before me, and I find appended to it the honoured signatures of "Hardenberg," "Humboldt," and "Wellington." Those are names which will be immortal in the page of history when their detractors shall be unknown.

When the treaties between the great powers had been signed, the Prince de Metternich felt that the time had arrived to convoke the representatives of the secondary German states, in order that they might give their adhesion to the *principle* of those treaties, and consent to abide by them, at the same time that they should be invited to offer their opinions relative to the future constitution of the proposed Germanic confederation. Accordingly, on the 31st March, the ministers and plenipotentiaries of the German princes and of the free towns and cities assembled. At length, then, the wishes of the princes of Germany were gratified; but the Prince de Metternich required that the five members of the German constitution committee should form part of the general committee of plenipotentiaries then to be named.

The ably concerted plan adopted by the four great powers, *first* to conclude general treaties between each other, and then to require all smaller states and powers to adhere to their provisions, was, I believe, originally suggested by the Prince de Metternich. This plan was wholly novel, was calculated to save a great loss of time, and prevented heart-burnings, jealousies, rivalry, and discontent. If each of the smaller states of Germany and of Europe had been simply consulted prior to the great and general treaties being framed and signed, years must have been consumed simply in the consideration of their objections.

At length was presented the project of a pact of confederation of the sovereign princes and of the free towns and cities of Germany. It was laid before the congress by the plenipotentiaries of Prussia in the month of April 1815. But although the Prussian plenipotentiaries were the organs of the constitution committee, the Prince de Metternich was by no means foreign to the preparation of that document. Nothing escaped his notice, nothing was submitted which had not been laid before him and which had not obtained, at least, his general approval. Indeed, in his capacity as president of the congress, for he was nothing less, every point under discussion, either special or general, came before him, and to each he gave his best and most valuable attention. So strong, also, was the general feeling as to his love of truth and justice, that when all other attempts and measures had failed, those who thought they had suffered wrongs which ought to be redressed, or that they had rights which were kept in abeyance and were likely to be lost, were sure to draw up their notes, protests, or memoirs, and forward them to him. All of these he examined with attentive interest.

The matchless tact of the Prince de Metternich can never be too highly extolled. On very many occasions in his life has he given proof of this; but on none more remarkably so, than in his negotiations with the plenipotentiaries of the smaller German states. On the 12th April, 1815, those sittings began, and all who were interested in the important de-

bates to which they had have since admitted that so conflicting were the interests, strong the jealousies, and violent the passions, of all parties at that time, that but for the moderation and firmness of the Prince de Metternich, and his consummate tact, there would have been interminable and even subversive discussions. The first point he insisted on was that the alliances formed by the four great powers should be adhered to, and that this adhesion should be given without long debates or unnecessary delay:—

"The treaties must be acceded to," said the prince; "each power must pledge itself to guarantee their execution, contingent forces must be fixed on to secure the fulfilment of the guarantee, and special conventions must be signed to provide for the maintenance of those contingent troops. Three armies will assemble; one on the Upper Rhine, under the orders of the Prince de Schwarzenberg; the second on the Middle Rhine, under the orders of the Prince of Blücher; and the third on the Lower Rhine, under the command of the Duke of Wellington."

Here was a plan, the most magnificent and yet minute, explained in a few words and reduced to a few lines of writing.

From day to day the plenipotentiaries met. Prince de Metternich admitted of no delay. In vain did some attempt to defeat his plan by protests, memoirs, and notes. The project of the treaty of alliance and of accession with the princes and free cities and towns of Germany was another of the important labours of this extraordinary man, whose eyes, thoughts, mind, seemed to possess the attribute of ubiquity.

And now the name of Buonaparte once more resounded in the ears of Europe. The war against the man who had forfeited his word, broken all his engagements, and escaped from Elba, called into the field the most ardent spirits of all ranks, ages, and classes, and Europe armed against the despot and the usurper.

In all the arrangements necessary to be made for that purpose Austria and the Prince de Metternich decidedly took the lead, and Europe owes to that distinguished man, simply for his talent, skill, judgment, foresight, and energy in this matter,

a debt of gratitude she will be unable to repay.

The separate articles agreed on between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, on the 25th April, 1815, upon the exchange and ratification of the treaty of the 25th March of the same year, were also partly the work of the subject of this memoir; as was also the treaty of accession of the 27th April between the four great powers just mentioned on the one part, and the princes of states and free towns and cities of Germany on the other part.

The complaints of some petty princes that their rights were not respected, their privileges conceded, and their independence assured, became, towards the close of these negotiations, very numerous and loud. The Prince de Metternich examined and considered them; but as he was from principle opposed to the multiplication of power, to the establishment of new governments, and to the resuscitation of governments which had long since ceased to exist, he supplied no favourable answer to the various claimants.

The projected constitution for the Germanic confederation was during the whole of this time the subject of discussion and consideration, and on the 1st May, 1815, the Prussian plenipotentiaries submitted to the Prince de Metternich a new project, revised and corrected. The prince at once undertook the task of examining this document, and in the course of the month presented a proposed basis for a future constitution.

The treaty of Paris of the 18th May, 1815, and the events which rendered it necessary, for some time occupied the mind of the prince; but he did not lose sight of the divided condition of "The fatherland," nor was he so engrossed by the mighty facts then transpiring as to be indifferent to the question of the Germanic confederation. The preparation of the separate treaties to be signed by all the lesser powers of Europe with the four greater, also steadily proceeded; and on the 23d May, 1815, the conferences again commenced at Vienna relative to the establishment of the Germanic confederation. These conferences were continued from day to day, and the observations and objections of every prince and free town

or city were heard and examined. On the 8th June, 1815, the memorable act by which the federal constitution of Germany was assured was duly signed, and the act of the congress of Vienna for settling the whole of Europe and establishing it on a permanent basis of order, justice, and liberty, as well as of hereditary right, bears date the following day.

The representatives of the King of Wirtemberg gave much, but fruitless trouble to the Prince de Metternich, during the whole progress of the negotiations relative to the future states of the confederation, the constitution of that confederation, and to various other questions of importance. The conduct of the government and court of Wirtemberg the prince did not approve, and he took occasion several times to make them feel that they were evidently not sufficiently aware of the numerous advantages secured to Wirtemberg by the treaties to which they were the last to adhere. It was, not, however, until the period for adhesion had expired that the plenipotentiaries of Wirtemberg yielded; but at last they did so with a very bad grace, and Metternich was victorious.

One of the most interesting but difficult questions which for a long time occupied the mind of the prince related to the boundaries which should be assigned to Prussia, especially with regard to the long-proposed overthrow of the kingdom of Saxony. The prince, far from desiring to circumscribe the limits of Prussia, ardently wished for the creation of a powerful and influential kingdom. Not only did he assert the necessity of this for the sake of Prussia and her monarch, but likewise with regard to the balance of power in Europe. But to him it appeared, as well as it did to his august master, that no act of injustice could be more scandalous, after all the spoliations and sacrifices the King of Saxony had endured and made, than to deprive him of his lawful dominions. Plan after plan was drawn up at the Austrian *chancellerie* and submitted to the Prussian plenipotentiaries for the purpose of avoiding an act so really felonious; and the Prince de Metternich was at once so anxious to preserve peace, and yet so resolved not to be any party to an act of spoliation

tion, that the line of conduct he had to pursue was very difficult.

Prussia remained for a long time firm in her determination not to yield on this point to the court of Austria, and she represented that the faith of treaties required that she should have as large a territory as was necessary to defend herself against Austrian or other aggressors. The Prince de Metternich met these statements by statistical tables; had accounts of the population of each province and district collected and arranged, and demonstrated by figures that her population was greater in point of numbers than it ever had been, besides being made up of flourishing and most productive countries. To this mode of attack Prussia replied by similar statistical tables with regard to Austria, and shewed that the court of Vienna had, at any rate, nothing to complain of with regard to the arrangements which had been made in her favour, and which vastly increased the population of the Austrian dominions. The Prince de Metternich then suggested a scheme by which the King of Saxony might preserve a portion of his dominions, the rest being given to Prussia. This was one of the least able moves of which the prince was ever guilty; and it drew down upon him not only the retort of Prussia, "that, as the *principle* of not depriving the King of Saxony of any part of his dominions was now abandoned, it was better that he should have a powerful kingdom assigned to him in Italy, than one of inadequate dimensions in Germany;" whilst Viscount Castlereagh, the Prince de Talleyrand, and the Emperor Alexander, alike fell upon this scheme with all their nerve and talent wholly to destroy it. The correspondence which took place on this subject was most admirable. The Prince de Talleyrand was never more logical, powerful, and unanswerable than in this question, which he treated at the same time with the playfulness of a wit, all the attitude and manœuvring of an actor, all the skill of a diplomatist, and yet all the high and lofty notions of a real statesman.

The Prince de Metternich rallied all his energies, and did his very best to destroy or diminish the im-

pression which his decoy-duck system had made on Europe. But in vain. He attempted to shew that it was only in the event of not being able to settle the matter in any other way than that then, and then only, it was that he would agree to the dominions of the King of Saxony being partly given to Prussia. But was not this tantamount to saying that Prussia might have her own way, as far, at least, as Austria was concerned, provided she would be obstinately resolute? And undoubtedly it was this that emboldened the Prussian plenipotentiaries. It was not until the voice of England was heard—England, generous and unselfish—England, disinterested and powerful—that the government of Berlin yielded, and finished by a compromise. Ah! to how much of heart-burnings, weariness, and suspicion, did this question of the boundaries of Prussia, connected as it was with the dissolution or the integrity of the kingdom of Saxony, give rise.

The *Polish* question gave, however, even more trouble and anxiety to the Prince de Metternich than that to which I have just alluded. In the first place, the Austrian government had for a long period of time felt, and even expressed, much uneasiness at the territorial aggrandisement of Russia; and never were fears better grounded than on the present occasion. In the next place, the Prince de Metternich was of opinion that the constitution of an independent kingdom of Poland, under the government of a Prussian prince, would tend materially to preserve the balance of power in Europe. This opinion was likewise held by the British plenipotentiary, and France, when consulted, made a strong and most eloquent protest in favour of the nationality of Poland. The Emperor Alexander was, I am convinced, sincerely desirous for the happiness of the Poles, but he had also fixed his eyes on the duchy of Warsaw, and he could not be tempted or persuaded to relinquish it. On whatever other points he yielded, he would not do so on this, and the "partition of Poland" was the result.

It is really a very curious and instructive task to reperuse, as I have

done, all the documents and state papers with regard to this question of Poland. The language of Great Britain was protective, magnanimous, grand. The tone of France was enthusiastic. The Prince de Metternich was calm and dignified, but most certainly favourable, on all occasions, to Polish nationality. Yet that very nationality perished, and Poland now only exists in name. The reality is destroyed. Yet the proclamations of the Emperor Alexander, his address to the army, his letter to the president of the diet, his despatches and those of his ministers, were all positive and I have no doubt sincere, with respect to the Poles preserving their nationality, and being protected by a constitution. The negotiations relative to Poland terminated as did those concerning the kingdom of Saxony, by a compromise between the Great Powers. The fact was, that the position of France was equivocal, her voice could not be heard with distinctness, England was too far removed from the spot to have direct influence, and the smaller states of Germany had been kept in the background.

When the Emperor of Russia addressed the Polish army, he congratulated it that in future it would have its own colours, fight under its own officers, enjoy its own *drapeau*, and be no longer the army of a foreign power. That all this at the time it was written was believed and intended, I have no reason to doubt, and Prince Constantine himself was not the less sincere when he declared that he should govern the Poles according to their rights, laws, and customs. I shall not prosecute the subject further. The readers of *REGINA* are not ignorant of the true state of Poland now. The Prince de Metternich was influenced in his final decisions by the love of Austria for territorial aggrandisement. The jealousy felt by Austria of Russian power and extension of possessions was no secret at the court or in the camp of the Emperor Alexander, and the arrangements at last concluded satisfied neither England nor France. But Russia pacified England by promises of a national Polish constitution, and France was wholly unable to go to war. So Poland was sacrificed.

The conduct of Lord Castlereagh during the whole of these transactions was entitled to the highest praise. His diplomatic notes were those which invariably excited the deepest attention, and commanded the highest respect. They were not only manly and eloquent, but argumentative and unanswerable; and it was almost exclusively owing to the support which his lordship gave by his notes to the views of the Prince de Metternich relative to the duchy of Warsaw, that any portions of the duchy were detached from the future territories of Russia.

With regard to the question of Saxony, Lord Castlereagh felt very strongly as to the conduct of his majesty. Upon one occasion he said that although he should experience some pain in beholding so ancient a family reduced by the measure of the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia to a state of profound affliction and sorrow, yet, that if ever a sovereign placed himself in a condition which authorised the sacrifice of his interests for the sake of the future tranquillity of Europe, that king was the King of Saxony, who, by his perpetual tergiversations, and by being not only one of the most devoted, but also one of the most favoured of the vassals of Buonaparte, contributed with all his power, and also with much zeal, in his double quality of chief of the German and chief of the Polish states, to urge on the usurper in his course of invasion even his expedition into the very heart of Russia. This declaration of Lord Castlereagh produced a profound impression on the mind of the Prince de Metternich, but the latter still continued to struggle, and eventually with success, for the restoration of the kingdom of Saxony. To no man at the congress of Vienna did Prince de Metternich ever defer with so much real respect and profound admiration as he did to Lord Castlereagh. For that eminent statesman he invariably professed to the end of his days his sincerest homage; and when his lordship's tragic end was communicated to the prince, he shed many and bitter tears. The conduct of Lord Castlereagh during the whole of the most important negotiations at the congress, left an impression upon all minds which was never obliterated.

The Prince de Metternich could not, however, agree with Lord Castlereagh with regard to the question of Saxony. Whilst his lordship thought it a matter of comparative indifference whether the kingdom of Saxony should be reconstructed, when compared to the vast importance of rendering Prussia a large, powerful, and independent kingdom, the Prince de Metternich thus wrote on the same subject :—

“ The reconstruction of the Prussian monarchy has appeared so necessary to the Emperor of Austria, that he adopted it as one of the bases of the triple alliance. Austria does not indulge any feeling of jealousy against Prussia. She regards this power, on the contrary, as one of the most useful weights in the balance of the forces of Europe. Of all the powers of Europe it is the one which has most in conformity with Austria. Placed like herself between the grand empires of the East and the West, Prussia and Austria complete their systems of respective defence. United, these two monarchies form an insurmountable barrier against the enterprises of any conqueror who may again, perhaps, some day occupy the throne of France or that of Russia. Both being German powers, they will find in their national connexion a reciprocal influence in the German federation, which influence will be favourable to the cause of peace.

“ Every thing ought then to tend to unite these courts ; and most afflicting would it be to see those powers which are most directly called on to cement the peace of Europe, engaged in vain and injurious discussions. Germany should constitute herself a political corps, the frontier between the great powers ought not to remain undecided ; in one word, the union of Austria and of Prussia ought to be perfect in order that the great work may be consummated. It is as a measure calculated to prevent this union or to delay its accomplishment, as well as an insurmountable obstacle to the arrangement of the federation act, that we condemn the entire incorporation of Saxony with Prussia, and not at all on the ground that by it the dominions of Prussia would be augmented. The incorporation of the whole of Saxony with Prussia is an obstacle to our union because the principles of the emperor, the closest family tie, and all our relationships of neighbourhood and of frontiers are opposed to the measure. It also presents another obstacle not less difficult to surmount with regard to the arrangement of the affairs of Germany, because the principal powers have declared that they would not join the

federal act if so menacing a basis to their own personal security as states should be adopted, as would be the incorporation of the powerful German states, effected by one of the powers called on to protect the common country.”

The court of Vienna was occupied with two great points ; the first was, to prevent, by all means, and at all risks, the incorporation of the *whole* of the duchy of Warsaw into Russia ; and the second was to prevent the incorporation of the *whole* of Saxony into Prussia. The plan of Austria was successful—but thanks to whom ? most assuredly to none other than the Prince de Metternich.

The admission of the Prince de Talleyrand as a member of the Polish and Saxon Committee of the Congress, was due to the reiterated declarations of Lord Castlereagh and the Prince de Metternich, that such a measure was only just and wise. It was then that the Emperor of Russia proposed, 1st. To deliver to Austria half of the property of the celebrated salt springs and works of Wieliska, as well as the district of Tarnopol, &c. 2d. To deliver up a portion of the duchy of Warsaw to the court of Berlin. 3d. To render the cities of Cracow and of Thorn free. And, 4th. That the rest of the duchy of Warsaw should devolve to the crown of Russia as an *united state*, to which the sovereign of the empire reserved himself the right of giving a national constitution, such as he should judge suitable.

The Emperor of Russia interceded with the Emperor of Austria and with the King of Prussia, in the 8th article of this memorable project, in behalf of their Polish subjects, for the purpose of obtaining for them provincial institutions, which should be of a nature to respect their *nationality*, and which would give them some part in the administration of the country. How singular are these facts ! The Emperor of Russia promised a constitution to Poland, pleaded with Prussia and with Austria for large and liberal provincial institutions for the Poles who were subjects of those powers ; and did not even propose to hold Poland other than as an independent kingdom, to which was

guaranteed all its nationality, but of which the Emperor was simply the protector.

What, then, have been the events, what the changes in feeling, in conviction, what the differences of opinion, what the facts and circumstances, what the chain of arguments, which together should have led to so great an alteration as that we now behold between Poland as she was to have been, and Poland as she is? When the Grand Duke Constantine, on the 11th November, 1814, issued a proclamation, in which he said to the Poles, "The Emperor, your powerful protector, calls upon you! Re-assemble yourselves around your standards! Let your arms prepare themselves for the defence of your country, for the preservation of your political existence!" The Poles cried, "Long live the Emperor!" and the Count de Nesselrode declared that eight millions of Poles were resolved to defend the independence of their country. When such facts, and when such declarations, are compared with the events which have transpired during the last fourteen years, we may feel assured that the *secret history* of the relation of the Poles to Russia, and of Russia to Poland, has yet to be written. The promises of 1814 were made in sincerity, why have they not been accomplished in a period of thirty years?

The creation of the kingdom of the Pays Bas was another of those subjects to which the Prince de Metternich devoted the energies of his mind. Lord Castlereagh, with his usual discernment and skill, saw from the first the importance of this measure, and hastened, on behalf of Great Britain, to give indubitable evidence of his sincerity and his disinterestedness, by placing such colonial possessions in the power of the king of the Pays Bas as were desirable for him to possess. At the Congress some attempts were made to excite Prince de Metternich to believe, and to act upon that belief, that the real amalgamation of Holland and of Belgium was impossible, on account of the difference of their interests, and of their religious opinions. But on one of those occasions, the Prince de Metternich re-

plied, that it was not necessary that the interests of two united countries should be the same, provided they did not oppose and injure each other. "The speculating genius of the Dutch," he said, "will give a prompt circulation to the riches of the soil of Belgium, and these will require the navigation of the Scheldt, and a participation in the commerce with the colonies. Toleration," he also observed, "will bring about the support and strengthening of the Christian faith. That which was to be feared in the sixteenth is not to be apprehended in the nineteenth century. The new order of things in the Pays Bas will also be founded on a national representation, to which many of its provinces have been for a long time accustomed, and which cannot produce any great commotion among two people equally calm by nature, and who, although possessing unquestionably different habits, have an identity of *moral principles*." Such sentiments as these appeared so philosophical, as well as so natural and reasonable, that it was only necessary to state them to secure their triumph; and although the Prince de Metternich was justly looked up to as the great defender at the congress of the principles and dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, still he did not hesitate, fully and heartily, to consent to the union of Catholic Belgium with Protestant Holland, under the dominion of a Protestant dynasty!

Alas! that events should since have demonstrated that the spirit of intolerance in the Romish Church still survives, and that the Prince de Metternich should have confounded the cessation of persecution itself with the destruction of the *principle* on which it is founded. The latter remained, and that spirit it was which in 1830 drove from the throne of the Pays Bas one of the wisest and best of kings.

In the negotiations which took place at the congress of Vienna relative to the slave-trade treaties, the Prince de Metternich was applied to by the courts of Spain and Portugal to oppose the measures proposed by the Duke of Wellington. The Spanish plenipotentiary, Salvador, sought to render all measures for the abolition of the slave-

trade unavailing, by demanding that it should be declared that each government should itself judge what was the suitable epoch for putting such law or treaty into effect. And the Portuguese representative, Palmella, adopted the same line of argument, and made the same objection, appealing to the Prince de Metternich, as the representative of Catholic states and of Catholic interests, to support them in their opposition. But vain were their hopes. The Prince de Metternich joined heartily in the measures pointed out by the Duke of Wellington, who had then taken the place of Lord Castlereagh at the congress. The Prince, on one occasion, expressed himself so decidedly to Palmella in favour of British views, that it is said, as he left the Austrian diplomatist, he raised his shoulders and exclaimed, "It is useless, when the court of Vienna is liberal."

But I must hasten to conclude the *first* portion of my "Reminiscences of the Prince de Metternich," and I cannot do so better than by supplying the readers of *RÉGNA* with an interesting conversation which took place at the period of the congress between the prince and an English gentleman, on the all-important and interesting topic of the form of government, under which the people of a country are likely to enjoy the most of happiness and comfort.

The conversation turned on the easy condition, the tranquillity and the absence of poverty, and the generally affluent state of the Austrian population. The English gentleman admitted this.

Prince Metternich said—"You have been in Hungary: there they have a legislature with a first and second chamber. Does it clothe, feed, or protect the people? Is agriculture in the same improved state? Are manufactures in as thriving a condition as in Austria and Bohemia? both of which you have also travelled over."

The English Gentleman admitted "that Hungary with the most abundant natural resources, had the most wretched populace, that her

agriculture was in a rude state, and as for manufactures, that they could scarcely be said to exist; and, further, that to the legislature of Hungary all these evils might be attributed."

Prince Metternich.—"I am happy to hear these admissions."

The English Gentleman.—"Yes; but the legislative constitution of Hungary is not a constitution constructed according to British ideas. It is a legislature which protects the nobility in all their privileges, that frees them from taxation, from liabilities as to the payment of their debts, from arrest, and from all compulsory service. Of the eleven millions of inhabitants ten are in no way protected by that constitution; while they endure all the public burdens, and all the tyranny of their lords."

Prince Metternich.—"Among us, in Austria, our policy is to extend all possible *material* happiness to the whole population, to leave them nothing to desire in that way, to administer the laws patriarchally, to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed, and to maintain the national happiness as it at present exists. Is it not delightful to see those people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the Volksgarten immediately before his palace; "so much in the possession of what makes them comfortable, so well fed, so well clad, so quiet, and so religiously observant of order? If they are injured in their persons, or in their property, they have immediate and unexpensive redress before our tribunals; and in that respect neither I nor any nobleman in the land has the smallest advantage over a peasant. Nor have we every small branch of the provincial administration, as in France, centralised in the capital. The people have their municipal privileges, and they exercise them without our interference. We never, in fact, interfere, except complaints are made to us against the injustice of those in office."

TRANSLATIONS OF PROVENÇAL AND FRENCH SONGS.

No. I.

TWO PROVENÇAL ALBAS, OR WATCH-SONGS.

THERE is a certain class of writers who take a strange delight in contrasting the Provençal *trobadors* with the Norman and French *trouvères*. They find nothing but sensuality in the songs of the former, and the most immaculate purity and sentiment in the latter. Thus it is that controversial fanaticism misleads and bamboozles the shrewdest of us. It is not true that the effusions of the southern *minnesingers* are less delicate than those of their Walloon competitors and contemporaries. Whether heretics or Catholics, the Romanised Goths and Burgundians of Narbonnese and Viennese Gaul, — Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, — were remarkable for that decency of manners which extorted involuntary praise from Salvian of Marseilles in the fifth, and from our own countryman Alcuin, abbot of Tours, in the eighth, century. “Porro autem,” such is Salvian’s humiliating language, “quantum ad conversationem Gothorum pertinet, quid est in quo eis aut præponere nos, aut etiam *comparare* possumus?” * As to the learned Englishman who wielded the keys of Charlemagne’s great heart, his valuable testimony, however brief, warrants a suspicion that certain Goths—of whom he gently complains, because, although they “led a most chaste life,” they “*would not make their confession to the priest*” †—were

the Protestants of those early times. Next comes an old Norman who chronicled the achievements of Tancred of Hauteville, honest Raoul of Caen. “In manners, mind, costume, and diet, the Provençal,” he tells us, “was as opposite to the Frank as a hen is to a duck: he was frugal, inquisitive, industrious; yet, to speak truth, inferior in bravery” to the other. ‡ The deep and rancorous antipathy between the two nations does not seem to have been a mere result of religious hatred. It was felt by the Aquitanian and the Celt ere Christ was preached or Arian dogmatised. A century before the crusade against the non-conformists of Occitania, William of Poitiers, considered as the first troubadour, boasts, in one of his songs, that Norman or Frenchman never entered his court,—

“Qu’onc non ac Norman ni Frances
Dins mon ostau.”

While engaged in the comparison and analysis of France’s numerous dialects, we hazarded a translation in modern French verse of two Provençal *albas*, or watch-songs. The first still waits for an English interpreter. Of the second there are two versions; one by the accomplished anonymous editor of *The Lays of the Minne-Singers*, p. 247; the other by one of the nightingales in Fraser’s aviary:—

En un vergier, sotz fuelha d’albespi,
Tenc la dompna son amic costa si :
Tro la gayta crida que l’alba vi.
Oy dieus ! oy dieus ! dé ! l’alba tantost
ve !

Plagues a dieu ja la nueitz non falhis
Ni l’mieus amicx l’onc de mi ne s’partis,
Ni la gayta jorn ne l’alba no vis.
Oy dieus ! oy dieus ! dé ! l’alba tantost
ve !

“Dans un verger parfumé d’aubépine,
Deux chers amans invitent le repos :
La sentinelle a vu l’aube maligne.—
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, l’aube arrive si
tôt !

Que n’êtes-vous, belles nuits, éternelles ?
Calmes plaisirs, délicieux pavots !
Jamais soleil ne troublerait nos veilles.—
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, l’aube arrive si
tôt !

* Salvian, *De Gub. Dei*. Bibl. P. P. Ed. Paris, 2. Tom. iv. pp. 159 et seq.

† Alcuin, *Ep.* xxxvi. Ed. H. Canisii, p. 71.

‡ *Recherches sur l’Histoire de la Littérature de l’Occident*, par M. de la Harpe, t. i. p. 100.

Bels dous amicx, baizem nos ieu e vos !
 Aval els pratz en chanto 'ls auzellos :
 Tot o fassam en despig del gilos.
 Oy dieus ! oy dieus ! dé ! l'alba tantost
 ve !

Bels dous amicx, fassam un joc novel ;
 Ins el jardi on chanto li auzel ;
 Tro la gayta toque son caramel :
 Oy dieus ! oy dieus ! dé ! l'alba tantost
 ve !

Per la doss aura qu'es venguda de lay,
 Del mien amich bel e cortés e gay,
 Del sien alen ay begut un dous ray.
 Oy dieus ! oy dieus ! dé ! l'alba tantost
 ve !

BEL COMPANHOS.

A song by Giraud de Bornéil,
 "meiller trobaira que negus d'aquels
 qu'eron estat denan ne foron apres
 luy, per que fo apellats Maestre dels
 Trobadors," that is, one who sur-
 passed all his predecessors, on which
 account he was entitled Master of the
 Troubadours. He died A.D. 1288.

"Bel companhos, si dormetz o velhatz,
 N'en dormatz plus, qu'el jorn es aprop-
 chatz,
 Qu'en orien vey l'estela creguda
 Qu'adutz lo jorn, qu'ien l'ai conoguda ;
 E ades sera l'alba !"

"Cher compagnon, soit que tu dorme ou
 veille,
 Il faut partir ; ami, ne dormons plus !
 Dans l'orient l'étoile de Vénus,
 L'avant-coureur de Phébus étincelle—
 L'aube va revenir !

Ne dormons plus ! La voix de ton amie,
 Cher compagnon ; l'oiseau dont les
 accens
 Avant l'aurore éveillent les amans
 Nous dit, ' Partons ! L'aube notre en-
 nemie,
 L'aube va revenir !"

Cher compagnon, à travers la croisée,
 Ne vois-tu pas déjà le ciel blanchir ?
 Tremblant pour toi, je sens mon cœur
 transir :
 Ecoute enfa ton amante éplorée—
 L'aube va revenir !

Cher compagnon, ta présence m'est chère ;
 Oui : loin de toi, le sommeil fuit mes
 yeux,
 Et, seule aux pieds de le reine des cieux,
 Pour ton retour j'offre mainte prière—
 L'aube va revenir !

Cher compagnon, la forêt nous appelle !
 L'éclat du jour m'inspire un tendre effroi ;
 Toute la nuit mon cœur veille pour toi—
 A mes sanglots fermerais-tu l'oreille ?
 L'aube va revenir !"

Mon doux ami, caressons-nous encoore !
 J'entends, là-bas, gazouiller les oiseaux,
 Loin des jaloux, anticipons l'aurore—
 Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, l'aube arrive si
 tôt !

Nos doux transports, bel ami, renouvelle !
 L'oiseau gazouille et le jour est éclos :
 Le chalumneau nous déchire l'oreille !—
 Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, l'aube arrive si
 tôt !

Quel doux nectar, coulant de veine en
 veine,
 Flatte mon cœur, l'abbreuve de ses
 flots ?

Un souffle pur de ton aimable haleine—
 Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, l'aube arrive si
 tôt !"

In each of these little pieces every
 touch, though full of intimation we
 admit, is exquisitely delicate and re-
 fined—such as a Novalis himself, the
 catholic worshipper of hectic seraphs
 not yet in their teens, need not have
 blushed at.

But how resist the temptation of
 contrasting the voluptuous reserve of
 our one-eyed troubadour with the
 frank and easy, slipshod and *roué*
 taste of the literary correspondent of
 a French prelate—a contemporary of
 Nicole, Arnaud, Fénelon, and Bos-
 suet :—

"Un de mes amis," thus wrote Edme
 Boursault to Monseigneur l'Evêque de
 Langres, "un de mes amis aussi savant
 et aussi poli qu'on le puisse être, et qui
 sait les beautés du Grec comme celles du
 François, préfère Quinault à tous les
 lyriques de la Grèce ; et me soutenoit
 encore hier qu'Anacréon, dont les vers
 sembloient être dictés par l'amour, n'a
 rien fait de si galant que ce couplet de
 chanson :—

"Enfin la charmante Lisette
 Sensible à mon cruel tourment
 A bien voulu dessus l'herbette
 M'accorder un heureux moment.
 Pressé d'une charge si belle,
 Tendre gazon, relevez-vous ;
 Il ne faut qu'une bagatelle
 Pour alarmer mille jaloux !"

"Here, at last, my dear girl, at a loss
 Her fond youth how to soothe and ap-
 pease,
 On the smooth and fresh delicate moss
 Grants a fugitive moment of ease.
 Rise again, lovely moss, as if here
 Caroline had not sunk in these arms !
 Let each hint of our bliss disappear,
 Jealous eyes every trifle alarm !"

This, indeed, is orthodox and sig-

nificant plain-dealing. Your French
lyrists—of course superior in every
respect to those of Greece and Rome

—have discovered a short and easy
method for dispensing altogether with
that busiest of faculties—*Imagination.*

II.

THREE OLD FRENCH SONGS, WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.

“ Que ne suis-je la fougere
Où, sur le soir d'un beau jour,
Se repose ma bergere
Sous la garde de l'amour ?
Que ne suis-je le zéphire
Qui rafraîchit ses appas,
L'air que sa bouche respire,
La fleur qui naît sous ses pas ?

Que ne suis-je l'onde pure
Qui la reçoit dans son sein ?
Que ne suis-je la parure
Qu'elle met sortant du bain ?
Que ne suis-je cette glace
Où son minois répété
Offre à nos yeux une Grace
Qui sourit à la Beauté ?

Que ne suis-je l'oiseau tendre
Dont le ramage est si doux,
Qui lui-même vient l'entendre
Et mourir à ses genoux ?*
Que ne suis-je le caprice
Qui caresse ses désirs
Et lui offre en sacrifice
L'attrait de nouveaux plaisirs ?

Que ne puis-je dans un songe
Tenir son cœur enchanté ?
Que ne puis-je du mensonge
Passer à la vérité ?
Les Dieux qui m'ont donné l'être
M'ont fait trop ambitieux ;
Car enfin je voudrais être
Tout ce qui plaît à ses yeux.”

L'Orage.

“ Lise, entends-tu l'orage ?
Il gronde, l'air gémit :
Sauvons-nous au bocage !
Lise doute et frémit :
Qu'un cœur faible est à plaindre
Dans ce double danger !
C'est trop d'avoir à craindre
L'orage et son berger.

Mais cependant la foudre
Redouble ses éclats,
Que faire et que résoudre ?
Faut-il donc suivre Hylas ?

“ O that I were her leafy bed,
When, lull'd in summer's green alcove,
My Delia rests her pensive head,
Fann'd by the guardian wings of Love !
O that I were the fluttering gale,
Whose fragrant sighs delight her so—
The flowers that spring o'er hill and dale
Beneath her 'light fantastic toe !’

O that I were the wave that press'd —
That clasp'd her in its liquid arms !
O that I were the snowy vest,
The spotless robe that veils her charms !
The faithful glass that shews her face
Its duplicate, I wish I were,
Proud to reflect a sister Grace
Who fondly smiles on one as fair !

O that I were her favourite bird —
Its farewell hymn was just begun —
Delia sang — not a leaflet stirr'd —
It ceased, and own'd itself undone.*
O that I were the whims that fly
Round her sweet pillow, flirt and toy,
Amusing Fancy's truant eye
With tantalising forms of joy !

May not the maid for whom I die
Soothe in fresh dreams my tender pain,
Till Fate confirm the blissful lie,
And wreath chaste Hymen's flowery
chain ?
But ah, ye gods ! with rash desire
No more this panting bosom stir !
I wish I were—can thought soar higher ?
Whate'er it be — what pleases her !”

The Storm.

“ ‘ It howls, it roars, my love !
What a terrific storm !
Fly to the laurel-grove,
'T will shelter thy sweet form.’
What could a timid fair
In this dilemma do ?
The tempest roused her fear,
She dreads her lover too.

‘ See ! through the livid skies
Fierce lightnings wing their way !’
Her fluttering heart replies,
‘ Must I go ? Can I stay ?

* A bird dying at the feet of a lady who sings is a phenomenon which would astonish Mr. Jesse himself. This is the reason why the English versifier of this once popular elegant melody has ventured to rid himself of so improbable a supposition. Compare Quinault's

“ Doux Ruissieux, coulez sans violence ;
Rossignols, arrêtez votre voix ;
Taisez-vous, Zéphirs ; faites silence ;
C'est Iris qui chante dans ces bois.”

De frayer Lise atteinte
Va, vient, fuit tour-à-tour ;
On fait un pas par crainte,
Un autre par amour.

Lise au bosquet s'arrête,
Et n'ose y pénétrer ;
Un coup de la tempête
Enfin l'y fait entrer :
La foudre au loin s'égare,
On échappe à ses traits,
Mais ceux qu'amour prépare
Ne nous manquent jamais.

Ce Dieu pendant l'orage
Profite des momens ;
Caché dans le nuage
Son œil suit les amans :
Lise de son asyle
Sortit d'un air confus,
Le ciel devant tranquille,
Son cœur ne l'était plus."

She hazards, in the strife
Of terrors without end ;
One step to save her life,
One more to please her friend.

Fain would the trembling lass
Now pause, if not recede ;
A louder clap, alas !
Compels her to proceed.
The dangers of the sky
Less formidable grow ;
What maiden can defy
The shafts of Cupid's bow ?

Of mischief ever proud,
Impatient of delay,
Hid in a thunder-cloud
The tyrant watch'd his prey.
Liz from her leafy glen
Return'd with pensive air ;
The skies were calm again —
Not so the blushing dear !"

*" La Solitude.**

" Dans ce lieu riant et tranquille,
Sylvie, employons ce beau jour,
La nature a fait cet asyle
Pour les favoris de l'amour.

Dans ces solitaires bocages
Habitent les plaisirs secrets,
Et l'on n'est vu sous leurs ombrages
Que des oiseaux, témoins discrets.

Charmé d'une rive fleurie
Ce ruisseau cherche à s'arrêter,
Et fait cent tours dans la prairie
Qu'il semble craindre de quitter.

Le Zéphire y caresse Flore,
J'en ressens le souffle amoureux,
Et la Déesse y fait éclore
Mille fleurs, gages de ses feux.

L'amour regne en ces lieux champêtres,
Ces verts gazons ne sont foulés
Que des amans, dont sur ces hêtres
Tu vois ces chiffres rassemblés.

Aux plaisirs ici tout convie ;
Les amours volent sur nos pas :
Serais-tu dans ces lieux, Sylvie,
La seule qui n'aimerait pas ?"

Solitude.

Here let us yield, enchanting maid,
Our hearts to love—can we do less ?
Nature has form'd this happy glade
For those whom Cupid longs to bless.

Where secret Pleasure fix'd his throne,
Secluded from the sun's bright eye,
Unseen we love, we rove alone,
Like amorous birds, discreet and shy.

As if it wooed the daffodils,
Yon loitering, babbling streamlet see ;
Its hundred mazy, dazzling rills
Meander o'er this fragrant lea.

Part Zephyr with coy Flora toys ;
The wanton's eager breath I feel ;
And, far and wide, their stolen joys,
A thousand new-born flowers reveal.

Whence those fresh paths ? however
blind,
Love knows—might not my charmer
guess ?

Look ! on the beech's glossy rind
What fond initials coalesce !

All whispers bliss ; love nestles here
In every bush, on every tree ;
Its purest ecstasies all share,—
All feel but one—is Delia she ?

* Par La Motte : Œuvres Choies de Fontenelle and La Motte, t. ii. p. 53.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

SELDOM has the meeting of parliament been looked forward to with a more mixed feeling than at the moment when we are penning these sentences. Not that there is the smallest misgiving on any sane man's mind either as to the stability of the present administration or the general well-being of the country. The present administration is confessedly the strongest that has held office since the breaking up of the real Reform cabinet. The country, in spite of some local disturbances, with here and there a case of urgent distress, has not been in so flourishing a state since it fell under the mismanagement of Whig rulers. Yet we cannot hide from ourselves that there are specks in the political horizon which bid fair, and that at an early period too, to grow up, under the fostering hands of the factions, into something like thunder-clouds. Before we advert to the points which are, in an especial manner, present to our minds, it may be well if we look back upon the more important of the public events which have given a character to the bygone year; since it is only by contrasting the position of the government as it now is with what it was at the opening of the session of 1843, that we can arrive at any just judgment touching the means of which Sir Robert Peel is possessed for meeting these clouds and dispersing them without a storm.

The year that is passed began under circumstances which held out but slender assurance of triumph to the ruler, or repose to the subject. The great financial arrangements of 1842, the income-tax and the new tariff, had not produced the effects which their authors foretold. There was no perceptible diminution in the amount of the people's sufferings, no fresh impulse given to trade, no new energy infused into manufactures. Agriculture, so far from reviving, seemed to suffer from the prospect of change; it languished grievously, and the large and influential body of persons who, in one shape or another, depend upon it for support, became fretful and uneasy. Throughout the whole of the symposia which, in the course of the

preceding autumn, brought landlords and tenants together, only one feeling appears to have been prevalent, namely, distrust of the government and extreme dissatisfaction with its measures. As was to be expected, the Anti-Corn-law League hastened to take advantage of this unhappy state of feeling. They sent forth their emissaries in all quarters; they carried the war into what they called the enemy's camp, and found, according to their own statements at least, numerous and willing auditors where they least expected them. And they prevailed the more that there was in many districts an undisguised reluctance on the part of Conservative members to come in contact either with their open enemies or their professed supporters. Gentlemen in office, or closely connected with such as were, found themselves prevented by numerous and unexpected engagements from meeting, as heretofore, their rural constituencies; or, if they did make their appearance at cattle-shows or farmers' dinners, the reception awarded them there lacked much of its wonted cordiality. They lost, as a necessary consequence, the boldness of speech which used to characterise their oratory while in opposition. They no longer denounced as fatal and iniquitous all tampering with the corn-laws of 1828. They had apologies to make, explanations to give, seeming inconsistencies to account for, and excellent advice to offer, yet they did not succeed in carrying the sympathies of their auditors along with them; at all events, to the extent which they themselves desired. Nor was it among the purely agricultural classes alone that chafing and soreness seemed to have taken the place of devoted attachment to the good old cause. In circles where the League would have sought in vain to be heard, the operations of the income-tax proved the reverse of satisfactory. It was so teasing to be catechised about one's private affairs. Collectors, too, made such stupid blunders; and then the trouble and delay attendant on the process of appeal were such as to deter all, except the grossly aggrieved, from entering upon it. In a word,

the interval between the prorogation of 1842 and the reassembling of parliament in 1843, wore away, with one party amid complaints and misgivings, with the other in a ceaseless activity, of which the fruits are apparent in the complete severance of one portion of the community in policy and views of interest from another.

All this, as it could not fail to operate with a damping influence on the energies of the government, so it cheered the heterogeneous body of which the opposition is composed, and brought them into closer and more intimate connexion with one another. Nor was there wanting a *point d'appui*, on which, if worsted elsewhere, they could with propriety fall back. The revenue had not increased; there was still, in January 1843, a very heavy deficiency, and the state of trade gave no promise to such as examined only the surface of things, that "matters would soon mend." Now, the mass of men judge, and not unfairly, of the condition of the country from the state of its public resources. Let the latter be abundant, and in the face of a good deal of private suffering, they hold that the country flourishes; let there be an excess of expenditure over the receipts at the end of any given quarter, and their hearts fail them. And if this deficiency occur on the two great items, the excise and customs, then are their fears awakened to a painful degree. It so happened, however, that on the 9th of January, 1843, there was found to be on these two important branches of the revenue a deficiency of not less than 1,298,447*l.* The customs alone had fallen off to the extent of 717,000*l.*; the deficiency in the excise exceeded half a million. No wonder that the opponents of the government should have chuckled, and the more timid among its supporters looked aghast; for the customs and excise, more than all the other branches of the revenue put together, are, under ordinary circumstances, the surest tests by which to gage the social condition of the people. If the former yield abundantly, the inferences are that foreign trade is brisk, and luxuries of every description in large demand among the higher classes. If the latter is profitable, we

may conclude that the poor live well; in other words, that beer, spirits, and articles of the sort, are to a considerable extent consumed among them. And whenever there has been no tampering with the accustomed sources of taxation, when the duties remain the same that they may have been for years back, and the habits of the people have undergone no change, then a fairer criterion by which to try the comparative prosperity or suffering of a nation could not be devised. But in the instance before us there were two causes at work, both of which proved fatal to the criterion in question, though both were overlooked as well by the Whigs who desired, as by the more timid Conservatives who feared, for the overthrow of the government. In the first place, the new tariff had deranged all the ancient balances. Not only was the amount of duties on goods imported from abroad diminished in a great variety of instances, but the effect of a state of transition from the old to the new system operated as a check upon foreign commerce. Take the Russian trade, for example, or the timber-trade, or any other trade which the new arrangements promised to relieve prospectively, but in reference to which no provision was made for granting drawbacks on the stock which each merchant might have in hand. The merchant could not hope to get rid of his old stock, except at a ruinous loss, if he availed himself at once of the facilities which the new tariff threw open to him; he, therefore, held back altogether. He made no new purchase, freighted no ships, nor, as a matter of course, contributed any thing by the duties which he paid to the public revenue. In like manner, the falling off in the excise was attributable in part to the lowering of the duties on excisable articles, in part to the altered habits of the classes by whom beer and spirits are principally consumed. We do not mean to say that there were not other and sadder causes at work. Of the poverty of the masses we are well aware, and when the proper time comes we will not fail to speak our mind concerning it. But apart from this, the inability of thousands to purchase, it is past dispute that Father Mathew and the temperance

societies have wrought a marvellous change in the habits of the lower orders, especially in Ireland. The announcement of a deficiency of 1,200,000*l.* upon the quarter's receipts, however it might startle the unthinking and affright the timid, was scarcely different, therefore, from what, under the circumstances, the wise man was prepared to receive. He might lament the issue, but he knew that it was inevitable, while his regrets were tempered by the hope, that as the darkest hour of the night immediately precedes the dawn, so a temporary depression, arising out of obvious causes, would prove but the forerunner of a steady and progressive improvement in all branches of trade, and, as a necessary consequence, in the condition of the people.

Few men think for themselves, and of these a considerable proportion, especially in public life, think much more about what others will say and do in some given case than about the merits of the case itself, or their own duty in regard to it. The truth of this aphorism was singularly manifested by the bearing of all parties in the House of Commons, when in February last parliament met for the transaction of business. The opposition, which in the previous session had exhibited symptoms of speedy evaporation, descended with renewed vigour into the arena. There was a buoyancy of spirit among the leaders, a fussy, busy, pert manner in the multitude, which gave manifest indication of the new hopes which, during the recess, had sprung up among them. The supporters of the government, on the other hand, appeared cold and gloomy. They would not desert their chief. No; honour, consistency, the dread of worse things, all kept them in their places; but though they might give him their votes, it was by no means so certain that they would give him their confidence. The minister saw this and felt it too. It wounded him deeply, for he was conscious of the purity of his own motives, and not distrustful of his own measures, yet he carefully concealed his chagrin from the world and entered into no explanations with those who were the causes of it. Now, though it is impossible not to approve of the

abstract principle on which this line of conduct is based, Sir Robert Peel will, we trust, pardon us for suggesting, that in the present state of public feeling, and amid a complete reconstruction of political influences, the system of reserve towards his supporters may by a minister be carried too far. As the acknowledged leader of the great Conservative party, Sir Robert Peel has an unquestionable right to expect that, except in extreme cases, the members of the party will merge their opinions in his. Even where they may be unable to see their way through certain specific measures, they are bound to support these measures, because they emanate from their chief. But, having carried him through, it seems to us that they may claim from him, in courtesy, such explanations as shall allay their fears, and satisfy their understandings that they have done well. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We have no patience for those exhibitions of petulance and wounded vanity with which one or two honourable gentlemen, whom we could name, thought it necessary, last winter, to electrify the house. All that we desire to see is—what the constitutional temperament of the man, perhaps, forbids us to hope for—a little of George Canning's suavity of manner, mixed up with the vigour and comprehensiveness of Peel's understanding. We fancy that a private meeting or two, just to conciliate and soothe, would have gone far in the last session to place both the minister and the party on higher ground; and we would fain hope that, in the session which is about to open, so obvious and effectual a remedy to heart-burnings will not be overlooked.

It was under circumstances so little satisfactory as these,—with all things, both within and without, in a state of transition,—with a revenue still deficient,—with a damp upon the minds of his own adherents,—with a scattered opposition brought together again, and encouraged to strike, as they imagined, at the very existence of an unpopular cabinet, that Sir Robert Peel, in the month of February last, found it necessary to confront the House of Commons. There was a restraint in his manner

which both friends and foes idly mistook for diffidence. There was an excess of caution which the more eager among the Whigs put down as the outward and visible sign of fear; as if he who had not scrupled to revolutionise the whole financial system of the empire could have quailed at the contemplation of any lesser difficulty. Hence the cry soon got up, that the Tories, having signally failed in their projects, were determined to keep their places and to sacrifice the country; which was not to be saved except by inquiries into the causes of the public distress, and the opening up, by the repeal of the corn-laws, of new avenues to industry. Nor were there those wanting in the Conservative ranks who, while they supported the minister with their votes, denounced him in their speeches:—"Things cannot continue as they are. No single branch of trade or business is thriving. Something must be done to relieve the pressure; and, if Sir Robert Peel refuse to attempt it, others must be found who will not."

The fact, however, is, and all the world now knows it, that the policy of the government throughout the session of 1842 was to do as little as they could. They had taken their line. They had propounded a great scheme, and desired time, and nothing but time, in order to test it; and so the rare phenomenon in this law-making age was exhibited, of a strong government keeping as much as possible aloof, during seven long months, from the hazardous game of legislation. Neither the gibes of their enemies nor the murmurs of their friends could move them from their position; and public taste, which thirteen years of constant change had vitiated, became outraged and offended by the means which a wise government adopted in order to bring it back to a healthy condition.

An inert cabinet, like the Fabian commander of an army, must be prepared to have its views misunderstood and its motives misrepresented. Sir Robert Peel laboured for more than a year under a suspicion that he had exhausted his resources. Yet how stood the truth of the case? If we except one serious blunder—and a blunder, in spite of all that has been

urged in defence of the proceeding, we must contend that it was—there occurred nothing, from the commencement to the close of the late session, which could with any degree of fairness be charged against either the courage or the firmness of the government. It may be that the Irish Arms-bill scarcely deserved the time and care that were bestowed upon it. There was a great deal too much made of it, or a great deal too little. For all the purposes which it has been found to serve, the old Whig dead letter would have answered admirably well, and this the minister, had he been satisfied to desire it, could have carried without a division. Yet the fault was not his that fourteen weary nights were spent in debating points foreign to the subject in hand, which the speakers took up, and made use of as pegs whereon to hang all manner of charges against the government. We defy any man, under the existing constitution of parliament, to stop the mouth of a blockhead who is determined to speak, or to hinder a demagogue from dividing the house fifty times in the course of the evening, if it shall so please him. In like manner, the abandonment of the Ecclesiastical Courts-bill, and of the Registration of Deeds-bill, told thus far, and no farther, against the cabinet,—that the unworkmanlike manner in which they were put together (and to this much more than to any other cause must their failure be ascribed) convicted the understrappers of great ignorance in the details of their craft, and the chiefs of something like haste in the exercise of those powers of supervision with which they are intrusted. Still there was no defeat, no sign of weakness, no manifestation of a lack of confidence in themselves. But we cannot say so much of an effort which never ought to have been made at all, except with the determination to make it effectually. The educational clauses in the Factories-bill pledged the government to a measure of the greatest moral importance and of the most pressing urgency. It might have been a question for the home-secretary to consider, whether or not the time was come for adventuring upon such an undertaking; but, having once taken his ground, he ought, at

all hazards, to have kept it, and carried his point in the face of the most strenuous opposition. This, however, he failed to do, and the consequence was, that a government which the more reflecting had heretofore accused of no graver fault than a disinclination to move, fell, with its most zealous supporters, under some suspicion; and was finally denounced as powerless by its opponents.

Time passed, and, in the House of Commons at least, its progress was marked chiefly by lengthened debates, which threw no new light on any given subject, nor led to any practical or satisfactory results. The question at issue between the church-courts of Scotland and the civil power was indeed settled, in a way which has not, we are afraid, given unmixed satisfaction to any one, but with which the Kirk, at all events, ought to be more than delighted. Sir Henry Hardinge, likewise, obtained the sanction of the legislature to an arrangement which bids fair, if judicially managed, to give to England and Ireland a Llandwear, or army of reserve, at once of moderate cost, and more than moderate efficiency. But, except in these particulars, and in one or two besides, such as the providing out of the funds of the suppressed canonries an inadequate supply of clergymen for the manufacturing districts, no measure of the smallest importance was proposed by the government, nor any carried through at the suggestion of individual members. The session really did deserve the *sobriquet* which men of all parties combined to apply to it. It was a do-nothing session, and it was rendered such not by accident or timidity, but of grave design. As was to be expected, the general effect proved the reverse of favourable to the moral influence of the government, which had other, and perhaps still graver, difficulties to contend with.

Of the progress of events in Ireland it is unnecessary to speak at length. We have elsewhere traced them through their devious mazes, till we find Mr. O'Connell so completely misled by his own vanity, as to hurl defiance at England and its rulers. Now, though the issues of the struggle, as far as it can be said to have come to an issue, have fully

justified the line which the government judged it expedient to follow, a reference to the *Times* newspaper and to *Hansard's Debates* will shew, that, both within and without the walls of parliament, this forbearance in the executive was very generally condemned, and mistaken for timidity. Yet nothing could be more unfair, for how was the minister to proceed? Could he act on the suggestions of the opposition without doing outrage to his own sense of duty and losing the confidence of his party? Could he adopt the course recommended by the more zealous of his friends without provoking a debate, of the evil consequences of which the very least must have been the total stop which would be put by it to all the ordinary business of the country? Sir Robert Peel knew better than to yield to any pressure from without. He preferred the personal inconveniences attendant on the appearance of irresolution to the great public misfortunes which would have been sure to flow out of a headstrong display of vigour. He bore with equanimity the reproaches which from both sides assailed him; and the results of his determination are before us. "Why is not the Repeal movement put down?" was asked on all sides. "You taunted us while in office," said the leaders of the opposition, "with refusing to assert the authority of the law. Wherein do you differ from us except in this, that under us the Repeal watchword was scarcely whispered in corners; whereas now, there is not a valley in all Ireland but has heard the cry, nor a hill which has not echoed it back?" Neither were the Conservatives silent: "Put down the rebellion at all hazards," was their demand. "Concede," answered the Whigs, "and the movement will cease of its own accord." Yet, when he came to inquire into the nature and extent of the concessions demanded of him, the minister could not get from any two of the party the same answer.

Ireland was a sharp thorn in the side of the minister from the opening of the last session of parliament to its close. He could not but experience extreme embarrassment, as well from the temper of his friends, in reference to that unhappy country, as

from the gibes and attacks of his enemies; but the anxieties occasioned by it came not alone. The southern counties of Wales were discovered all at once to be the scene of outrage and anarchy. Some gross mismanagement of highway trusts, into which the local magistrates either could not or would not inquire, led to the breaking down, by violence, of certain toll-houses; and the perfect impunity which attended the act paved the way for the extension of the system. A war of destruction against turnpike-gates and toll-houses was proclaimed throughout Carnarvonshire; and so vigorously were the operations of the belligerents carried on, that the whole principality became alarmed by it. Now it is certain, that in this movement, as at first it shewed itself, there was nothing political whatever. It was the mere ebullition of irritated feeling against a teasing and most oppressive local impost; and, had the matter been taken up as it ought to have been by the resident gentry, Rebecca and her daughters would never have been heard of more. But the gentry of South Wales refused to do their duty; and a reporter of the *Times* newspaper, making his way into the disturbed districts, contrived, in what he was pleased to describe as the discharge of a great public duty, to aggravate the evil of which he all the while complained. The extent of the danger, and the causes which produced it, appeared, when laid before the world in the columns of the *Times*, in a light very different from that in which they were seen by the parties on the spot. Rents, tithes, and the New Poor-law, were all enlisted on the side of the people's grievances, though, in point of fact, the people had never dreamt of complaining of these things, till instructed by this voluntary redresser of wrongs to do so. Now the *Times* has no more ardent admirers than we. Its eloquence, its power, its unflinching advocacy of the cause of truth in religion, and of benevolence in common life, command our unfeigned respect; yet we cannot refrain from expressing our strong disapprobation of this proceeding. We happen to know that, in several grave instances, the agent misled his employers; and

the effect of his statements and of the editorial comments thence arising, was the more mischievous, because of the quarter whence censure appeared to come. The cabinet had difficulties enough to contend against in other quarters; there was no call upon a Conservative journal to add to their number.

Meanwhile, the foreign relations of the country, though prodigiously improved since the expulsion of Lord Palmerston from office, were not without their grounds of uneasiness, perhaps of apprehension. In Europe two revolutions had occurred, either of which might have sown the seeds of a general war. Espartero, incapable of retaining the high place to which fortune had raised him, was driven into exile; and by what chiefs, if by any, Spain was henceforth to be governed, was a question which nobody seemed competent to answer. Greece, too, wearied out with the blundering of her Bavarian monarch, rose, like one man, and forced upon him the acceptance of a charter. Now, though it be an established maxim in Conservative policy to abstain from all interference in the internal affairs of foreign nations—though the much-maligned Tories have uniformly acknowledged the powers that be whenever the latter would permit them to do so, it was not quite so evident that either France or Russia would act on the same high principle. France might seize the favourable opportunity of carrying out the scheme which the Whigs charge her with meditating, by forcing the young queen into a marriage with one of the sons of Louis Philippe, or else restoring Christina to her place in the regency. And had either event occurred, it is impossible to foresee the results which might have accrued from it. In like manner, Russia might have protested against the revolution of Athens, marched an army into the Morea, and taken upon herself the protectorship of a state, towards the sovereignty of which she is supposed, for many years back, to have cast a longing eye. It is true that neither of these misfortunes befell. The understanding between the cabinets of the Tuileries and St. James's is too good, and too firmly based in mutual respect, to permit either to think of overreaching the

other; for both have the peace of Europe cordially at heart, and their united efforts have hitherto maintained it. At the same time it would be absurd to suppose that the occurrences in Spain and Greece were not, when they first burst upon the world, fruitful sources of anxiety to the British ministry. For the country's sake, much more than for their own, they knew that the worst thing that could happen would be a repetition of the silly game which was played by their predecessors in 1840; and the apprehension that they might be forced into it through the jealousies of other powers added not a little to their embarrassments.

Again, though the vigour of a Conservative government had brought to a successful close the hostilities into which Whig imbecility had hurried us with the Chinese—though our disasters in Afghanistan, occasioned by Whig mismanagement, were, by the wisdom of Conservative councils, gloriously retrieved,—the effects of Whig meddling were still felt, as they still continue to be felt, on all the frontiers of British India. There would have been no break with Scinde had not Lord Auckland's folly stirred up in the breasts of the Ameers a well-founded jealousy of British ambition. There would have been no necessity to require the establishment of British posts on the Indus had not Lord Auckland excited against us the hostile feelings of the natives which lie beyond it. The same thing may be said with regard to the inhabitants of the Punjaub, the Goorkhas, the Burmese, and the people of Gwallior. All these required watching throughout the past year, solely because Lord Auckland's thirst of conquest had alarmed, as his miserable failure encouraged, them to take up arms. Now war is not the policy of a Conservative government any where; and though in India we have been hurried into it by the force of circumstances, the fault does not rest with us. Sir Robert Peel would keep at peace with all the world, were this possible; and the impossibility of doing so, even on this remote theatre, is attributable absolutely to the blunderings of his predecessors in office.

If both the foreign and domestic relations of the country were thus

fruitful in causes of uneasiness, the state of the colonies in 1843 was scarcely such as to afford any solid ground of self-gratulation to the minister. A civil war, on a small scale doubtless, yet proportionate to the resources and population of the settlement, agitated the Cape of Good Hope. The Caribbean Islands suffered, and still suffer, the very depths of distress. The emancipated negroes had refused to work, except at a rate of wages which the planters were unable to pay; and, enjoying a monopoly of the labour market, they succeeded in throwing a large portion of the sugar and coffee-grounds out of cultivation. Now this was ruin, and nothing less than ruin, to the proprietors. They besieged the doors of the Colonial office with complaints, which the minister admitted to be just, though he had no power to act upon them; and, meeting only with sympathy where they expected to find relief, they went away dissatisfied with all public men and with all governments. Are we then going to reproach the Whigs for their famous Emancipation-act? Far from it. Some such measure had become absolutely necessary. Public opinion—may we not add, the eternal rule of right?—required it; but neither public opinion, using that term to signify the deliberate convictions of the wise and the reflective, nor the eternal law of right, required that the revolution, for a revolution it was, should be hurried on with such headlong precipitation. However, there it is; the negroes are free, and the planters struggle with a state of things which threatens, sooner or later, to overwhelm them; while a Conservative government is called upon to apply palliatives to a disease of which they are not the causes, and which will admit of no immediate cure. Is not this teasing enough? Can we doubt that it added one more to the many troubles which the Whigs had bequeathed as a legacy to their successors?

We say nothing of the Mauritius, nor yet of the islands of the Pacific; in one of which, by the bye, and that the pet island of the whole, the natives are beginning to shew themselves in new, perhaps in their proper, colours. From one and all the same cry is heard; namely, that the new

settlers have been grossly imposed upon; and that the old ones are going back in the world. But it is to British North America that we must turn our eyes, if we desire to behold a perfect illustration of the wisdom of Whig theories, when reduced to practice. The union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada always appeared to us an arrangement of very doubtful propriety. There is such a marked contrariety of character between the races, which respectively inhabit these provinces, that laws and institutions, which may be very suitable to the one, cannot but prove distasteful to the other, while their mutual jealousies entirely preclude the hope of ever bringing them to co-operate heartily for the general good. Such were our opinions long before Lord Durham's report was given to the public; and we believed them then, as we believe them now, to be founded on common sense and the principles of human nature. But if a union would have been perilous under any circumstances, the time chosen for effecting it was surely the least propitious that could have been thought of. There had prevailed, for some years previously, a spirit of dissatisfaction, amounting to disloyalty, among the descendants of the French settlers. Fostered by some of the most influential of the supporters of the late government, this spirit grew more violent, from day to day, till, at last, in the year 1837 a rebellion broke out. It was put down, certainly, with equal promptitude and vigour; for the British party was stanch, and to them, in a great degree, the merit of putting it down is attributable. But to what uses did the Whigs turn their victory? Having, first of all, poured into the country an enormous army, they suspended the constitutions of both provinces; and proceeded, in despite of the earnest remonstrances of the loyal, to construct a new and common constitution for both, on what they absurdly call popular principles. Was there ever such madness in the world? We do not say that the time had not come for remodelling the constitutions of the Canadas. We think the reverse. But what opinion are we to entertain of a set of states-

men, who, in the face of a report with which their own governor-general had favoured them, managed matters so as to throw the whole power of the state into the hands of rebels and traitors? Such, however, has been the case in the present instance. Amid the applauding cheers of Messrs. O'Connell and Hume, the Whigs passed a bill, which has surrendered up, not Lower Canada alone, but Upper Canada also, to the parties by whom the rebellion of 1837 was promoted. And this is called conciliation.

The effects of so characteristic an arrangement began to make themselves felt even before the authors of it were driven from power. The late Lord Sydenham, as his letters demonstrate, had no bed of roses to recline upon. But Lord Sydenham, being a genuine Whig, did not, therefore, hesitate to set both the spirit and the letter of the new constitution at defiance. There never was so gross an instance of interference by the executive in the elections of the members, of either an imperial or a provincial parliament, as occurred in his day; and the consequence was, that, in spite of his own theory, he kept matters tolerably straight. His amiable and high-minded successor had, however, been educated in a different school. Sir Charles Bagot went out to Canada full of respect for the majesty of law, and determined to give the Whig constitution a fair trial. What was the consequence? A short experience of the colonial legislature convinced him that it was unmanageable. He tried the effect of a dissolution, and was defeated. He then took to his councils the leaders of the popular party, and became a mere tool in their hands. Who were these gentlemen? Why, persons who had been the subjects of denunciation by the crown not five years previously; who had taken an active part in the late rebellion; of whom some had been prosecuted, and others reclaimed from voluntary exile only by an act of indemnity. Strange successors these to the Ogdens, Macleods, and other high-minded men, to whom, under Heaven, the crown is at this moment mainly indebted for the retention of the noblest of its transatlantic provinces. Was not this a source of extreme

uneasiness to the ministry? It is true that Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley defended, in the House of Commons, the policy of their governor-general. They could not well take a different line, seeing that Sir Charles Bagot had acted in strict conformity with the new constitutional law; yet we suspect that the support of the tail was not very flattering to them at the moment, and the progress of events has since made apparent how little their better judgment went along with their declarations in the matter. Sir Charles Metcalfe — no party-man at all, but a Whig of the old school, and well tried in situations of difficulty and danger — was, by the Tory minister, selected to succeed the late lamented governor-general. He went to his post anxious to work the machine on the principles of that constitution which his political friends had established; and sure we are that if any man could have done so, Sir Charles Metcalfe is that man. Has he succeeded? Nothing of the sort. The French party have gone into opposition. The council of state is, as it were, in abeyance. The House of Representatives complain; the governor answers their complaints calmly, yet firmly; and the seeds are already sown of changes, concerning the nature and progress of which it would be premature to hazard a conjecture. A pleasant recreation to consider all this for a man bent on retrieving the affairs of the empire; yet by far too prudent to aim at accomplishing in a day the work of a lifetime.

Such are a few of the many causes of embarrassment which beset the footsteps of the government throughout the progress of the late session. Ireland was in a flame; Wales seemed to be at the mercy of Rebecca and her daughters; England and Scotland were both the scenes of much individual distress, which there were no means to retrieve at the immediate disposal of the minister; new wars raged in India; Continental Europe staggered under the weight of two revolutions; the Canadas were reaping the fruit of the tree which Whig liberality had planted; and the rest of the colonies, from the Cape of Good Hope to New Zealand, seemed universally ill at ease. But above and

before all, the state of the revenue so far from improving, appeared to deteriorate from day to day. Who can affect surprise when reminded that the tone of the government seemed lowered, that the members of the cabinet took their places night after night, not so much to guide the deliberations of the Commons of England, as to hear what the loquacious might have to say. With us the subject of wonder is, that the courage of the head of the cabinet did not fail him altogether; for he had assumed an extent of responsibility such as no other minister has, in modern times, been called upon to sustain; and there was no promise that the mighty experiment which he was trying would bring about results advantageous to the country, and, of course, creditable to his character as a politician.

Amid the undisguised misgivings of friends, and the indecent and boisterous rejoicings of foes, Sir Robert Peel stood calm and firm. He was satisfied that he had taken the wise line. He believed that ere long the political horizon would clear itself, and time has proved that his judgment was the right one. Look at Ireland now, and Wales, and Great Britain. Where are the monster-meetings which, six months ago, frightened the first out of its propriety? What has become of Rebecca and her daughters, and their grievances, whereby the second was disturbed? Is not the third—are not both England and Scotland experiencing already the effects of a reviving trade? We do not mean to deny that there is much distress still; but it is local now and partial, whereas a year ago it was well-nigh universal. Whence has this improvement come, except from the experience of the fact that the minister was right in all his calculations? The new tariff, without injuriously affecting agriculture, has loosened the hinges of many branches of commerce; and its beneficial results are manifested in a growing demand for the staple manufactures of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow,—in every one of which new factories are in the course of erection, while hands to fill them are sought for sometimes in vain. The property-tax is not only more productive

most sanguine ventured to say, but it has become, now that machinery for working it is in the least unpopular impost to free people ever submitted. When we turn our eyes elsewhere we see that there is no hazard of disturbance to the peace. England and France are as one again; and England too, so long as they act to an command peace, let who its opposite. It is true that continues to be disquieted. movement as that of 1837 not suddenly or at once. wars, if more war we must all henceforth be in the cause unity; and they will give us, doubt, the undivided sovereignty from Cape Comorin to the And for the colonies, the quiet, Canada in excellent ill right itself somehow, the dies are slowly but steadily ag, and the rest of our incies quiet. Is this all? By us. For the first time these wars, the official returns for last shew a large surplus of in the revenue over the ex- e. Nor are we indebted for he property-tax exclusively. tions and excise, those great nes of public well-doing, have anced beyond all calculation, a tale of times already im- — of a population enabled d more to indulge in the use s of consumption which are compatible with a state of l poverty. these great truths obvious to le world, Sir Robert Peel in a condition to meet par- on Thursday next, as we had h begun to apprehend that lish minister would never imperial parliament again. s no call upon him now to he confidence of any one. his friends two years ago, ie country had sunk to the lepths of degradation, that if uld but trust him he would r through the crisis. He can things as they are and ask tritly, whether he has not kept l. Yet there needs no pro- ye to foresee that a stormy awaits him. Be it so. The aciousness of rectitude which

guided him in action, will sustain him when vindicating the justice of each proceeding; and it will go hard but that his policy as well as the pure and patriotic motives on which it is grounded, shall receive, not alone the sanction, but the hearty approval of the legislature.

There are two points from which the government, on the first days of the session, may anticipate two fierce and separate attacks. The Irish members will direct against them all the force of their eloquence; and they will be supported, as a matter of course, by the whole of the Whig-Radical section of the house. Whether the leaders of the Whig party, the late members of Lord Melbourne's cabinet, will join in the onslaught, we cannot pretend to say. Lord John Russell, if he have any regard to his own character, ought so to manage his threatened motion for inquiry as to avoid the very appearance of ministering to the bad passions of the Irish Repealers. Lord Palmerston, also, we would fain hope, will remember that he was once a member of a cabinet which caused O'Connell to be denounced from the throne, and that he is pledged to maintain the integrity of the empire at the cost even of a civil war, if other expedients prove ineffectual. Yet we are by no means sanguine on either of these heads. Whigs out of office become very bitter and reckless, and their recklessness deepens in exact proportion to the success which may attend the measures of their rivals. And as eleven Roman Catholic Repealers have been struck off from the list of the Dublin special jury, it is by no means impossible that the two noble lords may find in this act an excuse for a new alliance more close and compact than that of Lichfield House. But even if the case be so, even if they adopt the extraordinary argument of Mr. Shiel, and contend that the Repeal propensities of the rejected eleven peculiarly qualify them for forming a sober judgment as to the legality or illegality of a Repeal agitation, — even in this case though the noble lords may effectually damage themselves, neither their voices nor their votes will have the smallest influence in deferring beyond a night or two the minister's triumph. We look upon all threat

of strong measures, whether uttered in the Corn Exchange at Dublin, or put forth in the columns of the *Globe*, as the merest balderdash. The parties threatening may worry and tease for awhile, but they are powerless to accomplish more, and they know it.

Is there any other quarter from which danger to the government may be expected to arise? The *Globe* and *Morning Chronicle* tell us that there is, and they point to the Anti-corn-law League as the knight that is to slay the giant of Toryism. What is the real extent of power in this body to work upon the decisions of the government?

There is no denying that the indefatigable perseverance of the League is beginning to produce some results. Mr. Cobden's boast about deciding elections, and especially the late election for the city of London, we merely laugh at. It has no foundation, in fact. But we believe that here and there the corn-laws are getting out of repute, even with farmers; and we acknowledge that merchants and manufacturers of a certain class are almost to a man against them. Now we have given our opinion on this head so often, and so decidedly, that to repeat it here would be to say over again what our readers will find recorded in almost every previous volume of this Magazine. We still believe that if you withdraw all protection from the British grower, you will simply involve the whole body of agriculturalists in ruin, without benefiting the manufacturing and trading interests a jot. It is the greatest fallacy in the world to suppose that you can find abroad a better market for your manufactures than is provided for you at home. There is more English cotton and woollen cloth consumed by the country gentlemen of Great Britain and Ireland, their tenants and peasantry, than by all the rest of the world put together; and if you deprive these persons of the means of purchasing as heretofore, by taking away from them the little profits, which in the existing state of the law they manage to realise from their lands, you will vainly look elsewhere for customers to supply their place. At the same time neither our conviction of this truth, nor its probable settlement in the

mind of Sir Robert Peel, can have power to alter the state of this question, as it threatens ere long to be submitted for discussion. There will be a vehement attack this ensuing session on the corn-laws. It will be supported, too, by several who have heretofore expressed themselves desirous only of a fixed duty, as opposed to a sliding scale; and a mighty array of petitions will come in aid of it. Will it prevail? We think not: at least, for the present. We imagine that the law as it is will hold its ground for a while—but what then? Have we not already the seeds of irreparable mischief sown, in the organisation of such a machine as the attacking parties have brought together? What is this Anti-Corn-law League? It is not the people—it does not speak the unbiassed opinions of the people—it is an association concocted at the outset by a few individuals—clever men, if you will, and wonderfully ambitious—which absorbing into itself, from month to month, a still increasing number of adherents, avows its determination to force upon the legislature the adoption of a particular line of policy. Observe that the Anti-Corn-law League does not so much as profess to speak to the reason or the judgment of the members of either house; it makes its appeal to the million, and tells both the lords and the representatives of the people, that a repeal of the obnoxious corn-laws shall be wrung from them whether they will or no. Now even this, if it stood alone, would be most mischievous. It is quite contrary to the spirit of the constitution that there should exist within the realm any society seeking the attainment of political ends, apart from the great council of the nation, having the sovereign at its head. And we are by no means sure that parties lending themselves to the management of such associations are not open to indictment at common law. But the evil in the case before us does not terminate here. To counteract the endeavours of this association of free traders, we have agricultural protection societies springing up upon all sides; of which the consequences threaten to be, a complete division of the people into two hostile and fierce factions—

an absolute alienation of the good feelings of the mercantile classes from the corn-growers and land-owners of the empire. Ought this sort of thing to be permitted to go on? and, if not, how are we to get rid of it?

Sir Robert Peel will have a delicate, if not a difficult card to play in reference to Ireland alone, however the state prosecutions now in progress may terminate. If he trust, for the preservation of order, to the law as it is, he must make up his mind to retain military occupation of the country; a measure which will suffice, no doubt, to dissipate all apprehensions of rebellion, but which will neither satisfy the well-disposed nor conciliate the disaffected. If, on the other hand, he propose a change, whether for purposes of conciliation or concession, he is sure to have one or other of these two great factions up in arms. Indeed, it has been the curse of Ireland, for many a year, that no measure could be proposed for its improvement, without calling into play a spirit of party which was quite intolerable. Now, we think the time has come for crushing this spirit altogether. You must avow your persuasion and act upon such avowal boldly, that the foundations of improvement in the condition of Irish society are to be laid in a temporary suspension there of the English constitution. Do you want grounds whereon to establish the justice of this allegation? Look around, and you will find them every where. Are Irishmen in their own country, whether on the bench, or in the jury-box, or as the witnesses, capable of acting in the spirit of the English constitution? Who can watch the progress of affairs in the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin without being forced to answer this question in the negative? Who can call to mind the behaviour of the Macroom justices when assembled to determine how far their neighbours might be intrusted with fire-arms, without being convinced that such men are wholly unfit to be placed in authority over their countrymen? And, finally, in the matter of Irish witnesses and Irish juries, what unprejudiced person conceives that the smallest reliance is to be placed on either; that a regard to truth exercises the slightest influence over

them; that they are not swayed, in every instance, by prejudice, by passion, by personal fear, by every conceivable motive, except the sanction of their oaths.

Now, where the great channels of moral right are thus universally obstructed, where it is impossible, even in a court of justice, either to vindicate the oppressed, or to punish the guilty, except so far as popular prejudice may act in harmony with law, of what conceivable use to any one are the forms of English jurisprudence? However excellent in themselves, they become the instruments of flagrant evil; they facilitate the means of escape for the evil-doer; they stand the innocent and the oppressed in no stead. And as to the proposed payment of the Popish priests, and the establishment of a right on the part of the executive to interfere between landlord and tenant, they may both be exceedingly wise measures in the abstract, but we confess that we cannot see our way through them. What is property in any thing, whether it be land or money, except the unquestioned right to dispose of that thing in any way which shall not inflict an injury on our neighbours or the commonwealth, we do not say negatively but positively. If I choose to let a thousand acres of the best land in Northamptonshire run to waste, who shall gainsay me? I must support the poor, if I refuse to employ them; this obligation the law imposes upon me; but is there any law which requires that I shall either let my lands on lease, or otherwise, to a tenant, or myself grow wheat upon it? There is no such law in existence; nor can such a law be enacted, without transferring the property in the soil from me to the state; for the moment you determine *how* a man is to deal with his goods, whether these be in land or in money, you reduce him from the rank of a proprietor to that of a mere holder or occupant. We suspect, therefore, that all the noise which has been made about fixity of tenure and compulsory leases will end where it began, in empty sound, beyond which, indeed, we are not sure that it ought ever to be carried. Neither are we more sanguine in regard to the proposed treatment of the priests, of which it is not going

too far to say, that they are at the bottom of all the evils that afflict the country. Now, let us not be misunderstood. We are bringing no sweeping charge against Romanism as a form of Christianity, far less against the ministers of the Church of Rome as a body,—of men devoted to the cause of religion, however obscured by error. We believe, on the contrary, that in Austria and in France, the clergy of the Church of Rome deserve to be held in great respect; but who will say as much of the Popish priests in Ireland? Are they not, one and all, Repeal wardens, or something more? Do not their speeches, at every public meeting, go farther to inflame the minds of the people against the government, than those of any, the most violent of the lay agitators? And these are the men whom it is gravely proposed to take into the pay of government, in the teeth, too, of their own ostentatious and often-repeated avowal, that they will not submit to become pensioners on the state's bounty? The project will not, we believe, be entertained. How it might have answered, if adopted forty, or even fifteen years ago, is quite another matter; how it may answer ten or twenty years hence, it remains for future events to determine. But no minister, we venture to assert, will dare, in the present state of Ireland, to make the proposal, for it would not be listened to for a moment. What, then, is to be done? Sir Robert Peel, not we, must answer the question. And if he answer, as we trust that he will, by requiring, that, as a step preparative to all others, agitation shall cease; that an end shall be put to the Repeal humbug; and life and property rendered secure, even in Tipperary—we venture to promise him that his means of attaining this end, be they as stringent as they may, will be supported by parliament, yea, and by the people of England too, should the necessity unhappily arise of appealing to their brave hearts and strong arms to decide the quarrel. On the whole, then, it is our deliberate opinion, that, however delicate his Irish game may be, there can be no great difficulty in playing it. He must place a free, but deluded people, under temporary restraint, in order to bring them up, by degrees,

to the standard of civilisation, to any line beneath which the English constitution of 1632 is inapplicable.

Is the course of the minister equally plain before him in reference to the corn question? We really think that it is. The corn question is not now and never can be made, except in the event of emergencies, of which we are unable at present to foresee the approach, a popular question. The lords of the soil and the lords of the cotton-mills may fight about it till they grow weary; they may enlist, under their respective banners, the tenantry on the one hand and the shop-keepers and small dealers, in large towns, on the other, but it will take much more than their eloquence, whether spoken or printed, to carry the masses along with them. The operative has no notion of wasting his energies in the pursuit of such a remote advantage as is promised to him by the League. He suspects, on the contrary, that were bread cheapened to-morrow, the means of procuring it would be diminished to him in exact proportion to its cheapening. What he wants is employment, with a fair day's wages for a good day's work; and these things he can command, and is even now commanding, because trade has improved under the wise management of a Conservative government. Indeed, poverty itself will never render him a tool of the master whom he serves, but scarcely honours. The proceedings of the Chartists and rioters a few years ago demonstrated this. They would not listen to Mr. Cobden's agents when sunk into the depths of distress—they are not very likely to listen now that times have improved with them. In like manner, the agricultural labourers care as much about the matter in dispute as they do about the state of society in the moon. In dealing with the League the minister has, therefore, no popular prejudice to resist, for, however influential it may be among the constituencies, and its influence there is amazingly exaggerated, the people hold aloof from it altogether. Would it then be wise to act against it with the high hand? Obnoxious to the principles of the constitution all such associations doubtless are; is it, therefore, desi-

nable that the weapon of the law should be wielded to put them down? Surely not. Let the Leaguers go on. They flatter themselves that the money which they raise is to win for them, through paid orators and writers, a command over the intellect of the country. They may depend upon it that this is a mere delusion. If the corn-laws ever go, they will yield to a very different pressure from any which the Leaguers have it in their power to apply. But will the corn-laws go? Not, we verily believe, so long as the present cabinet continues in office, and is enabled, through the hearty support of the people of England, to carry on the affairs of the country as they have recently been conducted; for nobody feels the inconvenience of a provision law while business is brisk and wages high. But should, by any evil accident, the reins fall again into the hands of quacks and experimentalists, then, indeed, we should be very sorry to answer for the consequences. We think, therefore, that the agriculturists, instead of banding themselves into an antagonist association, would act more judiciously if they applied their undivided energies to the improvement of their own noble science, and, giving the minister their hearty support, left him free to fight the battle, where alone it must be decided. They have it in their power to cut the ground from beneath the feet of their defamers. Their lands do not yet produce above one half of the quantity of corn which they are capable of growing, nor will they until there be expended in the cultivation of the soil both an improved skill and an increased amount of manual labour to work it.

We have now, we think, put our readers in possession of the true state of public affairs, as far as these can be said to operate for good or for evil on the prospects of the government. Compared with what it was twelve months ago, Sir Robert Peel's present position is not only secure, but triumphant. His promises in regard to the working of his great financial measures have been more than realised. The revenue flourishes, and shews no

sign of falling back again. Trade has revived, and even at this, the dullest season of the year, is more than holding its ground. There is peace abroad, with every prospect of its continuance. There is rest at home from all really dangerous political controversy. Chartism may exist, but we hear nothing about it now. Rebecca has gone back to her spindle and distaff. The Repeal agitation is put down. Mr. O'Connell, instead of speaking treason to assembled thousands on the hill of Tara, stands at the bar of one of the Queen's Courts, to answer for his delinquencies, and seems in a fair way of passing thence to a secure apartment in one of the queen's gaols. Is not all this in the highest degree satisfactory? Can the government which has achieved so much fail of carrying both the legislature and the country along with it? A little squabbling there may be at the outset of the session; a motion here and a motion there, for inquiries, just by way of keeping up the spirits of the party out of doors, but what opening for serious attack the opposition are to find or create it puzzles us even to conjecture.

One word more, and we have done. Though thus eminently successful in every great experiment which he has tried, Sir Robert Peel must not, therefore, flatter himself that his cares are at an end. There may be an enormous amount of individual suffering in an empire of which the financial affairs flourish; the most pitiable ignorance among the humbler classes is not incompatible with great enlightenment among the higher. And wherever these melancholy contrasts exist, there society rests upon a rotten foundation. Having retrieved the blunders of his predecessor in the more pressing instances of public peace and public credit, Sir Robert Peel must now see whether the same healing process cannot be applied to maladies that are quite as perilous, though they more secretly do their work. He has a difficult, but a noble object before him when he turns his attention to these things, and we heartily wish him success.

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A SUMMER HOUR IN POPE'S GARDEN AT TWICKENHAM.

POPE, BOLINGBROKE, ARBUTHNOT, AND SWIFT.

"My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind,—just as they used to be when we conversed together on this, or any other subject; when we sauntered alone, or, as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot, and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden."—*Lord Bolingbroke to Pope.*

Bolingbroke.—You see me once more betaking myself to the green enclosures of Twickenham, relinquishing the note of the syren Pleasure, for the sweeter tune of that blackbird which scatters the dew from the trembling bough upon this trim border of yours; and, instead of following the shadow of ambition along the path of political enterprise, delighting my eye with the pursuit of my own shadow over the grass, where the Queen of Faëry might have pitched her tent. Here I am once more,—

"Fond to forget the statesman in the friend."

Swift.—But the shadows of ambition and yourself are alike in this,—that, however earnestly you may follow them, you will never overtake either.

Pope.—As statesman, or as friend, you are always welcome; and now, especially at this time, I am rejoiced to talk with you in my garden. You are acquainted with my simple, and, to speak in character, my Arcadian manners. I have some time ago resolved to dine at two o'clock, and I not only make, but keep my resolution. If I comply afterwards with the importunate kindness of my friends, it is in *attending*, not in *partaking* their dinners. So, you see, by this sort of amicable compromise

between my comfort and my interest, I may contrive to retain some of the advantages which Dr. Young was enumerating to me the other day; when he said that a dinner with a certain famous lawyer has procured him invitations for a whole week beside, and that a single airing in a nobleman's chariot has supplied him with a citizen's coach on every future occasion.

Arbuthnot.—The allurements must, indeed, be very powerful which could draw one from such a scene upon such an evening. The nobleman's chariot and the citizen's coach would carry you into no spectacle of life so full of beauty and interest. To you, especially, it is alive with eloquence and wisdom; every leaf writes a moral upon the grass, as the wind scatters the reflection which the light had thrown.

Bolingbroke.—You speak the truth. Every shadowy branch of that lime-tree preaches a sermon. There is no state of positive repose in the world. The earth itself is in motion; little things and great things obey the same law; and this smooth grass-plot in this village of Twickenham, on which we are now treading down the daisies, is revolving round the sun not less rapidly than the mighty forest-world of America. As it is in the *natural*, so it is in the *political* calendar. The evening, and the

morning compose the day of empire and the day of nature. They shine, and they grow dark. Look at monarchies,—objects, one would think, that destiny might stand and stare at, but not shake. Consider the smallest bodies upon earth,—objects, one would suppose, too slight for destiny to observe or discern. And yet destiny, if we speak to the Atheist, or God, if we speak to the Christian, is no more troubled, as I remember to have read in one of the Elizabethan preachers, *to make a monarchy ruinous, than to make a hair grey*. In the elements around us we recognise the same principle of fluidity and change; air condensed becomes water,—air rarefied becomes fire. So it is in the elements of society. A merchant, with all his speculations condensed into gold, *becomes a lord*,—or, with all his treasures blown into air, disappears in fire and smoke. And, after all, it may be a consolation to us to remember, if there were any thing permanent—any thing released from the obedience to this principle of motion, that we, after all, should gain nothing by it, because, though our possessions might endure, we could not live to enjoy them; and if our goods were not among movables, we ourselves are, and, even though they might continue with us, we could not stay with them.

Pope.—In this circular motion of all things, and in this universal fluidity and change, which you have brought forward with a gravity that even Atterbury himself would envy, you might have excepted the *philosophic mind* from the operations of this new law of gravitation. As you have led us to Paul's Cross, I may endeavour to illustrate my remark by an image which I read long ago in the black folio of some divine of the seventeenth century, like all his brethren of those days, rich in conceits, controversy, and Greek. As a watch, he says, though altogether it may be tossed up and down with the agitation of him who carries it, yet does not on that account suffer any perturbation in the frame, or any disorder in the working of the spring and wheels within, so the true heart of philosophic dignity, though it may be agitated by the tossings and joltings which it meets with in the press and tumult of busy life, yet under-

goes no derangement in the beautiful adjustment and regular action of its machinery; not a wheel is impeded or stopped. I dwell with a peculiar interest upon every tribute to the charms of philosophy and reflection, since, as I once wrote to Atterbury, contemplative life is not only *my scene*, but *my habit*. With regard to ambition, as exemplified in worldly distinction and celebrity, it has *always seemed to me rather stooping than climbing*.

Swift.—It is certainly very pleasing to live in a garden, and hear blackbirds, and talk about philosophy. I have a garden of my own in Ireland.

Arbutnot.—Which you never walk in if you can find one with English flowers in it.

Swift.—A man who encloses himself in his own domain to the exclusion of the common pursuits and interests of society, resembles a person who always lives with his wife and children, and never sees company; or a boy who constantly walks out with his sisters, and is therefore always feminine. Then again, a man's thoughts are stunted in their growth by the confinement; to imitate your rural language, the glasses are too small for the flowers, and if they shut out the wind and dust, they shut out also the rain and the sun. Did you ever know an editor of an author a fair judge of his merits or his defects? Like a husband who has sat opposite to his wife during twenty years, the physiognomy of the author has become so natural to him that, however plain may be his features, he thinks them attractive.

Pope.—I have myself experienced some of the feeling you mention in translating Homer and commenting Shakspeare. I think that every writer is bound to guard against the seduction of indulging that unmitigated admiration for the author whom he illustrates, which is the common failing of editorship. No infection spreads more rapidly than an epidemic of praise. No poet, or historian, or philosopher, who ever lived since poetry, and history, and philosophy, were studied and known, deserves a panegyric without a shade. There should be some discord in the harmony. It is the peculiar characteristic of the brightest genius to

have its lustre darkened. "The moon and stars shine with unsullied radiance, the sun alone exhibits spots on its disk." He would be no real friend to the memory of Shakspeare who should proclaim his transcendent excellences to the exclusion of his transcendent defects. He had both in excess, and was a giant in error as he was a giant in merit. I would not seek to banish an intellectual Aristides from the republic of letters simply because he was always called *the Just*; but I am confident that we shall not esteem the charm and the virtues of his mind and understanding the less because they were shaded by the faults and infirmities of humanity. Shakspeare lived in a corrupt atmosphere of thought, and his poetical complexion exhibits some signs of the influence of that atmosphere upon the constitution of his mind. We ought to rejoice that the vigorous health of his faculties enabled him to throw off so much of that pernicious and enervating influence, and to retain so much of beauty, and purity, and grace.

Bolingbroke.—How happy I should be in the belief that the commentating upon Shakspeare, or any other book, may at some future period warm you into the enthusiasm of tracing, from its commencement in our literature, the history of that noble art in which you so eminently excel.

Pope.—I have often entertained the idea of composing, not a grave and elaborate history of English poetry—which would demand more antiquarian research than I shall ever possess the opportunity of making—but of painting a series of portraits of my *elder brethren*,—of presenting to the student a gallery of pictures of some of the most famous contributors to our poetical literature; or, in other words, to pass before his eyes a succession of sketches of the far-spreading landscape of imagination, as it darkened and brightened in the light and shade of a setting or a rising civilisation. I wish that some one of taste and diligence would take up the thread I have thrown out. According to that plan, he would be obliged to pass over unrecorded many names dear to the memory and dear to the heart.

Let me illustrate my thought. Follow the traveller to the hill-top in the rich glow of a summer evening; he does not gaze upon the little valleys of verdant stillness, or the cottage-gardens sweet with the hum of bees, or the glimmering paths over-arched by interlacing boughs; but runs his eye over the distant scene, lingering only upon the grey tower of the hamlet church, or the shadowy ramparts of the moss-grown castle, or the gilded pinnacles of the remote metropolis. And if you watch that traveller, you behold an emblem of the critic I have delineated. He passes over many green paths of sequestered meditation, many little gardens of fancy enriched with soft and delicate thoughts, that he may survey the wide and magnificent landscape of imagination, and the mightier structures of intellectual art, built up by the magicians of a former age, and still piercing the mist and cloud of time, with their gates of glory and their pinnacles of gold.

Swift.—You talk of warming him; he is on fire already.

Pope.—You travel over a rough and melancholy road from the death of Chaucer to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII.; it winds over a succession of barren downs and perilous swamps. The Muse could find no green and peaceful spot to pitch her tent amid the tempestuous elements of rude and warring societies. The minstrel sang with the sword flashing in his eyes. Such was the state of literature in England. The sceptre dropped from the iron fingers of the Third Edward into the feeble grasp of his grandson. The usurpation of Bolingbroke, the rebellion of Northumberland, and the terrible strife of the Roses succeeded. The storm cleared away with the rising star of Henry VIII., and literature once more appeared with the rainbow of peace about her head. A gulf of darkness divides the epoch of Henry from the reign of Elizabeth. You may cross it at a leap. Some beams of that rich orb of imagination which had gone down with Chaucer, cast a luminous shadow from behind the hills; but it was too weak and too remote to disperse the vapours that hung heavy and dark over the landscape. At length the air grew

sweet and clear, and Spenser smiled upon the desolate gardens of fiction. The jocund day of poetry

"Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-top,"

and Shakspeare kindled the slumbering elements of the drama into life and beauty.

Bolingbroke.—I suppose in such a treatise as you suggest you would dwell upon the philosophy of your subject; you would shew the solemn and august character of poetry; you would assert its claims to be included in the essential elements of a true education.

Pope.—I should. Poetry, said Aristotle, is something more philosophical and excellent than history. "A true poetic style," is the remark of a modern writer, "will be generally found to be impregnated with something which, under its highest pressure, can cast out a stronger flame and a more ethereal emanation than the most vivid colouring of real life." The two assertions are convertible propositions in critical geometry—Poetry, being the concentrated richness and bloom of many seeds of thought, gradually growing up into height and beauty, deserves to occupy the most prominent place in the garden of literature. Nor should it be considered merely as an object of curious loveliness, to be stooped over for a moment by an eye dazzled and fatigued with the contemplation of the surrounding beds. This flower—thus rising, as it were, upon the stem of grace—is not only precious for its wonderful mechanism of colour, and perfume, but it is precious also for the charm which it works upon the intellectual eyesight. Like the fabled plant of antiquity, it purifies and brightens the vision of the understanding. An eminent sculptor confessed that the Medicean Venus enabled him to discover beauties in nature which he had never perceived before; and in the same manner poetry opens a new world of loveliness to the student. To eyes, sprinkled and enlightened by this flower, no scene is barren, and no tree is leafless; every fountain shines with the face of its guardian Nalad, and every wood is musical with the pipe of its sylvan spirit.

Bolingbroke.—And with the philosophy of poetry would be intimately associated its criticism. The reader of a poem, like the visitor to a picture-gallery, requires to be taught how to examine *works of art*.

Pope.—I think that criticism may be the instrument of manifesting genius; and it may effect this manifestation in two ways. (1.) By removing the obscurity or the false impression which the mist of time, or, (2.) the malignity of jealousy, may have imparted to it. It is not always that the loftiest imagination possesses the correspondent faculty of language; and then, like the sun in a vapoury sky, while it kindles masses of cloud into gorgeous colours and splendour, its unity and beauty of lustre are not perceived. Criticism, by scattering these vapours, enables the intellectual light to shine out; it gives it an atmosphere, transparent, pure, adapted to the weaker eyesight of common understandings. Every antiquated word is a cloud that hides to the vulgar eye the glory of the image; as these clouds melt away the heaven of the imagination becomes luminous, and this will probably explain why it is that those authors are usually the most popular and admired,—not who have the noblest *conceptions*, but who reveal those conceptions in the most lucid *medium of words*. And thus we may apply to poetical or philosophical loveliness, Dr. Young's panegyric on feminine beauty:—

"This, like the sun, irradiates all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen."

Bolingbroke.—Perhaps the *false impression*, which the malice of envy or ignorance may have imparted to the production of an author, is even more injurious to its reputation than the thickest gloom of centuries. Our illustrious Newton, whose adventurous footsteps seem to strike fire into the remotest solitude of science, has ascertained that if a star be contemplated through a glass, tarnished however slightly by the smoke of a lamp or torch, it glimmers into a speck of light. The stars of literature undergo a similar eclipse and diminution, when beheld through the tinted glass of jealousy or hatred.

Arbutnot.—Nay, even through misapprehension;—Scaliger was un-

able to comprehend the Latin of a Scottish gentleman who had addressed him, and he gravely apologised to him for not understanding the language of Scotland.

Pope.—Among the uses of criticism may be recollected the light which it throws over the design of an author. Few men build their verse or their argument according to their original plan. My own Sylph machinery was an after-thought. The light of criticism enables the reader to comprehend in one view the long *perspective of imagination*, to see what parts of the majestic outline have been embodied, what parts omitted, what parts modified or changed. This knowledge can only be obtained after a laborious survey of criticism, after a careful induction and comparison of particulars.

Arbuthnot.—I have remarked that any attempts to improve the building when completed, have almost constantly resulted in diminishing its effect. The architecture assumes a composite form—an Elizabethan chimney tapers above a Norman gateway. Second and third editions of books, if amended, are generally inferior to the first. But while I deprecate these extensive alterations, I respect the sentiment which suggests them.

Bolingbroke.—Yes, truly; I can enter into the feeling which induced Virgil to direct that the MS. of his great poem might be destroyed. There is, you know, in the Laurentian library, a room by Michael Angelo, and the staircase, said to be his work, has still the scaffolding remaining at one part of it which he erected. Now, so it is with the *Æneid* and with the architecture of genius in general. Whether it be from accident, or indolence, or wilfulness, or premature death, some of the scaffolding is always hanging about the magnificent fabrics of invention and learning. The board, and the ladder, and the rope, deform the stateliness and grace of the palaces of fancy. Look, for example, at the edifice reared after so many years of patient industry by our own Milton. Who can fail to perceive that the illustrations drawn from science and mythology—the intricate theses spun out of the cobwebs of schoolmen and the perplexities of polemics—are so many remains

of the tools and the materials which he had collected for his toil—so many proofs that the architect had not the disposition or the opportunity to remove his scaffolding when he had completed his building? Or take a still apter specimen in the dramas of Shakspeare. His plays, in five stories, were run up with the swiftness of a speculator in Parnassus, who had only a few plots of ground in eligible situations, and upon short leases. He was too idle to remove the machinery of his labour from the eye of the beholder. It litters the balcony of Juliet, it appears in the battle-field of Richard.

Arbuthnot.—How strikingly apparent is that contrast of different styles in the poem of Spenser,—the Ionic grace of the classic temple clusters, with all its florid luxuriance, over the solemn melancholy of the cathedral; the old and new worlds of fiction illuminate and darken each other,—

“Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove
adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan
horn.”

Pope.—You were wise to sweeten to my ear a censure of Spenser with a couplet of my own. The *Faërie Queene* I have always loved. And I confess that the union of antique and modern images has never appeared to me so startling or displeasing. The effect of his pictures depends upon the manner in which you contemplate them. If you stand close to a cathedral window, when there is no light upon it, and minutely analyse each robe, and feature, and posture of the figures delineated upon it, your eye will be offended with the want of delicacy in the expression and harmony in the colouring. It is so with regard to the representations which Spenser has given of scenery and life. His poem comprises a succession of paintings, which present certain features and dresses to the eye; they look cold and watery, unless the light of his moral plays over the surface; then every feature glows and brightens; and all the pageant wakes and lives. He designated his work *a perpetual allegory, or dark conceit*. The sunshine of truth illuminates this allegory, as the sunshine of sum-

mer gilds the window of the cathedral.

Arbuthnot.—But the improbability of his descriptions; the drawing, so out of proportion; the colouring, so heightened beyond reality.—How do you vindicate these?

Pope.—By denying the assertion. His figures and scenery were drawn and coloured with the intention of being contemplated at a *certain distance, and under certain lights*. There are pictures whose charm reveals itself only as the spectator recedes from the canvass. The cathedral window was never painted in order that a curious lover of art might fix a ladder to the roof and spell it, as he would a new grammar. Then, consider that what is so unnatural to you was perfectly natural to Spenser. He was like a man who had lived so long in an Eastern climate that his countenance had begun to assume its hue. He had walked among Faeries and Genii, and slumbered in enchanted palaces, and wandered over Elysian fields, until he felt himself naturalised. When he goes back into antiquity, he ceases to be Spenser; and the spirit of the *individual* is merged in that of the *age*.

Bolingbroke.—And so it must always be, as it always has been. He who would impart immortality to *his book*, must impart *himself*. He must put his heart and his blood into it. In the manifestation of genius there is no *selfishness*. The image of the writer must not be reflected upon the stream of thought, but his fancy must descend, like some costly essence, into the lowest depths, and mingle with, and colour, and sweeten every drop in the stream. It was this union, this identification of the poet with his poem, that communicated so still and awful a grandeur to the creations of classic genius. Who cannot perceive that the great heart of *Æschylus* throbs with the agonies of Prometheus, when the vulture flaps his heavy wings upon the crags of Caucasus? We recognise the same *suppression of individual insulated consciousness* in the tragedies of Shakspeare; or, if you turn to a sister art, in the pictures of Raphael. And this is one reason why the productions of Greek imagination, in particular, seem to have been exempted from the common law of lite-

rary mortality. The dust of oblivion has never been scattered on them, they have never been buried. Sophocles lives in *Edipus*, Euripides speaks in *Orestes*;—uninjured and undimmed by the darkness, and hurricanes, and convulsions of so many centuries, they shine, stars in the pure firmament of thought; nor is their brightness stationary; “they journey on from clime to clime, and from age to age, shedding the light of beauty upon generation after generation.”

Arbuthnot.—And if the writer of the book is to forget *himself*, so, in like manner, must the reader.

Pope.—Or the author will have forgotten himself in vain. In both there must be not merely a *mutilation*, but an *annihilation* of personality. As the poet passes out of himself into the character which he delineates, so the reader must identify himself with the character when it is portrayed; and he must not only go out of himself, but out of his age, “he must forget himself, and his prejudices, and predilections, and associations, and give up his thoughts to the work he is perusing, and try to take his stand on the author’s point of view.”

Bolingbroke.—Horace has long ago indicated, with that inimitable grace which was peculiar to him, this transmigration of the reader into the scene described; but he attributes it entirely to the sorcery of the magician, subduing time and space to his service. Sometimes, indeed, the spell of genius is so mighty that it compels the eyes of thought to close upon the present, that they may open upon the past; but, for the most part, the *consent* of the intellectual system is required to the death of the thoughts with regard to things immediately affecting it.

Arbuthnot.—There is a certain description of biography which combines with these fascinations of fiction the more endearing charms of truth. Read Plutarch’s life of *Theseus*; does it not breathe the romance of Spenser? You see the glitter of arms, and hear the clanging trumpet, as in the *Knights Tale* of Chaucer. Of all our poets, Shakspeare seems to have appreciated most fully the *poetical character* of Plutarch.

Bolingbroke.—I think your eulogy of Plutarch is well deserved. Of

biography lying between fiction and truth, and receiving lights and shades from each, he is the most pleasing illustrator. In gazing upon these delineations of eminent persons, whether of ancient or modern times, the eye of the reader is pleased and refreshed. He discovers in them a resemblance to those portraits of the Venetian or Lombard schools, in which the physiognomy is heightened by every splendour and embellishment of costume; while a beautiful background of landscape subdues and softens the composition into a gentle harmony and grace. The difference between that biography which is too far removed from poetry to receive any of its lustre and heat, and that biography which is lighted and kindled by it, is not unlike the difference which we trace between a portrait by Vandyck and a portrait by Titian, where the accuracy and truth of the first are illuminated into a higher order of power and intellect by the second.

Pope.—A great painter with the pen, like the painter with the pencil, works his miracles of art with the slightest touches; what a wrinkle in a cloak, or a sword brought prominently forward, is to the artist, the unpremeditated word, or the brilliant repartee, is to the historian. You have spoken of Vandyck, of whom our own Clarendon may offer no unapt illustration; but if you seek for a Rembrandt of the pen, would you not look for him in *Tacitus*? If you examine his wonderful delineations of nature with attention, you perceive that, while his portraits are presented to the eye with every circumstance to awaken fear and dismay, there hangs, nevertheless, about them a dimness and obscurity peculiarly striking; an awful outline seems to be drawn with a few strokes, leaving the beholder or the reader (which, in this case, are terms convertible) much to fill up.

Pope.—My friend Dr. Warburton told me that he had been recommending a very ingenious friend of his to cultivate his talent for a description of literature of which we have no adequate specimen in our language. I mean that form of intellectual comparison and contrast which *parallels*. There seems, however, one defect inherent in

the very nature of the composition itself, and that is the necessity, or at any rate, the almost irresistible temptation, to obtain, or produce, a strong *opposition in design and colouring*. The portrait of *all light* hangs by the portrait of *all shade*, and we seem to contemplate a Rembrandt by the side of a Titian, and to see a bandit of Salvator scowling over a cottager of Ostade. But if the style have its defects, they are redeemed by many charms and advantages. What a beautiful parallel might be drawn between Cowley and Spenser! They were both remarkable for their personal beauty, and especially for a certain delicacy of expression almost feminine. I have heard that the face of Cowley was peculiarly prepossessing; his hair, of a bright colour, was rich and flowing; his eyes were full and brilliant; his forehead was exquisitely smooth, and his mouth is said to have been charming. It is interesting, also, to observe how far he was in advance of his own age in every critical opinion. His own writings do not reflect his clear perception of poetical excellence. "There is not," he said, "so great a lie to be found in any poet as the *vulgar conceit of men that lying is essential to good poetry*."

Bolingbroke.—How fortunate would it have been for his fame had he put his theory into action! If you could now say of him, as a distinguished person of our own time has observed of himself, that

"He stooped to truth, and moralised his song."

It is the naturalness, the almost domestic simplicity, of his manner, that gives so hearty a freshness to Chaucer. The student who walks out into the fields of song, when the morning dew is upon the grass, is delighted to hear the sweet and joyous bird spring from beneath his feet into the air, which he makes to resound with his melody.

Pope.—The descriptions which are *natural* in Homer and Chaucer become *picturesque* in Latin writers. It is a noticeable fact in all early books of genius, that they do not so much *delineate as indicate*. They touch the figure into the canvass roughly and vividly, but without arranging the

background and the accessories. Look at Homer's picture of wolves :—

Λαρσεντις γλαυκῶσιν ἀκμήσιν μάλα ὕδαρ
 Λαρσιν.

You see the minuteness and the rapidity of his observation in the simple circumstance which he introduces to give *emphasis* to his sketch the *slender tongue*. The *natural* precedes the *picturesque*; the first the characteristic of an uninitiated, the second of a refined, age.

Bolingbroke.—What, then, do you strictly understand by the *picturesque* in composition?

Pope.—I understand every thing that relates to an arrangement of objects with a particular reference to the *general effect of the picture*—to what the French critics call the *coup d'œil*, and including, of course, the number and position of the figures, the composition and costume of the groups, the distribution of light and shade. Of this art Tasso was a great master, Shakspeare learned it by intuition, Spenser presents some noble specimens of it, Virgil is pre-eminent, and Claudian frequently reminds me of Rubens himself.

Bolingbroke.—And in prose you might point to Livy, the Virgil without metre, and whose histories are only so many episodes in the great epoch of his country. In the historian, as in the poet, we trace the same eye of taste and imagination tinging every scene with its own soft and enchanting light. If you call Tacitus the Rembrandt, you must admit that Livy is the Correggio of his art.

Pope.—There are shadows of flowers upon the stream of Livy, but there is gold in the magnificent tide of Tully. One writes to the eye, the other to the understanding; yet not without a profound insight into the machinery of the human will, and a thrilling mastery over the passions. I love him, also, for his deep conviction of another and an enduring existence. The radiancy of a *future* life seems, in his page, to dart its kindling heat and lustre through the shadows of the present. For my own part I feel so strong, so lively an impression of the immortality of the soul, that, as I have often remarked to you upon various occasions, I *seem* to feel it within me as by intuition. Nor can I sit with patience and hear this doctrine of consolation, not to say of dignity, derided and condemned. I think that even in some cases I might be induced to give my suffrage against the liberty of unlicensed printing. I confess with the eloquent Hooker, that I would put a chain upon these blaspheming tongues; I would not suffer them to spit their venom upon the innocent passers-by, and utter every word of contumely which the evil spirit that agitates and rends them may inspire.

Bolingbroke.—Nay, let criticism possess its *rack*, but not its *inquisition*. If you wish to strengthen an opinion, *tie it down*. Like this green bough, which I now bend with my finger, it will retain its altered position only while the hand of authority is applied to it, and will spring back again with a vigour increased by restraint, when that hand is withdrawn.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE COLLECTIONS OF SCIENCE AND ART
IN LONDON AND IN PARIS.

THE two great nations separated by the English Channel, after so long viewing each other with aversion and contempt, as natural enemies, rivals in arms and power, seem now to have entered on a nobler field of rivalry. They vie with each other in the profusion with which they place before their people those objects of science and taste which delight, refine, and elevate the human mind. Britain, in particular, rousing herself from a long apathy, has, of late, made very rapid strides in this career. It had become a standard reproach, that while the Continental collections were thrown open in the most liberal manner, hers were guarded on an exclusive system, and rendered accessible only to a favoured few. Yet so great have been the recent advances, that, perhaps, on a comparison of present arrangements, she may be found to have now somewhat the advantage. It is singular, indeed, that while the objects are the same, so great a diversity should exist in the terms, modes, and times of admission. If guided by reason, they ought surely to make some approach to uniformity. A survey of these diversities, inquiring which is right and which is wrong, may, perhaps, be of some use to the public, and thus merit a place in our columns. An estimate may not improperly follow of the comparative extent and value of these collections. It may be observed, that the writer's survey of those in the French capital was made about two years ago, but he has reason to believe there has been no material change.

The most important, certainly, are the two great libraries,—the Royal, at Paris, and the British Museum in London. The hours of admission to the former are from ten to three every week-day; to the latter, from nine to four, extended during four months of summer to seven. The accommodation afforded by the London institution is thus considerably

able allowance, and as long as most men would be inclined to read daily. Students, however, may be prevented by various engagements from attending during a part or the whole of those hours, which are the very busiest in the day. The evening, and even the early morning, must to many be a great accommodation.

For admission to the Museum reading-rooms, a respectable recommendation is required; it is now, at least, so liberally granted, that very few, perhaps, are excluded who could make a good use of the privilege. Yet the foreign institution has a more liberal aspect, in granting two days on which all are indiscriminately admitted. We question, however, if so much benefit be thence derived as is commonly supposed. Such a collection can never supply the means of general reading to a city of upwards of a million of people. It can only be an instrument of research to those who undertake to inform and enlighten the public. Good common books are procurable in various modes, and on easy terms. If government is to do any thing to render them accessible, it should be by smaller detached libraries. It did not appear to the writer that the attendance at the Royal Library on public days was greater than at the Museum every day. After all, we think one public day might be advantageously allowed for young or humble students, who might find difficulty in procuring the necessary recommendation.

The student at Paris labours under a sad disadvantage, in not having access to a catalogue of any description. He derives no aid to his researches from such a source, and is obliged to ask blindfold, as it were, for any book of which he knows the title. One was said to be preparing, but is not yet forthcoming. We cannot but think, had the activity usual in French institutions been exerted, a MS. catalogue might long

of the visitors. About one-third of the Museum Catalogue is now MS., and there are two copies. The numerous folio volumes of which it consists are perfectly open to the student, being ranged along a double row of shelves, in front of which are desks on which they can be placed. This arrangement is liable to exceptions, the shelves being usually more or less blocked up, and difficult to reach without inconvenient jostling. The old plan, by which the desk was placed opposite to them, with a suitable interval, was decidedly more commodious. The volumes are usually in extreme disorder; but this is the work of the readers, by whom the reasonable injunction, to replace them where they were found, is shamefully disregarded. Generally, the conduct of the officers and attendants in both institutions is very unexceptionable.

The next object which attracts attention, one superior even in splendour, though not in importance, consists in the grand collections of art contained in the galleries of the Louvre. This class of objects ought as much as possible to be thrown open to the whole public, who have otherwise no means of procuring or even seeing such costly productions. The writer, having gone with the impression of the admission being peculiarly liberal, was not a little surprised to find the footing on which it really stood. The French public are admitted only one day of the week; and what day? Sunday! and only from ten to four, opening when church service begins, and closing when it closes, thus precluding the visitors from any attendance on public worship. It may be too true that a great majority of the citizens feel no annoyance from this cause; but is this a spirit which the government wishes to encourage? Besides, though the religious public of Paris may be small, yet it exists, and must be allowed to be somewhat respectable, so that its entire exclusion seems scarcely consistent with liberal profession. Even supposing that, by giving up all attendance on public worship, the whole time could be secured, that time is too short, and with too long intervals, to admit the formation of that high and refined taste, for which the collection affords materials. It is very true that pro-

fessional men and foreigners are admitted during five other days. Art, however, is destined, not for artists, but for the world. The paintings of the great masters are not mere tools, out of which to manufacture other paintings. They ought to be objects of improving and refined contemplation to the great body of mankind. The opportunity afforded was certainly used with very great activity. Fair and youthful students were seen busily employed on frames sometimes larger than themselves. Yet, on seeing so many busy hands, and recollecting the numerous facsimiles which, under the title of duplicates, repetitions, *replicas*, &c., professed all to have come from the hand of the master, somewhat uneasy reflections arose. What seemed singular was that they should, in no instance, be mere studies or sketches, but always full-finished copies. Could not some security be taken against the employment of these for a fraudulent purpose? With regard to foreigners, the display before them of treasures of this description is, no doubt, a fair object of national pride; and their free admission, on the mere production of their passports, is every way deserving of approbation. But surely the almost total exclusion of native-born subjects from the same privilege is most extraordinary. Why should not the thirty millions of provincials, many of whom may visit the capital only for a short interval, be placed on at least an equal footing?

The arrangements made at the British National Gallery appear to be every way more liberal and rational. Four days are allowed to the public, native and foreign, and two days to artists. The hours of admission, too, in summer at least, are longer.

The French public have, also, access to the palace of Versailles, converted now into a vast *musée*. It is open on the most liberal footing for six hours during four days in the week to visitors of every description. Unfortunately, the collection is of far inferior value. We are not aware of any special accommodation for artists; a curious contrast, the reason of which seems difficult to conjecture. The British public have access to three other collections, the aggregate value of which greatly exceeds that of

the National ; these are at Hampton Court, Windsor, and Dulwich. The first, and finest, was, till of late, completely shut to visitors of taste, being shewn only in the manner usual in the English private collections, with exception of the Bridgewater, and one or two others. The company are led by a guide, who allows them to remain before each picture only during the time spent in pronouncing its subject and painter ; a period distributed with the strictest impartiality between the sublimest productions of Raphael and the poorest Dutch performances. In private mansions some slight mitigation may be obtained, but this is precluded by the tone of authority assumed in the royal residences. Lately, however, along with the remission of the moderate fee, the public obtained the more important privilege of being allowed to spend any time they pleased in viewing the pictures. They are only subject to a somewhat capricious limit, that no one shall step back to take a second view of one, even though in the same apartment ; yet this is what one feels often inclined to do. The rule may be necessary in the almost endless labyrinth of Versailles, but is not found requisite at the Louvre, which is still much vaster than Hampton Court.

Windsor contains also a fine collection, open to the public at all hours ; but, unfortunately, the *fluchtige durchtrichen*, the fly-drive system, so much lamented by Dr. Waagen, is partially maintained. When the other palace was thrown open, it was stated that Windsor could not be so, on account of some annuities depending upon the fees. This might be a sufficient reason for exacting the moderate one taken for seeing the palace, but was a miserable cause for not allowing it to be seen. It is fair to mention that, at our visit this season, we found this rigour a good deal mitigated, and a longer view allowed, yet not in the same full and free manner as at the other palace. On the large sum collected, it would not be a heavy burden to employ two or three domestics to watch the apartments ; indeed, there appear to be always hanging about a number sufficient for the purpose.

The admission to Dulwich Gallery is by tickets obtained from several of

the chief print-dealers, by whom they are very readily and obligingly furnished. Yet this necessity of applying at shops appears to intimate an expectation, and probably has the effect, that none of an aspect decidedly plebeian come forward. This seems contrary to the good feeling of the present age, and, probably, to the intentions of the founder. The distance from town is so considerable as to obviate any risk of inconvenient crowding, which is not even experienced at the National Gallery. The situation, both of this and the palaces, is attended with some disadvantage ; yet, being surrounded by beautiful scenery, they afford agreeable and healthful excursions, which even the operative can enjoy at a moderate expense. There is a collection at Buckingham House, formed by George IV., which is almost unrivalled in specimens of the Dutch, and contains, also, very fine ones of the Flemish school. The taste and liberality of the illustrious owner cannot be doubted ; yet it may just be hinted that there is, perhaps, no other royal collection in Europe which is not at any time accessible to the public. The difficulties of exhibiting it would be, no doubt, considerable ; yet, during occasional absences, could they not be overcome ?

The visitor at the Louvre is furnished with catalogues neatly drawn up, and at a moderate price, but seemingly on a most unfortunate plan. One arrangement is followed in regard to the list and the numbers, while the pictures are ranged along the walls according to another totally different. Thus the visitor comes, perhaps, to No. 150, next, it may be, to 360, and after that to 225. Hence, at every new one, he must turn over a great part of the volume to find the description,—a most wearisome and irksome labour, in which a great portion of his limited time is consumed. The object is to keep the works of each painter together, but this is here quite secondary to that of forming a guide through the collection. Besides, it is useless to see the list of an artist's works, when you do not know where to look for them. The purpose may be completely served by having a synopsis at the beginning containing the names of the artists, with a list of the numbers attached

to each of their works. All the English catalogues judiciously follow the order in which the pictures are placed.

The light in the Louvre Gallery, as observed by Mrs. Trollope, is most miserable. It enters at the angle between the wall and the roof, and is so ill distributed as to render it often necessary to go all round a picture before finding a point from which it is visible. Perhaps, from the want of any means of illumination from above, the evil may be irremediable. The British gallery is in this respect much superior, nor can there be much exception taken to any of the exhibitions named, except the room at Hampton Court containing the cartoons. It is all most imperfectly lighted, and the two fine ones of "Ananias," and "Giving the keys," being stuck on a side wall, are always in deep twilight. Such a defective view, though it may leave the outline distinguishable, hides from the spectator many of the more delicate beauties. It is the more tantalising when in other apartments so many of the humblest productions appear "basking in the full glare of day."

There are some arrangements of a minor description, yet a good deal conducive to the comfort of the visitor. No position is more uneasy and fatiguing, especially for persons at all delicate, than of standing for a great length of time. It is painfully felt during the period necessary to view such an immense collection as the Louvre. There are, indeed, a few seats placed in corners, where he may occasionally rest his wearied limbs; but while there he sees nothing, and all the time so spent is lost. In the National, and generally in British galleries, benches and chairs are ranged along the middle of the apartment, where the spectator, comfortably seated, may contemplate at leisure the objects displayed. In the palaces there is no regular provision, yet sittings may mostly be found; but in the British Museum the deficiency is still greater than in the Louvre. In this last collection, too, the galleries are entirely distinct, so that, after passing through one, you must walk back, sometimes a quarter of a mile, before reaching another. Possibly the structure of

the edifice may prevent a more convenient arrangement. The indications pointing to the different branches did not appear to us very lucid, and the stranger has considerable difficulty in tracing his way.

The Louvre contains a collection of very fine drawings by the great masters. Such works it is well known are highly esteemed by persons of taste, being in many cases little inferior to the finished picture. The British Museum possesses also many of great value, bequeathed mostly by Knight and Cracherode. The view, however, is only upon recommendation, and thus confined to artists and amateurs of some consideration. They meet with every attention; yet this seems one of the objects which ought, if possible, to be placed within reach of the public, who have no other means of viewing such objects. Nor does there appear any obstacle to a selection of them being framed, like those in the Louvre, and placed in a gallery. There is a very splendid royal collection which is not, so far as we know, open at all to any part of the public. Waagen, when in England, had great difficulty to find out where it was. The best specimens from it and the Museum might form a gallery probably at least equal to the fine one in the Louvre.

Both nations possess extensive collections of engravings, which are kept, the one in the Bibliothèque Royale, the other in the British Museum. The former are accessible to artists all the week, and two days to the public in general. Although the apartment is not very spacious, we are not aware of any inconvenience arising from this indiscriminate admission. A certain number of the finest are framed and suspended in the room, or in a small antechamber. The British collection is shewn only on the same limited footing as the drawings. It has been alleged that our people cannot be trusted with the handling of portfolios; yet, when duly tested, they have mostly shewn themselves undeserving of such charges. There could, at all events, be no objection to the framing a select number, which, if properly done, would be unattended with the slightest injury. They would be seen more conveniently in a separate gal-

lery than in the apartment encumbered with chairs and tables. At present, it must be owned that in these two particulars the French are manifestly in advance of us.

Extensive collections, illustrative of the different branches of natural history, are possessed by both nations. The British, as is well known, are deposited in the Museum; the French, in the extensive area of the Royal Gardens, around which light structures are erected to contain them. The admission to the latter is generally for three hours during three days in the week; but foreigners, on producing their passports, are admitted any day. The Museum periods are for all classes three days weekly, seven hours in winter and ten in summer. These terms are obviously much more liberal. The three hours cannot be said to be very scanty, yet they are inadequate to the studious examination of such immense collections, which, being situated about four miles from the principal part of Paris, with some of the worst quarters intervening, the passing backward and forward is a considerable inconvenience. The living specimens are accessible for five hours daily. This arrangement does not seem to be dictated by scientific considerations, but rather by the popular character of the objects, and the delight afforded to numerous parties of militaires and grisettes by the sportive exploits of the genus *quadrumana*. There is no corresponding public establishment with us, but a very considerable one supported by private subscription. The admission is burdened, not only with the payment of a shilling, but the necessity of an order from a member, which, to temporary visitors of the metropolis, proves often very troublesome, while the example of the Surrey institution shews that it is wholly unnecessary.

It is impossible to view these establishments in the French capital without noticing a greater activity and superior arrangement. Whenever space is wanted, one of the light edifices is quickly reared; all the objects are expeditiously arranged and labelled. In the Museum, indeed, improvements move on, and much of the system is always in a transition state; but while the overthrow of

previous arrangements is speedily accomplished, "years, long years," elapse before the new one is properly adjusted. Above twelve years ago it was determined to form a classification of the minerals by chemical, instead of external characters. The measure was accordant with the advanced state of the science, but the consequence has been, that scarcely an individual specimen is either numbered or labelled. There are, indeed, cards expressing the general character of the contents of a section; but this, including perhaps twenty or thirty specimens, conveys very little information to one who is not already an adept in the science. From the smallness of the objects, numbers explained by the catalogue, would seem the most convenient plan, and the remains of old ones may still be traced; but the explanation no longer exists. In 1837 a valuable purchase was made of Etruscan antiquities; but they remain still as received, without a single one being numbered or catalogued. It may be proper to notice that the writer, in passing through the French galleries, observed a number of young men busily engaged in the arrangements. It appears, however, from the evidence before parliament, that the allowances made for subordinate assistants are exceedingly slender. It cannot be expected that scientific men of a high class should spend their time in writing and pasting labels. But many young students, to whom the employment would be honourable, would doubtless act under their direction for a very moderate remuneration. It is a miserable economy to spend tens of thousands in the purchase of valuable objects, and then leave them useless for want of an additional two or three hundred.

Having considered the modes of access, it may be interesting to attempt an estimate of the comparative value of the collections formed in the two capitals. The most important are the two national libraries, in which respect, unfortunately, Britain cannot stand any competition. The Bibliothèque Royale is universally allowed to be the greatest in the world. The numerical calculations have greatly varied, but that of Mr. Panizzi, which seems made with

care and intelligence, supposes the volumes not to fall short of 700,000, while those in the Museum in 1836 were only 240,000. The reigning system, however, of trying all the objects of science and art by the rules of Cocker, is extremely fallacious. One work may possess more real value than hundreds, which, perhaps only cumber the shelves. A collection may be swelled to a great numerical amount by filling it with trifling and useless articles. From a total want of access to any catalogue, we were unable to form any opinion as to the merits of the present library in this respect. It contains, no doubt, a large proportion of valuable works; yet, whether it be so complete as its magnitude would imply, may admit of some question. One great source of increase was the appropriation of the convent libraries, which contained, doubtless, good books, yet many, probably, of little value, while such a mode would inevitably produce numerous duplicates. We were informed by a learned gentleman who had full access to it that it was considerably deficient in recent works. It appears, indeed, that 40,000*l.* was reported to Napoleon as the sum necessary to make it complete; but, from political circumstances, only 5000*l.* were issued.

The British Museum collection was, till very lately, viewed with such *sans froid*, that in 1836 it was surpassed by those of the small states of Denmark, Bavaria, and Saxony. We think we recollect a year when there were voted 40,000*l.* for buildings, and 500*l.* for books; when it might be truly said, *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui*. Even in the five years preceding 1836, the average sum expended had been under 1000*l.* In 1839 and in 1840 it was nearly 2700*l.*, a sum sufficient to keep up a library already great and complete, but scarcely to raise a deficient one into that condition. We must, however, own that within the last ten or twelve years the additions have been large and seemingly judicious. Previous to that time, the supply of foreign works, even of the most standard character, was most miserable. Now this is in a great degree remedied, though there are some symptoms, as if chance, rather than system, had presided in the selection. Thus

the works of Schiller in the original are not included, though those of Goethe are; Schmidt's *History of Germany* appears only in a translation. Amid many valuable American works, Bancroft's history is not included, nor the works of the leading poets Bryant and Percival. M. Panizzi thinks the acquisitions ought to be by libraries, not by single works. Yet, though the first may properly form the foundation, the latter seems necessary to support and extend it; and there ought surely to be in the Museum persons qualified to make the selection. His objection is vague, that "there is no end to it." We do not see why there should be an end, as long as there are valuable works and money to purchase them. The purchase of libraries *en masse* must produce numerous duplicates, with the risk of wanting valuable works which they do not include.

In forming a comparative estimate of the collections of art belonging to the two nations, were we to confine ourselves to the Louvre and the National Gallery, Britain could sustain no sort of competition. The Louvre, indeed, has lost that matchless glory which it derived from the plunder of all the cabinets of Europe; yet still, as containing masterpieces of all the great schools, and thus affording a comprehensive view of the world of art, it remains, perhaps, unrivalled. It seems fair, however, to take into consideration all those to which the British people have regular access, and which, as already observed, include the two palaces, and the Dulwich Gallery; under this view, the superiority of the French exhibition will by no means appear so decided.

Raphael, who may be ranked as the prince of painters, forms properly the first object of comparison. Both are in this respect rich; but the cartoons at Hampton Court stand pre-eminent. They are, perhaps, and were, we think, esteemed by Richardson the most valuable of his works, containing in perfection those displays of character, action, and expression, in which his excellence peculiarly consists. They appear also to have come more directly from his own hand, while most of the frescoes in the Vatican were finished by his scholars. Our only finished picture of his is Mr. Beckford's "St. Cathe-

rine" in the National Gallery, and, though only one figure, it is very fine. In productions of this last class, the Louvre is, doubtless, much superior. They consist chiefly of Holy Families; and, though it has been doubted if these form the best displays of the powers of Raphael, they are certainly exquisite, and stamped with a peculiarly high ideal tone. The calm, ethereal, majestic expression of the Madonnas; the almost preternatural energy and life of the Cambini; the lofty piety of Elizabeth and Joseph, inspire emotions peculiarly elevated and pleasing. Yet the great "Holy Family," which Richardson classes second to the "Transfiguration," came somewhat short of our expectations. The heads did not appear so exquisitely fine, nor that of the Madonna quite equal to a drawing also in the collection. We could not avoid feeling a suspicion of its having undergone retouch; but Dr. Waagen, to whose opinion great deference is due, considers it as having been finished by Giulio Romano. That justly celebrated one, which the French call "the Fair Gardener," appeared in a purer state, except that it is slightly overspread by a tint of dirty yellow, probably the effect of time. Sir Joshua Reynolds makes a similar remark on one in the Munich Gallery. That which, after all, struck us with the deepest admiration was where the Madonna is lifting the veil to shew the infant. The clearness and transparency of this picture are most extraordinary, and perhaps appear in all works of this master that are perfectly pure. Several of the first engravers have attempted it, but with little success. There is a slight commonness in the head of the Madonna, which they have all caught, without being able to reach the deep beauty of the expression. "St. Michael, overcoming the Demon," is justly admired for the union of grandeur and mildness in the head of the angel; yet we felt somewhat of the same objection as to the great "Holy Family," and find the German critic give the same explanation. There is a very small one of nearly the same subject, which, on narrow inspection, appears fine and genuine. Two heads of young men are said to be anonymous portraits; but they

are stamped with such a character of deep and mild meditation, that we incline to think them in a great degree ideal. In an outer apartment are four copies of the great frescoes in the Vatican, made, it seems, by French students, about the middle of the seventeenth century. They are good, and deserve the attention of those who are unable to cross the Alps.

Michael Angelo, the contemporary and rival of Raphael, was perhaps a man of greater soul; but it is doubtful if he ever painted, unless in fresco; nor is it believed that any work from his hand exists out of Italy. He is known, however, to have furnished drawings, advice, perhaps even aid, to Sebastian del Piombo, Venusti, and other contemporary painters. Of the pictures thus produced the most important existing is "the Resurrection of Lazarus," now in the British Gallery. The active interest taken in it by the great master, from motives, it is said, of not very noble rivalry, is fully proved by the series of designs for the figure of Lazarus in the Lawrence collection; some of which seemed to us even bolder and more striking than the one adopted. To this may be added the "Ganymede," and the "Venus and Cupid," at Hampton Court. It is remarkable that the Louvre does not contain a single picture, in the preparation of which this great artist is supposed to have taken any concern; nor has it a drawing by him of any consequence. On the other hand, it possesses of Leonardo da Vinci perhaps the best collection any where remaining, since the destruction of "the Last Supper" at Milan. They are sufficient to display his grandeur, simplicity, and truth of expression, with a certain taste for the grotesque, which many of his drawings strikingly indicate.

In regard to the earlier stages of Italian art, the Louvre has several important specimens of Andrea Mantegna; yet these can scarcely maintain their ground against the grand series of the triumphs at Hampton Court. It, and the gallery, contain now fine specimens of Francia, a master almost unequalled in the expression of deep and refined feeling. (He is absent from the French collection,

which, however, comprises specimens by Lippi, Fiesole, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, and others illustrating the early progress of the Italian schools.

In respect to Giulio Romano, the principal scholar of Raphael, the French collection is decidedly superior, though we cannot but view the mythological series at Hampton Court, allowing them only to be good early copies, as displaying great beauty. Of Correggio, both galleries possess specimens, few but exquisite, and adequate to give a full idea of that most graceful and engaging master. The colouring in the English specimens appears more delicate and highly finished; while the others have a peculiar warmth and richness. Of Parmegiano, his rival in grace, the French have only two small pictures; while we are more fortunate in the large one in the National Gallery, and at Hampton Court, in two full-length Madonnas, one seemingly included in the list of the pictures of Charles I., and both to our taste most graceful and pleasing; but they are strangely stuck up at the top of a window, where they are with difficulty visible. Next to these must rank the masters of the Venetian school, universally allowed to be superior to all others in colouring; and, though this be not the highest description of beauty, yet it is raised in them to a height that is absolutely poetical. Besides, though they cannot rival the grandeur of design and expression in the Roman school, their figures have an air singularly noble and agreeable, too much overlooked, perhaps, amid the brilliancy of the tints, but which becomes evident in drawings and engravings. In this school the Louvre is so rich, that perhaps no gallery out of Venice itself can come into competition. Besides "Francis I.," "Hippolyto de Medici," and other splendid portraits, it boasts the Tablecloth, and several other historical pieces, which have always been classed among his *chef-d'œuvres*. Several have acquired from time to time a somewhat dark tint, which yet we should not wish to see removed by the hazardous process of cleaning. It may be questioned if any afford a fairer example of the richness and depth of the master's colouring than the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the

Gallery; otherwise, as the Bridgewater and Devonshire collections cannot be here included, there can be on our side nothing like rivalry. The display of Paul Veronese, the second Venetian name, is still more extraordinary. It includes "the Feast at Cana," celebrated above all his other works for the vast extent of the composition and the arrangement of its multitudinous groups. The colouring did not appear so striking, and, indeed, suggested the idea of over-cleaning, by which its fine original varnish had been carried off, and a dryness of effect induced. Another, opposite to it, and nearly as large, of which we cannot recollect the subject, seemed in a more perfect state. Among the many, however, that representing the story of Esther delighted us most, both by the splendour of the colouring and the pleasing character of the group. Under this head, the English collections are scarcely worthy of mention. The "Marriage of St. Catherine," at Hampton Court, is very pleasing; but, having somewhat faded, it has lately been cleaned, and, we fear, retouched. That collection, however, contains two large compositions by Tintoret, to whose daring pencil sought to unite the powers of Michael Angelo and Titian. These pictures, which the Continental critics have unaccountably overlooked, give a very adequate idea of his genius. Hazlitt prefers that representing the Muses; but the "Esther," to our view, best exhibits both his bold composition and brilliant colouring. We recollect nothing of equal importance in the Louvre, where the works of this master are not numerous; and, indeed, they are somewhat rare out of Italy.

We may now descend to the Bolognese school; but, indeed, it is a very small step to Domenichino, whose deep and fine feeling raises him to a level scarcely, if at all, beneath that of the very greatest painters. The Louvre sustained no severer loss than in the removal of his "St. Jerome," and other masterpieces. There remains scarcely enough to give any idea of his powers, unless in landscape. The "Æneas" is perhaps the most interesting. The "St. Agnes" and "St. Catherine," at Windsor,

the "Erminia" (which we entirely concur with the German critics in ascribing to him), and the "St. Stephen," in the National Gallery, though not on a large scale, are replete with fine feeling. Guido, of the same school, is perhaps unrivalled in representing beauty; not that of mere form and colour, but with a celestial touch which seems to transport the spectator into a higher region. The French gallery is rich in his works. The two Magdalens, "the Salutation," "Paris and Helen," "Nessus and Deianeira," present the human form and visage under the loveliest aspects. The British, though inferior, may boast fine specimens: the "Venus," "Andromeda," "Magdalen," "Cleopatra," and several others. Albano displays the same quality in a different and somewhat lower form; wild, mythological, playful, often almost infantine, yet extremely attractive. The Louvre has a number of his most capital works, which on our side are altogether wanting.

Annibale Caracci, however, has always been placed at the head of the school of Bologna. He is famous as having united the excellences of the great schools which preceded him; in a lower degree, indeed, yet so as to form altogether highly accomplished pictures. Those in the Louvre are numerous and important, yet, placed as they are beside others in which all the high qualities of painting, thought, feeling, beauty, colour, are displayed in their perfection, this exhibition of them, combined indeed, yet in an inferior degree, fails very strongly to attract attention. We know not, indeed, if any of them are so capital as those in the Lucca Gallery, which we somewhat regret should have been missed for our collection. Perhaps his chief talent consists in mythological, somewhat grotesque, compositions, such as employed his pencil on the walls of the Farnese Palace. Our two small friezes, with the cartoons presented by Lord Francis Egerton, give a tolerable idea of his powers in this style.

Claude and the Poussins, though of French extraction, produced most of their works at Rome; and their landscapes represent the luxuriant scenery of that region of Italy. They

are accordingly viewed over Europe as Italian, and their works sought with an eagerness never shewn for those of purely French artists. In England, they are such favourites, that a collection would be considered imperfect which did not contain at least a specimen of each. Of Claude, whose landscapes transport us into the enchanted scenes of the golden age, the Louvre contains magnificent specimens, apparently in a more pure and perfect state than they are usually found in this country. Those in our gallery are very fine; yet it may be doubted if the larger ones, the "Narcissus" excepted, have not been partially stripped of their original varnish. One of them is alleged by the Continental critics, we fear with truth, to be a copy. There are good specimens also at Windsor; but none, perhaps, quite equal those in the Bridgewater and Grosvenor galleries, without mentioning others at Holkham and Leigh Court. The works of Nicholas Poussin, which may be considered as forming a school by themselves, profusely adorn the walls of the Louvre. Majesty, beauty, and truth of expression, are in them only alloyed by a certain hardness of outline, and tendency to coldness and dryness. The figure of Truth in an allegory, and the "Shepherds in Arcadia," seemed to us exquisitely beautiful. The style of his landscapes is peculiarly grand and lofty, and their colouring superior to that of his historical pieces. One, representing in combination summer and paradise, another winter and the flood, are most admirable. Though we cannot compete as to this master, yet the London and Dulwich Galleries contain very good specimens; though it is curious that they are almost all Bacchanalian subjects, or those of a fanciful mythology. These, indeed, display great spirit, yet more serious themes appear to have been his favourites, and are almost exclusively found in the French gallery. Gaspar, his nephew, employed himself only upon landscapes, which possess, to a great degree, though not quite, the grandeur of those of his uncle, combined with a blooming freshness, which renders them truly attractive. We know not why there are in the Louvre only two or three specimens, not of the first excellence,

while in this country they are most widely diffused. Those in the National Gallery, from the collections of Angerstein and Farnborough, are, perhaps, the finest any where existing; there are, also, two good ones at Windsor.

Having thus surveyed the chief masters of the Italian school, the Flemish presents itself with a very different aspect. The purity of design, the delicacy of tints, the dignity of character, are here entirely absent. Yet Rubens, its head, displays great and varied excellences, grand composition, powerful displays of action and passion, and dazzling brilliancy of colour. His females are plump, rosy burgomasters' wives and daughters, yet they display often refinement and delicacy of feeling. His powers are chiefly displayed in large pictures, including much variety of action and emotion. Those of this description, however, which France once possessed, she has been obliged to restore. Her chief possession is now the history of Mary de Medicis, a celebrated series; yet the subjects scarcely afford full scope to his powers, while in many the hardness of the outline and the dark links convey the impression of their having been executed by a scholar under his direction. In the British collections, the specimens are few but very capital: "The Brazen Serpent," "Effects of Peace," in the National; the great "Holy Family," and "St. Martin," in Windsor, with some large landscapes in both, are adequate to convey a full idea of his genius. Vandyck, who resided so long in England as a portrait-painter, could not but leave numerous specimens of this art, which are eminently distinguished by force, life, and beautiful colour, yet wanting the dignified and elegant character which distinguishes the Venetian painters. The French gallery is not without good portraits by this master, as also several Madonnas, in which the Flemish forms are retained, but the attitudes and expression are worthy of the first Italian masters. To these we may oppose the "Madonna" and "Charity" at Dulwich, even though the latter should be supposed only a copy by some eminent disciples. There remains still Jordaens, a humbler follower of this school, yet matchless in

the expression of low nature, where man appears somewhat a little above the brute. The Louvre, among others, has "Le Roi Boit" and the "Satyr," capital works, where he is completely at home, and to which we can only oppose the Duke of Northumberland's present of the "Holy Family," a piece natural and finely coloured, but without a vestige of the grace and dignity appropriate to the subject.

The Flemish school is different from the Italian; the Dutch is diametrically opposite. It delineates real, common, vulgar nature, in its minutest details, and with a force of representation which scarcely falls short of reality. Hence this school, level to all capacities, enjoys a wide popularity, and forms the delight of many who cannot enter into the lofty conceptions of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Even the most refined taste must be delighted with the landscapes of these painters; for nature, to be lovely, requires only to be painted faithfully. Rembrandt is the acknowledged head, and, in the effects of light and shade, and the truth of vulgar nature, cannot certainly be surpassed. The Louvre possesses a greater number of good specimens, though none superior to the pair from the Angerstein, and the "Jew Rabbi" from Sir George Beaumont; nor any that could rival the magnificent "Adoration of the Kings" in Buckingham Palace. In the school of drapery and still life, represented by Gerhard Douw, Metz, Netscher, Mieris, &c., we can scarcely oppose any thing to the fine examples in the French collection. In landscape, though the National be poor, Dulwich presents a capital assortment. In Cuyp it is decidedly superior; and, indeed, this beautiful master has always been a peculiar favourite in England. In the opposite gallery, Bergen, Wouvermans, Ruysdael, Wynants, though not without strong rivals, appear much more advantageously. Yet it is curious that two masters, who are now very generally placed at the head of this school, are there altogether absent; these are Hobbema and William Vandevelde. Could the latter be excluded, lest the *marines* of Vernet should suffer by comparison? Our private collections are

rich in these beautiful masters; but the public ones have not much room for triumph, though there are one or two specimens at Dulwich, and two exquisite little gems from Lord Farnborough in the National. Another disadvantage of these pictures in the Louvre is, that they are arrived at immediately after passing the grand poetical compositions of Claude and Poussin, when their inferiority is sensibly felt. Had they been seen first, or in a gallery by themselves, they would have been more fully appreciated.

The Spanish school is in England represented only by Murillo, one of the most extraordinary painters that ever lived, combining the Italian and Dutch styles; now expressing the loftiest sentiments, now giving the most truthful pictures of humblest objects. Several capital specimens, both in the National and at Dulwich may, perhaps, fully rival those in the original Louvre collection. But France has lately acquired an extensive series of Spanish pictures, to which we have nothing corresponding. Murillo is exhibited in a number of additional subjects, yet none, perhaps, tending to render our idea of him higher than before; and, as they are all sacred, there is no room for his comic powers. Yet "Nativity," and two of the "Saviour Crowned with Thorns," are extremely fine. Two of the same subjects, by Morales (el Divino), are, in point of expression, still more exquisite, and, perhaps, scarcely equalled, Spagnoletto (Ribera) appears under a very new aspect; instead of that wild, rude energy, conspicuous in the few pictures that have reached this country, they include Madonna subjects of the most pleasing and beautiful character. There is a "Nativity," the lights of which can scarcely be surpassed by Correggio; also one or two others, to which it would be difficult to find a superior. Those of Velasquez somewhat disappointed us; they are chiefly portraits, with some landscapes very richly, but hardly coloured. There is a profusion of the works of Zurbarau, whose name is sometimes found in English collections, but we suspect his reality never. Without displaying very high powers, they are executed in a pleasing and engaging style, some-

what resembling that of Guercino. This collection, on the whole, would rather be improved by some process of exclusion.

Each nation has a considerable number of works by its own artists; but it is curious that neither contain scarcely any produced by those of the other. Whether this arises from a difference of taste, or from feelings of national jealousy, we pretend not to decide. As the parallel has already extended to some length, while this branch of it would admit of no regular comparison, and lead over debatable ground, it shall be at present declined. This will prevent our entering on the Versailles galleries, which belong altogether to this class. They are immense, and probably exceed all those of the Louvre united. What purpose, however, can be answered by accumulating such an enormous multitude of bad pictures, it is not easy to perceive. Were about nine-tenths eliminated, the remainder might possess some considerable value.

It is not proposed to enter on a detailed view of the respective stores of sculpture, which may, perhaps, be nearly equal. France, besides the valuable works possessed under the kings, added the Venus of Melos, with fine specimens from the Borgheze and other palaces. These may be placed against the Elgin, Phigalian, and Xanthian marbles, which, however, must place the English collection completely on a level.

Before quitting this subject, and viewing the British gallery as only in a state of growth, and the intended basis of a much more extensive one, it becomes curious to inquire what provision is made for its augmentation. This would have been very slow compared to its age, of above twenty years, but for the large donations which are now beginning to cease. We understand that no fixed sum is allowed for the purpose, but a special vote of the Commons is required for the purchase of even a single picture. The general course is, a great man, who has one or two that are distinguished, intimates his willingness to part with them; an appraisalment is made, probably not under the value, and the proposal is then submitted to parliament. Thus no doubt

capital works have been secured; yet opportunities might have been taken of procuring others as they came to sale, probably below the estimated value. We have already noticed the extreme poverty in respect to the works of the Dutch landscape-painters, though more easily obtained, perhaps, than any other. Within the last ten or twelve years, the collections of Nieumenhaurs, Erard, the Duke of Berri and others, might have afforded, at no great cost, means of amply supplying this deficiency. It has been from them chiefly that Sir Robert Peel has formed his extraordinary assemblage of this class of paintings. Another question which perplexes the visitor of the Gallery is, where the projected additional stores are to be deposited; for at present every spot of wall seems covered, nor can space be found for a single new picture, without much adjustment and transposition. The ejection of the Academy, or the extension of the edifice over the quarters behind, which do not indeed appear of much value, seem the only remedies.

We cannot enter into detail respecting the scientific collections. That of zoology in the Royal Gardens is, perhaps, the finest existing, both as to the number and value of the specimens, and their excellent arrangement. We shall just notice the eight noble examples of the hugest quadrupeds, placed in a row, and forming one of the grandest possible spectacles. Even the but-

terflies, ranged so as to receive a brilliant illumination, present, perhaps, the most dazzling assemblage of tints that the human eye can behold. It is fair to state, that this department in the Museum, which was once pent up within somewhat narrow limits, is very greatly improved both as to materials and disposition. A new arrangement and labelling are proceeding, and by no means at the tardy pace prevalent in the institution. The French have a most interesting cabinet of comparative anatomy, due to the science and industry of Cuvier. It is without a parallel, and certainly no attempt has yet been made on our side to rival it. On the other hand, their collection of the remains of extinct animals is strikingly inferior; which seems somewhat singular, as the Paris basin is in this respect so rich, and has been so carefully explored.

The collection of minerals, also, is decidedly inferior to ours; but steps, we were informed, were being taken to extend it. It was impossible meantime not to admire the pains employed in arranging the specimens, and placing them in an interesting and instructive light. Thus there was a geological series, exhibiting the transition from the most highly crystallised primitive rocks, to the loosest alluvial formations. Another exhibited all the minerals employed in life and the arts, both in their original state and in their prepared and polished forms.

TO A CHILD.

My happy child ! I smile to see
How wisdom, I have sought so long,
Hath come to thee spontaneously
In thine unconsciousness of wrong ;
How, wheresoe'er thine eyes may stray,
Their pure, unclouded sight can find
A something beautiful or gay,—
A joy, to which *mine* eyes are blind.
The red leaves dancing in the breeze,
The falling of the autumn rain,
The solemn waving of the trees,
For us are beautiful in vain ;
But thou, with better wisdom far,
Canst find new joy in every change ;
Contented with the things that are,
Thy wishes ask no farther range.
And if they're sent to thee alone,
Or if they come alike to all,
Thou carest not ; but mak'st thine own
The blessings that around thee fall.
The sunshine and the breath of heaven,
The beauty of the field and wood,
To thee these blessed gifts are given,—
Enough for thee, thou know'st them good.
I love to cast all cares aside,
And, calming down each hope and fear,
To watch the smiles of light that glide
Across thy face when none are near,
And think that glories hid from eyes
Long dimmed with mists of grief and ill,
Before thy holier vision rise,
Clad in their vernal beauty still.
Young stranger in a world of care,
Keep, keep thy keen unclouded sight ;
No thoughts of ours are half so fair
As those which give thy soul delight.
Our laughter is an empty sound
To that clear, silvery tone of thine,—
Our very hopes are check'd and bound,
Our thoughts in vain for freedom pine.
In thee so lovely life doth seem,
So rich in stores of happy thought,
So calm, so sweet, that I could deem
All joys men feel must needs be brought
From far-off shores of infancy ;
Borne onward o'er the wastes of life
Like bursts of music o'er the sea,
Dulled, but still heard amid the strife.
My child ! I blessed thee at thy birth,
Yet knew not then how much had come
Of happiness, and love, and mirth,
With thee, to haunt my heart and home.
I dream'd not thy young life could shed
Such joy and beauty upon mine,
Nor I, by watching thee, be led
To better thoughts of things divine.

FANNY ELSSLER IN LONDON, AT NEW YORK, AND AT THE HAVANAH.

MADemoiselle ELSSLER having asserted, in a letter to the *Times*, that the articles which have appeared in our columns relative to herself are "*apocryphal*," we deem it a duty we owe to this Magazine, whose veracity and honour we will not suffer ever to be impeached, to republish the few lines with which we prefaced the first paper.*

London, March, 1840.

I have little to tell you of interest, since my life here is nearly given up to professional occupations. London life to us artists, you know, is dull and wearisome. We come for a month or so, go through our paces, and disappear, without any communication with or knowledge of the people but that we get behind the stage-lamps. Our residence is too short to enable us to make acquaintances, and a foreign language is a bar to improving those we make. The G——s continue their flattering attentions, and bestow on me the most valuable acts of kindness. Such patronage as this is rare good fortune to a poor artist-woman like myself. I have been the undeserving object of much good nature from excellent people in my own country. The Baroness —, whom all regarded as the *Madame de Staël* of Germany, you recollect, took a deep and singular interest in my fortunes; sympathising with art, she grew fond of me, and lavished many favours where they were well appreciated. But such substantial marks of

goodness as I receive from these amiable and distinguished persons are quite new to me, and perplex me the more that they are really so disinterested, no good on earth can they get by all they do; *au contraire*, they risk offending many prudish friends; for, in England, it is not strictly proper to know actresses of any grade, though this would hardly be credited in other parts of Europe. I have met, for the first time here, some members of the press, and a very different class of people are they from those I have lately left; but I shall not venture on any comparison, for it is an arrogant office to assume the office of critic, and very indiscreet for us, their victims. The one that has prepossessed me the most happens to be a very distinguished member of that influential fraternity. Very judicious! —thank you; but very accidental, say I, and to be attributed to those winning and amiable manners that make Sir J. E—— a very general favourite. He has treated me with great civility, and his powerful journal has been copious in panegyrics that he declares I really deserve; and, to tell you my

* "The following letters, although not the productions of the pen of Mdlle. Fanny Elssler, nevertheless, contain in a translated form her impressions and the incidents of her visit to the Havannah. In some subsequent numbers of REGINA other letters will appear, and will probably, with still further extracts, which will not be inserted in this Magazine, be published in the form of two or three volumes. We feel assured that the gay, witty, playful papers, of which a specimen is now laid before our readers, will be perused with delight by all the admirers of Mademoiselle Fanny, and will attract for them the attention they so abundantly deserve. It is, of course, generally known that after years of unparalleled success in all the national theatres of Europe, this Queen of 'Danseuses' was prevailed on to proceed to America. In the letters which we have submitted to our readers in this month's REGINA, we find her impressions of sunny lands and of a far different life to that of London or Paris portrayed with a delicacy and *finesse* which accord with the

conviction, I don't think I could get them if I did not. Matters are altogether conducted on another system here. *Messieurs les journalistes* do not frequent the scenes as in *la belle France*; wherefore, I am puzzled to say, unless this is improper, too, in sober England; consequently, this high tribunal is not so easily corrupted as elsewhere, where friendly intercourse with the press is more frequent. Believe me, or not, but I assure you that were a rich present sent to a respectable editor here, it would certainly be returned; whilst a "*billet de banque*" would be regarded as an insult. The theatrical criticisms in all the English papers are well written, and I think most impartially so. A good actor is praised judiciously, and a bad one condemned mercifully, but it is all done gratuitously. Perhaps no press in the world is more elevated and less venal than all the leading organs of English public opinion; certainly none are abler or more refined. I regret to have nothing of a livelier character to send you; but such a life

as I lead here affords little incident to comment upon. It is not altogether disagreeable, as you know how absorbing is my love of my art. I am never happier than when occupied with my "*buttemens*," or superintending the amusing details of getting up a ballet, more especially when it is all in harmony with my judgment and liking. I am hard at work with *La Tarentule*, that had so great a success lately in Paris. I have some fear it is not altogether to the English taste,—we shall see.

April, 1840.

This is the last time I shall write to you, my dear Thérèse, ere my departure; it comes close upon me, and I cannot describe the sinking of heart and the keen apprehension that seize me at times when I contemplate its rapid advance. It is a mere accident that I have not given it up; but for the, perhaps, judicious resolve of my friends, I should have escaped by the only road possible without breaking an obligation and com-

mind and character of this universal favourite. '*Fanny Elssler in Paris*' will form the subject of the next article which will appear in this Magazine in January."

We also subjoin our answer to Mademoiselle Elssler's letter which appeared in the *Times* of February 16:—

"To the Editor of the *Times*."

"Sir,—As Mademoiselle Elssler has asked in this very busy period a small space in your columns, allow me, as publisher of *FRASER'S MAGAZINE*, to crave a few lines for a reply.

"The articles of which she complains appeared in the Magazine in question; and I feel so confident that the public will not impute to me any haste or inconsideration in their insertion, that I am not concerned by her expressions of indignation; still, as my character might be implicated in the opinion of some, were I to allow her statement to pass unnoticed, I will merely say that I took every pains to satisfy myself that the articles were not only sanctioned but approved by Mademoiselle Elssler.

"Previous to the publication of the first paper I received a letter from Mr. Henry Wikoff (who is now on his passage to New York), in which he wrote, 'Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler gave me, a year since, a full and unqualified assent to publish her travels, and she has never withdrawn that assent.'

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. W. NICKLISON.

"215 Regent Street, Feb. 15."

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promising my honour. Just imagine the director of the New York Theatre writing me a civil letter, stating the financial difficulties of his country to have widened to such a fearful extent, that he dared not prosecute farther a theatrical speculation that might involve him seriously. Had I received this letter, I would have treated it as a godsend, for my courage is clean gone. An agent of the director, M. P——, brought this intelligence to London; but, meeting a friend of mine, who has all along taken the liveliest interest in my going, and who has sustained me against the most active opposition and endless variety of obstacles, he stated the position of affairs; but he was urged to take on himself the responsibility of continuing the engagement that his chief had deliberately entered into, though he was told I would consent cheerfully to be relieved from it. This was a dreadful moment, truly. M. P—— saw me at the Opera, and felt satisfied the contract would be—so he politely expressed himself—a very safe one; but if he should maintain the contract he was ordered to dissolve, the theatre might be closed, and the banner of bankruptcy wave over it on my arrival. The matter was cut short by my friend aforesaid declaring he would assume all risk, and defy all chance of loss, as far as I was concerned, if M. P—— would enter, on the part of his manager, into an agreement for fifteen nights, dividing the receipts of the house without deduction. This was done, and the matter was, of course, referred to me for signature. This was ingeniously contrived, and all my friends joined in advising me to go, if only to save me from the suspicion of having trifled with public expectation for some unworthy purpose. I signed again for the last time; was ever adventure attended, even from the moment of its conception, with such vicissitudes, mischances, and obstacles, till patience has been a thousand times exhausted? And yet a strong and steady undercurrent has carried me on, of which I have felt conscious, and yet been utterly incapable of resisting. Next week I leave London, if nothing happens. It would be strange, in-

deed, if my setting sun in Europe was surrounded by no more clouds.

La Tarantule has met with complete success. This was more than I expected, for the music is made up chiefly of light French airs, that are agreeable in Paris from their comic associations, but they are not equally popular here. I feared the freedom of the second act might possibly offend the conventional delicacy of the English. The scene, you recollect, is the bed-chamber of Lauretta, when the impatient Omeopatico forces his way, and, thrusting forth the reluctant bridesmaid and attendants, locks the door, and turns upon his victim, who eludes him with endless tricks and stratagema, making the fun of the piece. Nothing can be less offensive in the performance, yet Monsieur le directeur even insisted that the bed should be left out, which destroys the point of the whole act. I made no objection, of course, though I think the public of all countries are made frequently ridiculous in the eyes of strangers, by the aspiring ignorance of persons nowise capable of judging of the true elevation of public taste and feelings. In this case the interference was absurd, for the English, I have observed, are not overstrained in their delicacy, but only fastidious where propriety is at stake.

On Saturday I bid them adieu, and, as always, with sincere regret. From the first I have conceived a strong, deep liking for this noble people,—not so extravagant in their phrases of admiration, perhaps, as others, but honest and enduring in their esteem for an artist they have approved. My engagement has been brilliant beyond all expectation. The season before Easter is usually dull and most inattractive at the Opera; if the director manages to avoid loss he escapes well, but on this occasion, happily, the attendance has been crowded and fashionable. All parts of this great theatre have been nightly filled, and my spirits, naturally, have been gay and flowing. Her majesty has been present on several occasions, and all the leading nobility. I have been delighted often by the presence of the distinguished lady we have always admired so much, the Duchess of S——d. I

have never yet understood the strange fascination this charming person exerts over all who behold her. Whether it is the richness and elegance of her attire, her striking beauty, or the graceful affability of her manners, I know not; but the spell must needs be strong when it has reached me, who have only seen her from the "footlights." Yes, I quit all with reluctance, save and excepting, which concerns me most, this vilest of all stages. Never was there any thing so ill contrived, inconvenient, and mean; it runs half way across the pit, as if it had escaped the hands of the carpenter, and gone off on a voyage of discovery for itself, so that a portion of the audience is *behind* the artists. And then the want of room in the scenes is lamentable, and, at the same time, ludicrous. One goes through such bumping, jerking, and jamming, as almost to dislocate limbs, let alone the tearing and disordering of dresses, and of all things else. They have a custom here of letting in a swarm of subscribers, who inundate and occupy the only vacant corners that may exist; so that getting on the stage is often more arduous than to perform when there. I often find myself in the predicament of an unlucky fish in a glass vase, swimming round and round in vain, and find escape nowhere. The dressing-rooms are bad,—in short, behind the curtain all is unworthy this favourite resort of the *beau monde*, and the most opulent of European cities. It is to be hoped that some great managerial reformer will one day effect the many desirable improvements there is such evident pressing need of. I must write you a short letter, Thérèse, for time flies me fast, and the great business of "packing up" occupies me to the exclusion of all else, and I must superintend every thing alone.—Adieu.

Bristol, April 14.

There am I, dear —, almost in sight of the steamer that is to carry me away from all I know and love. I have very much the terrible sensations a poor criminal may be supposed to feel with the rope round his neck, just preparatory to his exit from the state he has been so long

accustomed to. Heaven grant that my departure, in this case, may not be so long a one. I left London yesterday morning, and, amusing to say, we had well-nigh missed steamer, voyage, America, and all, from the drollest of all causes—every body over-sleeping themselves. The whole house and servants had been up till three A.M., in busy preparation, and, when the carriage came at eight in the morning, not a soul was stirring. Such a scene ensued of indescribable confusion. The railway departure was at nine o'clock, and we had half-an-hour's drive to reach it. I limited myself to dressing and rubbing my eyes open, and started with my bonnet in one hand and a bit of bread in the other. N—— displayed that wonderful activity that has so often served in similar emergencies. She came bustling into the carriage at the last moment, upon the top of baskets, parcels, and shawls, in the most ludicrous disorder of attire and appearance. Fortunately, I had no time to indulge the bitter grief that for a moment seized me, as I turned to bid adieu to the dear friend who faithfully followed to the "station;" but I gave unconstrained vent to my tears for a good hour afterwards, till the fatigues of the preceding days overcame me in sleep. I was occasionally addressed by an enthusiastic friend, who directed my attention to some delicious prospect that glowed in the bright sunshine of an unclouded day in spring-time. Giving now and then a languid look, I relapsed into sleep, dreaming of carolling birds, green hills, and bleating sheep; till at length I awoke in the neighbourhood of this bustling, commercial city. After a *nice* dinner, I went to bed at an early hour, to wake upon my last day in Europe till—ay, till when? We are requested to go on board the Great Western, of whose splendid qualities and accommodations I have heard so much, at two o'clock.

I will keep this parting letter open *jusqu'au dernier moment*.

Great Western steamer.

Adieu, dearest Thérèse. I am drowned in sorrow; and, if it were not for shame, I would fly to town again. You know my rooted

apprehension of the sea, that now rises on me almost to terror. I am constantly asking myself, how came I here; it seems impossible I could ever have consented of my own will, and yet there is nothing else that could have done it. We left Bristol in a very small steamer, in which we are piled up together, trunks and passengers, not being able to stir. I had a glance of my fellow-sufferers that are to be; they are of all sorts and sizes, and some look very merry, and some the reverse: class me among the latter. I found myself next to the celebrated Countess of M——n, a distinguished leader of the *haut ton* of Paris, and the well-known friend of all great artists. I had the honour of being presented to her by Mr. W——ff, of the United States, and she gave me a most cordial reception, and tried to cheer my drooping spirits. Madame seems no way dismayed at the dreary voyage before us; but, then, she is going to command favour, while I hardly dare hope to obtain it. As I approach our steam-bark, what a mammoth she seemed to the little pigmy vessel that bore us! As my foot touched her great deck, a thrill ran through me. I felt what was impossible to describe; but what a shock I had in going to view my cabin! I had figured to myself something like a good-sized bedchamber, with tables and chairs (how should I know any better, who was never in such a place before?), but I was ushered into a small closet, as I thought it, and told I was to sleep, and likely to eat, there for some sixteen days to come. I declared that it was out of the question, amid the laughter of all around me; but it is too late now; there I must stay, whether I sleep or not. What noise and confusion! Oh! I hear the creaking of machinery, the sluggish movement of the engine, as if a giant had woken. The steamer trembles as at the danger before it,—the wheels begin to turn! Adieu, sister, in tears and sobs, adieu!

Great Western, April 29.

Dear Mina,—You demanded of me, when we parted, the earliest details of my voyage. How strange it seems to me to address you now with a vast

ocean rolling between us; for I have well-nigh crossed it. They tell me two or three days more must bring us to our destination. This news ought to fill me with singing; but it awakens new fears I never thought of before,—a sense of the terrible change that awaits me there, has lately come over me; it is no use to disguise. If I fail, I am inevitably ruined; and my friends in Europe, whom I have disobeyed in leaving them, will join in the laugh and derision that will mock me; and these convictions haunt me, and the last two or three days I have spent half the time in vain and bitter reflections; but I am encouraged by the most amiable associations to the contrary, by many of my fellow-passengers. My life at sea has been—could you believe it?—quite agreeable, though tormented by vicissitudes of weather, for one does not escape even by going far away from land. Yet the time has passed pleasantly. How cheerfully our voyage began; the weather soft, the sky serene; the sea so bright and smooth, that I thought its glassy surface could never be overspread by anger. Alas! what treachery lurks in its hollow depth! Our days passed gaily: at nine we assembled at breakfast in the immense saloon, some hundred feet long; two great tables running its whole length: a wide space for this repast, with every luxury of earth and sea. Our passengers, numbering 120 odd, were punctual at their posts; and certainly no scene could be more animated: the clatter of plates and hubbub of conversation were new and exciting; and when I listened to it in my cabin, that opened in the saloon, it had a most strange effect. After breakfast, every body took to the deck; some talked, others walked; and what fine accommodations for promenades! The studious read, and the contemplative mused. I did all by turns, and nothing long. Perhaps the greatest pleasure of all was to lounge in a comfortable chair, and gaze upon the sea, glittering like molten lava in the dazzling effulgence of the noonday-sun. I love to think of all the wonders,—the “monsters grim” that were hid from my cautious eye by yon sparkling mantle that spreads its vast surface over them; and here was I riding safely and swiftly along,

like a bold intruder upon the awful element. Hundreds of miles rising up between me and all of those I had never lost sight of before. There was something startling, fearfully so, in the thought; but it did not last long in such merry sunshine. At three we descended to make our toilette for dinner, that was punctually ready at four. And how plentiful and sumptuous this grand meal of the day; every variety of meats and vegetables cooked in every cunning variety of style: where all came from, or how all was done, I could never see or discern. The attention was excellent: the utmost order prevailed under the vigilant eye of the black steward, George, who, in spite of his short legs and broad back, was every where and every thing on these occasions; his shining face, all covered with perspiration, was a sight,—it seemed to reflect its own jetty blackness. After dinner, it was delightful to walk about the deck, and inhale the fresh breezes of the crispy sea, and watch the dying gleams of the sun, whose declining radiance lit up both sky and ocean with its fiery glare,—it was beautiful to behold. The evening had its attractions; cards engaged some, and music had its devotees. La Comtesse M——, whose marvellous voice has so often enthralled the gilded salons of luxurious Paris, exerted its witchery here. With an amiability beyond praise, she sang for us, with grace and expression, some of the liveliest airs of her own sunny land, where song and the merry castanet never tire. It was amusing to see the allurements of her music upon the divers groups scattered over the vessel; by degrees, all collected about her, till the covered deck we occupied was thronged to pressure; and the woolly heads of the negroes filled up the doorways, making a dark background to the picture. At the end of four such days as these, it was announced we had made a third of the passage. I began to fear we would get there too soon, this life was so delightful; I went to bed in high spirits. But who can tell the horrors of the succeeding days? the winds blew in hurricanes; the rains descended; the raging sea, lashed to madness, rose as if to engulf us: Tempest, in all its dread majesty,

walked abroad. Oh, what a change! and it was as great with me. I laid in my berth, rolling, half unconscious, from side to side, a wretched thing! I saw nothing, heard nothing, but the roaring storm; knew nothing, felt nothing, but such a sensation of—oh dear! it makes me dizzy to think of it. At last I was persuaded up on deck; and what a sight! the wind and sea were still furiously contending. After several days' frightful conflict, our excellent Captain Hoskins, in whose vigilance and skill I felt unbounded reliance, began to get exasperated; and I saw he was disposed to interfere between the combatants. More steam was put on, and the Great Western, obedient to the impulse, rushed into the *mêlée*. Man and the roused elements met; but our course was onward, in spite of the fiercest opposition. Now and then I raised my head, and looked with terror at the mountainous sea that bore us up on its mighty waves, and threatened to hurl us into mid air as we descended rapidly into the yawning chasm that succeeded. I sprung back appalled at the thought of engulfment; but they had an end: "*tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*," says the proverb, and so did this.

May 2.

We are getting along gloriously; sunshine and storms engage us no more. The Great Western and her noble captain are absorbed in their business, and every day we make an advance of some hundreds of miles. To-morrow we shall see the land they say; how exhilarating the promise! Symptoms of an approach began to show themselves; the men are shaving off their sea-beards, and the women begin to think of their disordered locks again. The greater part of my voyage has been boisterous; and unfavourable. We reached the seventeenth day of an allotted existence, to the annoyance of our esteemed captain, who hoped to put us ashore some days earlier. There was great excitement on board to-day: all the amusements and occupations that have hitherto given zest to my isolated life are forgotten and abandoned in the stirring interest awakened as we rapidly gain upon the New World whither we

are anxiously bound. For myself, I have ceased to think of the adventures or misfortunes that may befall me there; all other emotions are buried, absorbed, in one deep, intense feeling of curiosity that has taken complete possession of my soul. Oh! how intolerably long an hour seems which interposes between the present and the goal of my boundless impatience. Our last dinner was a joyous one; and, miraculous to say, after seventeen days eating and drinking of some 120 hungry people, our sea appetites would have made a landsman stare; the supply seemed more abundant than ever; the wines circulated freely; and the eloquence of our ocean orators could no longer contain itself: toasts and speeches succeeded, and the health of Captain Hoskins was drank amid cheers and bravos. He replied with that modesty and correct feeling so characteristic of the man, and bid us adieu with affectionate regret. The confidence I have reposed from the beginning in this admirable commander has never for a moment deserted me; and his indefatigable attention to his important duties at all hours and in all weathers has called forth our unanimous and most grateful admiration. No wonder such a man should enjoy such general esteem; few, indeed, are so entirely worthy of it.

I laid down my pen an hour ago to run on deck breathless at the news we had arrived on soundings, which simply means that we had passed the bottomless sea, and could, by dropping a heavy piece of lead with a long line, touch the solid earth. That gave me such a sensation as I cannot describe, and it was deepened a thousand times when I recollected that it was *American* earth,—that land I had so long and so ardently desired to see. I was standing by as the lead drew up with some of the soil adhering to it. I grasped it with greater eagerness than if it had been a precious pearl, and regarded it with an interest no words can convey. I shall not sleep to-night. How my eyes strain and beam for a sight of this new land! Columbus, I don't believe, was half so impatient.

May 3, Sunday.

Look there, Mina, behold America! Since daylight we have seen land, and since that how I have been staring till my sight has grown dim and confused. We have passed the Hook, a point of land around which we turned into a fine stream between two islands, looking almost like a canal, leading straight to the harbour of New York. As we go steaming rapidly along in smooth water, I am every moment enchanted by the lively landscapes that present themselves, so entirely unlike any thing I ever saw or fancied. Hill and dale decked in the highest verdure and luxuriating in the richest foliage, succeed in the most pleasing variety. Numberless villas are dotted along the sea-coast, all painted in dazzling white, relieved by green Venetian blinds. These pretty objects are to me so perfectly novel, that I am exclaiming with delight every moment. The harbour of New York opens upon us. Can any thing in nature be more magnificent? Islands of the most picturesque beauty are scattered in every direction the eye wanders to. The city itself is an object of wonderful attraction. A lovely promenade called the Battery, adorned with splendid trees and pretty walks, and running from the water's edge, may be considered its natural frontispiece, and nothing can be more strikingly beautiful to the eye of a stranger.

I have scribbled these lines with my pencil as we steamed along, but my impressions are so rapid and various, that I must give myself up to them entirely. You shall have them, with me, at another time. Adieu.

New York, May 8.

My dear Madame G—, I send you the welcome intelligence, as you will regard it, of my safe arrival in the western world; and what do I think of it, is the first inquiry you would put to me were I within the sound of your agreeable voice. I hardly know what reply to make other than that I have been to this moment astonished, amused, and delighted a hundred times with the strange, odd, and beautiful sights that have greeted me at every turn. I arrived on Sun-

day last, and was greatly struck at first with the unexpected size and commercial opulence of the city. As we ascended one of the two fine rivers that enclose New York, I observed the quays lined with noble warehouses and fleets of fine vessels riding at anchor in front of them. On the steamer reaching the wharf, I was greatly diverted at the crowd and bustle, and very much flattered, you may be sure, to find that my arrival was making a great sensation, even down to those matter-of-fact creatures the customhouse officers, who treated all my parcels as sacred property, when I expected just the contrary from the much-talked-of national curiosity. As I drove along the streets to my hotel, I found them singularly quiet and deserted. That I attributed to the character of the day, which is observed here after the fashion of London.

The houses above are of all possible sizes and colours, but generally well built and cheerful in aspect; the paving not over smooth, as I felt by the jolting of the carriage, but very clean and nice. On reaching the lower part of the town my attention was directed to the Park Theatre, where I was engaged. I began to express my admiration of a fine building in marble and of great size, but was soon cured of my illusion by being told that it was the City Hall.

"There is the theatre!" and I looked upon a building as utterly devoid of architectural merits, as any public edifice I ever saw. Nothing could be meaner or more uninviting than its exterior; but I was told not to despair, that my opinion of it would rise on crossing its threshold, and so I hold myself in reserve. I alighted at the American Hotel, where I had been strongly recommended, and was ushered, with great civility, into a handsome saloon, but was promised even a better one on the first vacancy. My exertions had made me quite hungry, so I ordered my dinner, not a little curious to see something of the mystery of an American *cuisine*. I had scarcely done so when the card of my manager, Mr. S——, was brought in. Well, this is prompt and gallant, thought I, and he was shewn in; but what a different person from the class I have been accustomed to in Europe, who,

dressed in high fashion, display their wit and gallantry in the gayest compliments. Mr. S., on the contrary, attired in plain black, and with a manner most staidly seasoned, had the serious aspect of a man of business. He sat down, looked at me, said the day was fine, to which I cheerfully assented, asked about my voyage, looked again, hemmed, and getting very formally up, said he would call again; and so began and ended, in five minutes, my first interview with an American director. I was told he was rather eccentric, though a very honest, upright man; but that loquacity was a weakness he never indulged in, that he would do any thing to oblige you but talk to you. Yet I am sure I shall like Mr. S.

I must confess my first dinner astonished me outright. The table was most elegantly garnished with fine linen and beautiful glass; and—would you believe it?—I was so positively assured by those who had been here that a napkin was not to be found in the country, that I had, consequently, brought some dozen with me. I found them useless. Four or five courses were served, and nothing could have been better cooked or of better quality. There is "science" in the kitchens of the hotels, and I begin to think that America is not quite so barbarous as fine folks have assured me: however, I have some more to see. As I went to bed I put my head out of the window for a look at the stars that twinkled with a brilliancy unknown to me before, but my attention was attracted by the novelties below. The Park lay before me, a pretty promenade, with fine tall trees and well lighted. The City Hall reared its white marble head on the left, and the *façade* of the Park Theatre stood before me in all its ugliness; whilst to the right an immense pile of grey granite called the Aston House, frowned upon me in the gloom of night. The streets were deserted, though not very late. There was something in the strange objects about me that told me I was in a foreign land. I gave myself up to meditation, and could have passed half the night at the window; but Katty, ever vigilant of my health, enticed me away, and so ended my first day at New York.

Ever since I have been lost in a turmoil of visits and arrangements. I shall require a couple of weeks to put myself *en train*, after an interval of rest the longest I have ever taken. The excitement to see me on the stage begins to alarm me. The box-office, I am told, is besieged from morning to night, and the mad people are ready to pay any thing to get places; perhaps some of them may repent of their bargain. Managers come pouring in from all quarters, and offers the most tempting are urged upon me: it would be wiser for them to wait and see first. I have been persuaded, almost against my judgment, to give the Cracovienne dance, and the Tarantule for my *début*, and the dance to precede the ballet. The reasons advanced for this strange overturn of things are plausible enough. The extravagant expectations of my saltatory powers rising so high here, that to meet it is clearly beyond any human effort; so it is thought that my appearance in this popular dance where the music, dress, and movement, are so novel, that criticism will be disarmed, and that the probable effect will be, if not to please, at least to mystify them; so that whatever disappointment may ensue it will not be fatal, nor cut me off from a chance of recovering all in the ballet. Great difficulty was experienced in getting together a *corps de ballet*, not for want of material, as from timidity to run the risk of criticism. It required great exertions to induce the actors to take part in the ballet, as all shrunk from the really important and arduous part of Omeopatico. At last an old favourite of the establishment, Mr. Fisher, was selected, who promised, from his great comic talent, to acquit himself triumphantly.

I have taken several drives about the city, and have been struck with the width and beauty of many of the streets and the striking elegance of many of the houses. There are several fine squares after the style of London, and in no wise inferior in extent or effect. The great artery of New York is their favourite "Broadway," of which they are justly proud. It is of nearly even breadth, and runs a distance of some three miles and upwards; the lower part is mostly appropriated to shops that are well

supplied with every variety of fine goods, and tastefully fitted up. The environs of New York abound in the loveliest scenery, which is very accessible by crossing in commodious ferry-boats either of the noble rivers that roll their protecting waters around the city. Who could have imagined that such a city, so richly endowed in natural beauty and monumental splendour, could have existed in young barbarous America! We are too much disposed in Europe to indulge the complacent supposition that all that is wonderful and rare in nature and art is concentrated within our borders; but little do we know of the resources of this beautiful land upon which Heaven has so prodigally lavished her bounties, and that man has done so much to improve.

I went last night to the Park Theatre, and was agreeably surprised at the neat and elegant appearance of the interior, so strikingly in contrast with its truly contemptible aspect without. It has four tiers of boxes, that are all open in the style of English theatres, with the exception of three private boxes on either side of the second tier. Its proportions are very good, and the ornaments in excellent taste—white and gold. The play was *Macbeth*, for the benefit of a clever actress and great favourite, Miss Cushman. Mr. Charles Kean played the hero of this noble tragedy, and played it well. It is an arduous rôle, and demands an amount of physical exertion few actors are adequate to; but Mr. Charles Kean went through it with great ease and admirable effect, and he made his final exit amid the cordial and unanimous applause of the house.

I have shed my first tears in America, and upon what occasion, think you? Shortly after my arrival, I attended a performance of Mr. Forrest, the native tragedian, who produced so strong an impression in London a few years ago by his admirable impersonations of Shakespeare. I was struck, on his appearance in a Roman part, by the nobleness of his mien and fine commanding person. He is cast in a giant's mould, and is a fit representative of those classic heroes of antiquity, whose splendid *physique* throws the more effeminate figure of our day into lu-

dicrous contrast. His voice is a most wonderful organ, of the greatest power and rarity of tone; it rises with the tide of passion, till its loud reverberations fill the very dome with echoes; and it sinks, in situations of tenderness, into tones of such touching sweetness that no heart can resist. It was to his splendid acting that I paid tearful homage, and never in my life did artist inspire me with deeper admiration. Mr. Forrest has ardently studied and pondered over the mysteries of his most difficult art. A more refined and accomplished artist I have never seen, and he gives a tint so natural and familiar to his lifelike creations, that you are seduced into utter forgetfulness of the actor, being totally absorbed in the fate of the hero he portrays. This is the triumph of genius. But how useless it is to heap barren words of eulogy on such a performer! It is idle to attempt a description of his classic attitudes, his noble gait, his distinct enunciation, and, above all, of the fine dramatic expression he gives to every passion of the heart, to every working of the mind. America may justly point to her Talma, and ask, with honest pride, if he be not worthy the pedestal fame has raised him to, and the laurel-leaf that encircles his brow.

The eventful day of my *début* is upon me, to-morrow will be a *souvenir* for the rest of my life. I cannot disguise from myself the importance of the result. If I fail to gratify the unreasonable ideas of my poor skill prevailing here—and how can I hope to do so?—the consequences will be to me most fatal. My career in this country will end ere it has begun, and my return to Europe will be ignominious. Division and malice will meet and mock me, and the brilliant position I left so thoughtlessly, will be for ever beyond my reach. These reflections quite unnerve me, and I am further alarmed at the extraordinary excitement in the theatrical world. The papers are every day full of details, personal and otherwise, concerning me, and if I was not so agitated, I should be flattered. I will write you immediately after the decision of the public voice, and I pray that it may not be ruinous to my hopes.

May 16th.

I am satisfied, nay, far more, rejoiced to my inmost heart, by the most unexpected manifestation of popular feeling in my favour; but I will relate to you the history of the night. I was nervous beyond any thing I ever experienced before; this was natural, and I have partly explained it already. I did my best to suppress my emotions, for I felt the necessity of calm but earnest effort. My hotel faces the theatre, and before I went to repose, as is my constant habit on a dancing night, I caught, unhappily, a glimpse of the immense concourse that had already assembled in the street some hours before the doors were to open. There was much excitement among them, and I understood the manager was very apprehensive that some disorder would ensue. He was hardly less alarmed than I was, and heartily wished it was "all over," and so did I too. On going to the theatre I had urgent need of the good-natured encouragement given me, for I had well-nigh lost command of myself. I dressed for the Cracovienne, and listened in the silence of my room to the confused sound of murmurs that reached my ear, and indicated the presence of that excited throng, crowded, as I was told, to the very roof, whose judgments I was about to challenge. I trembled in every limb with apprehensions I could not control; I had hardly strength to walk upon the stage. The curtain rose, and breathless silence prevailed; the music struck up, and the moment came, and I appeared. The scene that ensued beggars description. The whole house rose, and such a shout ascended, as stunned my senses, and made me involuntarily recoil. Men waved their hats, and women their handkerchiefs, and all was inexplicable dumb show for several mortal moments. I stood confounded, and tears streaming down my face. Order at length restored, the dance began. How I went through it I know not; I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing. I felt only one dreadful sensation of a great weight being attached to my limbs; or as if palsy had stricken them. But I must have danced as I hope never to dance again. I was *snored* to the echo, and in a few moments recommenced

amid the most cheering applause. A vaudeville succeeded, and I retired to get ready for the ballet. I was not curious to know the feeling of the house, for I feared it must be unfavourable. I began to warm to my work, and my ambition awoke. I resolved to make some desperate efforts before I yielded the struggle. I soon learned that such a state of feeling prevailed as had been calculated on. Great confusion of opinion and impression, perhaps some disappointment, but just that blank state of mind that I might hope the most from. This roused my soul to action, and I longed to be at them. As I dashed in for the ballet, the sensation was hardly less strong than at the first. My appearance in feminine and coquettish attire seemed more in harmony with their expectations, and they evidently liked my looks. A loud murmur of surprise and intense satisfaction rose on every side, and gave me a stirring impetus. It is not for me to say what I did, or how I did it, but never was I carried so resistlessly along on a buoyant tide of feeling that bore me quite away. I danced without effort, and even Katty applauded some of my feats. The most deafening exclamations of delight broke at rapid intervals from all parts of the house, till they lashed themselves into a perfect tempest of admiration. Never before did I behold so vast an assembly so completely under the sway of one dominant feeling and so entirely abandoned to its inspiration. The curtain fell amid a roar that sounded like the fall of mighty waters, and that quickly brought me before them. Their applause was perfectly frantic, cheers and bravoos saluted me, and flowers and wreaths fell like rain upon me. You cannot suppose that I stood unmoved amid such sights and scenes. My heart beat till I thought it would leap from its socket, and my eyes overrun in grateful testimony of their fervent goodness. I essayed to speak, and stammered forth a few simple words of thanks and withdrew. The ordeal is past, doubt no more affrights me, and what a prospect dawns upon me! Heaven grant that the end may prove worthy the auspicious beginning I have just so feebly recorded. Adieu.

Havanah, February 1841.

Dear Sis,—An opportunity presenting by Don ——'s going to Paris, I write to you what you never have learned through other channels, of my complete success here, that goes on still increasing. The people seem jealous of the *éclat* I acquired in the United States, and are anxious that good report should be made at Paris of the cordial reception they have given to a truant *danseuse*. I have fearful misgivings, at times, that I have lastingly forfeited Parisian favour. I stand in greater need, then, of all the consolation my wonderful career ought to afford me. Notwithstanding your deep disappointment at my non-return to Europe, yet I am persuaded you are gratified at the continued good fortune that follows me, emptying its veriest treasures in my lap with prodigal hands. I am delighted that I have come hither, not for the extension of my *renommée* merely, but rather for the charm I find in every thing that surrounds me. The sky, the clime, its luscious plants,—the people, their generosity, their hospitality,—and scenes and sights that are so novel and pleasing,—all combine to make my residence here indescribably pleasant, and will furnish my memory with some of its most brilliant retrospections. You would have been greatly amused last night had you accompanied me to the opera. It was for the benefit of Mdlle. Obee, a very charming person, greatly esteemed here; and popularity is here, above all other places, profitable to an *artiste*. It is the singular custom for the *beneficiare* to sit at the public door of entrance behind a table, supporting some silver dishes, into which are thrown by the comers—in such sums as their generosity prompts them to give. The sound of this is very offensive to us, totally habituated to another method; and this public display of one's self on such an occasion, and for such a purpose, seems quite intolerable. I think I could never support the rude gaze of the crowd, and would shrink from such an ordeal, but how the sight of a thing alters preconceived opinions! Mdlle. Obee sat there, smiling and bowing to her friends as they entered, without regarding the gold they deposited, and chatting easily

with others, apparently unconscious of any awkwardness or oddity in her position, and it appears far less so to me now. The truth is, public attention is more pointedly directed towards those who are expected to display their generosity; to these I am sure the *exposé* must be the most trying, for a hum or murmur of approbation or disappointment usually follows any mark of liberality or niggardliness. I believe this usage is familiar to Havanah, I never heard of it elsewhere. There are other features that are equally distinctive. Visits are paid to all your distinguished acquaintances, who are especially invited to the festival; boxes are retained for them, unless they signify their inability to come; tickets are sent, also, to all the influential persons, who retain or return them with excuses; but no charge whatever is made on these occasions. There is a suspension of prices, and all is left to the discretion of the comer; tickets, at the usual prices, are sold for those parts of the theatre where the promiscuous part of the audience go, the upper galleries, but for neither the *lunettar*, or boxes; and the eye is, therefore, rarely offended by the sight of vulgar *silice*. Pieces of gold of various amounts display the quality and munificence of the *artiste's* aristocratic patrons. The currency is quite a treat here, after the dirty and doubtful paper money of the "States." It is all in solid coin of gold and silver, of various sizes and values, fractionizing from the "onsa," or doubloon, (a beautiful coin of very pure gold); into halves, quarters, and eighths, also in gold, and easily distinguished. The coin of silver most in use is called "paseta," and is about the value of a franc. I am glad to say I have had opportunities of becoming quite familiar with this useful material, as Don Marté presents himself, per agreement, every morning succeeding the performance, with the said 1000 dollars, that were agreed on. The benefits in Havanah of the more distinguished *artistes* are profitable, yielding an average of 2500 to 3000 dollars, with very small deduction for expenses. There is another source that enhances the amount, and more agreeable to a fine

artiste than the pecuniary demonstrations,—the "presents" that it is usual to make in private as tokens of friendly esteem. These depend, for their value and number, altogether on the popularity of the *artiste*; so there is a constant stimulus to good behaviour and amiable deportment, that exercises a favourable influence on the conduct and manners of the *artistes* at the Havanah. Mdle. Obee was very well sustained by her numerous friends; and, besides a golden harvest at the door, she reaped whole fields of flowers and complimentary verses on the stage. It appears there is a deal of poetic fire among these glowing sons of the tropics; if such heat did not hatch poets, one might despair of the brood in more ungenial climes.

I have great reason to be flattered at the high-flown effusions of torrid poesy, of which I am the favoured subject, in the papers here; poetic garlands, of bright and varied hue, are daily woven for me. They wreath my heart from the graceful gardens of their fancy, while they heap on my head the choicest gatherings of their rich and variegated soil. I am hardly well enough acquainted with their pompous, but ardent language, to judge of the merit of the former; but my deep and long love of the latter fills me with delight as I contemplate their endless varieties and their exquisite beauty. Oh! how I adore flowers! My eyes surfeit on them, and their delicious odours intoxicate my other senses. My fancy is enslaved by their very purity, and musings the most agreeable, reveries the most exhilarating, take possession of me in regarding these emblems of innocence, these emanations of earth's poetry. I like to see a woman fond of flowers, she must have redeeming qualities about her while she can tend and foster them,—at least, I must have some theory to defend my avowed love of them, and, certes, I have had a lavish share of them. Would that I had numbered the splendid wreaths alone that have been showered upon me so profusely, the figures would surprise. I have cautiously put aside such of them as are associated with particular occasions, or affecting events, and I guard them with jealous care. Now (and

then I take them out, and gaze on their withered leaves and faded ribands, till my eyes fill at the recollection of the enthusiasm that prompted these gentle gifts. How much I value them, how kindly I shall ever treasure them! I wish, my dear Thérèse, that you were here to get with me into one of these grotesque, yet comfortable swinging *volantes*, and to take a drive on one of the most charming promenades I have any where seen, hardly excepting the magnificent ramparts of Vienna. But this is totally a different thing. Imagine yourself just without the city walls, moving gently along on the aforesaid *volante* over a smooth road of upwards of a mile in length, planted on either side with double rows of young but thriving trees, adorned with graceful fountains in marble, whose trickling waters fall gratefully on the ears. At one end of the road we are just turning, you see a very noble edifice; you mistake it for a nobleman's palace. Imposing as is its exterior, it is devoted to darkness and crime within: it is the Taçon Prison. In ascending you observe that this part of the road is but newly opened, and as yet incomplete. A fountain is erecting here, the grounds adjoining are being laid out for ornamental purposes, and there some pretty houses are in process of erection. On reaching the middle part of the promenade we find ourselves opposite the main entrance to the town, with a very striking building of great dimensions rearing its colonnade on the right. I look upon that, you see, with a familiar glance of recognition—that is the Taçon Theatre. We pass on and find ourselves in the most beautiful portion of the Paseo. It is the favourite resort, evidently, of the crowd. It is six o'clock, the witching hour; and now that the scorching sun of noonday has passed on his fiery course, casting back the mild radiance of his declining rays, softening the beauty of earth, and shedding a glory upon the southern skies that it is delight to look upon. At this lovely hour behold every city-gate pouring forth its daily frequenters of the Paseo; the walks are crowded by gay pedestrians in sociable converse; while the stone benches,

liberally provided for the loungers, are occupied by others who calmly gaze on the panorama before them, luxuriating in the passionate enjoyment of their *cigarillos*.

On either side of the carriage-road is a string of *volantes* moving in opposite directions, of all shapes, colours, and pretensions,—the elegantly adorned and silver-embossed harness of the rich noble's "turn-out," to the more unpretending one of the homely cit. It is amusing to see the passion a Havaneco has for a *volante*; it seems with him the first necessary of life,—his *vademecum*, his food and drink, making his life luxurious, and his ambition contented. There is more in this than the mere usage, or as determining his claim to respectable competence; in truth, the climate requires this indispensable *agrément*.

You smile incredulously at my complaint of heat, when one should be shivering by *rights* with cold. Here am I—yes, it is February—languishing under the subduing warmth of a temperature at 80° Fahrenheit; summer insects buzzing in my ears, and choicest fruits alaking my parched mouth. This is certainly a droll revolution of seasons that fills me with daily wonder; I thought all such magic was confined to the opera house. I used to be puzzled in Paris when told that the Americans were five hours behind us in time, and that we were snugly in bed whilst they had the evening before them. I fancied then these Americans were a clever people, and that they even got more out of Time than the old ones of Europe could contrive. I have never doubted that this was so, having had it on good authority, but I shall never quite believe it till I can prove it for myself, and there is little chance of that before somebody—it will be, I am sure, a Yankee—invents a plan of being in two places at one moment. But there is no deception in this charming improvement of getting up a magnificent summer in mid-winter. Just look at those ladies in their open *volante* in full dress, as is the custom of an afternoon on the Paseo. Low dresses, short sleeves, no bonnets, a graceful mantilla supplies its place, fans in their hands, roses in their hair, fire in their eyes, mischief in their glances,

smiling soft recognitions to friends and acquaintances. How could such things be if their toes were cold, and a sharp wind was making havoc with their noses? I tell you the air is balmy, the sky serene as a good woman's conscience, and the warmth languidly oppressive, and it is the 10th day of February, 1841. Now put away your incredulity, Thérèse, and believe that all is not profit in Havanah, and that one must travel not merely to dance and get glory, but to see and feel that which can't be seen or felt elsewhere.

On the mid-way between the vehicles are groups of horsemen, who ride badly enough, enlivened by officers in military attire, giving relief and animation to the rest. The horses, for the most part, are sorry jades. Mules are in great requisition for the *volantes*, and are little adapted for the work. The native horse is small, but strong and flat, with enormous chests and flowing tails. Such is the "full dress" of a fashionable horse in these parts. They are pretty-headed and bright-eyed, and would look well in lithograph. If you have grown tired of the up and down driving of the Paseo, we'll follow the crowd to the Taçon Garden, some very prettily laid-out grounds enclosing the summer residence of the captain governor, a couple of miles from town. My first visit was rather amusing. We had descended from the *volante* for a walk; a beautiful moonlight night, we sauntered down an *allée*, that looked too inviting to resist; we pursued it till we found ourselves in a sweet garden, where we wandered wondering and delighted. At every turn a new and agreeable surprise; a *jet d'eau*; a gurgling waterfall, with its moss and grottoes; we ascended terraces, sat down in arbours, wound through thick-leaved groves, and whilst astonished at our presumptuous intrusion, we wondered if it had an owner, as we saw no house, heard no keepers or servants, nor the barking of some vigilant dog: all was silent and enchantingly lovely on the bright moonlight. After wandering around and about till we were tired, I sat down half awed by the mysterious quiet that pervaded every thing. I had no idea where we were, whether on public or pri-

vate property, at what distance from the city, and now we had even lost the way out to our *volantes*. Perhaps, thinks I, we have been decoyed into fairy domain; and when the leaves fluttered in the evening breeze I looked round for some little elf to summon me before her queen. I thought of the magical gardens in the *Arabian Nights*, and all the droll things and queer tricks practised on the fairy adventurers into those unknown precincts, and I really began to feel quite uneasy; such is the effect of imagination. I started to find my way out, and had not gone twenty paces before a sudden turn brought us upon a gay group of ladies and gentlemen, who stared at us quite strangely. I passed on as they bowed, and got out at length, to find I had been making so free with the captain-general's gardens. The road that connects these grounds with the Paseo is laid out with great pretension—fine trees, stone benches; but is fallen into sad condition, and for an odd reason; it was constructed by George Taçon, who seems to have taken Havanah up by the arm and jumped into another century. He has conferred inestimable benefits on the place, adorned it with noble edifices; embellished it with gardens, squares, and fountains; gave security to its streets by clearing them of robbers and assassins; and promoted its health, comfort, and convenience in a thousand ways; and, sad to say, as is too often the case with benefactors, public and private, hated for his pains. I mean not to reflect on the want of generosity of native character that prevents them acknowledging these great benefits; but it seems Taçon was disliked for his high-handed energy that impelled him so far as to make him undertake and accomplish whatever seemed useful or good unto him. Query, would he have done any good had he acted differently? How often a true friend is forced to oblige us against our will; but noble natures acknowledge the service gratefully, and I am persuaded the Havanecos will yet erect a marble monument to Taçon, who has laid them under such deep obligation.

But here we are back on the Paseo

again, and though nine at night, we find the scene still gay; the walks animated by groups in merry chat, the cigars of the men outshining the sparkling eyes of the fair dames, the incessant rattle of whose coquettish fans gives notice, like the generous rattle-snake of the States, of the danger of approaching within the pale of their fascination. Really it is pleasant thus on a soft, bright night in June—no, February—to loll in a *volante* and be slowly *entraînée* up and down this delightful promenade amidst lights, and music, and waterfalls, and lively throngs; but the drive home again is a great treat. The houses here are droll, fantastic things, certainly; of all colours, fashions, and sizes; but most of them seem constructed to gratify the curiosity of strangers, for what with immense windows without sashes or glass, and wider doors, it must be an immense effort of good breeding that prevents you seeing what the family are about within. It is the fashion, I observe, to arrange six or eight chairs in the middle of the room near the window, facing each other, when all the company sit with great gravity talking with and gazing at each other. Innumerable groups of this kind one observes on passing. In other houses the family will be grouped round a table; elsewhere dancing; often discoursing through iron-bars, that protect the windows from I don't know what, with acquaintances standing in the street. This is the case usually between the young unmarried, who are kept apart in this bar-bar-ous way as under better moral restraint. Another oddity is the doorway, or *porte*, between which is almost invariably the coach-house, for here stands the treasure, the idol of the house, the *volante*. And when these great doors open into the principal room of the house the *volante* has the best corner in it. There it is, with its head up and shafts down, with a quiet, complacent look, as though conscious of its value, with the family group around, under levee, and lawfully protected from soil or touch. The stable usually is in the court-yard of the house, one side of which is furnished with a manger and sometimes a covering, for in this delightful clime the latter is

not indispensable. This is thus a very close neighbourhood, and a disagreeable one on many accounts, between the inmates of the house and the stable. But the natives care nothing for this; the horse, or mule, is as necessary as the *volante*, and both are equally favoured. I am speaking now only of the smaller domiciles of homely cots. There are in Havanah many mansions of an extent and splendour that would arrest your notice in the first capitals of Europe; the house of the Marquis d'Alcos, of Don Montaloz, Counts de Penalvec and de la Recencon, &c. are as striking for their gardens as admirable for their style. But of this another time. You must be tired; Thérèse, after your "drive on the Paseo," that you must fancy you have taken with me, and I will spare you my chatter till another day.

I went on Tuesday to see the Spanish company perform, as they do three times a-week, at the Salon Theatre. There are some good *artistes* among them, imported by the indefatigable Don Marté from the mother country. In his managerial lists you find *artistes* of as different qualities and varieties as you do acquaintances in his real ones. Which he *makes* most of, the object of all his enterprises, I don't know; but which he is most in harmony with, I do know. The play was interesting, and warmer in its action than I expected a Spanish drama to be; they are mostly cold and stiff and too Castilian in their gravity; but this called forth the passions of the *artistes*, gave scope to the expression of feeling, and was effective, dramatic, and exciting. One real incident of a distressing kind called forth the painful sympathies of the audience. An actress of superior merit, the heroine of the piece, whose acting had greatly engaged, had the misfortune, in the energy of her movements, to overbalance, and she fell with great violence on the stage. She was instantly picked up, and removed. It was soon announced that she had broken her arm in two places, and was unable, of course, to appear again. This damped the audience for awhile; there was a long interval. I was much shocked, and disposed to go away. The farce,

however, followed, and I saw evident symptoms that it was greatly relished. The Havanecos seem to enjoy a farce with hearty good-humour, a real joyous sympathy with its fun that sustains my notions of their deep good nature; every droll incident and diverting turn brought out shouts of merriment; whilst constant laughter recompensed every witty expression and playful mistake. There was one very old man, who was the marked favourite of the audience. He is said to have lost much of that elastic humour and buoyant facetiousness that made him in years gone by so irresistible; he still preserved his mastery, however,—for a single look convulsed the house. I divined at once his charm, or, rather, felt the spell, and saw from whence it emanated; it was in his face,—its laughter-moving power, whilst every muscle stood rigid, its penetrating humour, that sought mirth in its innermost recesses, were, indeed, quite vanquishing; and often, without knowing a word he said, I laughed as heartily as the rest. How mysterious is this gift of true comic humour; how few actors I have ever seen possess it in all its genuine breadth and richness!

I cannot close my letter without giving you what may interest you most, some account of my theatrical progress here, that you have doubtless heard much of already. I am making great and rapid advances in popular estimation here; and, accustomed as I have been lately to the most boisterous tokens of admiration, there is still something pleasing and exciting in the frantic applause that hails me nightly from this new people. Their complimentary homage has taken a very fanciful flight indeed, but to me a really charming one. As I finished a pirouette last night with singular felicity, imagine my surprise to see lighting at my very feet two beautiful doves, bearing a snowy wreath, outvying even their lustrous whiteness. I accepted the offering from my winged messengers, but was so barbarous as to detain them as a lawful prize. I took them up, and carried them away to my dressing-room: the house cared nothing for the interruption; *au contraire*, I found my acknowledgment of the compliment

gave them infinite satisfaction. Had I neglected it, they would have been greatly mortified. They like coquetting with an *artiste*, and it is agreeable enough to me to humour them in such a way. It is amusing the interest taken in these playful manifestations of regard; but they serve, I see, as stimulants to enthusiasm, that goes on in a steady, deep current, increasing, till I am puzzled to know where it will end. I am always half startled at such excessive excitement; I tremble lest in a giddy moment I should do something to turn the tide, and when the sea is in such violent agitation a change of wind is certain destruction: may the fairies protect me! Would you were here, Thérèse, to have a peep at the world so peculiarly our own from behind the scenes. What sights and sounds! you would fancy its inhabitants all painted brown for a gipsy piece; and, then, the strange, unintelligible gabble they carry on. But your sense and patience both would be sorely tried, as mine is, by the horrid, suffocating fumes of tobacco. Every body smokes here,—man, woman, boy, and girl, almost down to the baby just escaped from the cradle; but still I was not prepared for the novel spectacle of the very “sylphides” themselves strutting about with huge, undisguised, veritable cigars in their mouths, puffing and smoking like so many yellow chimney-pots, that they resemble much both in symmetry and colour. Smoking I detest, as one of the most insufferable and nauseous follies of the day. Strange that men should persist in this offensive habit that all women with pretensions to a nose at all civilised unite in condemning; yet custom has inured men to this. But a woman's smoking was a barbarism I hardly supposed myself destined ever to see; and, certainly, the first time I came plump upon one of my whity-brown attendants, with her wreath on one side, her wings all awry, sucking, for dear life, at the end of a flaming cigar, my astonishment and the tobacco-smoke together quite took my breath away: that was an impression neither time nor distance will either dim or remove. A full-dressed sylphide sitting on a painted bank of flowers, where I first spied her, exhaling the

smoke of a colossal cigar, and of a horse-killing strength, with all the *nonchalance* of a veteran smoker, was an outrageous novelty that absorbed me quite; and whilst I stood gazing there, a call summoned the volcanic *troupe* to the stage, and each one deposited with jealous care her precious weed on bench and chair, with growling menaces neither to touch nor taste, and then they betook themselves to their mystic gambols, meant to charm the love-lorn "Reuben" to their *fairy haunts*. It requires faith in one's art to preserve illusions amid such scenes. Surely *nasillées* are strange things; and who can hear of such marvels, and believe them true, *sans* exaggeration, *sans* distortion? I must redeem, however, the *ladies* of Havanah from the charge of any proneness to this odious habit; it is confined to the women of the lower classes. The men of all degrees smoke, and smoke every where; in the houses, in the streets, in the theatres, in the *cafés*, in the counting-room; eating, drinking, and truly, I suspect, sleeping,

they smoke—smoke—smoke! It is odd that strangers don't scent Havanah far out at sea; the gentlemen, however, are addicted to a small paper cigar, called "cigarito," containing a small quantity of pulverised tobacco, of the best flavour, which is by no means offensive. No true Havaneco even moves a foot without his portable armory of cigaritos,—as indispensable to him as is his quiver to the wild Indian. He may get along comfortably without his coat, hat, or neckcloth; but without his cigarito he could neither walk, talk, nor even think. The first thing that follows a salutation of friends, meeting no matter where, is to pull out their *pacquets*, light the sociable weed,—another talk: it gives life to the Havaneco, he opens his heart and mouth at the same time, and fills up the gaps of conversation. A cigar ought to be the national emblem of Cuba; certainly, nothing is more completely identified with them in my mind, and I shall never recall a friend to memory who will not be enveloped in a soft haze of tobacco-smoke.

A WALK ACROSS BOHEMIA.

Iglau.

I was quietly one morning, and, for the fiftieth time, enjoying the wonders of the Imperial Zeughaus at Vienna; I had glanced at the suit of armour of that little hero, the second Louis of Hungary, he who came into this breathing world some months before he was welcome, and who supported his character for precocity by marrying at twelve, and becoming legitimate owner of all the honours of paternity just as he entered his teens; who, moreover, maintained his consistency by turning a grey old man at sixteen; and, finally, terminated his ephemeral course on the field of battle before he became of age. I had turned from this immature hero to the riper warrior who fell at Lutzen, and, as I looked with increasing interest at the buff elk-

marked with a sigh the inlet and the issue of the assassin pistol-shot which dismissed a soul to the hall of heroes, and gave an impetus to theological controversy, I heard the voices of two pretty German friends inviting me to approach and contemplate a splendid panoply of steel which had never hitherto excited my particular admiration.

"Did you ever see such a shoe?" said Lottchen.

"Or ever hear of such a woman?" asked Alvina.

"It is a very remarkable shoe, indeed," said I; "and I have no doubt that the fair but stalwart wearer of it, who did not disdain to stand upon a very considerable portion of ground, was a no less remarkable woman."

"She invented all the riddles that we asked you yesterday at Durrenstein," said the lively Lottchen.

"And had more lovers than there are days in the year," sighed the pensive Alvina.

"Sundays and all included!" exclaimed the younger sister.

"And she loved fighting, building, hunting, coursing, rieving, law-making, wool-work, the violin, and drinking," cried the biographical elder.

"And her name," said I, "was Libussa: we know her by those signs. And that very long dagger-like point to her shoe was placed there for a very lady-like purpose. This Amazon general of an army of virgins possessed the hearts and slew the bodies of more than four hundred lovers. The opposition lady who lived in the Tour de Nesle and despatched a fresh lover and her breakfast at every returning dawn, was incarnate innocence compared with this romantic and powerful butchereess."

"Ach, du lieber Gott!" cried my young friends simultaneously.

"When a knight-errant," continued I, "became captive to the bright eyes and the general charms of this magnificent she-wolf, his errantry was consummated, and his knighthood crumbling into the grave. The usual course of events was for the lady to invite the chevalier to her castle or bower, for she lived before the period of nerves, morals, or your German Mrs. Chapone; and he was welcomed by groups of beauties all attired in 'very thin clothing, and but little of it,' such as received Sir Arthur in the *Bridal of Trier-math*; and he bathed luxuriously in rose-water; and he fared sumptuously at the banquet; and he drank deeply, after the fashion of his age; and he saluted Libussa repeatedly; and he swore to love her everlastingly; and, in short, like a knight, he behaved very improperly, slept after a heavy supper very uneasily, awoke swearing consumedly, drank Selsier water immeasurably, took his breakfast hurriedly, walked out immediately, and then disappeared unaccountably and invariably."

"And," said Lottchen, "it was discovered subsequently?"

"Even as you know," I resumed. "The lady was wont to conduct the knight to the edge of a precipice that hung over a yawning abyss.

While standing there together, she would point out to him the diversified beauties of the view lying, like a lapse of loveliness, at their feet; the steamer running up to Prague,—or that would have been running had steamers then been invented; but this couldn't be, because it was otherwise. But she would engage him in conversation on all the most approved topics of the day,—infant-schools, the new opera, *le Journal des Modes*, and young Napoleon; and then, while the unsuspecting youth was thrown off his guard, the cruel inconstant would hurl him into the abyss below by a single kick in the side from that dagger-pointed shoe; leaving him an example, young ladies, and me a moral for my tale, illustrating the evil consequences that are likely to fall on young gentlemen who stay out at nights!"

Now, if I have stepped back from this little frontier town to talk of the masculine Queen Libussa, it was done in order that you might not be entirely unacquainted with the sovereign lady who once held undisputed sway over the country into which I have just stepped with a light knapsack, a cherry-stick pipe, some half-dozen score of thalers, and an ambitious desire of doing the pedestrian.

And really for a walk through Bohemia, I think, in spite of your uplifted hands, that I have been tolerably well trained. Six months at Sandhurst I take to be sufficient preparation for any thing. I can bear robbery with resignation, since I saw, on the very day of my arrival at that celebrated establishment, my pretty mirror taken from me and kicked into ten thousand glittering fragments, simply because there was not such a good one to be found in the college. I have learned not to be surprised at imposition, for did not young Scampley borrow ten shillings of me on the strength of an imaginary old friendship, which, according to that accomplished young swindler, existed between our fathers? Nay, if I be not only robbed, but maltreated into the bargain, during this my destined promenade, it will, at least be for something; at Sandhurst I was beaten for nothing, till I was unable to raise my arms from my side; and though this beating

was often inflicted with a cricket-bat, truth compels me to add that it was also occasionally administered with the fire-shovel. I have "*John-ned*" till my heart ached, and therefore may well walk from here to the Saxon frontier. I have been dragged out of bed at night and drawn across the sanded floor; and in mid-winter I have been compelled to give up my warm blankets to those who needed them less than I did; and if I complained, I was beaten unmercifully; and if my swollen eyes gave evidence in the morning of my sufferings, and exposed me to be questioned by the school authorities, I was ordered to tell a lie, and sometimes I was expressly enjoined to tell a particular lie. Not only was I made a liar on compulsion, but a thief too; and my office was occasionally to steal potatoes and knives for the secret suppers of the elder boys, no young Spartan having ever been more heartlessly beaten for failure in attempted theft than I was. You see, if roughing it be a qualification, I need not be alarmed at anything old Bohemia may threaten me with. He who has been placed on a Sandhurst fire need not be terrified at a Bohemian stove.

I was about writing the name of the village in which I pen this; but, after many fruitless attempts, I abandon an undertaking so rash. Every one here, that is to say, the three persons who can write, spells it after a fashion of his own. It is a name in which the vowels and consonants are at issue; and the nearest approximation you will make towards pronouncing it is by sneezing five times, and then adding *iski*!

I am here located for a few days in the comfortable quarters of a worthy priest whom I met at Iglau; and who, seeing a foreigner looking on at the rapid way in which corn and hemp were being sold in the spacious market-place of that town, entered into conversation with him, and, finally, invited him to his cottage in this utterly unpronounceable place. He is a healthy, happy old man, of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows;" a man who, while he is bold enough to relish Zadig, is also persevering enough to have read the 568 sermons of Bal-

thasar Kerner. He shewed me two folio volumes by that indefatigable writer, which actually contained 364 sermons on the brief scriptural history of Tobias. I also counted thirty-four on the short Epistle of Jude, and sixty on that of St. James. Another volume contained thirty-two on Ruth; and a rather gaily bound tome inclosed 105 *Marriage Pearls*, as they were called, being as many sermons preached at the marriage ceremony, when it is customary for the bride to furnish the preacher with a special text for the occasion.

How unlike the Yorkshire clergyman, of whom poor Morritt once told us, who, having composed the mystic triple three, or nine sermons, preached his small sample over and over about twelve times in the course of the year!

"I hope," said my good host, as we were together looking over the ponderous sermonist, "that old Kerner will not be exposed in the next world to the fate which, according to tradition, all mortal authors must undergo."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Why they say," he replied, "that there exists a special purgatory for authors, where all their works go with them; and they no sooner enter than all the types are changed into gnats, which prey upon them with a violence in proportion to the *ennui* which their victim inflicted on his patient public."

"Well," I observed, "that is a retribution of mere feather-weight compared with that which is to visit inactive clergymen."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed my friend, with an inquiring smile, "pray what may that be?"

"The unrighteous ministers of all denominations will be condemned in the next world to pass their time in reading all the bad sermons which have been written in this!"

And my host very naturally turned pale as he remarked that such a penalty was beyond anything human to bear.

"But," said he, "it is only that witty infidel Heyne, who says so."

"Nay," said I, "Heyne expressly declares that Satan told him so."

"Oh!" cried the priest, somewhat irreverently, as I thought, "Satan is by far too well-bred a person to entertain so unreasonable an idea!"

Teutsch Brod.

Bohemia is like an old soldier, but not the comfortable, healthy, and soberly joyous veteran which may pass for the allegory of other places. Bohemia, after centuries of warfare, and still abounding as she does in agates, topazes, and emeralds, more nearly resembles the man-at-arms who has stoutly slain his foes, but who is himself lying on the field of battle, decked in all his bravery, and dying of the wounds which he has received in the fray. In so poor a condition is Bohemia, and so little is done for her in her need. The emperor, indeed, occasionally rides to Prague, and then forthwith rides back again to Vienna; but Bohemia derives no advantage from this brief imperial curative process, the exhausted warrior does not recover at the mere sight of the doctor.

This country possesses, however, one thing in uncommon abundance—a respect for titles. This is carried to an extent beyond any thing I ever witnessed in any other country. I asked a man yesterday, whom I met on the road, how far I was from Stecken, and his reply was, "Saving your title! about two miles;" meaning thereby, "As I have not the honour to be acquainted with your rank, excuse me if I do not call you *Allerdurchlauchtigst und Umberwindlichst*—exceedingly serene and very invincible! or you may be *Grossmächtigst und Gnadig*—uncommonly powerful and tolerably gracious; but, as there is nothing of that quality apparent about you, excuse me if I do not expressly name it; nevertheless, you are about two miles from Stecken."

In the same spirit inns announce "Good accommodation for [P.T.] travellers;" the letters in brackets doing duty for *præter titulos*! and implying, "Pardon me, all you who are high-noble born, immeasurably worthy, widely commanding, much beloved, very favourable, greatly to be honoured, high and worthily esteemed, or simply, gracious sir,* pardon me if I do not distinguish such travellers by their titles; but you are all, notwithstanding, welcome to the

Dun Cow and Muckslush Heath!" Lord Burleigh's celebrated dramatic nod bore not half so much meaning in it as do the letters P.T. on the sign-board of a Bohemian inn.

Such is the feeling here for titles, things which resemble village ghosts; every one knows there is nothing in them, and yet bumpkins and children stand open-mouthed in their presence.

The prayer of a Bohemian of this district is still the echo of the old wish that he may be visited by short sermons and long puddings. This is a remnant of the days of coarseness, when every dining-room had its *Faulbett*, or sot's couch, in one corner for the accommodation of the first couple of guests who might chance to be too drunk to be removed. Indeed, in village inns the most drunken guests, in former days, were by far the best off, for while they always had the beds allotted them, as standing in most need of the same, the guests of every degree, whether rich or poor, the perfectly sober, whenever such phenomena were to be found, and those not so intoxicated but they could stagger out of the room, all lodged with the cows among the straw. Probably no country on earth ever presented such scenes arising from excessive drinking as were witnessed in Saxony and Bohemia a few generations back. These scenes were so commonly attended by murder, or followed by death, that it was said to be better for a man to fall among the thickest of his enemies fighting than among his friends when drinking. There were deadly brawls in taverns, deadly drunken feuds in the family circle, and not less deadly contentions in the streets; when the city gates were closed at night, the crowds of drunkards issuing to their homes in the suburbs were met by as dense and drunken a crowd returning from their revels in the country, and then came the insulting motion, the provoking word, the hard blow, and the harder stab. Then fell the wounded and the dead, then rose the shrieks of women and children, and, loud above them, the imprecations and the blas-

* Hochedelgeboren, hochwürdigst, hochstgebietend, vielgeliebt, hochgeneigt, insonders geehrt, hock-und-werthgeschätzt, gnädiger Herr, &c.

phemy, born in the wine-sodden brains of men. Suddenly a shot or two is fired from the walls right into the heaving mass below, and then ensue the flying of the fearful, and the venting of impotent rage from the rash and the resolute; but gradually the two opposing streams glide through each other, the gates are at length closed, and by the light of the moon in the almost deserted esplanade may be observed, stretched on the ground, some half-dozen human forms; some of these are dead, some still drunken and helpless; but both are equally uncared for; no winged moral hangs over either; the dead is unwept and the drunken unaided, the slain gives no warning, and the yet breathing beast excites more ridicule than compassion.

This is no overdrawn picture of a bygone period. It is on record that in Bohemia (though not in Teutsch Brod, yet on the banks of the Sasawa, which waters this town) a party of husbandmen once met for the purpose of drinking twelve casks of wine; there were ten of them to perform this task, but one of the ten, attempting to retire from the contest before any of his fellows, the remaining nine seized, bound him, and roasted him alive on a spit. The murderers were carried to the palace, but the duke's funeral was taking place as they entered the hall, and the princes who administered justice were all so intoxicated that they thought the escapade was an exceedingly good joke, and one that might be atoned for to its full value by the payment of a slight fine!

Such were the people, such were their princes. The father of a family would never think of giving his daughter in marriage to a man whom he had never seen drunk. The professors and doctors of the universities were as much addicted to intemperance as were the different classes of their fellow-men. On the conferring of a learned degree, a carouse always followed the ceremony, the duration of the revelry being restricted by college rules to the moderate period from ten in the morning till six in the evening. Is it not almost incredible that we should be indebted to such men for the Reformation, the art of printing, the inventing of gunpowder, and com-

mercial laws? Perhaps it is; but I must be permitted to observe to you that at this very period, in the houses at Nuremberg, there used to hang a little bell under the dining-table, and this bell was sounded whenever any of the guests spoke an immodest or an unseemly word of any sort. Who the Mentor was that struck the bell I know not; the purpose was accomplished even if the tintinnabulary monitor were only made to speak in sport, for it served to remind the offending man, whether sage or sot, that he had committed an error, and that society had marked it. Even so when all Germany was sunk in the practice and the consequences of excesses, an occasional voice of indignation was sent abroad from the study of the philosopher and the pulpit of the divine; and this moral bell, if I may so call it, while it admonished all, rescued many; it taught Luther to love the placid, yet majestic beauties of Virgil rather than the obscenities of Accius Plautus; it tore Schwartz from the refectory to the alembic; it called Gutenberg from the brutalities of the camp to the wonders of the printing-press; and it whispered to Maximilian, that if he would preserve his crown he must cast down the goblet. After all, two of these consequences bear a very tipsy appearance—it was a priest who invented powder, and a soldier who discovered printing!

In support of my statement that life in Teutsch Brod is of much the same quality and hue as in other provincial towns, I send you a specimen of the local scandal of our *petite ville*.

Gottlieb Sacks is a miller, well to do in the world, with his mill, his mansion, and his hopes, all fixed on the Sasawa river. In his mill are three honest men and an abundance of grist; in his mansion a pretty young wife, who brought him a fortune with some additional gentility; and in his hopes there was nothing that a thriving miller might be ashamed of. His mill went round merrily, his house was the abode of cheerfulness, and his hopes were all gradually realising themselves, when the arrival of a philandering young abbé, remarkable for his love of lobster-salad and clean linen, brought a change over the spirit of the dream

of Gottlieb Sacks. The miller was a rough, honest, rich fellow, ignorant of the entire universe outside his own parish. The abbé had been to Paris, could speak French, and condescended to talk to Frau Sacks of Longchamps and the Duchess of Orleans. Now Frau Sacks, having a soul, like the negroes, considerably above buttons, soon began to experience more pleasure in listening to the abbé's stories of the Tuilleries, Versailles, and Madame Laffarge, than to the uninteresting details that were occasionally imparted to her by her husband, touching markets, merchandise, and military masses at Prague. The visits of the abbé to the lady in the absence of her lord became more numerous and of longer duration, and though a few of the good-natured *Frauleins* of the vicinity maintained, on the strength of their innocent ignorance, that these visits were entirely spiritual, and for the soul's good of Frau Sacks, the older ladies of the neighbourhood declared that they boded no good to any of the parties, and that they were especially threatening to the peace of mind and worldly welfare of the honest miller. As for the men, they were as much divided in opinion as were their wives and *Geliebten*; the bachelors looked upon the abbé as a bold, impudent, young fellow, whose gown covered a multitude of things of which the church takes no cognisance, or only notices to condemn; the married men, on the other hand, laughed at the treason, but hated the traitor; and as the poet's "damned good-natured friends" abound on the Sazawa, even as they do on more homely streams, so honest Gottlieb soon found himself bewildered by hints, innuendoes, fierce allusions, counsels to keep his heart up, and a load of gratuitous advice to keep his choler down; and then such meaning smiles met him at house-doors, and he encountered such expressive looks at street-corners, and such low whispers of grave import reached him from cottage-windows, that the jolly miller suddenly and unexpectedly found himself labouring under a disorder, two of the symptoms of which were a strong mistrust of connubial fidelity and an overpowering suspicion of the virtue

and respectability of the Catholic Church.

At all the suburban parties of Teutsch Brod, *extra muros*, the abbé was the lion invited; the miller, simply the miller, tolerated; Frau Sacks, the cynosure of the small circle, amiable because she was rich, and sought after because of her own self-declared superiority to every earthly thing and sublunary mortal that found themselves in her neighbourhood. In truth, poor Sacks was a man to be pitied.

"Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia,
lectus
In quo nupta jacet."

He had married a fortune, which is certainly no subject for commiseration; he had done his best to increase it, in which there is still less cause for pity; his wife, moreover, was descended, or would have you believe so, from Charlemagne, and this might have been a source of some pride, but it was so everlastingly rung in Gottlieb's ears that he at last knew her pedigree better than his *paternoster*, and profoundly anathematised the great German Kaiser, as well as every branch of his imperial genealogy. But it was in this respect that Sacks was the son of tribulation, and worthy of the sympathy of his contemporaries, as well as of all posterity, his lady was in one thing a perfect domestic fiend, who, having discovered the most sensitive part of Sacks' mental person, never missed the opportunity of scratching it with a rusty nail whenever she deemed herself provoked, and this was in wounding his pride and self-esteem by telling him, with an insufferable air of conviction, that her money had made a gentleman of him, and that there was not a spoke in the wheels of any one of his wagons that did not come out of her pocket. When this draught of wormwood was offered him he swallowed it, it is true, but not without a volley of those expulsive remonstrances which are only born in the excited bubbles that run riot in the veins of Germans and Irishmen. It was after one of these occurrences which light up homes with a fiendish glare, and where a suspicion of brimstone

takes place of the perfume of domestic felicity, that Gottlieb and his chain-companion attended a *soirée*, marked, as all those intellect-slaining things are, by cold tea, small talk, bad music, worse singing, lying compliments, and an impatience to go home again. And there, too, was the abbé, all smiles and smooth chin,—his attentions becoming divided between administering them in small doses to the married ladies generally; and in very full measure, according to old physical practice, to Frau Sacks in particular.

The miller wished himself a very damp body, three days old, at the bottom of his own mill-dam.

And then he reflected, that, as every thing was wisely ordained, it was, doubtless, better that he was not lying on his back in the mill-dam; and that Heaven had probably preserved him from such a locality, in order that he might live to horse-whip the abbé.

Now Sacks scorned to take an undue advantage of any man; and, becoming religiously convinced that Providence had destined him to be the instrument of castigation to the priest, he took the opportunity of whispering the same into his ear, as the latter was engaged in whispering something more tender, and less terrible, into the ear of the lady of the mill.

The abbé turned upon the miller a glance like that which the archangel Michael vouchsafes towards his former friend Lucifer, in Guido's picture of the rebellious angels,—a look which seems to say, "I'm sorry for you; but you *would* have it! It is with extreme regret that I lend you this irresistible and undeniable kick; but why did you disturb me? You have come across my path, and, upon my honour, it is my intention to thoroughly beat you in consequence."

Sacks felt that quite as much as this was legible in the cool, contemptuous, and decided look of the tonsured Lovelace; but he sought to arm himself by thinking of every wronged miller in history, and how their biographers declare that they avenged themselves. His course of reading, however, not supplying him with examples, he went home with

his wife, and a fixed determination to fashion a precedent for himself.

Sacks' ideas of precedents do not appear to have had much affinity with those which you may purchase at Mr. Butterworth's Law Library: they turned rather towards shaping a crabstick, not according to the line of beauty, which is said to be a graceful curve, and which certainly does not apply to backs, but in a menacing, rigid, straight line, such as Nature abhors; not merely the lady so called, but that peccant, personal nature of the man who sees a weapon, and is conscious that he merits chastisement.

Having done this Sacks put his precedent up the chimney of his best stove, to season it.

And then the gods who cause extremes to meet, and who had been for some time watching the course of events, of which Sacks was the centre, speedily effected a proximation, and finally a conjunction, between the offended virtue of the miller and the impudent boldness of the abbé; while Frau Sacks looked on at the collision with the feeling of a railroad constable who sees two trains run into each other, knows that it has happened through his own neglect, and is uncomfortably certain that the consequences will fall upon his own head.

In spite of the miller's *inuendo*, the young abbé still resorted to the *zweyte Frühstück*, the luncheon, the lobster-salad, and the Hungarian wine of Sacks' wife; but, whatever gloss he affected to give to these morning calls, and however quietly and furtively they were resorted to in the absence of Sacks himself, the future cardinal could as little conceal from himself as from the vigilant public of the vicinity that he was most uncomfortably in love, and did not know how to extricate himself.

But Fate and the miller lent each a hand to help him out of his difficulties.

One pleasant morning, when Sacks and the sun were both out,—the former supposed to be half-way on his road to Prague, and the latter felt to be looking out from his home just over their heads, the priest and the lady were seen crossing an "English garden," as they call such

places here, but in reality an inclosure, which, for want of a better comparison, I may say very closely resembled Sion Park. The abbé was in advance of the lady, far enough off to induce unobservant persons to imagine that he was on horseback with regard to principles, yet near enough to converse with the *post equitem* fair one,—a curious arrangement of character, but you must remember that one of the *dramatis personæ* was a son of the church, and that such a person ought to recoil from all dangerous bits of muslin, as I did ten days since from the bed to which I was shewn by an obsequious waiter of a village inn, who informed me that it was perfectly clean, as no one had slept in it but his own grandmother, an old crone of ninety-two whom I had noticed sitting in the sun at the door, struggling with dirt, disease, lengthened days, and threatening death.

While the half-happy, half-frightened pair were thus crossing the park, another couple, Sacks and his crabstick, were reclining against a tree with evident symptoms of agitation about both of them. The only steady portion of the proper person of the miller was his eyes, and these were fixed with a basilisk gleam upon his "Poll and his partner Joe." He was no sooner seen than the priest telegraphed the lady to go back; and as this signal denoted a foregone conclusion, was *muching mallecho*, as Hamlet says, and meant mischief, Sacks at one bound was at the side of the abbé, his crabstick on the side of the abbé's head, and the abbé himself on his side upon the ground. The lady shrieked, called her husband a brute, and then tenderly adjured him, by her virtue, to desist, and for her baby's sake not to agitate her; but the miller made a reply which, if interpreted, would signify that she had not any, used with a reference less to babies than to virtue. In the meantime the abbé, who was no Sir Geoffrey Hudson, having resumed the perpendicular, gave his antagonist a taste of the horizontal; but Sacks was up again like a cork, and away they went at it like French falconers. The "*femme malheureuse, innocente, et persécutée*" rushed between; but mortal women do not come off

from such interferences more successfully than goddesses; and as Venus herself was wounded by that Ætolian gentleman whose wife Ægiale was a mythological Frau Sacks, so the latter retired from the struggle despoiled of a portion of her woman's finery and three false curls. The abbé picked up the latter, kissed them, and fled; the miller, well contented with his victory, turned down to his mill; and the lady hired a *chaise de poste*, and started in high indignation and damp straw to Trautenau. She had not, however, proceeded a league, when a strong inclination possessed her to indulge in hysterics; but, reflecting that there was no one by to witness her performance, she ordered the chaise back, with the intention of getting up a strictly private, family exhibition at home. On her arrival there, she found the children in bed, and her husband not returned; and then came another reflection, that the place looked so comfortable, and the babies so rosy, that it would be a pity to leave them; whereupon she put her feet in warm water, drank a comfortable *lait de poule*, and went to bed, with the fixed determination of acknowledging to her *lieber Mann*, that she had been more foolish than criminal, and was heartily sorry for it. And this determination appears to have been followed by salutary effects; and it was quite exemplary to see the bearing of the reconciled couple next morning, at mass, which was celebrated neither by the abbé nor in his presence. He has been formally denied access to the church; and a pious *Herzoginn* of the vicinity has declared that she will withdraw her patronage from divine service should he ever appear there again. His ecclesiastical principal is kind-hearted enough to be desirous of copying the forgiving propensities of the miller; but, notwithstanding this, the young abbé will be ruined; for his superior is of that order, that he dare not run counter to the commands of a duchess: he is a grave, excellent man, and fond of the church, but so under the slipper of the *Herzoginn*, that, were she to require it, he would stand on his head on the steeple, throw a somerset three times, and grin through a horse-collar.

Hlinshi.

I have come thus far out of my way to hear a mass, a distance something short of that performed by the Iberian who went on foot from Spain to Padua, only for the purpose of looking upon old Titus Livius. The companion of my journey was a stout young descendant of that mysterious tribe which a few centuries back inundated Europe,—coming men knew not where, and going themselves knew not whither; a tribe which, like our old familiar friend the crow, is the visitor, the wayfarer, or the dweller in all lands, and yet is unlike honest John Corvus in never having trodden down a blade of grass throughout the whole length and breadth of that happy Hibernia which “rose from out the azure main,” with an innate antipathy to frogs, toads, serpents, gipsies, modesty, and Saxons.

A stalwart, honest, good-humoured labourer was my young gipsy. If he loved any thing supereminently it was schnapps; next to that, he had an affection for a pretty girl called Zulnicq, who came from Hungary; and who, having never lived in a house, was fearful of uniting her fate with my friend Czatoschek, who possessed a hut with a roof to it, lest the confinement, and the new habits of life attendant on it, should cause her death.

Czatoschek amused me greatly with his descriptions of Zulnicq; but he interested me still more by his tales and reminiscences of old gipsy life. The number of his brethren in Bohemia is now but small; in his grandfather's time they formed a very large and menacing body. [*Plena omnia gypso!*] One of their very strange methods of taking possession of a district was to appear in it totally naked, and thus drive the more delicate inhabitants from the neighbourhood; they would thus brave the terrors of a Bohemian winter, as hardy as the monks in Russia mentioned by the great Lord Bacon, who, for penance, would sit a whole night of mid-winter in a vessel full of water, till they were more inextricably frozen in it than was the brewer of Brentford's steamer in Boothia Felix.

“Strangers who saw them at early dawn,” said Czatoschek, “rising thus

naked from their couch on the bare ground, thought that the Resurrection had commenced; so gaunt, grisly, and ghastly was the appearance they made. But they soon convinced,” added he, “those who tarried to watch them, that their business was more at present to commit violence than to be judged for it; and the curious often paid dearly enough for what they saw or strove to see.”

“And I conclude,” said I, “that such a life was death to them.”

“Death!” exclaimed the gipsy; “they would *never* have died, had not the accursed law slain them.”

He thrust his hand deep into the bosom of an under vest, and, taking thence a soiled piece of leather, which enclosed a time-coloured and time-worn square of paper, he placed the latter in my hands.

“There,” said he “is the instrument which cleared Bohemia and Saxony of my ancestors, the sons of the spirit. My own great-grandfather tore it from the church-door, when he was liable to be shot like a wolf for simply appearing there; as it was, they only chopped his hands off, and burnt him alive, for having touched their temple with his polluted fingers. May misery cling, to the last generation, round the souls and bodies of the descendants of all who were concerned in conceiving or executing the wrong that was done to my fathers!”

I took the paper from the hand of my not too Christian-like companion, and I thought he might have put an additional qualifying adjective before his grandfather, as I read the words and date, “Most gracious decree, A.D. 1722.” This decree, so styled, went on to inform the Saxons, that a band of gipsies, amounting to 1500 men, had lately withdrawn from Hesse, and taken refuge in the Thuringian Forest.

“These,” said the exceedingly gracious decree, “with all their possessions and valuables, are not only given up as prizes, prey, and plunder, to all Christian men, but all good Saxon subjects are strictly enjoined to shoot them down wherever they may be found, or in any otherwise slay them; and for this no man shall call any of our loving subjects in question. On the contrary, wherever and whenever these robbers appear, we

command all good men and true immediately to strike the church and alarm bells, that the militia and *Jäger* may assemble, and unite with all faithful citizens, in hunting down, and doing these heathen bandits to death."

"And this was done, too!" cried Czatoschek, as I finished reading; and he looked at me as if he would fain ask what I thought of it.

"A most savage and inhuman decree!" said I. "Your ancestors might have been reclaimed by gentler means. However, the severe remedy has been productive of its good results; for, if you be less in numbers, you have the increased enjoyments of civilisation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gipsy, with a grim smile, "that's true! we have gained by civilisation,—famine, taxes, contempt, and the conscription. Before we were civilised, we had plenty, for we took it. We owed no man tribute, for we levied it. We incurred no contempt, for we inspired fear. And *they* needed no conscription who were willing soldiers against all who looked defiance at them, and the foes of all men, whose fathers had despoiled us, by leaving their sons more wealth than was healthy for themselves, or right in the eyes of gipsy law."

"Well," thought I, as we came in view of this little town, "there are two classes with whom there is no arguing; the half educated, who are too conceited to be convinced, and the half savage, whose truths are more than half drunken, and cannot be wholly gainaid."

Hlinski,

Czatoschek and I took our way as leisurely to this place, as did the celebrated German embassy on their way to Paris. That famous, tardy-travelling, deep-sleeping, wine-loving legation was sent by the body of German princes, assembled at Augsburg, during the reign of Charles V., to implore the assistance of the King of France against the emperor. The members of this important mission were the Duke of Simmern, the Count of Nassau, and his son, the subsequently renowned William of Orange, with other noble and learned men, of great repute for their achievements at hospitable and seductive boards. Excellent fellows they were

to be sent on a matter of moment! They never travelled above twenty miles a-day, and that always carefully, comfortably, and cozily before dinner. To this meal the toiling legation invariably repaired at noon; and, like boon companions, who had the good of their country at heart, and that of their own precious persons peculiarly so,—

"Je dois faire le bien
De mon pays, et plus encore le mien,"—

they remained unwearied at table till ten at night, strictly and sternly forbidding any one, on pain of their displeasure, from troubling them with business of any sort whatever. Their joyous propensities were made still more manifest by the selection of their route, from St. Dizier to Fontainebleau, passing through the very paradise of the grape. Like all good Germans, they entertained a warm affection for good wine, for which trait they will rise none the higher in your esteem, I know. Well, as the younger Pliny has it, "*quantum quis plurimum postulat aquæ do*,"—thou shalt have as much water as thou wilt, nevertheless, thou shalt not shame me out of a fond feeling for *Rudesheimer Hinterhausen*, sipped in a shady nook, with some illustrious son of song in my hand, and at my side,—

"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel
atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis."

But, like the ambassadors, I and my companion at length reached our destination. And we arrived just in time to be present at the mass, the *assisting* at which was the purpose of my journey. I say *we*, but the truth is that the gipsy was engaged in an occupation that would have shocked Father Mathew, and the entire convent at Hammeramith, while I was attending a celebration in honour of St. Apollonia and her teeth. At the great church, I found an unusually full attendance, made in honour of a saint who, properly invoked, can shame the powers of Gregorian paste in her well-attested cures of the toothach, and before whom whole hogsheads of soothing elixirs become powerless compared with what this canonised lady can do in relieving

pains which have taken up a position in that hollow membraneous portion of the human frame divine, which is placed mostly in the left hypochondrium, immediately under the diaphragm, and in an oblique position between the liver and the spleen. I hardly thought it astonishing that a defunct lady, who engages to effect so much as the fair Apollonia does, for the small outlay of a few paternosters and a little faith, should be honoured by such a train of supplicating followers. They who had had the toothach during the preceding year, and had recovered therefrom, went to bless the lady for their recovery. They who had never grinned beneath that pleasant infliction, went to thank the saint for their happy exemption. While the actual sufferers, with venomous anguish, cheek swollen, and gum throbbing, groaned forth their impatient prayers for delivery, and perspired, with pain, out of the two millions, three thousand, and four hundred pores which perforate the beculendered surface of us and our fellow-men.

It was a thing to smile at, to hear the service begin with the "Domine Misereatur," and some two thousand victims naturally cry, as they gnashed their incisors, "*O Lord, have mercy!*" That none might forget the object of their prayers, a figure of St. Apollonia was exhibited in the body of the church. This representative of the lady of Alexandria was a wax doll of some four feet in height, painted and dressed as nothing of humanity ever was painted and dressed,—except, perhaps, the aristocracy of those demoiselles in Paris, whose names are inscribed at the *depôt* of the prefecture, and who look like figures from the *Journal des Modes* run mad with exaggeration. The face was painted up to the eyes of a brickdust vermillion, and the eyes had a leer in them very unbecoming a saint. The dress consisted of a bright yellow poplin skirt,—the gift, perhaps, of some Irish sufferer, who had tried kresote in vain. From the hem of the skirt to the height of the knees ran a border of gigantic sky-blue, light green, and scarlet flowers; the body was of bright cherry-coloured satin, covered with dust, and coming down in front to a

point, like the boddice of our old friend Mrs. Quickly, of the Bear's Head, Eastcheap; and there was sham lace enough at the top of it to fill half-a-dozen pairs of the wide-spreading buskins of even Lauzun himself, when he was at the very high top-gallant of his foppery. A coquettish cap surmounted the head. In one hand she bore what may have been a sword, or a leek, it imitated nature so abominably; the other held an awful forceps, grasping a still more awful tooth. With this graphic curiosity addressed to the eyes, and with a distinctly delivered biographical sermon addressed to the ear, and which served as a running commentary on the counterfeit representation, I contrived to learn that the original of the figure before us was a native of Alexandria, and that she was by no means to be confounded with the Apollonia of Rome, who was gifted with no power in cases of dental anguish, and with whose establishment the dark Egyptian wished it to be expressly understood there was no connexion whatever. Neither was she to be mistaken for the modest young saint of Cologne, one of the ten thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine who perished with St. Ursula, rather than connect themselves with their Hunnish admirers by a species of marriage which had as little of holiness about it as a modern union vamped up in a Whig registry office.

In the year 252, according to the best authorities, said our rotund little preacher, were the heathens of Alexandria incited, by a devil's messenger of a sorcerer, to rise and exterminate the large number of Christians, who then openly professed their faith in that celebrated city. Among the number of the latter was our Apollonia, whose pious father had been previously hacked in pieces, and *afterwards*, supererogatorily, as it seemed to me, stoned to death, her mother having experienced an equally comfortable end at the hands of her fanatic persecutors. By these parents, who were of noble condition, the young candidate for canonisation was educated in that faith which, in those days, generally brought death with it to its professors. When her hour of trial had arrived, her residence was attacked by a furious

mob, who burnt the house, plundered the property, and carried the mistress into painful captivity. Here, as she cursed their gods, and refused to acknowledge any but Christ the Lord, they attacked her with stones, struck her with clenched fists, and used her otherwise so *unmenschlich*, as the preacher declared her biographers to assert, that her lips swelled monstrously, the blood flowed from her mouth and nostrils, her eyes were beaten black and blue, and her teeth were loosened in their sockets. After a pause to refresh their zeal, these amiable upholders of their own faith renewed their argument to prove the soundness of their opinions, by tearing open her lips and cheeks; her teeth were knocked out of their gums, some, as we were gravely told, being driven down her throat, and some falling out on the ground; and, at this moment, with her mouth and lips in such an undeniable condition for singing, she struck up "Mit frolochinder Stimm," a cheerful hymn of defiance to her enemies, and glory to God.

As she still continued recusant and obstinate, a stake was erected, and a fire kindled; but Apollonia, anticipating the intentions of her merciless tormentors, and recommending to God all who should thenceforward call upon her name, she leaped into the flames, and died, like the phoenix, to rise still more gloriously out of her ashes.

If only half this story were true, such a victim would deserve, at least, the respect of posterity; but the Romish Church founds its honour of the saint rather in what followed her death than on what they say preceded it. According to Valentinus Leuthius, her friends found her body, perfectly uninjured, among the remains of the fire; and, if they did, they were well justified in their admiration thereupon, though they treated it themselves with less regard than had been shewn by the discriminating flames, for they cut off the head and despatched it to Rome, while her teeth were distributed among a score of religious houses and churches in

various parts of Europe, among which the holy Roman empire was presented with two, an incisor and a grinder; the fore-tooth I had the felicity of seeing at Bonn; the *dens molar* makes Hlinzki for-ever-and-still-after glorious. This once useful and ornamental occupier of a portion of the alveolar process of the young Alexandrian was, on the termination of the sermon, solemnly exhibited to the faithful and the suffering, who had assembled to do honour to the festival of the saint. In front of the figure stood a young priest with the sacred relic, properly protected, in his hand; and the whole of the congregation, reverently passing between the doll and the deacon, kissed the glass *chasse* in which the tooth lay, the priest raising it to the lips of the worshippers with his left hand, and, after each kiss of hope, gratitude, or deprecation, gently wiping the surface with a napkin which he held in his right. And so the assembly separated, in full confidence that a lady, who could not preserve her own teeth, is perfectly capable of preserving those of other people. Bollandus even says that she is an infallible stomachic corroborative; and if all the cures he cites be well attested, all that I have finally to remark is, that galangals and pimpinella are nothing to her. A good word from her is more effective than canella alba, or cardamums. If she be but propitious, *carduus benedictus* and the four carminative seeds are leather and prunella in comparison; and if *she* smile, you need purchase neither *daucus creticus* nor sweet nitre, nor will you be called upon to borrow from a neighbour any of the soothing compounds, whether essences, tinctures, *sal volatile sylvii*, or the real stomachic elixir. Another of her profound biographers declares that she may be very safely invoked in cases of headach, as well as in other afflictions, which I do not choose to mention; and that she can cure *them* as easily as she can the pains of a raging tooth,—and, truly, I believe she may!

MILITARY TABLEAUX; OR, SCENES FROM THE WARS OF NAPOLEON,
SKETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SARREYASH.

No. III.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

THE French army having halted some days round Witepsk, again resumed their march; and, though "famine only dealt their rations," moved rapidly into the interior of the boundless empire which was to prove the grave of so many thousands. With augmenting wants the more earnest business of war also augmented; and before the invaders reached Smolensk, the Cossacks, who acted so important a part in the dreadful tragedy that followed, made their first appearance in force, increasing in a fearful degree the many difficulties of this life-wasting march. The following is the description our Prussian Hussar gives of these troops, and of his own subsequent adventures:—

"After a long and toilsome march under the most oppressive heat, and amid clouds of dust, the division came up with the enemy beyond the village of Janowitz. The Russians had taken post behind some sheltering underwood, on the opposite side of a valley, and left only a few Cossacks on the open plain. The evening was already far advanced, the horses were dreadfully exhausted; but the French, to ascertain the strength of the enemy perhaps, resolved to commence the action, which the latter seemed more inclined to avoid than to accept. Passing at a trot through the deserted hamlet, our division drew up on some rising ground that overlooked the intermediate valley; while skirmishers dashed on against the foe in all the gallant style for which the French are distinguished. At first the Russians took no notice of these proceedings; but when the skirmishers advanced to the edge of the underwood, and fired into the dismounted columns, they instantly sounded to horse, and drew up in battle array; at the same time that swarms of Cossacks rushed with loud shouts into the plain, sweeping the whole band of skirmishers before them in their

course. It seemed as if a nest of infuriated wasps had been suddenly disturbed.

"Quick reinforcements from the brigade could now alone save the advanced troops. They were sent; but had no sooner turned the tide in favour of the French, than the Russians supported their parties, and again drove them back. Reinforcements now followed each other with great rapidity, and the irregular combat in the valley extended in proportion as the division on the height became every moment feebler and feebler. The French brigade already stood in single rank; the Poles and Prussians, who, to save their order from being entirely broken up, had detached more sparingly, were rather in better condition.

"In the wide plain the contending parties, mixed confusedly together, fought with constantly varying success; the momentary victors driving the vanquished across the field till the fate of battle again turned pursuers into pursued, and gave the wild chase a totally opposite direction; the yells of the Cossacks swelling loudly above the ordinary tumult of combat.

"Darkness set in, and the needless and still-continued fray now began to excite alarm; for the Cossacks were more expert at personal contests than the French, who were thus obliged to reinforce their troops more extensively than the Russians; the latter retaining their order and formation almost unimpaired.

"To augment the difficulty, the only infantry attached to the division consisted of two battalions, not of French, but of Italian infantry; and they had fallen down exhausted in midway; nor had the artillery, on which the French depend so much even in their cavalry actions, been able to keep pace with our rapid march. More than half the division was already disorganised; and neither generals nor commanders knew how to break off the action, or arrest

the farther progress of disorder. The flashes of fire-arms threw the only light on the scene of tumult, while the shouts of the combatants alone indicated the varying success of the adverse parties.

"In this dilemma two of our guns fortunately reached the ground, and, quickly unlimbering, threw a couple of howitzer shells at random into the midst of the throng. And never was a greater or more sudden change produced by two cannon-shot: the loud yells ceased instantly, the tumult sunk into silence, the Cossacks became absolutely mute, and both parties returned quietly to the feeble, stationary remains of the regiments! The battle was at end.

"This was the first action in which the Cossacks appeared in force. Platoff, with the main body of these troops, 7000 strong, had been attached to the second Russian army, under Prince Bayration; but, as the junction of the Russian corps was now secure, they had been sent round by Smolensk to aid Barclay de Tolly against the swarming host of Napoleon.

"The manner of fighting peculiar to the Cossacks gives them great advantages over disciplined cavalry; because any repulse they may experience occasions them little loss; for to pursue them in their wild flight would lead to confusion, and oblige the victors to adopt the mode of fighting of the vanquished. The feeble side of these semi-barbarous warriors is their inability to stand a steady fire; though dispersed along a line, every Cossack is individually an admirable skirmisher. In meadows, parties often dismount and skirmish on foot, leading their horses by the rein, and allowing them to graze. Several attempts on the part of the French to punish this supposed carelessness failed completely: aided by their comrades, the Cossacks sprang quickly on their horses, and received their foiled adversaries with loud shouts of laughter.

"When they intend an attack, a shout is raised along the whole line; on which they collect in a mass, and throw themselves, with loud yells and couched spears, with bodies bent to their horses' mane, at full speed upon the enemy. Such an onrush—~~the~~ swarm seems at first to be irre-

sistible, and would be so were the onset continued as it is commenced. But this is not the case; the Cossacks charge close up to the enemy, who are lost if they shew the slightest want of firmness; but are in little danger if they hold their ground firmly, and receive the assailants with a steady fire. When thus met, the Cossacks fly as fast as they had advanced, and with the same dexterity. The attack, gathering, and dispersion of these swarms was always executed in the most admirable manner, and with a degree of celerity that regular cavalry would find it difficult, if not impossible, to imitate. When they overthrow an enemy, the Cossacks pursue with daring boldness and perseverance; and their eagerness for spoil then leads them into occasional difficulties, notwithstanding their usual quickness and sagacity.

"Encounters with these new adversaries now became of daily occurrence, but did not always end to our satisfaction. On one occasion, they drew the French brigade into an ambush, and caused them considerable loss; on another they defeated the Poles, and pursued them to the very muzzles of the Prussian carbines.

"In all these combats, Murat, king of Naples, was in his very element. He hated the slow movement of columns; and his appearance in the morning was usually the signal to advance and engage. The Cossacks knew him perfectly, and always greeted his approach with loud cheers. His bravery, combined with his kind and friendly manner, had rendered him a universal favourite, not only with the French and Poles, but with the Prussians also. Murat had a good person, a firm seat in the saddle, and was a bold rider; and thus greatly distinguished from the emperor, who was a bad and ungraceful horseman. In the army, Murat's theatrical costume had obtained for him the name of the *King of Franconi*; and though it might, in some respects, have been appropriate, it should not have been forgotten that he wore his fantastic dress in battle, and under the very eyes of his enemies. His suite—among whom was a Moor, dressed as a Mameluke, and mounted on a coal-black steed—were all covered with

gold and embroidery, and were in perfect keeping with their sovereign. The king's appearance before the troops was invariably greeted with loud cheers, in which even the Prussians joined right heartily.

"In the army, Murat and Napoleon alone attracted attention; the other marshals and princes, though attended with numerous staff retinues, were little thought of. And if the King of Naples was distinguished by the splendour of his costume, the emperor was remarkable for the extreme simplicity of his dress; which presented a striking contrast to the brilliant uniforms of the numerous staff by which he was accompanied. The influence he exercised on the minds of the soldiers was boundless; and wherever he appeared the feeble and the strong felt alike confident of victory, and never failed to throw the blame of disaster on the misconduct of subordinates. This was strongly illustrated after our defeat at Woronovo: the army was evidently in full retreat; but no sooner had the remains of our famished division—Murat's—joined the main army from Moscow, under the emperor's own command, than all fancied themselves marching to assured victory. The spell was soon, however, dissolved, and death was to prove the only victor in the scenes on which we were then entering."

Our Hussar having been wounded in one of the skirmishes preceding the battle of Borodino, only resumes his narrative at the close of that sanguinary day. But

"On—on—on!—the thirst of power and war
Gasps for the blood of serfs, and of their czar."

And the mighty host still presses forward, its ranks diminishing daily; and from Smolensk to Borodino every march costs the army a thousand men!

The Prussian Hussars, though exposed to a dreadful fire of artillery at Borodino, took no active part in the battle; and only shared in the severe loss sustained. They mustered 280 horses in the morning, and brought only 120 out of the field. The large Russian redoubt, armed with thirty or forty guns, to the fire of which they were exposed, "resembled,"

says an eye-witness, "a volcano in full activity: enveloped in a cloud of smoke, the flashes of the guns, that carried havoc into the ranks of the French, were alone visible through the sulphury vapours."

We must now let our gallant friend, the Hussar, proceed with his own narrative.

"Night at last put an end to the work of death. Both parties were completely worn down by the dreadful exertions of the day, and the Imperial Guard alone remained in a state of efficiency.

"The exhausted troops were led back to their cheerless camps, where nothing was to be found: provisions, forage, straw, fuel, were all wanting; and to search for them in the dark, and where whole armies had been assembled for days together, seemed a hopeless case. The victors were almost in despair; and, though some searched for provisions, and others brought a little wet hay from our former bivouac, most of the men, having secured their horses, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and lay down in utter hopelessness.

"The mess to which I belonged had lost every thing,—cooking utensils, as well as the little provision we possessed; but we had found a bag of Russian biscuit, which helped to atone for our misfortune. The helmet of a French cuirassier having been metamorphosed into a kettle, our prize biscuit was soon boiled into soup; which, though wanting even the seasoning of salt, seemed a luxurious banquet to our famishing party. The greater part of the soldiers had to fast; and, to augment their suffering, a cold rain fell during the night.

"In the morning, the army advanced, and took possession of the battle-field, and were ordered to cook and forage,—an order more easily issued than obeyed, for nothing was to be found. And if the men kindled fires, it was more for the purpose of warming and drying themselves than for any culinary purpose.

"The battle-field presented a terrible picture of ruin and carnage, especially on the left and centre, where the greatest efforts had been made to take, maintain, and retake the redoubts. Corpses of the slain, broken arms, dead and dying horses, covered every elevation and filled every hol-

low, and plainly indicated the progress of the action. In front of the redoubts lay the bodies of the French; behind the works, shewing that they had been carried, lay the Russians. On many points the heaps of corpses told where squares of infantry had stood, and plainly pointed out the size of the closely formed masses. From the relative number of the slain, it was easy to perceive that the Russians had suffered more than the French.

"Nothing could be so striking or appalling, indeed, as the contrast between the tumult and thunder of the previous day's battle and the grave-like silence which now reigned over the field. On the minds of the soldiers this tranquil halt on the scene of death made a very unfavourable impression: distress and want pressed heavily upon them, and in their plain and direct mode of thinking they could see no object in thus lingering inactively on a battle-plain that was no longer disputed. They all looked to Moscow as the terminus of their suffering. In the city of the Czar they expected to find rest, food, clothing, and the peace that was to permit a safe return to their hearths and homes: all their conversations turned on these cherished anticipations.

"A full conviction of their situation had rendered this view general in the army; and the troops would have fought another battle as valiantly as they fought the last, had it been necessary, to secure the object on which all their hopes were founded; and, therefore, it was that the needless lingering on the field was so universally censured. The continued want of forage, the severe exertions of the last days, and the dreadful loss sustained in the battle, tended rapidly to hasten on the ruin of the cavalry; and in our regiment we availed ourselves of the rest to form our four squadrons into two of seventy-five horses each, all that now remained of the 600 with which we commenced the campaign. The other regiments of the division were in a still worse condition, and the state of the cuirassier division was deplorable in the extreme.

"In the afternoon the army moved towards Mojaïsk, and, as Cossack shouts were heard in our front, the light division of the corps was ordered

to hasten forward and support the troops engaged. The regiment started at a trot, but several horses were unable to move from the spot, and, unfortunately, mine was one of the number. No effort could recall its quickly failing strength, and, painful as it was to leave the ranks at so interesting a moment, I was forced to dismount and lead it forward.

"This misadventure obliged me to become an inactive spectator of the combat fought in front of Mojaïsk. When I attained the end of the ridge that overlooks the friendly valley, at the opposite extremity of which the town is situated, I saw the whole plain on to the left of the road filled with Cossacks and French cavalry, engaged in a wild and desultory skirmish, more resembling our notions of Scythian than European warfare. The French gained little on their active opponents, and it was not till they had been repeatedly reinforced that they succeeded in pressing back these Cossack swarms. By degrees the infantry also arrived on the field and advanced in column along the highroad, but there was evidently no concert between them and the cavalry; the consequence was, that the Russians remained masters of the town, while our people took post in the plain.

"As soon as I observed the troops preparing to form their camps, I endeavoured to make my horse move forward, trusting that the short rest he had enjoyed might have given him a little strength; but he was failing fast, and it was with difficulty that I could drive him on before me at a slow and staggering pace. To augment the evil night overtook me, and, surrounded by strange corps, all engaged in the bustle of preparing their bivouacs, I found myself without food, comrades, or quarters, isolated in the midst of thousands. In this miserable condition, and while searching my way slowly through the dark with hardly a prospect of discovering the regiment, good fortune threw some of our own foragers in my way, who pointed to our camp, which was close at hand.

"Seated round the watch-fires the soldiers described the various details and changes of the action, which, like all the encounters with the Cossacks, had been more noisy than

destructive. At first some surprise was excited by a whizzing sound heard during the fray, and the cause of which was not discovered till several arrows were found hanging in the pelisses of the hussars. It was the first meeting with the Baskiers, whose weapons caused more curiosity than apprehension, for they had not inflicted a single wound.

"Great want prevailed, as usual, in camp; the Russians had completely exhausted the country; and a few cabbage-stalks, of which they had consumed the heads, and a little roasted barley, was all that could be found to allay the cravings of hunger.

"In the morning I found that my horse, the sharer of so much toil, of so many dangers, had died during the night. The loss made the recollection of my distant home and untried strength press heavily on my mind; but the stirring business of war left brief space for such reflections. Mustering my best resolution, therefore, I threw my baggage over my shoulders, and, accompanied by three comrades who were in the same predicament with myself, set out for Mojaik. From all directions crowds of soldiers were hurrying towards the town in search of provisions. The road was covered with troopers trying to urge on their failing steeds: some still strove to spur them forward, others dragged them slowly by the reins, while some drove them forward with sticks. Both sides of the road were covered with dead and dying horses; and the fury of the riders, their cruelty to the staggering and exhausted steeds, were frightful in the extreme. The savage conduct of the easily excited French was particularly conspicuous in this respect."

If our Hussar reproves in severe terms the cruelty of the French towards their horses, he relates in an after part of his journal an instance of their ingenuity which we shall insert here, in order to break the long tale of suffering by at least one ludicrous incident:—

"At the angle of the road we came upon a detachment of French dragoons who were escorting some of the large grey oxen, more common in Poland than in Russia. One of the soldiers who had probably lost his horse like so many others, and was tired of pedestrian exercise, had sad-

dled and bitted one of these huge-horned animals, which, accoutred in the full panoply of war, presented a most extraordinary appearance, that became doubly ludicrous when the helmeted dragoon mounted this novel Bucephalus, in order to accompany his detachment. The ox had evidently been used to act the charger, but on this occasion he refused to move, and thus excited the impatience of the soldier, who began to use his spurs right sharply. This immediately changed the scene: the ox, to rid himself of the annoyance and shake off the rider, executed with great but clumsy force, some of the most extraordinary bounds and plunges ever beheld. The rider long kept his seat in firm style, and the spectators awaited the result of the novel contest in silent astonishment, till a tremendous bound forced the unhappy dragoon to measure his full length upon the ground, amid the exulting shouts and roars of laughter that burst from the surrounding multitude. No comic scene could possibly be more extravagantly ludicrous than the one here acted before our eyes. The enraged dragoon sprung furiously from the ground and soon remounted the horned steed, but, rendered wiser by experience, he now adopted gentler means, and thus succeeded in making the animal follow the detachment at a slow and easy pace."

Our Hussar, being now reduced to the rank of a straggler, gives some account of the disorganised mass that already followed the main body of the army, during its memorable advance:—

"The host of stragglers that augmented in proportion as the army diminished, was composed of men who, unable to keep pace with their regiments, had fallen to the rear; of others who had been detached and could not overtake their corps, as well as of strong foraging parties that, having been sent to a distance from the main road to collect provisions, were unable to come up with their regiments and divisions, owing to the rapid and continued marches of the main body. After the battle of Borodino, that proved so fatal to the cavalry, vast numbers of dismounted horsemen also joined the heterogeneous mass.

"In general the army of stragglers followed the main body in societies of from three to ten in number, who endeavoured to make their way as best they could in the small carriages of the country called *tulekha*, or on the *konika*, the ponies formerly mentioned. As the bonds of discipline were slackening every day, this safer and more convenient mode of journeying also tempted many soldiers to leave the ranks and augment our straggling bands.

"The mixture of all uniforms and all arms, of men of all nations, ranks, classes, and conditions, thus hurrying confusedly along, often presented scenes that could not fail to be diverting, notwithstanding the want that pressed so heavily upon us. Though the costumes were no doubt in a very indifferent plight, they were yet highly respectable compared to those that came into fashion during the retreat. The cause of this was evident. As the weather was still moderate, the old uniforms afforded sufficient protection, and the cravings of hunger made the soldiers turn all their attention to the search for provisions. But when the frost set in and rendered warmer clothing necessary, we saw the most fantastic and extravagant costumes ever beheld spring up at once, as if by magic, and suddenly become universal in the army.

"One peculiarity of the stragglers was, that none of them, whether cavalry or infantry, would travel on foot, a circumstance that rendered horse-stealing universal; and whoever lost sight of his horse, even for a single moment, was sure to lose it, without the least chance of recovering it in the constantly moving mass. To steal a horse was not considered a very heinous offence, and rather looked upon in the light that poaching is in some countries, than a dishonourable larceny; and the thief generally considered that in seizing upon a good steed, he was only avenging his own loss or that of some comrade. Conscience, it must be confessed, sat lightly in these times on most of the martial fraternity.

"To prevent a stolen horse or pony from being recognised by its former possessor, the first thief generally cut off the animal's tail, the second hoaxed the mane, and the

third cropped its ears. All this gave the ponies a rather odd appearance, but rendered it difficult for any one to recognise them after the process; though it was easy to see how often they had changed masters, by the various operations they had undergone.

"Want pressed heavily on the stragglers, and whoever was unable to forage at a distance from the high-road was in a melancholy predicament, and had no other alternative but to resort to horse-flesh, which was in abundance. The country was thinly peopled and poorly cultivated, and had been traversed first by the Russian and then by the French army, so that little remained for the stragglers. And it was only the hope of finding abundance in the capital which we were now approaching, that made the sick and feeble exert their last remaining strength to reach this fancied haven of safety.

"On the evening of the 13th I overtook the regiment which was preparing to enter Moscow on the following morning, the city being only about six miles distant from our camp. My wishes were fulfilled, and I was again in the midst of the regiment, but I found it in a melancholy condition. During the few days I had been absent sickness and death had dispersed my previous acquaintances, and want and suffering had rendered the remaining soldiers perfectly callous to the fate of others: selfishness seemed the order of the day. The hopes and expectations founded on the anticipated conquest of the morrow were also greatly diminished: a roof for shelter, bread, meal, and brandy for nourishment, with clothing and rest, were all to which they looked forward, and even these moderate expectations were not to be fulfilled.

"On the morning of the 14th September the army at last commenced the long-desired march that was to terminate at Moscow. The imperial guard were in full costume and a holyday mood; boisterous cheerfulness, indeed, pervaded all ranks and classes. The impatience of the soldiers seemed to prolong the short distance they had to traverse; from every piece of rising ground they expected to behold the city, and were greatly incensed when they

found themselves disappointed. No march was ever, indeed, performed in such haste; the stragglers overtook and got mixed with the columns, and it became difficult to preserve even a semblance of order. From the side by which we were advancing, Moscow is not perceived till the last hill, called the Salutation Hill, has been ascended. We reached the summit at last; nor could the eager delight with which the Crusaders contemplated the domes of Jerusalem, the followers of Columbus the shores of the new world, have exceeded the joy displayed by the exhausted victors on beholding the spires of the imperial city. The loud cheers of the foremost troops announced to the more distant the happy discovery, and urged every one forward to renewed exertion. All were anxious to obtain a sight of the golden prize; one pointed out a church, another a palace; horsemen rose in their stirrups to gain a more extended view of the splendid scene. The army was in a tumult of delight, which, for a moment, caused all past suffering to be forgotten.

"The joy of finding ourselves within reach of the long-desired prize soon yielded to the cravings of hunger and the impatience to advance. But our eagerness was to be restrained, for the emperor persisted in halting, to await the arrival of a deputation from the city, which never appeared. During this delay, the soldiers, seeking shelter from the burning rays of the sun, threw themselves down to rest under the best shade they could find. I followed the example, and, with the reins of my pony firmly grasped in my hand, soon sunk into profound slumber. Awakened, at last, by the march of troops, I started up, and found myself in the midst of strangers and stragglers, the regiment gone, and my pony lost. Driven almost to madness by seeing all my hopes and wishes thus frustrated, I rushed in all directions wildly through the throng, in the hopes of discovering the thief who had carried off my horse. But my search was vain, and, exhausted at last by famine and fatigue, I wandered on towards the city, gradually recovering, as I advanced, sufficient fortitude to bear up against this new affliction.

"The vain pursuit of the thief who had stolen my horse had brought me to the banks of the Moskwa, whence I took the road towards the city. In passing near a small chapel, surrounded with trees, and beautifully situated close by the stream, I observed three infantry soldiers unpacking their ponies; having done so, and selected the most valuable effects from the loads, they abandoned the animals to their fate, and took their way on foot, totally unmindful of the discarded *koniaks*. To see men become voluntary pedestrians was, in these times, an extraordinary event, and almost unaccountable to me who still smarted under the loss of my horse; but, as they disappeared without casting even a look at the ponies, I hastened to secure the strongest of the party, and, having laid in a stock of potatoes from a neighbouring field, hurried, as day was closing, towards the devoted city.

"The throng rushing through the suburbs was tremendous; and the streets presented a dreadful and appalling scene of plunder, increased, rather than diminished, by the absence of the inhabitants; while, under the screen of augmenting darkness, the reckless soldiery gave full scope to the wildest rapine and licentiousness. From all sides was heard the bursting open of doors, the crashing of windows; every house was filled with soldiers, who were ransacking the dwellings of peaceful citizens, and searching with lights for booty and provisions.

"As I passed along I found many wild reports current among the crowd; men spoke of incendiary fires, of mines and combustibles having been discovered under several houses, among others, under the palace prepared for the King of Naples. Doubtful as these reports were, considering the short time there had been to verify them, and the confused manner in which the city had been occupied, they were, nevertheless, firmly believed by the troops.

"Having been told that the cavalry, under the King of Naples, had marched through the city, I made for the eastern barrier in hopes of finding my regiment, or, at least, the division to which it belonged. The throng diminished gradually as I advanced, being limited to cavalry

soldiers, who alone expected to find their corps in that direction; all the others dispersed at pleasure through the city, each establishing himself in the best quarter he could find.

"It was already dark when I cleared the barriers, and my inquiries respecting the division received at every step more unsatisfactory answers. At last, I was shewn a line of bivouac fires, indicating, I was told, the very camp of my brigade; but when I reached the ground, I found myself in the midst of French chasseurs, belonging to a totally different corps.

"As it would have been useless to continue the search farther through the night, I resolved to rest quietly till morning. But, fearing to trust my horse in the vicinity of a French camp, I made for a plantation that surrounded a stately mansion in front of the line, though near enough to be safe from the Cossacks. Having tied my horse to a tree, with sufficient length of halter to admit of his grazing, I threw myself down beside him, under the best sheltering bush that I could find.

"When I awoke in the morning, I found myself in what we call an English park, which might be termed beautiful, the dreary and desolate nature of the country considered. The perfect calmness of the lovely scene, the silence that surrounded me, the absence of the destroying tumult of war in which I had so long moved, brought my distant country, my home, my friends, and parents, so forcibly to my mind, that, disregarding the cravings of hunger, disregarding my ragged and wretched appearance, which contrasted so strongly with the recollection of former times, I could not refrain from lingering in the walks, and giving way to these pleasing, though melancholy recollections; the vicinity of the French line making me fancy myself in perfect security. Chancing to approach an enclosure, I ascended to the top in order to obtain a more extensive view, but was almost paralysed when the first object I beheld was a line of Cossacks, not fifty yards distant, watching their scouts, who, on different points, were striving to peer through the very enclosure, from the top of which I had discovered them. Nothing but a rapid flight

layed. Springing from the fence, I hurried with all speed towards my pony, and, throwing myself on his back, spared neither rein nor spur till I gained the camp of the chasseurs. Not a single Cossack followed, from which I concluded that my descent from the enclosure and rapid flight had escaped observation, and thus saved me from certain captivity.

"In the camp of the chasseurs, who had just mounted to face the Cossacks, there had evidently been an abundance of good cheer, for meal and biscuit lay scattered about in all directions. I failed not to profit by what had been left, and was preparing to renew my search for the regiment; but in that busy time resolutions were often changed as rapidly as the ever-changing events.

"The French and Cossacks were confronting each other; but, instead of engaging, they were parleying, jesting, laughing, which made me fancy that the long-promised peace, or a preliminary truce, at least, had really been concluded. In this I was, however, mistaken; for, reluctant as both parties were to commence, circumstances soon brought them to blows. The Cossacks wished to prevent the French from occupying a village which they were busily foraging, the chasseurs wished to obtain possession without renewing hostilities, but on all points Cossack parties interposed to prevent the approach. At last, the French, tired with these vain efforts, began to fire; one of the ordinary skirmishes immediately ensued, and, after a short resistance, the Cossacks withdrew, giving the village to the flames, according to the practice they had universally pursued during the latter part of the march."

These melancholy aggravations of the ordinary horrors of the war resulted more, however, from accident, and the usual carelessness on the part of the French, than from any premeditated plan on the part of the Russians. During the early part of the advance, the Russians destroyed nothing; but as most of the villages were set on fire by the carelessness, or love of mischief of the French troops, the Cossacks resolved that the invaders should not profit by them first, and destroy them afterwards, and invariably burnt them the moment

extremely expert at the process, and seemed to take an especial delight in thus depriving their enemies of their expected prey at the very moment when they fancied it within their reach.

"As I should have made an indifferent figure in the skirmish, mounted as I was on my unfortunate pony, I turned away to renew my search for the regiment, and had not gone far before I met with two comrades exactly in the same predicament with myself. Moscow was already burning, fires were rising in several places, and crowds of soldiers were hastening towards the city, in order to share its spoils with the destroying element. Under these circumstances, we determined to follow the same example, to lay in a stock of clothes and provisions, and then return to the regiment.

"As we advanced to the city, we contemplated the increasing conflagration with mingled awe and astonishment. Early in the morning, and during the night even, some partial fires had been observed, though without attracting much notice, as they were attributed to the carelessness of the marauding soldiery; but from this time the devastation spread so rapidly, that it could neither be ascribed to chance nor carelessness. A strong westerly wind fanned the raging flame, and at noon the spectacle was truly frightful. The fires invariably broke out in the west end of the city, and the gale drove the sparks, flames, and particles of destruction on to the eastward, the very direction whence we were approaching, so that the circumstance could not possibly escape our attention. We often observed three or four fires breaking out with quick succession in totally untouched parts of the town; they were small and insignificant at first, but soon spread around with devouring rapidity; the number of wooden houses, the absence of inhabitants, and the want of fire-engines, said to have been removed by the Russians, rendered unavailing every attempt made to arrest the progress of destruction.

"No eye-witness of the dreadful catastrophe will ever believe that the French burnt Moscow. In our approach to the city, we had ample opportunity to observe the fiery spec-

progress. We were in no personal danger, could give every attention to the march of the raging element, and occupied ourselves, indeed, by counting the fresh conflagrations as they arose, by following them till they joined into huge volumes of flame; we calculated how soon a church, or other lofty edifice, would be attained by the fires, and how soon it would be surrounded, or fall in; as spectators we had, therefore, the best possible advantages.

"We arrived at last, and reached the city, near the Foundling and Great Hospital. Sick, insane, wounded, maimed, and prisoners, hundreds in situations denoting the highest degree of human misery, were here crowded together, and watched by guards of soldiers. On this point the fire had already attained the eastern barrier, and it was in vain that we endeavoured to enter the city. The next barrier was found occupied by a French picket, that refused admittance to the stragglers, and allowed only the regularly formed commands to pass. But the rejected were not daunted by this repulse, and, circling round the enclosure, they soon found an opening by which the whole swarm rushed in the town.

"The streets were filled with clouds of smoke and fiery vapours, and at every step we came upon still burning ruins. I entered several houses, which the inhabitants seemed to have left only the moment before; where the plundering soldiers had not appeared, every thing was in its proper place, and in many shops the merchants seemed only then to have laid down their weights and scales.

"A broad street, formed of wooded butts, with an occasionally intervening house, or palace, led towards the centre of the town; and this we followed, as some large garden had still secured it from the raging fire. A number of stragglers pressing into a fine house called our attention to the building, and we entered along with the rest. The palace, for compared to the surrounding hovels it might well be so called, was beautifully furnished and fitted up, but had been plundered out from the garret to the cellar. Here, also, every thing denoted the hasty and unexpected flight of the late occupants; for needles, embroidery, and ladies' work,

beautiful work-tables. A large mirror, which had escaped destruction, almost terrified me by reflecting my pale and famished countenance, and thin, ragged, and miserable figure.

"Having secured a loaf of bread, the only prize we found in this noble mansion, we resumed our search for some more promising quarter, and resolved to establish ourselves in one of the small wooden houses, where we might be less exposed to intrusion than in the palaces that attracted universal attention. We also proposed to seek for some inhabited houses, as in these times the poorest host was still a useful servant.

"For a long time our search was vain; every house was empty, a few cats being the solitary tenants of the forsaken dwellings. At last, and when our patience was nearly exhausted, we came to a small cabin in which an old man and two women still remained, determined to share the fate of their home. We instantly took possession, put up our horses, and, to keep out intruders, fastened the court-gate, a proof that we intended no short or passing visit.

"Thus established, we endeavoured to make the Russian comprehend our wants and wishes; but found it difficult, owing to the difference of languages, and to the signs by which we indicated that we required clothes, boots, provisions, &c. he only replied by the word '*nima*,' which when uttered with real Russian phlegm, is sufficient to exhaust the last remnant of patience.

"By threats, we came at last to the understanding that our hosts were to conduct us to where our wants could be supplied; and this task they performed so ably, that our quarter soon resembled a well-filled store, in which clothes and provisions of every kind abounded, even to overflowing. Our hosts, who now became our guests, seemed as much delighted with our good fortune as we were ourselves, and shared very willingly in the luxuries they had so ably helped to collect.

"Dinner over, my comrades, the old Russian, and the women, made the brandy circulate with great rapidity, while, unused to spirits, I adhered to some sweet preserves, more tasteful to my youthful palate. The consequence was, that I remained so-

The women roared, laughed, and screamed aloud; on the old Russian the liquor had a different effect, for his face grew fiercer and darker with every glass that he drank. The stolen glances he cast at us betrayed hate and fury, and as night approached his conduct gave evident proof that he projected some hostile attempt. I observed him closely, and insisted on his leaving the room when we had prepared our night quarter. This occasioned difficulty, and I was obliged to warn my drunken comrades, who no sooner shared my suspicions than they proposed to cut down 'the dog of a Russian,' as they termed him. Riot was at its height, and it was only the fatigued condition of my countrymen that enabled me to pacify them before mischief could be committed. Having, at last, secured door and windows, we threw ourselves on the straw beside our ready arms.

"We slept as wearied soldiers only can sleep till about midnight, when we were suddenly disturbed by a tremendous knocking at our door, accompanied by loud screams and female lamentations. Awakened by the noise, we started up, and found the apartment lighted bright as day by the reflection of fires that penetrated through the crevices of the holes which represented windows, and, fancying our dwelling already a prey to the flames, we rushed headlong into the open air. The scene was frightful, indeed! Beyond our garden, a large church was one vast and blazing mass of fire; volumes of flame, carried high in air by the fury of the gale, were rising in all directions, the darkness of night was completely expelled by the raging conflagration, and we seemed actually surrounded by an ocean of flame.

"The Russians deplored the anticipated ruin of their cabin with mingled screams, prayers, and lamentations, though a little calm reflection proved that the peril was neither so eminent nor so immediate as it first appeared. On one side the wind was driving the flames away, rather than towards us, on another we were secured by open gardens; and, for our own part, we knew that the barrier was at no great distance and fairly within our reach. Having satisfied ourselves with these reflections, consoled our now sobered

slept undisturbedly till morning. Such was the night I passed amidst the flames of Moscow.

"As soon as day broke, swarms of soldiers from the surrounding camps crowded into the city to search amid the burning ruins for booty and provisions. The disorder and tumult were disgraceful in the extreme, and augmented in proportion as the unhappy capital sunk into ashes. Where spirituous liquors were found, and they were, unfortunately, too abundant, the scenes of licentiousness were frightful to behold. Drunkenness was universal, and the disgusting rabble, driven before the encroaching flames, reeled from house to house, and from one scene of brutality to another. And woe to the officer who attempted to restore order, or demand from this horde of savages submission to his authority.

"I was happy to fly from the repulsive spectacle, but my comrades remained in Moscow. Exhausted and in rags, having for three months been suffering from want and hardships, exposed, without the shelter of a roof, to every inclemency of weather, they resolved to have, at least, a few days' rest. For my part, I was fortunate in soon overtaking the regiment on the Riazan road, and as my frequent returns to the corps had given the commanding officer some high notion of my warlike disposition, he ordered me to exchange my pony for the horse of one of the hussars, who had been taken ill. This was quickly effected, and from a despised straggler, I found myself promoted to the rank of an efficient combatant. My new charger was a tall, rawboned steed of Moldavian breed, between fifteen and twenty years of age, and who had lost an ear in battle; two hussars had also been killed on his back, a circumstance that tells less in favour of a horse than having two horses killed under him, tells in favour of a soldier. A fit of superstitious fear actually came over me as I threw myself into the saddle, and made me fancy that I was to complete the fatal number of *three* destined to meet death on the back of this gaunt and spectral steed; but the needless thought soon passed away, for the stirring nature of the times allowed no such idle impressions to fix themselves upon the mind."

As the Prussian Hussars formed no part of Murat's force, our young soldier shared in all the sufferings of the deadly camp of Woronovo. Sickness, which active exertion had kept under during the advance, here broke out and raged with a degree of virulence, which the undermined strength of the soldiers was rarely able to resist. The cavalry was completely destroyed during this halt, and Nansouty's corps, which had counted 10,000 horse in the ranks at the opening of the campaign, was here reduced to less than 500 effective combatants, and even these were dispersed on the march to Mala Jaruslawitz, and before the actual retreat commenced. Some of the officers formed part of the sacred squadron that surrounded the carriage in which Napoleon and the King of Naples travelled, the rest, dispersed, perished, or were taken; and before the army reached Smolensk a small party of the Prussian Hussars formed the only remnant of the corps still marching in soldier-like style round their colours.

Owing to the exertions of Major Ziethen, their commanding officer, and to the good conduct of the men, this gallant corps, which had marched so reluctantly under the French eagles, could still bring thirty rank and file into line at the Beresina; but beyond this fatal stream every vestige of order disappeared, and the army assembled a host of fugitive paupers, more than the remains of a brave and gallant band of disciplined soldiers. Nor was the disease, which destroyed every particle of discipline, confined to the troops that returned from Moscow, the moral contagion seized upon the corps of Victor and St. Cyr, preceded the army in its retreat, and infested the troops sent to aid and support the fugitives. And when the stragglers reached Kowno, on the Niemen, they found the garrison in so complete a state of fear and drunkenness, that none could be found to man the works, so that Marshal Ney and a few staff-officers were obliged to seize muskets and exchange shots with the pursuing Cossacks!

Such was the end of an army that a few months before had made Europe and Asia tremble!

THE MONK CAMPANELLA AND HIS WORKS.

WHATEVER is superior to common wisdom has always been treated as folly; and, notwithstanding that in every age we meet with innovators who, grieving at human misery, have wished to improve the condition of man, and, in their anxiety to conquer indifference, have not feared to face persecution and to suffer martyrdom, history is yet full of their sufferings. Giordano Bruno and Savonarole are burnt alive by the Inquisition; Campanella languishes twenty-seven years in a dungeon; Roger Bacon is incarcerated on suspicion of witchcraft; Harrington dies by poison; Hall is deprived of all his property; Ramus perishes assassinated. Nevertheless, inspiration is so palpable in these free-thinkers, their mission is so formal, and their object so righteous, that they triumph over all impediments, over all tortures, and all perils. What ought to be said is said; each age gives its protestation to the world, which continues, and is transmitted from one generation to another. The great family of *Utopistes* vary, but never cease. In the meantime, humanity profits by their investigations. They do not agitate themselves round a fatal circle without hope; they continue their upward movement slow and majestic on this mysterious ladder, the invisible degrees of which unite man to God, earth to heaven. It would be curious to make an historical and philosophical examination into those modern social systems which are the most remarkable for the daring boldness of their conception, or for the extraordinary singularity of their execution. Thus would alternately pass before our eyes the Chancellor Bacon and his *Nova Atlantica*; Moore and his *Utopia*; Daniel De Foe and his *Essay of Projects*; Hall and his *Mundus Alter*; Fénelon and his *Salente*; the Abbé de St. Pierre and his *Dream of Perpetual Peace*; Morelly and his *Basiliade*, for a long time attributed to Diderot; Retif de la Bretonne and his *Découverte Australe*; the Calabrian monk Campanella and his *Civitas Solis*,—fanciful creation, full of grandeur. Sometimes the inspiration is so fortunate,

that the philosopher sets himself free from the ties that bind him to his age, and attains, by a sort of foreknowledge, social forms which have been realised in after-generations. We will let others solve these problems, which the human mind has followed from age to age for the general welfare. We will give to our readers some insight into the destinies of one of these philosophers, the circumstances attending which are very remarkable.

In the year 1598, when Philip II. reigned, master of Naples, of America, of Oran, of the Duchy of Milan, of Rousillon, of Navarre, of Franche Comté, of the Cape de Verd Islands, a monk, a native of Calabria, who had a great genius, and, the rarest of all, the gift of prophetic wisdom, wrote him a long letter in Latin, from the prison in which he was immured, wherein he enumerated all the causes of the Spanish decadency. He wrote this letter in the gloomy depths of a dungeon, after having suffered torture, after ten years' captivity, deprived of books, cut off from correspondence, without knowing what was passing in the world from which he was exiled. This monk predicted exactly, from 1598, all the calamities reserved by Providence for the great Spanish monarchy; and his predictions were dated from the very epoch when Europe, the two Americas, and Africa, bowed together before the son of Charles V. By a most extraordinary power of deduction and penetration, the prophet discovers the whole series of effects that are hidden in the bosom of their primitive causes, and reads the future methodically and distinctly as if it were developed before him in the present. Behold genius of the most powerful kind: yet I do not know that it was remarked by any one. Poor man, he only besought one favour, which was, that he might go and preach in Flanders, and teach philosophy to its inhabitants. He had a vague hope that Philip II. would some day grant him an audience. "*Magna et secreta colloquio tuo reservo, ubi et quando majestati tue placuerit.*" He sent his treatise,

or political letter, to the king, through the medium of I do not know what Spanish excellency, who did not possess credit or benevolence enough to obtain the audience, far less the favour solicited by the monk. No notice whatever was taken of his communication. He was not surprised at the circumstance; he was acquainted with the chances of life, the impotency of truth, and the folly of wishing to convince stubbornness or interestedness. "Habent sua fata libelli," says he, in terminating his pamphlet:—

"I abandon this work to its fate; it is badly written, and a little confused. But I was ill, unhappy in prison, in *tuguriolo angusto*, and I could do no better. It is sufficient that Spain sees what threatens her, and what may serve her. Keep, then, well the secrets which I confide to you; by and by they will value my prophecies more than were valued the leaves of the sybils."

But posterity was as ungrateful and as tyrannical towards Campanella as Philip II. had been. Italy, his country, in its full decline, smothered all genius greater than itself. Punished by the age and his fellow-citizens, Campanella's fate was that of a giant shut up in a box. Chastised when living by executioners and gaolers, chastised after his death by a celebrity so ill-defined that philosophers alone are acquainted with it, he added a great name, and an enormous injustice, to the list of iniquities which we call history. He came to die in France, where the easy kindness of men's feelings and manners softened his latter years. Courtiers and men of letters, alike caustic and sceptical, admired the boldness of his ideas without comprehending their elevation. He was well received; Pereisc folded him in his arms; Gabriel Naudé, the founder of the Mazarin library, chose him for a particular friend. This kindness astonished him, *a lacrymis non temperavi*. We must render this justice to France, that she has always shewn sympathy for exiles, for mental superiority, and misfortunes. In the political counsels given by him to Spain in 1598, we discover a rare union of the wisdom of Montesquieu, Machiavel, and Bacon. Time has fulfilled his prophecies, and we can judge of him who made them.

The isolation and pride of the Spanish race appeared to Campanella the primitive cause of its ruin. It is, in reality, to this double principle, and to its mutual reaction, that we must attribute, even from its very origin, the rapid decline of the power founded by Ferdinand the Catholic, and raised to such a high pitch by Charles V.

"Do not allow," says the philosopher, "the race to be impoverished, from want of intermixing and foreign alliances; favour all marriages which will cause the Spanish blood to run in the veins of strangers, and that your nobles and your captains marry Flemings and Germans. Strive in every way against the proud custom of the Spaniards, who, at Naples and elsewhere, only seek women of their own nation for wives; encourage, protect the sympathetic fusion of Spain with other nations,—*Hispani odiosi plerisque nationibus*. The Spaniards are detested, although imitated, and it is this that must be prevented; their dress, their language, their fashions, are adopted every where, but their stately manners, their pompous titles, their affectation in putting themselves forward in all public places wherever they may be, is not to be borne. '*Fastuosos tibulos, cum ambitione primum locum in conventibus occupandi, et exquisito nimis incessu*.' To compensate, they have courage, fortitude, and eloquence—great qualities. You will never change them, their obstinacy of spirit can never bend to foreign customs. In order to preserve the existence of Spain, you must endeavour to induce foreigners to bend to Spanish customs. '*Cæteri in illorum mores transeant, instar arborum, quæ aliis inseruntur*.'"

Campanella sees at a glance the disasters which will spring from this pride of isolation. It will be of no avail that they are brave, and make war with the whole world; they will perish in the combat, their losses will never be repaired, their armies will not be renewed, their diminished battalions will become at last extinct. Agriculture and commerce, debased, will no longer nourish the state with their abundant produce. The neighbouring nations will inherit the monopoly of their riches. "Already," says the monk, "the arts of life languish, abandoned by Spain, and no nation can prosper without manufactures, husbandry, and commerce." These Spaniards, who perform great actions, are too proud to write of

them. "Commemorata dignissima præstiterint facta, qualia sunt tot marium circuitiones, tot insularum et continentium detectiones, et (quod maximum omnium est ipsius novi mundi repertio) nemini tamen idoneo hoc negotii dederunt, ut gesta sua, Græcorum atque Romanorum gesta multis modis superantia descripta, et ad posteros transmissa, eternitatis memoriæ consecraret." Those who have discovered a world have never given themselves the trouble of writing about it. In 1588, Campanella foresees that this will alone condemn Spain; 1588 shews him 1840. The glory of Spain during the sixteenth century does not dazzle him. By an astonishing acuteness of judgment, and a miraculous foresight, he comprehends that, without a complete reform, Spain is lost; and, if she will submit to it, he promises her the crown of the world. Campanella, many centuries before the event, examines this body, young, flourishing, glowing with health, glory, and happiness, and he sees death written in characters which he alone can decipher. For he had no flatterers, no party, no disciples; he stood absolutely alone. Even Fra Paolo—the Venetian so little the friend of Spain—thinks that Philip II. will transform "Africa and Europe into slaves, and Paris into a hamlet."

This Venetian was a man of talent who performed his mass without much belief in it, served his master, attacked the pope, and perpetually courting the world, the great, the people, posterity, and history, obtained the comforts of life, renown, and the pageant of glory. Campanella, poor simple man! saw clearer, saw more, saw further, than all his contemporaries; and this grand vision, this enormous penetration into human things, this intuition of truths, present and to come, touching him deeply, he spread them abroad, in spite of himself, he communicated them without knowing why; and the high intellectual eminence attained to by Campanella—the Bacon of Italy—is no creation of the fancy. It is not that he wanted ambition; such men know full well what they are, and what they are worth, and with what sight God has gifted them. But ambition such as

his needed a state of society wherein to exercise itself, altogether different from that by which he was surrounded. Italy could boast of conquerors, poets, abbés, and cantatrices, but not of a liberalised society. What would she, then, have done with Campanella? What signified to her his systems, his taxes, direct and indirect, his plan of surveys, his practical improvements? What, also, would Spain have done with this man and his theories? Spain was rotting in the track of luxury, of war, of superstition, and usurpation, that she had traced for herself. The nation never listen but to the voice that flatters—that is to say, deceives it. Happy the men of genius born in their own proper epoch! happy those who come neither too soon nor too late! happy they who to produce some effect on the blind mass, are not obliged to relax their conscience, to annihilate their instinct, and to flatter the whims, or vices of the age. Campanella did not suspect that he was born two hundred years too soon.

"See," says he to Philip II. "how your barons and lords, in impoverishing your subjects, impoverish yourself. They go elsewhere as viceroys and captains, to spend their money in folly, to make to themselves creatures of their will, and to ruin themselves in voluptuousness; then, when by their luxury and ostentation they are reduced to misery, they return to Spain to mend their fortunes, taking at every hand, pillaging right and left, enriching themselves afresh, and recommencing the same trade to the end of their lives. They seize the slightest pretext, to subject the people to their exactions, they invent new ones every day, they have a thousand ways of extorting from and exhausting the poor. *Deglubendi miseros subditos.*"

By such means you may obtain glory and conquests, the one dazzling, the others fleeting; one may arrive, like Spain, to the summit of power, but one cannot maintain one's footing; one may grasp at the universal monarchy, only to be crushed. Lasting success is founded on the art of preservation, which is the most difficult of all, because it requires judgment, prudence, and genius. The world admires the violent more than the skilled, the innovators more than the conservatives, the torrents

which fall from high places more than the streams that flow in wide sheets. But that which is steady, which is durable, is more beautiful, more grand, more useful, than a quantity of fortuitous rain; "*flumina perennia nobiliora torrentibus ex fortuitis pluviis collectis.*" If you wish for durability, abandon insolent pride, and alleviate the distress of the people. On this last point Campanella precedes his own age, perhaps ours, and gives excellent advice.

He calls the attention of the king to the unequal distribution of the taxes, the poor supporting the whole weight of them, which is iniquitous; that the nobility free themselves from them at the expense of the middle classes, the middle classes at the expense of the tradesmen and labourers. In fact, the rich are precisely those who pay nothing. He, therefore, proposes the establishment of a just tax, not heavy, on the lower classes, and properly distributed. What he invents is nothing more or less than the system of our direct and indirect taxes. He puts a tax on oil, wine, and meat, but only a slight tax, as being articles of necessity; the most considerable is levied on articles of luxury, on cards, on tobacco, on places of public amusement. "*Vectigal exigatur pro necessariis rebus parvum, pro superfluis largius.*" He rejects the poll-tax, and establishes the principal *fund* of his contributions on the value of landed property. "*Non ulla bona quam certa et stabilia graventur.*" He leaves to the consumption, the luxury, and factitious wants of the rich, the care of defraying the rest of the contributions; all this is pointed out as a settled maxim in the art of government a hundred and fifty years before Mirabeau the elder, two hundred before Napoleon Buonaparte and Adam Smith. This is the man whom Philip II. would not listen to, who was left to rot twenty-seven years in the dungeons of Naples, who in his time had not the least political credit, and who certainly understood more of the welfare and prosperity of kings and nations than all the great politicians of France and Spain, the cruel and artful Catherine, the atrocious Duke of Alba, the impudent Leon X., and even the good Sully. No one that I know of has paid the least regard

to these truths, so largely emitted by Thomas Campanella, and which fall like a free and vast cascade from his ingenious mind. This man, of such a practical genius, passed for a sort of a vain talker. When the honest bookseller of Amsterdam, Louis Elzevir, embellished the work in question (1640) with a preface after his own manner, he ridiculed in good Latin this monk who would judge every thing, reform every thing, arrange every thing his own way, "*Reges et subditos suo subjicere nutui,*" and prescribe laws to mankind. "*Homo ut magni ingenii, ita non nisi magna, et a vocatione sua aliena, spirantis:*" — Ardent genius, which was only bent on grand designs, and these the most foreign to his vocation.

Campanella gives many other counsels to his monarch. The establishment of hospitals for disabled soldiers, a school specially for young seamen, the foundation of an institution reserved for the daughters of soldiers at the public expense, are indicated in his extraordinary book; and his violent and ardent imagination has unhappily mixed with this good advice a thousand astrological reveries, as well as a countless number of schemes which are quite startling. For example, he advises the king to lend to the people without usury, *dato pignore*, which is nothing else than the establishment of a great pawning-office, and that he would *fund* the money of his subjects, rendering them account of the capital and interest (*servata fide*), which resembles greatly the savings-bank system of modern times. He recommends the keeping up of a fine navy; "For," says he, eloquently, "the key of the sea is the key of the world." In forming his *Theory on Colonisation*, he warns Philip II. against following the example of the French, who, by their want of patience, steadiness, and perseverance, have destroyed the results of their courage. These words, which we translate literally, deserve to be well meditated on at the present time:—

"The French, incapable of moderation abroad, too impatient and indiscreet, arrogating too much to themselves on the one hand, on the other giving too much liberty to their subjects, treating them to-day with easy good-nature, to-morrow with harsh rigour, have never been able

to constitute solidly their colonies. They have acquired many possessions, and have lost them all ('cum multa acquisiverint nihil servaverunt')."

He quotes on the subject of conquests,—Naples, Milan, and Genoa. He wishes men's minds to be diverted from theological subtleties, and that they should be directed towards the study of geography, of the actual living world, and of history. It is curious to trace the resemblance that occurs between his system of social organisation and that of Napoleon. Both are founded on a legal code, on the abolition of the rights of birth, and family, and station. Both threw open the avenues of distinction to merit wherever it may be found, and stimulate, by the prospect of honour, to exertion in the public service. He strikes, indeed, at the very roots of Spanish society, as in his day it existed. He recommends the reduction of monks to a certain limited number, a permanent war against the Mahomedans, and the foundation of bazars or factories, and naval schools on every important point of the globe,—at the Canary Islands, Sicily, St. Domingo, and the Cape of Good Hope; the encouragement of manufactures, and of *public workshops*; preferable, says he, to mines of gold and silver (*metallifodinis potiora*). Complete this vast system, which the English aristocracy has partly realised. How dared a prisoner tell these truths to Spain—to his king? By the exercise of a rare ingenuity, by promising to his master that of which the latter was ambitious, a universal monarchy, and connecting it with the adoption of plans which aimed at a far nobler

object. And this it was which deceived the literary men of an after age, and induced them not to notice either Campanella, or his treatise on Spain. They could perceive the immediate end at which he appeared to aim, though the philosophy that was hidden under his system proved too deep for them. They praised his boldness, but missed the very point where praise was due. How prophetic are the following sentences, with which, for the present, we close our notice of a man, than whom few ages have produced any more remarkable?

"The future age will renew every thing in society; there will first be destruction, then reconstruction, a new monarchy, and a complete reformation of the laws. 'Sæculo venturo reformatio legum, artium prius evelli et extirpari, deinde ædificari.'—Every thing announces it to us, especially the wonderful discovery of the magnet, of printing, of gunpowder (*inventionis mirificæ*, &c.), telescopes, &c. &c. We have made more histories and written more books in a hundred years than our ancestors have written in four or five thousand. Nothing is a barrier to the freedom of mankind."

And to prove this indestructible force of human liberty, proceeding in great mystery in the walks of providence, he adds a sentence relating to his own life which appears to us sublime:—

"How can one stop the free progress of mankind, when eight-and-forty hours of torture could not bring under subjection the will of a poor philosopher, and extort from him the least word of what he wished to keep secret?"

This philosopher was himself.

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH BARRY TAKES A NEAR VIEW OF MILITARY GLORY.

I NEVER had a taste for any thing but genteel company, and hate all descriptions of low life. Hence my account of the society in which I at present found myself must of necessity be short, and, indeed, the recollection of it is profoundly disagreeable to me. Pah ! the reminiscences of the horrid black-hole of a place in which we soldiers were confined, of the wretched creatures with whom I was now forced to keep company, of the ploughmen, poachers, pickpockets, who had taken refuge from poverty, or the law, as, in truth, I had done myself, is enough to make me ashamed even now, and it calls the blush into my old cheeks to think I was ever forced to keep such company. I should have fallen into despair but that, luckily, events occurred to rouse my spirits, and in some measure to console me for my misfortunes.

The first of these consolations I had was a good quarrel, which took place on the day after my entrance into the transport ship, with a huge, red-haired monster of a fellow—a chairman, who had enlisted to fly from a vixen of a wife, who, boxer as he was, had been more than a match for him. As soon as this fellow—Toole, I remember, was his name—got away from the arms of the washerwoman, his lady, his natural courage and ferocity returned, and he became the tyrant of all round about him. All recruits, especially, were the object of the brute's insult and ill-treatment.

I had no money, as I said, and was sitting very disconsolately over a platter of rancid bacon and mouldy biscuit, which was served to us at mess, when it came to my turn to be helped to drink, and I was served, like the rest, with a dirty tin noggin, containing somewhat more than half a pint of rum and water. The beaker was so greasy and filthy that I could not help turning round to the messman and saying, "Fellow, get me a glass !" At which all the wretches

round about me burst into a roar of laughter, the very loudest among them being, of course, Mr. Toole. "Get the gentleman a towel for his hands, and serve him a basin of turtle-soup," roared the monster who was sitting, or rather squatting, on the deck opposite me, and as he spoke he suddenly seized my beaker of grog and emptied it in the midst of another burst of applause.

"If you want to vex him, ax 'im about his wife, the washerwoman, who *bates* him," here whispered in my ear another worthy, a retired link-boy, who, disgusted with his profession, had adopted the military life.

"Is it a towel of your wife's washing, Mr. Toole?" said I. "I'm told she wiped your face often with one."

"Ax him why he wouldn't see her yesterday, when she came to the ship," continued the link-boy. And so I put to him some other foolish jokes about soap-suds, hen-pecking, and flat-irons, which set the man into a fury, and succeeded in raising a quarrel between us. We should have fallen to at once, but a couple of grinning marines, who kept watch at the door, for fear we should repent of our bargain and have a fancy to escape, came forward and interposed between us with fixed bayonets, and the sergeant, coming down the ladder and hearing the dispute, condescended to say that we might fight it out like men with *fistes* if we chose, and that the fore-deck should be free to us for that purpose. But the use of *fistes*, as the Englishman called them, was not then general in Ireland, and it was agreed that we should have a pair of cudgels, with one of which weapons I finished the fellow in four minutes, giving him a thump across his stupid sounce which laid him lifeless on the deck, and not receiving myself a single hurt of consequence.

This victory over the cock of the vile dunghill obtained me respect

among the wretches of whom I formed part, and served to set up my spirits, which otherwise were flagging; and my position was speedily made more bearable by the arrival on board our ship of an old friend. This was no other than my second in the fatal duel which had sent me thus early out in the world, Captain Fagan. There was a young nobleman who had a company in our regiment (Gale's foot), and who, preferring the delights of the mall and the clubs to the dangers of a rough campaign, had given Fagan the opportunity of an exchange, which, as the latter had no fortune but his sword, he was glad to make. The sergeant was putting us through our exercise on deck (the seamen and officers of the transport looking grinning on) when a boat came from the shore bringing our captain to the ship, and though I started and blushed red as he recognised me—a descendant of the Barrys—in this degrading posture, I promise you that the sight of Fagan's face was most welcome to me, for it assured me that a friend was near me. Before that I was so melancholy that I would certainly have deserted had I found the means, and had not the inevitable marines kept a watch to prevent any such escapes. Fagan gave me a wink of recognition, but offered no public token of acquaintance, and it was not until two days afterwards, and when we had bidden adieu to old Ireland and were standing out to sea, that he called me into his cabin, and then, shaking hands with me cordially, gave me news, which I much wanted, of my family. "I had news of you in Dublin," he said. "Faith, you've begun early, like your father's son, and I think you could not do better than as you have done. But why did you not write home to your poor mother? She has sent a half-dozen letters to you at Dublin."

I said I had asked for letters at the post-office, but there were none for Mr. Redmond. I did not like to add that I had been ashamed after the first week to write to my mother.

"We must write to her by the pilot," said he, "who will leave us in two hours, and you can tell her that you are safe, and married to Brown Rose." I sighed when he talked

about being married; on which he said, with a laugh, "I see you are thinking of a certain young lady at Brady's Town."

"Is Miss Brady well?" said I; and, indeed, could hardly utter it, for I certainly *was* thinking about her; for, though I had forgotten her in the gaieties of Dublin, I have always found adversity makes man very affectionate.

"There's only seven Miss Bradys now," answered Fagan, in a solemn voice, "poor Nora——"

"Good Heavens! what of her? I thought grief had killed her."

"She took on so at your going away that she was obliged to console herself with a husband. She's now Mrs. John Quin."

"Mrs. John Quin! Was there another Mr. John Quin?" asked I, quite wonder-stricken.

"No, the very same one, my boy. He recovered from his wound. The ball you hit him with was not likely to hurt him. It was only made of tow. Do you think the Bradys would let you kill fifteen hundred a-year out of the family?" And then Fagan farther told me that, in order to get me out of the way, for the cowardly Englishman could never be brought to marry from fear of me, the plan of the duel had been arranged. "But hit him you certainly did, Redmond, and with a fine thick plugget of tow, and the fellow was so frightened that he was an hour in coming to. We told your mother the story afterwards, and a pretty scene she made; she despatched a half-score of letters to Dublin after you, but I suppose addressed them to you in your real name, by which you never thought to ask for them."

"The coward!" said I (though, I confess, my mind was considerably relieved at the thoughts of not having killed him). "And did the Bradys of Castle Brady consent to admit a poltroon like that into one of the most ancient and honourable families of the world?"

"He has paid off your uncle's mortgage," said Fagan, "he gives Nora a coach-and-six, he is to sell out, and Lieutenant Ulick Brady of the militia is to purchase his company. That coward of a fellow has been the making of your uncle's fa-

mily. Faith! the business was well done." And then, laughing, he told me how Mick and Ulick had never let him out of their sight, although he was for deserting to England, until the marriage was completed, and the happy couple off on their road to Dublin. "Are you in want of cash, my boy?" continued the good-natured captain. "You may draw upon me, for I got a couple of hundred out of Master Quin for my share, and while they last you shall never want."

And so he bade me sit down and write a letter to my mother, which I did forthwith in very sincere and repentant terms, stating that I had been guilty of extravagances, that I had not known until that moment under what a fatal error I had been labouring, and that I had embarked for Germany as a volunteer. And the letter was scarcely finished when the pilot sung out that he was going on shore; and he departed, taking with him, from many an anxious fellow besides myself, our adieus to friends in old Ireland.

Although I was called Captain Barry for many years of my life, and have been known as such by the first people of Europe, yet I may as well confess I had no more claim to the title than many a gentleman who assumes it, and never had a right to an epaulet, or to any military decoration higher than a corporal's stripe of worsted. I was made corporal by Fagan during our voyage to the Elbe, and my rank was confirmed on *terra firma*. I was promised a halbert, too, and afterwards, perhaps, an ensigny if I distinguished myself; but Fate did not intend that I should remain long an English soldier, as shall appear presently. Meanwhile our passage was very favourable; my adventures were told by Fagan to his brother officers, who treated me with kindness; and my victory over the big chairman procured me respect from my comrades of the fore-deck. Encouraged and strongly exhorted by Fagan, I did my duty resolutely; but, though affable and good-humoured with the men, I never at first condescended to associate with such low fellows, and, indeed, was called generally amongst them "my lord." I believe it was the ex-link-boy, a facetious knave, who gave me

the title, and I felt that I should become such a rank as well as any peer in the kingdom.

It would require a greater philosopher and historian than I am to explain the causes of the famous Seven Years' War in which Europe was engaged; and, indeed, its origin has always appeared to me to be so complicated, and the books written about it so amazingly hard to understand, that I have seldom been much wiser at the end of a chapter than at the beginning, and so shall not trouble my reader with any personal disquisitions concerning the matter. All I know is, that after his majesty's love of his Hanoverian dominions had rendered him most unpopular in his English kingdom, with Mr. Pitt at the head of the anti-German war party, all of a sudden, Mr. Pitt becoming minister, the rest of the empire applauded the war as much as they had hated it before. The victories of Dettingen and Crefeld were in every body's mouths, and "the Protestant hero," as we used to call the godless old Frederick of Prussia, was adored by us as a saint a very short time after we had been about to make war against him, in alliance with the empress queen. Now, somehow, we were on Frederick's side; the empress, the French, the Swedes, and the Russians, were leagued against us; and I remember, when the news of the battle of Lissa came even to our remote quarter of Ireland, we considered it as a triumph for the cause of Protestantism, and illuminated, and bonfired, and had a sermon at church, and kept the Prussian king's birthday, on which my uncle would get drunk, as indeed on any other occasion. Most of the low fellows enlisted with myself were, of course, Papists (the English army was filled with such out of that never-failing country of ours), and these, forsooth, were fighting the battles of Protestantism with Frederick, who was belabouring the Protestant Swedes and the Protestant Saxons, as well as the Russians of the Greek Church, and the Papist troops of the emperor and the King of France. It was against these latter that the English auxiliaries were employed, and we know that, be the quarrel what it may, an Englishman and a Frenchman are pretty willing to make a fight of it.

We landed at Cuxhaven, and before I had been a month in the Electorate I was transported into a tall and proper young soldier, and, having a natural aptitude for military exercise, was soon as accomplished at the drill as the oldest sergeant in the regiment. It is well, however, to dream of glorious war in a snug arm-chair at home, ay, or to make it as an officer, surrounded by gentlemen, gorgeously dressed, and cheered by chances of promotion. But those chances do not shine on poor fellows in worsted lace; the rough texture of our red coats made me ashamed when I saw an officer go by; my soul used to shudder when, on going the rounds, I would hear their voices as they sat jovially over the mess-table; my pride revolted at being obliged to plaster my hair with flower and candle-grease, instead of using the proper pomatum for a gentleman. Yes, my tastes have always been high and fashionable, and I loathed the horrid company in which I was fallen. What chances had I of promotion? None of my relatives had money to buy me a commission, and I became soon so low-spirited, that I longed for a general action and a ball to finish me, and vowed that I would take some opportunity to desert.

When I think that I, the descendant of the kings of Ireland, was threatened with a caning by a young scoundrel who had just joined from Eton College—when I think that he offered to make me his footman, and that I did not, on either occasion, murder him! On the first occasion I burst into tears, I do not care to own it, and had serious thoughts of committing suicide, so great was my mortification. But my kind friend Fagan came to my aid in the circumstance with some very timely consolation. "My poor boy," said he, "you must not take the matter to heart so. Caning is only a relative disgrace. Young Ensign Fakenham was flogged himself at Eton School only a month ago. I would lay a wager that his scars are not yet healed. You must cheer up, my boy; do your duty, be a gentleman, and no serious harm can fall on you." And I heard afterwards that my champion had taken Mr. Fakenham very severely to task for his threat, and said to him that any such proceedings for

the future he should consider as an insult to himself, whereon the young ensign was, for the moment, civil. As for the sergeants, I told one of them, that if any man struck me, no matter who he might be, or what the penalty, I would take his life. And, faith! there was an air of sincerity in my speech which convinced the whole bevy of them; and as long as I remained in the English service no rattan was ever laid on the shoulders of Redmond Barry. Indeed, I was in that savage, moody state, that my mind was quite made up to the point, and I looked to hear my own dead march played as sure as I was alive. When I was made a corporal, some of my evils were lessened; I messed with the sergeants by special favour, and used to treat them to drink, and lose money to the rascals at play, with which cash my good friend Mr. Fagan punctually supplied me.

Our regiment, which was quartered about Stade and Luneburg, speedily got orders to march southwards towards the Rhine, for news came that our great general, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, had been defeated—no, not defeated, but foiled in his attack upon the French under the Duke of Broglie, at Bergen, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and had been obliged to fall back. As the allies retreated, the French rushed forward, and made a bold push for the Electorate of our gracious monarch in Hanover, threatening that they would occupy it as they had done before when D'Estrées beat the hero of Culloden, the gallant Duke of Cumberland, and caused him to sign the capitulation of Closter Zeven. An advance upon Hanover always caused a great agitation in the royal bosom of the King of England, more troops were sent to join us, convoys of treasure were passed over our forces, and to our ally's the King of Prussia; and although, in spite of all assistance, the army under Prince Ferdinand was very much weaker than that of the invading enemy, yet we had the advantage of better supplies, of one of the greatest generals in the world, and, I was going to add, of British valour, but the less we say about *that* the better. My Lord George Sackville did not exactly cover himself with laurels at Minden,

otherwise there might have been won there one of the greatest victories of modern times.

Throwing himself between the French and interior of the Electorate, Prince Ferdinand wisely took possession of the free town of Bremen, which he made his store-house and place of arms, and round which he gathered all his troops, making ready to fight the famous battle of Minden.

Were these memoirs not characterised by truth, and did I deign to utter a single word for which my own personal experience did not give me the fullest authority, I might easily make myself the hero of some strange and popular adventures, and, after the fashion of novel-writers, introduce my readers to the great characters of this remarkable time. These persons (I mean the romance-writers), if they take a drummer or a dustman for a hero, somehow manage to bring him in contact with the greatest lords and most notorious personages of the empire, and I warrant me there's not one of them but, in describing the battle of Minden, would manage to bring Prince Ferdinand, and my Lord George Sackville, and my Lord Granby, into presence. It would have been easy for me to have *said* I was present when the orders were brought to Lord George to charge with the cavalry and finish the route of the Frenchmen, and when he refused to do so, and thereby spoiled a great victory. But the fact is, I was two miles off from the cavalry when his lordship's fatal hesitation took place, and none of us soldiers of the line knew of what had occurred until we came to talk about the fight over our kettles in the evening, and repose after the labours of a hard-fought day. I saw no one of higher rank that day than my colonel and a couple of orderly officers riding by in the smoke—no one on *our* side, that is. A poor corporal (as I then had the disgrace of being) is not generally invited into the company of commanders and the great; but, in revenge, I saw, I promise you, some very good company on the *French* part, for their regiments of Lorraine and Royal Cravate were charging us all day; and in *that* sort of *mêlée* high and low are pretty equally received. I hate bragging, but I cannot help

saying that I made a very close acquaintance with the colonel of the Cravates, for I drove my bayonet into his body, and finished off a poor little ensign, so young, slender, and small, that a blow from my pig-tail would have despatched him, I think, in place of the butt of my musket, with which I clubbed him down. I killed, besides, four more officers and men, and in the poor ensign's pocket found a purse of fourteen louis-d'or, and a silver box of sugar-plums, of which the former present was very agreeable to me. If people would tell their stories of battles in this simple way, I think the cause of truth would not suffer by it. All I know of this famous fight of Minden (except from books) is told here above. The ensign's silver *bon-bon* box and his purse of gold; the livid face of the poor fellow as he fell; the huzzas of the men of my company as I went out under a smart fire, and rifled him; their shouts and curses as we came hand in hand with the Frenchmen,—these are, in truth, not very dignified recollections, and had best be passed over briefly. When my kind friend Fagan was shot, a brother captain, and his very good friend, turned to Lieutenant Rawson, and said, "Fagan's down; Rawson, there's your company." It was all the epitaph my brave patron got. "I should have left you a hundred guineas, Redmond," were his last words to me, "but for a cursed run of ill-luck last night at faro;" and he gave me a faint squeeze of the hand; and, as the word was given to advance, I left him. When we came back to our old ground, which we presently did, he was lying there still, but he was dead. Some of our people had already torn off his epaulets, and, no doubt, had rifled his purse. Such knaves and ruffians do men in war become! It is well for gentlemen to talk of the age of chivalry; but remember the starving brutes whom they lead—men nursed in poverty, entirely ignorant, made to take a pride in deeds of blood—men who can have no amusement but in drunkenness, debauch, and plunder. It is with these shocking instruments that your great warriors and kings have been doing their murderous work in the world; and while, for instance, we are at the present moment admir-

ing the "Great Frederick," as we call him, and his philosophy, and his liberality, and his military genius, I, who have served him, and been, as it were, behind the scenes of which that great spectacle is composed, can only look at it with horror. What a number of items of human crime, misery, slavery, to form that sum-total of glory! I can recollect a cer-

tain day, about three weeks after the battle of Minden, and a farm-house in which some of us entered; and how the old woman and her daughters served us, trembling, to wine; and how we got drunk over the wine, and the house was in a flame presently; and woe betide the wretched fellow afterwards who came home to look for his house and his children!

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH BARRY TRIES TO REMOVE AS FAR FROM MILITARY GLORY AS POSSIBLE.

After the death of my protector, Captain Fagan, I am forced to confess that I fell into the very worst of courses and company. Being a rough soldier of fortune himself, he had never been a favourite with the officers of his regiment; who had a contempt for Irishmen, as Englishmen sometimes will have, and used to mock his brogue and his blunt, uncouth manners. I had been insolent to one or two of them, and had only been screened from punishment by his intercession; and especially his successor, Mr. Rawson, had no liking for me, and put another man into the sergeant's place vacant in his company after the battle of Minden. This act of injustice rendered my service very disagreeable to me; and, instead of seeking to conquer the dislike of my superiors, and win their goodwill by good behaviour, I only sought for means to make my situation easier to me, and grasped at all the amusements in my power. In a foreign country, with the enemy before us, and the people continually under contribution from one side or the other, numberless irregularities were permitted to the troops which would not have been allowed in more peaceable times. I descended gradually to mix with the sergeants, and to share in their amusements; drinking and gambling were, I am sorry to say, our principal pastimes; and I fell so readily into their ways, that, though only a young lad of seventeen, I was the master of them all in daring wickedness; though there were some among them who, I promise you, were far advanced in the science of every kind of profligacy. I should have been under the provost-marshal's hands, for a dead certainty, had I continued much longer in the army; but an accident occurred which took

me out of the English service in rather a singular manner.

The year in which George II. died, our regiment had the honour to be present at the Battle of Warburg (where the Marquess of Granby and his horse fully retrieved the discredit which had fallen upon the cavalry since Lord George Sackville's defalcation at Minden), and where Prince Ferdinand once more completely defeated the Frenchmen. During the action, my lieutenant, Mr. Fakenham, of Fakenham, the gentleman who had threatened me, it may be remembered, with the caning, was struck by a musket-ball in the side. He had shewn no want of courage in this or any other occasion where he had been called upon to act against the French; but this was his first wound, and the young gentleman was exceedingly frightened by it. He offered five guineas to be carried into the town which was hard by; and I and another man, taking him up in a cloak, managed to transport him into a place of decent appearance, where we put him to bed, and where a young surgeon (who desired nothing better than to take himself out of the fire of the musketry) went presently to dress his wound.

In order to get into the house, we had been obliged, it must be confessed, to fire into the locks with our pieces, which summons brought an inhabitant of the house to the door, a very pretty and black-eyed young woman, who lived there with her old half-blind father, a retired jagd-meister of the Duke of Cassel, hard by. When the French were in the town, mein herr's house had suffered like those of his neighbours; and he was at first exceedingly unwilling to accommodate our guests. But the first knocking at the door had the

effect of bringing a speedy answer ; and Mr. Fakenham, taking a couple of guineas out of a very full purse, speedily convinced the people that they had only to deal with a person of honour.

Leaving the doctor (who was very glad to stop) with his patient, who paid me the stipulated reward, I was returning to my regiment with my other comrade, after having paid, in my German jargon, some deserved compliments to the black-eyed beauty of Warburg, and thinking, with no small envy, how comfortable it would be to be billeted there, when the private who was with me cut short my reveries, by suggesting that we should divide the five guineas that the lieutenant had given me.

"There is your share," said I, giving the fellow one piece, which was plenty, as I was the leader of the expedition. But he swore a dreadful oath that he would have half ; and, when I told him to go to a quarter which I shall not name, the fellow, lifting his musket hit me a blow with the butt-end of it, which sent me lifeless to the ground ; and, when I awoke from my trance, I found myself bleeding with a large wound in the head, and had barely time to stagger back to the house where I had left the lieutenant, when I again fell fainting at the door.

Here I must have been discovered by the surgeon on his issuing out ; for when I awoke a second time I found myself in the ground-floor room of the house, supported by the black-eyed girl, while the surgeon was copiously bleeding me at the arm. There was another bed in the room where the lieutenant had been laid,—it was that occupied by Gretel, the servant ; while Lischen, as my fair one was called, had, till now, slept in the couch where the wounded officer lay.

"Who are you putting into that bed?" said he, languidly, in German ; for the ball had been extracted from his side with much pain and loss of blood.

They told him it was the corporal who had brought him.

"A corporal?" said he, in English ; "turn him out." And you may be sure I felt highly complimented by the words. But we were both too faint to compliment or

to abuse each other much, and I was put to bed carefully ; and, on being undressed, had an opportunity to find that my pockets had been rifled by the English soldier after he had knocked me down. However, I was in good quarters ; the young lady who sheltered me presently brought me a refreshing drink ; and, as I took it, I could not help pressing the kind hand that gave it me : nor, in truth, did this token of my gratitude seem unwelcome.

This intimacy did not decrease with further acquaintance. I found Lischen the tenderest of nurses. Whenever any delicacy was to be provided for the wounded lieutenant, a share was always sent to the bed opposite his, and to the avaricious man's no small annoyance. His illness was long. On the second day the fever declared itself ; for some nights he was delirious ; and I remember it was when a commanding officer was inspecting our quarters, with an intention, very likely, of billeting himself on the house, that the howling and mad words of the patient overhead struck him, and he retired rather frightened. I had been sitting up very comfortably in the lower apartment, for my hurt was quite subsided ; and it was only when the officer asked me, with a rough voice, why I was not at my regiment, that I began to reflect how pleasant my quarters were to me, and that I was much better here than crawling under an odious tent with a parcel of tipsy soldiers, or going the night-rounds, or rising long before day-break for drill.

The delirium of Mr. Fakenham gave me a hint, and I determined forthwith to *go mad*. There was a poor fellow about Brady's town, called "Wandering Billy," whose insane pranks I had often mimicked as a lad, and I again put them in practice. That night I made an attempt upon Lischen, saluting her with a yell and a grin which frightened her almost out of her wits ; and when any body came I was raving. The blow on the head had disordered my brain ; the doctor was ready to vouch for this fact. One night I whispered to him that I was Julius Cæsar, and considered him to be my affianced wife Queen Cleopatra, which convinced him of my insanity. Indeed,

if her majesty had been like my Esculapius, she must have had a carroty beard, such as is rare in Egypt.

A movement on the part of the French speedily caused an advance on our part. The town was evacuated, except by a few Russian troops, whose surgeons were to visit the wounded in the place; and, when we were well, we were to be drafted to our regiments. I determined that I never would join mine again. My intention was to make for Holland, almost the only neutral country of Europe in these times, and thence to get a passage somehow to England, and home to dear old Brady's town.

If Mr. Fakenham is now alive (I have lost sight of him since the year 1814, when I met him at Brixton), I here tender him my apologies for my conduct to him. He was very rich; he used me very ill. I managed to frighten away his servant who came to attend him after the affair of Warburg, and from that time would sometimes condescend to wait upon the patient, who always treated me with scorn; but it was my object to have him alone, and I bore his brutality with the utmost civility and mildness, meditating in my own mind a very pretty return for all his favours to me. Nor was I the only person in the house to whom the worthy gentleman was uncivil. He ordered the fair Lischen hither and thither, made impertinent love to her, abused her soups, quarrelled with her omelettes, and grudged the money which was laid out for his maintenance—that our hostess detested him as much as, I think, without vanity, she regarded me.

For, if the truth must be told, I had made very deep love to her during my stay under her roof, as is always my way with women, of whatever age or degree of beauty. To a man who has to make his way in the world, these dear girls can always be useful in one fashion or another; never mind if they repel your passion, at any rate, they are not offended with your declaration of it, and only look upon you with more favourable eyes in consequence of your misfortune. As for Lischen, I told her such a pathetic story of my life (a tale a great deal more romantic than that here narrated—for I did not

restrict myself to the exact truth in that history, as in these pages I am bound to do), that I won the poor girl's heart entirely, and, besides, made considerable progress in the German language under her instruction. Do not think me very cruel and heartless, ladies; this heart of Lischen's was like many a town in the neighbourhood in which she dwelt, and had been stormed and occupied several times before I came to invest it; now mounting French colours, now green and yellow Saxon, now black and white Prussian, as the case may be. A lady who sets her heart upon a lad in uniform must prepare to change lovers pretty quickly, or her life will be but a sad one.

The German surgeon who attended us after the departure of the English only condescended to pay our house a visit twice during my residence; and I took care, for a reason I had, to receive him in a darkened room, and much to the annoyance of Mr. Fakenham, who lay there: but I said the light affected my eyes dreadfully since my blow on the head; and so I covered up my head with clothes when the doctor came, and told him that I was an Egyptian mummy, or talked to him some insane nonsense, in order to keep up my character.

"What is that nonsense you were talking about an Egyptian mummy, fellow?" asked Mr. Fakenham, peevishly.

"Oh! you'll know soon, sir," said I.

The next time that I expected the doctor to come, instead of receiving him in a darkened room, with handkerchiefs muffled, I took care to be in the lower room, and was having a game at cards with Lischen as the surgeon entered. I had taken possession of a dressing-jacket of the lieutenant's, and some other articles of his wardrobe, which fitted me pretty well, and, I flatter myself, was no ungentlemanlike figure.

"Good morrow, corporal," said the doctor, rather gruffly, in reply to my smiling salute.

"Corporal! Lieutenant, if you please," answered I, giving an arch look at Lischen, whom I had not yet instructed in my plot.

"How lieutenant?" asked the surgeon. "I thought the lieutenant was —"

"Upon my word, you do me great honour," cried I, laughing; "you mistook me for the mad corporal upstairs. The fellow has once or twice pretended to be an officer, but my kind hostess here can answer which is which."

"Yesterday he fancied he was Prince Ferdinand," said Lischen; "the day you came he said he was an Egyptian mummy."

"So he did," said the doctor; "I remember; but, ha! ha! do you know, lieutenant, I have in my notes made a mistake in you two?"

"Don't talk to me about his malady; he is calm now."

Lischen and I laughed at this error as at the most ridiculous thing in the world; and, when the surgeon went up to examine his patient, I cautioned him not to talk to him about the subject of his malady, for he was in a very excited state.

The reason will be able to gather from the above conversation what my design really was. I was determined to escape, and to escape under the character of Lieutenant Fakenham, taking it from him to his face, as it were, and making use of it to meet my imperious necessity. It was forgery and robbery, if you like; for I took all his money and clothes,—I don't care to confess it; but the need was so urgent, that I would do so again; and I knew I could not effect my escape without his purse as well as his name. Hence it became my duty to take possession of one and the other.

As the lieutenant lay still in bed up-stairs, I did not hesitate at all about assuming his uniform, especially after taking care to inform myself from the doctor whether any men of ours who might know me were in the town. But there were none that I could hear of; and so I calmly took my walks with Madame Lischen, dressed in the lieutenant's uniform, made inquiries as to a horse that I wanted to purchase, reported myself to the commandant of the place as Lieutenant Fakenham, of Gale's English regiment of foot, convalescent, and was asked to dine with the officers of the Prussian regiment at a very sorry mess they had. How Fakenham would have stormed and raged, had he known the use I was making of his name!

Whenever that worthy used to inquire about his clothes, which he did with many oaths and curses that he would have me caned at the regiment for inattention, I, with a most respectful air, informed him that they were put away in perfect safety below; and, in fact, had them very neatly packed, and ready for the day when I proposed to depart. His papers and money, however, he kept under his pillow; and, as I had purchased a horse, it became necessary to pay for it.

At a certain hour, then, I ordered the animal to be brought round, when I would pay the dealer for him. (I shall pass over my adieus with my kind hostess, which were very tearful indeed), and then, making up my mind to the great action, walked upstairs to Fakenham's room attired in his full regimentals, and with his hat cocked over my left eye.

"You great scoundrel!" said he, with a multiplicity of oaths; "you mutinous dog! what do you mean by dressing yourself in my regimentals? As sure as my name's Fakenham, when we get back to the regiment, I'll have your soul cut out of your body."

"I'm promoted lieutenant," said I, with a sneer, "I'm come to take my leave of you;" and then, going up to his bed, I said, "I intend to have your papers and purse." With this I put my hand under his pillow, at which he gave a scream that might have called the whole garrison about my ears. "Hark ye, sir!" said I, "no more noise, or you are a dead man!" and, taking a handkerchief, I bound it tight round his mouth so as well-nigh to throttle him, and, pulling forward the sleeves of his shirt, tied them in a knot together, and so left him, removing the papers and the purse, you may be sure, and wishing him politely a good day.

"It is the mad corporal," said I to the people down below who were attracted by the noise from the sick man's chamber; and so taking leave of the old blind jagd-meister, and an adieu I will not say how tender of his daughter, I mounted my newly purchased animal, and, as I pranced away, and the sentinels presented arms to me at the town-gates, felt once more that I was in my proper sphere, and determined never again to fall from the rank of a gentleman.

I took at first the way towards Bremen, where our army was, and bringing reports and letters from the Prussian commandant of Warburg to head-quarters; but, as soon as I got out of sight of the advanced sentinels, I turned bridle and rode into the Hesse-Cassel territory, which is luckily not very far from Warburg, and I promise you I was very glad to see the blue-and-red stripes on the barriers, which shewed me that I was out of the land occupied by our countrymen. I rode to Hof, and the next day to Cassel, giving out that I was the bearer of despatches to Prince Henry, then on the Lower Rhine, and put up at the best hotel of the place, where the field-officers of the garrison had their ordinary. These gentlemen I treated to the best wines that the house afforded, for I was determined to keep up the character of the English gentleman, and I talked to them about my English estates with a fluency that almost made me believe in the stories which I invented. I was even asked to an assembly at Wilhelmshöhe, the Elector's palace, and danced a minuet there with the Hof-marschall's lovely daughter, and lost a few pieces to his excellency the first hunt-master of his highness.

At our table at the inn there was a Prussian officer who treated me with great civility, and asked me a thousand questions about England, which I answered as best I might. But this best, I am bound to say, was bad enough. I knew nothing about England, and the court, and the noble families there; but, led away by the vain-gloriousness of youth (and a propensity which I possessed in my early days, but of which I have long since corrected myself, to boast and talk in a manner not altogether consonant with truth), I invented a thousand stories which I told him; described the king and the ministers to him, said the British ambassador at Berlin was my uncle, and promised my acquaintance a letter of recommendation to him. When the officer asked me my uncle's name, I was not able to give him the real name, and so said his name was O'Grady: it is as good a name as any other, and those of Kilballyowen, county Cork, are as good a family as any in the world, as I have heard. As for stories

about my regiment, of these, of course, I had no lack. I wish my other histories had been equally authentic.

On the morning I left Cassel, my Prussian friend came to me with an open, smiling countenance, and said he too was bound for Dusseldorf, whither I said my route lay; and so laying our horses' heads together, we jogged on. The country was desolate beyond description. The prince in whose dominions we were was known to be the most ruthless seller of men in Germany. He would sell to any bidder, and, during the five years which the war (afterwards called the Seven Years' War) had now lasted, had so exhausted the males of his principality, that the children of twelve years old were driven off to the war, and I saw herds of these wretches marching forwards, attended by a few troopers, now under the guidance of a red-coated Hanoverian sergeant, now with a Prussian sub-officer accompanying them, with some of whom my companion exchanged signs of recognition.

"It hurts my feelings," said he, "to be obliged to commune with such wretches, but the stern necessities of war demand men continually, and hence these recruiters whom you see market in human flesh. They get five-and-twenty dollars a man from our government for every man they bring in. For fine men—for men like you," he added, laughing, "we would go as high as a hundred. In the old king's time we would have given a thousand for you, when he had his giant regiment that our present monarch disbanded."

"I knew one of them," said I, "who served with you: we used to call him Morgan Prussia."

"Indeed! and who was this Morgan Prussia?"

"Why a huge grenadier of ours, who was somehow snapped up in Hanover by some of your recruiters."

"The rascals!" said my friend, "and did they dare take an Englishman?"

"Faith this was an Irishman, and a great deal too sharp for them, as you shall hear. Morgan was taken, then, and drafted into the giant guard, and was the biggest man almost among all the giants there. Many of these monsters used to com-

plain of their life, and their caning, and their long drills, and their small pay, but Morgan was not one of the grumblers. 'It's a deal better,' said he, 'to get fat here in Berlin than to starve in rags in Tipperary !'

"Where is Tipperary?" asked my companion.

"That is exactly what Morgan's friends asked him. It is a beautiful district in Ireland, the capital of which is the magnificent city of Clonmel; a city, let me tell you, sir, only inferior to Dublin and London, and far more sumptuous than any on the Continent. Well, Morgan said that his birthplace was near that city, and the only thing which caused him unhappiness, in his present situation, was the thought that his brothers were still starving at home, when they might be so much better off in his majesty's service.

"Faith," says Morgan to the sergeant, to whom he imparted the information, 'it's my brother *Bin* that would make the fine sergeant of the guards entirely !'

"Is Ben as tall as you are?" asked the sergeant.

"As tall as me, is it? Why, man, I'm the shortest of my family! There's six more of us, but Bin's the biggest of all. Oh! out and out the biggest. Seven feet in his stockin'-guts, as sure as my name's Morgan!"

"Can't we send and fetch them over, these brothers of yours?"

"Not you. Ever since I was seduced by one of you gentlemen of the cane, they've a mortal aversion to all sergeants," answered Morgan: 'but it's a pity they cannot come, too. What a monster Bin would be in a grenadier's cap!'

"He said nothing more at the time regarding his brothers, but only sighed as if lamenting their hard fate. However, the story was told by the sergeant to the officers, and by the officers to the king himself; and his majesty was so inflamed by curiosity, that he actually consented to let Morgan go home in order to bring back with him his seven enormous brothers."

"And were they as big as Morgan pretended?" asked my comrade. I could not help laughing at his simplicity.

"Do you suppose," cried I, "that Morgan ever came back? No, no; once free, and he was too wise for

that. He has bought a snug farm in Tipperary with the money that was given him to secure his brothers, and I fancy few men of the guards ever profited so much by it."

The Prussian captain laughed exceedingly at this story, said that the English were the cleverest nation in the world, and, on my setting him right, agreed that the Irish were even more so; and we rode on very well pleased with each other, for he had a thousand stories of the war to tell, and the skill and gallantry of Frederick, and the thousand escapes, and victories, and defeats scarcely less glorious than victories, through which the king had passed. Now that I was a gentleman, I could listen with admiration to these tales; and yet the sentiment recorded at the end of the last chapter was uppermost in my mind but three weeks back, when I remembered that it was the great general got the glory, and the poor soldier only insult and the cane.

"By the way, to whom are you taking despatches?" asked the officer.

It was another ugly question which I determined to answer at hap-hazard; and so I said, "To General Rolls." I had seen the general a year before, and gave the first name in my head. My friend was quite satisfied with it, and we continued our ride until evening came on; and, our horses being weary, it was agreed that we should come to a halt.

"There is a very good inn," said the captain, as we rode up to what appeared to me a very lonely-looking place.

"This may be a very good inn for Germany," said I, "but it would not pass in old Ireland. Corbach is only a league off: let us push on for Corbach."

"Do you want to see the loveliest woman in Europe?" said the officer.

"Ah! you sly rogue, I see that will influence you so;" and, truth to say, such a proposal was always welcome to me, as I don't care to own. "The people are great farmers," said the captain, "as well as inn-keepers;" and, indeed, the place seemed more a farm than an inn-yard. We entered by a great gate into a court walled round, and at one end of which was the building, a dingy ruinous place. A couple of covered wagons were in the court, their horses were littered

under a shed hard by, and lounging about the place were some men, and a pair of sergeants in the Prussian uniform, who both touched their hats to my friend the captain. This customary formality struck me as nothing extraordinary, but the aspect of the inn had something exceedingly chilling and forbidding in it, and I observed the men shut to the great yard-gates as soon as we were entered. Parties of French horsemen, the captain said, were about the country, and one could not take too many precautions against such villains.

We went into supper, after the two sergeants had taken charge of our horses; the captain, also, ordering one of them to take my valise to my bed-room. I promised the worthy fellow a glass of schnapps for his pains.

A dish of fried eggs and bacon was ordered from a hideous old wench that came to serve us, in place of the lovely creature I had expected to see; and the captain, laughing, said, "Well, our meal is a frugal one, but a soldier has many a times a worse;" and, taking off his hat, sword-belt, and gloves, with great ceremony, he sat down to eat. I would not be behindhand with him in politeness, and put my weapon securely on the old chest of drawers where his was laid.

The hideous old woman before mentioned brought us in a pot of very sour wine, at which and at her ugliness I felt a considerable ill-humour.

"Where's the beauty you promised me?" said I, as soon as the old hag had left the room.

"Bah!" said he, laughing, and looking hard at me: "it was my joke. I was tired, and did not care to go farther. There's no prettier woman here than that. If she won't suit your fancy, my friend, you must wait awhile."

This increased my ill-humour.

"Upon my word, sir," said I, sternly, "I think you have acted very coolly!"

"I have acted as I think fit!" replied the captain.

"Sir," said I, "I'm a British officer!"

"It's a lie!" roared the other, "you're a **DESERTER!** You're an

impostor, sir; I have known you for such these three hours. I suspected you yesterday. My men heard of a man escaping from Warburg, and I thought you were the man. Your lies and folly have confirmed me. You pretend to carry despatches to a general who has been dead these ten months; you have an uncle who is an ambassador, and whose name, forsooth, you don't know. Will you join and take the bounty, sir, or will you be given up?"

"Neither!" said I, springing at him like a tiger. But, agile as I was, he was equally on his guard. He took two pistols out of his pocket, fired one off, and said, from the other end of the table where he stood dodging me, as it were,—

"Advance a step, and I send this bullet into your brains!" In another minute the door was flung open, and the two sergeants entered armed with musket and bayonet to aid their comrade.

The game was up. I flung down a knife with which I had armed myself, for the old hag on bringing in the wine had removed my sword.

"I volunteer," said I.

"That's my good fellow! What name shall I put on my list?"

"Write Redmond Barry of Bally Barry," said I haughtily; "a descendant of the Irish kings!"

"I was once with the Irish brigade, Roche's," said the recruiter, sneering, "trying if I could get any likely fellows among the few countrymen of ours that are in the brigade, and there was scarcely one of them that was not descended from the kings of Ireland."

"Sir," said I, "king or not, I am a gentleman, as you can see."

"Oh! you will find plenty more in our corps," answered the captain, still in the sneering mood. "Give up your papers, Mr. Gentleman, and let us see who you really are."

As my pocket-book contained some bank-notes as well as papers of Mr. Fakenham's, I was not willing to give up my property, suspecting very rightly that it was but a scheme on the part of the captain to get and keep it.

"It can matter very little to you," said I, "what my private papers are: I am enlisted under the name of Redmond Barry."

"Give it up, sirrah!" said the captain, seizing his cane.

"I will not give it up!" answered I.

"Hound! do you mutiny?" screamed he, and, at the same time, gave me a lash across the face with the cane, which had the anticipated effect of producing a struggle. I dashed forward to grapple with him, the two sergeants flung themselves on me, I was thrown to the ground and stunned again, being hit on my former wound in the head. It was bleeding severely when I came to myself, my laced coat was already torn off my back, my purse and papers gone, and my hands tied behind my back.

The great and illustrious Frederick had scores of these white slave-dealers all round the frontiers of his kingdom, debauching troops or kidnapping peasants, and hesitating at no crime to supply those brilliant regiments of his with food for powder; and I cannot help telling here with some satisfaction the fate which ultimately befell the atrocious scoundrel who, violating all the rights of friendship and good fellowship, had just succeeded in entrapping me. This individual was a person of high family and known talents and courage, but who had a propensity to gambling and extravagance, and found his calling as recruit-decoy far more profitable to him than his pay of second captain in the line. The sovereign, too, probably found his services more useful in the former capacity. His name was Monsieur de Galgenstein, and he was one of the most successful of the practisers of his rascally trade. He spoke all languages, and knew all countries, and hence had no difficulty in finding out the simple braggadocio of a young lad like me.

About 1765, however, he came to his justly merited end. He was at this time living at Kehl, opposite Strasburg, and used to take his walk upon the bridge there, and get into conversation with the French advanced sentinels, and to whom he was in the habit of promising "mountains and marvels," as the French say, if they would take service in Prussia. One day there was on the bridge a superb grenadier, whom Galgenstein accosted, and to whom he promised a company at least if

"Ask my comrade yonder," said the grenadier; "I can do nothing without him. We were born and bred together, we are of the same company, sleep in the same room, always go in pairs. If he will go and you will give him a captaincy, I will go too."

"Bring your comrade over to Kehl," said Galgenstein, delighted, "I will give you the best of dinners, and can promise to satisfy both of you."

"Had you not better speak to him on the bridge?" said the grenadier. "I dare not leave my post, but you have but to pass, and talk over the matter."

Galgenstein, after a little parley, passed the sentinel; but presently a panic took him, and he retraced his steps. But the grenadier brought his bayonet to the Prussian's breast and bade him stand, that he was his prisoner.

The Prussian, however, seeing his danger, made a bound across the bridge and into the Rhine, whither, flinging aside his musket, the intrepid sentry followed him. The Frenchman was the better swimmer of the two, seized upon the recruiter, and bore him to the Strasburg side of the stream, where he gave him up.

"You deserve to be shot," said the general to him, "for abandoning your post and arms, but you merit reward for an act of courage and daring. The king prefers to reward you," and the man received money and promotion.

As for Galgenstein, he declared his quality as a nobleman and a captain in the Prussian service, and applications were made to Berlin to know if his representations were true. But the king, though he employed men of this stamp (officers to seduce the subjects of his allies), could not acknowledge his own shame. Letters were written back from Berlin to say that such a family existed in the kingdom, but that the person representing himself to belong to it must be an impostor, for every officer of the name was at his regiment and his post. It was Galgenstein's death-warrant, and he was hanged as a spy in Strasburg.

"Turn him into the cart with the rest," said he, as soon as I awoke from my trance.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

THE PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

PART II.

THE part which England took in the long and mighty struggle against the despotism of democracy, the efforts of ambition, the injustice and oppression of France towards many lands and people, the iniquitous tyranny of Napoleon Buonaparte and his satellites and slaves; and the sacrifices that same England made in behalf of true freedom and European order, peace, and justice, have not been brought sufficiently before the minds of our young men now advancing from eighteen to thirty. They have heard of a national debt of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling; but they have also "heard that the sum was expended in unjust and unnecessary wars." Many of them—tens of thousands—have not been undeceived; and so *LIE FIRST* has obtained a very general circulation. They have heard of a *HOLY ALLIANCE*, and have been told that Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington joined "the Despots of the North" to make war on the liberties of Germany, Poland, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. Tens of thousands of our healthy and stalwart young men believe this,—for no one has set about *proving* to them the contrary; and so *LIE SECOND* has obtained currency. They have been told, that Buonaparte was a deliverer; that he had sublime notions of government; that he wished to emancipate the world; and that he carried on single-handed a mighty war against armed sovereigns, in order eventually to establish the independence and the happiness of the people. Now, if popular books had been written in profusion, and circulated cheaply by hundreds of thousands of copies, giving to the young men of our epoch facts, documents, undeniable events, all shewing the contrary, *LIE THIRD* would not now be believed in as it is by those who are soon about to become the fathers of the next generation. These same

young men have heard that England would have been richer, happier, and more respected, provided she had remained neutral from the very commencement, in the long European struggle of which I write, and that our manufacturers would not now be struggling with closed markets and against high protecting duties levied by foreign governments on English produce; and that our gardeners would have been full, and our provisions cheap and abundant, and our poor well employed, and our labouring classes at ease and happy, if we had not engaged in that "long and ruinous war." And no one has taken the trouble, nay, the pleasure, to shew to them, that but for the conduct England then pursued we should have had no manufacturers at all,—no allies, no government, or at least no independent one; and that the Gaul would have printed the mark of his iron hoof on our soil, and would have subjected our necks to his iron yoke. Thus *LIE FOURTH* has been propagated, and the history of England, from 1793 to 1815, has been read backwards, or topsy-turvy, by our now youths of from eighteen to twenty-five years of age.

Now, although ignorance is at all times an evil, and though it were well worth while to take all the pains I would have public writers and public lecturers take, simply to convince these our young men that they are most of them holding very erroneous opinions with regard to what I shall call the war of European liberty and independence against France and despotic democracy, from 1793 to 1815,—yet there are other reasons why I now call on public writers and public lecturers to take up this capital and momentous subject, and those reasons I shall state as follows: 1. Ignorance is hereditary, and the next generation may receive from this the erroneous opinions now generally entertained by our youths

of from eighteen to twenty-five. 2. This ignorance leads to dissatisfaction,—to the diminishing the love of country,—to the gradual extermination of patriotism,—to indifference to the great and glorious actions of our noble and true patriots,—to a preference of the chivalry or the renown of the great men of other countries to those of our own,—to a continued want of understanding of foreign events as they now arise,—to constant surprise at facts which are the natural consequences of antecedent events, and to a want of confidence in the government of our own country, and a want of gratitude to the living, or to the memories of the departed great men who, in the hands of Providence, saved this country during a period of twenty years from rebellion, starvation, invasion, bankruptcy, and ruin. 3. This ignorance is often the prelude to disaffection. "The government has done nothing for me," cries a broad-shouldered man of twenty-two; "then why should I do any thing, or care any thing, for the government?" Ignorant creature! Why, if you knew the real nature of this contest in which England was engaged from 1793 to 1815, you would know that to the governments of that epoch you are indebted for the fact of our national, independent, and unenslaved condition. The armies of the French usurper entered nearly every palace but that of St. James's; destroyed tens of thousands of the cottages of the peasants of all countries, save those of England; carried famine, rapine, and desolation, into all lands, but into our own well-defended shores; and that the word "*LOMBRES*" is not inscribed on the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, at Paris, on which are graven the names of all the capitals into which French armies entered, is, under Providence, to be ascribed to the firm resolution of George III. and of the Prince Regent, and to the stern, vigorous, decisive policy of the governments of those momentous times.

It has not been sufficiently impressed on the minds of the young men who have grown up since 1815, that the conflict in which Great Britain was engaged was on the side of true liberty, and against Gallic despotism. There has been a far too general mixing up in their minds of

things essentially different. They have been taught to think with enthusiasm of a certain revolution of 1788, and have vague and confused notions of Europe arming against French liberties. The name of Napoleon has been surrounded by a sort of halo; and Sir Walter Scott has lost with them much of the popularity he acquired by his works of imagination, because of Buonaparte he spoke with fearlessness and truth. Even English writers and lecturers have sought to tarnish the fame and glory of our heroes of Waterloo by misrepresenting the facts of the battle, or by ascribing to Prussia and to Marshal Blücher honours which were not exclusively their due. But above and before all things, the young men born since 1815 have not been taught, as they ought to have been, that we fought for the independence of nations; that we were engaged in a struggle for liberty; that the revolution of 1788 became degraded by the butcheries of 1793, and by the iron despotism of imperial usurpation. Great Britain and her allies did not seek to enslave Europe, but to guard her freedom and defend her people from tyranny. If the young men of this generation had been well instructed, they would have known that there is not a single country in Europe in which the conflict was not sustained, and that the vassals of the French republic, or of the French empire, were compelled to lend their aid, frequently against their evident and palpable interests, to crush their own rising hopes, and fasten chains round their own necks. They would be able to take the map of Europe, and, commencing with Norway, and terminating with Constantinople, they would point at multitudinous spots over all the European continent, and say, "There was fought a memorable battle for the independence of that monarchy;" and "there for the liberties of that free city, or of that republic;" and "there for the hereditary rights and privileges of that whole district of mountaineers;" and "there for the rights of the local government of that town;" and "there for the independent existence of that people;" and, in fact, they would find, that not merely did we fight and rally against French usurpation

and conquest, but we likewise fought and rallied for the cause of the independence of each people, and for their separate enjoyment of such forms of government as they respectively approved. We did *not* fight to propagandise monarchical principles; we did *not* fight to introduce one form of government amongst all nations; we did *not* fight even to maintain the *status quo*, however desirable it might generally be, when there was an evident repugnance to it: and the history of nearly every smaller state in Europe during the period to which I allude abundantly confirms my observations.

It would be an interesting and invaluable task for a man well versed in the history of Europe during the last fifty years, to write a popular account of the truly popular policy of our governments during that time. It should, if rightly written, be mixed up with an account of the multiplied attacks made by what are falsely called liberal governments upon the rights, liberties, and independence of peoples and states during that epoch. It should be shewn, as it could be, that governments representing themselves to be of an emancipating and liberalising character, had made the most daring attacks on the national independence of states; and that to the Conservative principle the Prussians, the whole of the smaller states of Germany, Holland, the lesser northern powers, the Swiss, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, are indebted for all the national institutions they continue to possess. Whether those institutions are monarchical in the most absolute sense, or republican in their largest acceptation, has nothing whatever to do with the question. If the people of a country love the unity and strength of an absolute monarchy, they are as much oppressed by having what is termed among us a liberal and constitutional monarchy forced upon them, as the Swiss would be oppressed by becoming the slaves of a French usurper.

But, besides all this, the young men who have been born since 1815 have not had instilled into their minds, and brought to their inmost hearts, as ought to have been done, the wonderful exploits of our army and our navy, and the prodigies of valour which they

performed. In the cottages of France I have observed some thousand of times, whether on the Jura, the Alps, or the Pyrenees,—whether in the cold districts of Picardy and the Pas-de-Calais, or in the luxurious climate of the south,—in fine, every where throughout that country, small pictures hanging here and there perpetuating the memories of great battles and of distinguished heroes. Even travellers who visit these spots and that people, become unavoidably interested in the little pictures, and through them in the events they record. But the Englishman forgets, from the absence of similar pictures at home, that he has far greater causes for pride and satisfaction than any Frenchman possesses; and unconsciously he joins in the praise of Napoleon, as “*the*” hero of the nineteenth century. The waste of human life, and the slaughter of defenceless victims, to gratify his thirst for blood, his vengeance, or his love of conquest, are forgotten. It is forgotten, too, and often not known, that Buonaparte hated liberty, abhorred moderate and constitutional governments, and knew no law but his own will,—that will being alone subject to his own restless desire and thirst for conquest. Now, if our young men born since 1815 had been well instructed in the history of every war from 1793 to that epoch, they would have sympathised with British governments during that period, rejoiced at British successes, delighted at French and at democratic defeat, and would have had all their sympathies enlisted *not* for Napoleon and the French, for the French revolution and the aggressions it made on all independent territories and people, but would have been, as they must be brought to become, deeply interested in the strength and stability of all Conservative governments; since they would have known and felt that to such governments are they indebted for *all* their liberties.

The Prince de Metternich was one of those men who rightly estimated and judged beforehand the character and results of the French revolution: and he was not mistaken in any of his anticipations. He was and is one who has justly and fully comprehended the events of the last fifty

years. He was not deceived by the fair and specious promises of the French republican commissioners at Rastadt. As early as that epoch he examined and judged the republic and its agents. He was not deceived by the civility, intimidated by the threats, or cajoled by the false promises, of the representative of the French republic. In politeness, indeed, he allowed none to surpass him; but when the real question came to be discussed, whether France should or should not dictate to Germany and to Europe the terms both of territory and of peace, then the prince demonstrated by his consummate tact and skill, that he had a perfect insight into the secret intentions of "liberal" and democratic France. And the prince has constantly kept before the eyes, not only of the Austrian but of the German people generally, what was the *real* character of the contest in which they were, and had been engaged. The Germans know to a man that they fought for liberty, and that the governments, called despotic, defended and protected the people against conquest and oppression. The young men of Germany born since 1815 are far better acquainted than are our young men of England of the same period with the history of events from 1793 to 1815. Many of the German youth, indeed, have chimerical notions and absurd and preposterous ideas on the right of government; but, at any rate, they are essentially anti-French; know well to what a degraded state French power had reduced their fathers, and are prepared to defend "the Rhine" as the boundary they will not relinquish. The Prince de Metternich is one of the great men to whom Germany is indebted for the preservation in the minds of her present youth of the leading events of the war of independence, and for the training they have received at all the universities in the love of German union and German nationality. And those youth know right well that to English blood, treasure, and bravery, are they indebted, worked upon and brought into play as they were by British Conservative governments, for those independent constitutions, and for those national German institutions they now enjoy. Thus, whether we look at Prince de

Metternich at Vienna, or examine him at Rastadt, we shall find him invariably and essentially German; but German, nevertheless, with great systems of European improvement and happiness in his mind, still subjected to the invariable and eternal principles of law, justice, and order.

The Prince de Metternich is a great advocate for *nationality*, and, moreover, for that feeling of *nationality* for which I have been contending in the introductory observations to this article. He loves to see each nation with its own colours, language, systems of education, national games, markets, costumes, customs, and provincial rights and privileges. He loves to see a deep affection for these existing in the hearts of the people. He loves to see the fairs and fêtes—the great assemblages for business and amusement so well known to Germany—because these are not political, but social and national. Now, it is precisely the same sort of feeling with regard to Germany, as "united and confederate Germany," that he has inculcated and encouraged since 1815; and it is for this reason, principally, that there is now so much more of that nationality in Germany than there was from 1788 to 1815. Into whatever part of Germany you now travel you will find the inhabitants of each state essentially belonging in heart to that state. The Bavarian is essentially Bavarian; the Wurtembergians are essentially Wurtembergians; the Hessians, Hessians; the Hanoverians, Hanoverians; and so on; because, in proportion as the real character of the war from 1793 to 1815 is known in Germany by the young men of from 1815 to 1844, in the same proportion is there a deep horror of all foreign intervention, and especially of French influence. In Germany, too, they have their cheap popular prints and painted pictures of their battles, their heroes, and their princes; and this noble and beneficial sentiment of nationality is rapidly on the increase.

I should like, then, to see all the walls of our cottages and farm-houses, and all our workshops and manufactories in which masses of men, women, and children, are congregated together, covered with pictures of a

character to popularise the events of from 1788 to 1815, to depict the noble battles for the independence of nations as against revolution, and against the despotism of democracy, in which we were engaged, and in which we conquered, and to contain at the foot of each, brief and correct statements of the consequences of such battles, as favourable to the independence of nations. I should like to see the portraits of all our illustrious generals and admirals, and other officers and even sub-officers, made familiar to the public mind, with brief records of their noble and daring deeds of national and patriotic courage. I should like to see at our public schools the portraits and busts of the great men who aided in the mighty struggle of life and death from 1793 to 1815, in favour of the independence of European nations and people. I should like to see the whole history of the Spanish war of independence depicted in popular pictures with popular explanations, identifying our own great British heroes with the astonishing battles of that period. There has been for some time past a series of efforts going on to detach English hearts from the English land. Some have laboured to convince the English young men that they would be much happier abroad. Others have endeavoured to convince them that our rich fine land is not rich or fine enough to supply them with food. The Anti-Corn-law League has sought to poison their minds against all the farmers, land-owners, and gentry of the land. Whilst the federal and dissolving faction in Ireland has hoisted the standard of hatred to the Saxons, and, in too many instances, the Saxon young men have applauded the very system which would at once ruin and condemn themselves. Now all this should be met by a rally for modern history in a cheap, true, national, and popular form. We do not want our cottage walls and our cottage chimney-shelves covered with portraits of O'Connell or with busts of Buonaparte, but with portraits of the men and with the busts of the heroes who, both by sea and land, secured not only our own country from invasion and conquest, but all Europe from dependence and subjection to the Gallic yoke.

To popularise Conservatism is our duty; and those who neglect so to do, do not follow as they ought the noble example set them by Prince de Metternich and the Germans. This has been the constant rule of that great man's life, to keep before the eyes of the Germans the value of their own institutions, the importance of maintaining them, the necessity for union, patriotism, and nationality, and the duty of the Germans above and before all things to love their fatherland. His political conduct has been in perfect conformity with his personal views and doctrines; and if we now for awhile contemplate him at the CONGRESS OF RASTADT we shall see him zealously combating ~~which~~ Gallic ambition, and opposing all that could interfere with German nationality.

The official correspondence between His Excellency Count de Metternich (he was not then prince), minister plenipotentiary of the emperor, and the deputies of the French republic, the citizens Treilhard, Bonnier, Roberjot, and Jean de Bry, ministers plenipotentiary assembled at Rastadt for the purpose of negotiating a peace between those powers, containing the whole of the state papers from the commencement of the negotiation in December 1797 to April 1799, the period of its dissolution, I have considered with attention and interest. They shew, on the part of the prince, that deep distrust in French policy and promises, which the history of that period fully warranted. They shew a conviction in the mind of that great statesman that France aimed at despotism, not liberty; at conquest, not emancipation; at the destruction of nationality in the minds of the people both of Germany and other states, the which destruction was essential to carrying into effect the design of territorial aggrandisement on the part of the republic. Whilst the government of France knew that her only chance of escape was to rally the French round a national cause, and cause them to feel, rightly or wrongly, that they were engaged in a national contest, that same government sought to destroy every vestige of nationality in the minds of other people, and to prepare them for French rule and despotic domination.

The Congress of Rastadt was opened on the 17th January, 1798, in the following manner :—

“ The minister plenipotentiary of the French republic having sent Citizen Bertoillot, secretary to the minister Treilhaid, to Count Metternich to desire him to fix an hour when it would be agreeable to him to wait upon them to be informed of a proposition which they were charged to make on the part of their government, replied to this message that he regarded the exchange of the copies of their respective full powers at the place of his residence as the first act of official conference ; and that, therefore, he should not hesitate to repair in his turn to the residence of the plenipotentiaries of the republic, to hear what they had to propose to him, and for that purpose he named the hour of twelve on the following day ; but that he expected that these reciprocal attentions and formalities would be observed throughout the course of this negotiation as had hitherto been the accustomed practice on similar occasions.

“ Count Metternich accordingly went at the appointed hour to the residence of the Citizen Treilhaid, as the senior in point of age of the ministers of the republic, where he found also the Citizen Bonnier. The former of them introduced the conversation by observing that the directorial minister of Mentz having acquainted them that the full and unlimited powers of the empire had been increased by the deputation, and the exchange of legalised copies having been also effected in the usual forms, they were authorised to propose the first basis of a pacification. Citizen Treilhaid then enlarged ‘ on the justice of the cause of France ;’ and having stated as an incontrovertible fact that a war had been proposed by the German empire which had cost the French so much blood and treasure, he proceeded to represent that his government had an incontestable right to an indemnification for all the sacrifices which it had made ; and that, in compliance with its principles of loyalty and justice, whose object was to terminate the calamities of war, and to establish peace on the most solid foundation, he proposed for the first basis *that the course of the Rhine should be acknowledged as a boundary.*

“ Count Metternich answered, that he had also been informed of the arrival of the unlimited powers for the deputation of the empire ; that the proceeding of the directorial minister of Mentz in regard to the ministers of the French republic, had been adopted with his knowledge and approbation as minister plenipotentiary of the chief of the empire. That the first obstacle being removed, he saw with pleasure that nothing prevented an im-

mediate commencement of the negotiations ; and that the despatch with which his imperial majesty as chief of the empire and the states had removed every difficulty, evidently proved his sincere desire to concur in whatever might produce a prompt and complete pacification. Count Metternich added that he could not neglect the opportunity of reiterating the protest he had already made in writing on the form of the full powers of the ministers of the republic, which were not regular, since they contained the appointment to negotiate, but not to conclude and sign ; which had been the constant usage in all diplomatic conferences, that the ratification of their powers was essentially necessary under these circumstances ; and that besides it was of moment to establish between the contracting powers a perfect reciprocity in all the usual formalities.

“ The minister Treilhaid answered that he had immediately transmitted to the directory the note he had received from the Count Metternich on the subject which had been mentioned, that the directory acknowledged its justice, and had ordered them to declare that they were willing to send other powers in the form required if the plenipotentiary of the empire should insist upon it. At the same time Citizen Treilhaid suggested that there was no necessity for suspending the negotiations till the arrival of these new powers, since those with which they were already invested were fully sufficient to qualify them to negotiate. Count Metternich acquiesced in this position ; and that point being settled, he engaged that as to the principal object of their interview he would instantly transmit to the deputation of the empire the proposition which the ministers plenipotentiary of the republic had made, and would with equal readiness inform them of the result of its deliberations when they should have received the sanction of his imperial majesty. Citizen Treilhaid also notified that he should acquaint the directorial minister at Mentz and the other deputies with the proposition which he had made on the part of the directory. Count Metternich thought it his duty to observe to him that he might do as he pleased, but, at the same time, would not dissemble his opinion that such a proceeding was unconstitutional and would produce no effect whatever. Citizen Treilhaid expressed his surprise, and instantly observed, that according to this principle the minister of the empire possessed the power of stopping the progress of the negotiation. Count Metternich answered in the affirmative ; at the same time he urged how improbable it was that the minister of the empire should take any

measures to perplex or put a stop to the negotiations; he, however, thought proper to add that he should in no instance depart from the laws and constitution of the empire. Count Metternich did not think it prudent to enter on a discussion of the Germanic laws, but confined himself entirely to the points already mentioned. The French minister making no reply, the rest of the conversation turned upon different subjects. At length Count Metternich retired perfectly satisfied with the personal demeanour of the French ministers towards him."

Important as the Congress of Rastadt might be, and momentous as were the issues of it on the fate of Europe, I cannot in this place pretend to follow from day to day the proceedings of the rival diplomatists. France, in the persons of Treilhard, Bonnier, and Jean de Bry, had sent forth no common men; and Metternich stood alone in the lists against them; yet in every instance he bore himself with a dignity, firmness, and good breeding which gave marvellous strength to his arguments.

Both parties played their deepest and best game. Both parties affected the most profound respect for, and confidence in, each other. Both parties observed, to the very letter, all the minutiae of forms, politeness, ceremonies, and civility. Both parties sought for delay. Both parties evaded the great and vital questions, and endeavoured to surround, or to bury, the leading points with a vast amount of verbiage, so that delay succeeded to delay, until new events arrived, which changed the aspect of affairs, and rendered new debates and new decisions indispensable. The Count de Metternich had, on the whole, the better of the argument. He appeared sometimes to yield a point of some value, but he was sure, in a few days afterwards, to regain his ground, and carry war into the enemy's positions. The French republican deputies were sometimes carried away by their enthusiasm for their home government and revolutionary cause. The Count de Metternich was uninfluenced by passion, but pursued, noiselessly and without emotion, his diplomatic career. Nothing escaped his notice. If the French deputies omitted any formality, he was the first to remind them of the omission. If they forgot

to reply to any point reserved, or to any note which ought to have been answered, he never failed to tell them of their omission. He was a sort of register of forms and ceremonies, at the same time that he kept his eye steadily fixed on the *principle* under discussion, so that the representatives of the French republic never "stole a march" on the diplomatist of the Germanic empire. And yet the ministers selected to represent that republic were by no means inferior men, or men of second-rate powers; and, besides which, their attention was almost invariably directed to seeking to inveigle or alarm him. I know very well that the enemies of the Count de Metternich have delighted to depreciate his efforts, and to represent him as unsuccessful at the Congress at Rastadt. I know they have said that he yielded point by point, as the French deputies became increasingly decided and pertinacious, and that he had well-nigh ceded all, when the Congress was terminated, and war put an end to fruitless negotiations. To this view of the subject I most decidedly object. The Count had to gain time. He did not believe in peace, though he negotiated for it, and the time so employed was employed well.

But it is time to take a general view of the life of the Prince de Metternich, and to examine him in his private, as well as in his public career.

The influence exercised by the Prince de Metternich over the royal family of Austria is one of those subjects to which that statesman never refers, and which he much dislikes to hear conversed about. The fact is, that Francis II. was, personally, so omnipotent in Austria, that "*right*" was what pleased the emperor, *i. e.* his will; and "*wrong*," what displeased him. It is very far, indeed, from true, that the monarch and his prime minister always thought alike; but the latter knew when to yield, and never allowed the emperor to feel that any other will really governed but his own. The Emperor Francis admired the integrity, openness, and consistency of the Prince de Metternich's character; and would laugh very heartily when told that the English prints sometimes called him a Jesuit. The prince, in his

turn, smiled at the eccentricities of his sovereign, and enjoyed the old-fashioned green caleche of his royal master, with his simple pair of horses: the emperor dressed in a brown, shabby cabotte, with a corresponding hat; thus riding along like an old retired merchant, nodding, here and there, right and left, most friendly as he passed along. "In spite of all that easy exterior," remarked the Prince de Metternich to an English gentleman, who was walking with him as his majesty passed, "the emperor is not less an emperor; his will is law in this country, and the people love to have it so." Of his brothers, the emperor was most attached to the Vice-King of Italy; of the Prince Charles he was said to be jealous, Prince John was too learned for him, and the Palatine too impetuous. When the latter requested the emperor's permission to marry for the *third* time, the emperor replied, "You may take her; but I shall myself pray for her long life, for I presume you would next marry a Jewess."

The emperor was attached to the Prince de Metternich for very many reasons; but, unquestionably, one was the similarity of the hours, tastes, and mode of life of his minister to his own. The emperor rose early; so did the prince his minister. The emperor took breakfast an hour afterwards; so did the prince. Then the emperor transacted public business, or gave audiences, and the prince was always at his post. At two the emperor took a ride; so often did the prince. At four his majesty dined off five dishes, with a dessert, and the prince was not less moderate in his fare. The emperor's constant beverage was water; so was that of the prince. The emperor quaffed a glass or two of tokay; the prince enjoyed the same nectar. After dinner, indeed, the occupations of the monarch and the prince were dissimilar; since the former amused himself with his plants and his conservatory, whilst the prince was generally engaged with the affairs of the state. The emperor, after he had enjoyed his plants and his garden, took coffee at six, the empress presiding at the coffee-table; and music and singing, the emperor playing the violin, succeeded.

Although the reign of Francis II

embraced at once the most turbulent and the most tranquil in the history of Europe, yet the physical, animal, material prosperity and happiness of his subjects never ceased to occupy his mind. On this mighty question, the Prince de Metternich and his royal master were entirely agreed. Thus the archdukes of the emperor were all instructed in some mechanical occupation or pursuit; they were carpenters, cabinet-makers, weavers, and so forth. The emperor always maintained that they should be prepared to labour for themselves with their own hands, and should, likewise, identify themselves with their subjects, so that they might enter into their complaints, know their occupations, and understand fully their physical condition.

"You talk of your constitutional governments," said the Prince de Metternich on one occasion when in England, "and of the relations which exist between the crown and the peasant. But I see not those relations. Where are they to be found? On the contrary, in monarchical Austria the emperor is regarded as the father of the people, and the archdukes as fellow-labourers, mechanics, and *compagnons*." And this observation is so true, that, in Austria, the archdukes are looked to as the patrons and encouragers of industry.

The Emperor Francis, like the Prince de Metternich, was very much attached to the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Buonaparte. On all occasions the prince displayed towards that unfortunate youth all the respect and consideration to which he was entitled as the son of an Austrian archduchess; and whenever any step was required to be taken to contribute to the Duke de Reichstadt's happiness, the emperor was instantly seconded by the prince. This was not simply from obedience to the monarch, but from the Prince de Metternich's avowed feeling of affection and sympathy for the duke.

There is a story told of the Emperor Francis II., which I believe to be perfectly true, and which fully corroborates Prince Metternich's description of the parental character of that monarch's government. During

the period that the cholera decimated its victims at Vienna, the emperor walked in the streets. At an obscure portion of the city he met a funeral. It was evidently that of a poor and wretched being. There were no friends to surround the bier, and the pauper's funeral was conducted with rapidity and inconsideration. "Halt!" cried the emperor; "I shall follow the remains of the deceased to the grave." "He was only an obscure person," was the reply, "and he has died of the cholera." "Never mind that," retorted the monarch, "he was one of my children,—for are you not all my children?" and the emperor followed to the grave the remains of the obscurest of his subjects.

Napoleon, in his insolence and pride, dared to call the emperor a "*vieux ganache*;" and Talleyrand repeated, in the hearing of Maria Louisa, this daring piece of impertinence. "*Vieux ganache*?" asked the archduchess, "what does that mean, prince?" Talleyrand, who believed that the use of words was to conceal ideas and thoughts, replied, with his usual promptitude and wit, "It means—oh! it means—a venerable sage, madame, that's all."

The Prince de Metternich speaks of Francis II. with gratitude, respect, and affection. But he has now another master. The present emperor, when hereditary prince, was accused of "Liberalism." This was not wholly an unjust charge; but if the term had been changed for that of "leaning to popular views and rights in an absolute monarchy," it would have been fairer. On his majesty's accession, however, he wrote a letter to the Prince de Metternich, full of expressions of confidence in his views, admiration of his talents and character, and of his desire that Austria should continue to benefit by his experience and wisdom. Upon one point, however, it is known that the present emperor and the prince differ; it is on that of the reception of provincial deputations. The former is against, the latter is in favour of their reception. But on this point the emperor has his own will, and the Hungarian deputation he would not receive. This is a new, or comparatively new, feature in the government of the subjects of Austria, and it is by no means one of a pater-

nal character. It is possible that the emperor may, ere long, see good reasons for changing his decision.

After the Prince de Metternich, for whom his majesty entertains unbounded confidence and regard, the emperor is most attached to Count Kollowrat, and to Prince Palfy. The count entertains some liberal sentiments, but loves tranquillity, recommends peace, and advocates the *status quo*. Such sentiments are in perfect harmony with those of the emperor.

The Prince de Metternich has been styled by those who know him not, "Prince Absolute." This is true neither of his public nor of his private life. In public life he has fixed principles, undoubtedly; but when, in 1830, it depended on him to involve Europe in war or peace, for the cause of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, it was the prince who said, "*We must have peace.*" In private life the manners and conduct of the prince are precisely the reverse of that which the word "absolute" is intended to imply; and his suavity, blandness, and amiability, cannot be excelled.

But though the prince does not merit the title of "prince absolute," he has, undoubtedly, a great aversion to those who accuse him of being so, viz. to the propagandists of Europe. The prince told a story himself at a dinner-table at which Mrs. Trollope was present, which is decidedly worth repeating. At the time Ali Pacha exercised his power against the sultan, Prince Metternich received a letter from him, in which he requested that the prince would immediately despatch to him "*a constitution-maker*," as he was desirous of ruling the country he was about to conquer after the most approved European model. "Now as we happened," remarked the Prince de Metternich, "to be on the most amicable footing with the sultan whom it was Ali Pacha's purpose to dethrone, I was obliged to decline the patronage he so politely offered me."

In private society the Prince de Metternich is not merely looked up to as one of the greatest men of his day, but he is regarded with much affection by all who come in contact with him. His conversation is animated, philosophical, and attractive. His attachment to friends

is shewn by acts as well as by words. He has not, perhaps, a *personal* enemy in the world. He has political antagonists, who either do not understand, or else cordially hate his doctrines and his system; but personal enemies he has none. Amongst the enlightened and upper classes in Austria there are many who think that the Tyrolese are ruled badly, and that Austrian policy in Italy is unwise; but yet these all think the Prince de Metternich to be a most admirable and venerable man. Some go so far as to regard him as "the" obstacle to the progress of liberal ideas at the Austrian court, but in this I believe firmly they are mistaken. The present emperor is as satisfied that an absolute monarchy is indispensable to the physical and material happiness of all his subjects as is the prince his councillor.

"Though there are several points of Prince de Metternich's *policy* that I think I should not adopt if I were the first minister of the empire," said a distinguished Austrian, "there is no point of his *conduct* that does not command my highest esteem. I am persuaded that if, instead of temperate discussion, he could overhear the most offensive personal observations against himself—if, indeed, any Austrian could be found to utter them—he would neither testify nor feel the slightest emotion of displeasure. But were he to learn that any act or word which could endanger the tranquillity and well-being of the country were either committed or uttered, he would not rest till it was checked and rendered harmless by some means or other. I will dare to assure you that no Roman of them all, from the philosophical Cato to the grumbling Cinna, is a more true and devoted patriot than Metternich; and what is perhaps a higher praise still, after twenty-five years of power greater than has fallen to the lot of any minister in any country, I do not believe that there is a man to be found who can say that Prince de Metternich has ever injured him."

The mansion of the prince is very splendid, and his banquets are frequent and elegant. In a rich and ripe old age he finds himself surrounded, not merely by the *élite* of his own country, but by the most distinguished of all nations who

either reside at or visit Vienna. A dinner at the Prince de Metternich's is looked for as "the" treat—the greatest—by all foreigners of distinction, not on account of the viands, the fruits, or the wines, but because the society, conversation, and *tout ensemble* of the entertainment are things to which all travelled persons turn back and dwell upon with the greatest pleasure. The present princess is the third wife of the prince, and is a most fascinating and charming person. Some call her the prettiest of the pretty, and others the most engaging and prepossessing they ever saw. The prince has been most fortunate in all his matrimonial engagements, and has displayed the most perfect taste in the selection of those who have shared with him his distinctions, fortune, and fame.

There is a passage in the life of the Prince de Metternich which does him so much honour, and which demonstrates so clearly that though he is undoubtedly and essentially German and Austrian in his affections and predilections, he is, nevertheless, a lover of peace and a man of straightforward and not Jesuitical policy, that I shall here introduce it.

At the period of the French revolution of 1830, when the conduct of the newly proclaimed French government was dubious, when the Laffitte administration gave alternately signs of desiring or of fearing war, when the Parisians were in a state of perpetual revolt, and when the French government were in a condition of incipient rebellion, proposals were pressed upon the Austrian government, that is to say, upon the Prince de Metternich, in behalf of the Buonapartist party. The Duke de Reichstadt was then living. His health was delicate, and his frame was far indeed from robust, but still he was living, and the French Buonapartists believed that if he should be permitted to appear on the frontiers all Frenchmen would rally round his standard. The purses of the Buonaparte family were ready to support such an enterprise, and the swords of many a general and officer were prepared to leap from their scabbards in defence of the cause. These statements were made, and made repeatedly, to the Prince de Metternich by men of weight and in-

fluence belonging to the Buonaparte party, and it was urged on him that Austria might gain eternal renown and obtain unbounded influence over France, if, by reason of her acquiescence, the son of an Austrian arch-duchess should ascend the throne of that country.

The prince listened at all times with great attention to the plans, proposals, and promises of the Buonapartist agents, but at length the period arrived when it became necessary to speak out, and to put an end forever to the hopes of the Buonapartist party in that quarter. He said,—

“You wish us to allow you to conduct the Duke of Reichstadt to the frontiers of France. The magic name of Napoleon, connected with the presence of the Duke, will, you believe, in an instant overthrow the present dynasty, and raise up a new order of things. But what guarantee can be presented to him as to the future? To say the love and courage of the French is to say nothing, for they have displayed both for many governments and for many dynasties, both legitimate and otherwise. At the end of six months he would be surrounded by all sorts of claims, demands, exigencies, hatreds, conspiracies, and would be on the verge of an abyss. No, sir; the emperor, my master, is too firmly convinced of the duty he owes to his people, and is too well satisfied of the correctness of his own principles, as well as too anxious for the happiness of his grandson, ever to lend himself for a moment to such proposals. You also deceive yourselves as to the issue of your enterprise, and as to the permanency of its results. To establish Buonapartism without a Buonaparte is a senseless and false notion.” There was in all this a profound knowledge of the French character, and an honest desire to maintain order and to prevent war.

Although the Prince de Metternich is so much occupied with the important duties of his varied and high offices, still he finds time for the chase, for his family circle, and for the pleasures of conversation. To the chase he is passionately attached, and I believe even to this hour has not resigned his favourite enjoyment. To his children, who are many of them young and handsome, he is devoted.

And as to the delights of a family circle and domestic joys, no heart is more sensible of them than is that of this distinguished man. With regard to conversation, he is not only peculiarly happy in his conversational powers, but he directs his observations on almost all occasions to subjects of an elevating and improving character. As the evening draws to a close, his mind appears to gain a stronger and more vigorous tone, and his ordinary conversation at those moments is even eloquent. Yet all this proceeds without dogmatism or pretension, and the happy circle breaks up under the magic spell of the enlightened, lively, convincing, and interesting conversation of a man who, during the last sixty years, has seen all, observed all, known all, and forgotten nothing.

In the art of penetrating the weak points of his superiors, and making himself necessary to their frailties, the Prince de Metternich has shewn himself a master. It was in the midst of revelry during the Congress of Vienna that the Emperor Alexander grew tired of the fastidious bacchanalia. When the Prince de Metternich perceived this, all the gorgeous tournaments, balls, and dinners, were at once superseded by *petites soirées*, given by himself, at which the Princess de Cl—g was the queen. The emperor was much struck by her beauty and fascinations, but her family withdrew her from Vienna. The Prince de Metternich, aware of the influence which her conversation exercised over the mind of the emperor, still contrived to secure her presence at Trappau and Laybach, to neither of which, probably, would his majesty have proceeded but from the expectation of there seeing her. All was purity and virtue, but the illustrious lady in question so spell-bound the monarch that, with her aid, the Austrian chancellor contrived to drive away *ennui* from the monarch, and kept him to the great questions which had constantly to come before him until all were settled.

Austria is indebted to Prince de Metternich for Venice, Milan, and, above all, for the Tyrol, Salzburg, and the territory he prevailed on Bavaria to return. Austria has now, thanks to him, a compact body of kingdoms and provinces, with more than 30,000,000 of inhabitants.

To the Russian government the prince has been generally obnoxious. Whilst he has occupied himself with the policy and plans of Russia, the government of St. Petersburg, in its turn, has kept its eye steadily fixed on the Austrian chancellor. It has felt that no one could frustrate its plans so easily and so certainly as the prince, and that by his varied combinations he could alternately excite the jealousy of Prussia, France, and Great Britain, against the policy of Russia. This, indeed, he has done, and but for Prince de Metternich and his policy, Russia would, ere this, have made a determined effort to place her southern capital on the shores of the Bosphorus.

But I must draw my Reminiscences of the prince to a close, and I shall do so by recalling some of the leading events of his long and memorable life.

The Prince de Metternich was frequently, especially to foreign diplomats, in the habit of saying, "The Emperor Francis II. has a firm will. If I had the misfortune to mistake the path he directs I should not remain minister for a day." In the affairs of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom; at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818; at the Congress assembled by him in the summer of 1819 at Carlsbad; at the Congress of Vienna in 1820, and at Trappau in the same year; at Laybach in 1821, in suppressing the insurrections of Naples and Piedmont, Prince de Metternich may certainly be said to have managed all the negotiations and affairs of the empire, and in many respects influenced those of all the absolute states of Europe, Russia alone excepted. On returning from the Congress of Laybach, he was elevated by the emperor to the highest office of the empire, that of chancellor, at the same time retaining that of even greater power, minister of foreign affairs.

In October following, on the accession of George IV. to the throne of Great Britain, Prince de Metternich visited Hanover to meet that monarch. In October 1822 he opened the Congress of Verona; soon after he was created a grandee of Spain, first class; and in September following he accompanied the Emperor of Austria to meet the Russian emperor

at Esernowitz. His first wife's ill health induced him to visit Paris with her, but she died in 1825, aged fifty, leaving him one son, who died three years after, and two daughters, now living. From Paris the prince proceeded to Milan, and from thence to the opening of the Hungarian diet. In October 1826 the president of the state conference, Count Zichy Ferraris, died, and to him succeeded Prince de Metternich. He married in November 1827 Mary Antoine, Countess of Beilstein. This beautiful and fascinating princess died two years after, aged twenty-three years, leaving him one son, Prince Richard Clement.

In the affairs of Italy the Prince de Metternich has maintained the principle of interference, and afterwards, in respect to Poland, to prevent the insurrection extending to the old section of that kingdom, which the partition gave to Austria, he sent Field-marshal Stutterheim with 50,000 men to the frontiers. Galizia was afterwards subjected to very arbitrary treatment on the ground that it had corresponded with the liberal societies of France. In regard to the assistance rendered in men and supplies to the Poles by Galizia, no public or prosecuting notice was taken by Prince de Metternich, while the Prussian subjects who assisted the Poles were afterwards punished by their government.

In January 1831 the prince married Melania Maria Antonia, Countess of Ferraris, born in 1803, and daughter of his predecessor in the office of president of state conference. By her he has two lovely children.

Since the Prince de Metternich commenced public life, fifty years of the most eventful in history have elapsed. Three emperors of the house of Hapsburg have passed from the earth since his manhood; three kings of France and one French emperor—one of the number by violence—and an emperor and another king, both of them in exile, have also passed away during the same period. Three kings of England, two emperors of all the Russias, and many other sovereigns, besides statesmen, including our Pitts, Foxes, Liverpools, Castlereaghs, and Canning, all of whom were personally known to Prince de Metternich, are also moul-

dering in the dust; but their great names survive them. The chancellor of Austria still retains the physical and intellectual vigour of manhood; health, strength, memory, vision, speech, sagacity, and energy unimpaired. His knowledge of character is remarkable, no man can estimate more accurately the capacity both of the departed and of the yet living diplomatists and statesmen of Europe and America—of the Pozzo di Borgo, the Talleyrands, the Nesselrodes, and the Wellingtons.

At his weekly *soirées* the most interesting, because the most instructive in Vienna, his frankness, and even his simplicity of manners, always delight. The beauty and *esprit* of the princess shed a brilliancy over these entertainments.

As a domestic man, the character of Prince de Metternich stands high, and I believe he considers it a proof of having been blessed in the married state that he has sought happiness in another marriage after the loss of a wife (however devotedly beloved) as soon as the observance of the ordinary intermission permitted. His second princess is said to have been one of the most beautiful women in Europe. If an exquisite portrait of her which exists at Vienna, full of expression and loveliness, be a resemblance, she must indeed have been so.

The present princess is only thirty-six, and looks much younger. Her countenance is full of expression and fascination. Her two children, with the son by the last princess, run up to her altogether, as if the three were by the same mother, and she receives them with the same tenderness. In the day-time they rush out into the garden, exercise themselves with juvenile spades, wheelbarrows, and various implements; they return back often climbing over the prince's shoulders, and then bound off to their "mutter" the princess. The eldest daughter by the first marriage is married to Count Starnieza; the second princess, Hermania, is young and unmarried, and still lives with her father; both are of a delicate cast of beauty, graceful and amiable,

with manners somewhat retiring and perfectly unaffected.

As a diplomatist, Prince de Metternich always says that a frank declared manner is the most honourable and the most successful. How few observe this in practice; how few there are who are not lost through that vanity which is instantly perceived by sagacious and skilful negotiators! The qualifications necessary for an able diplomatist are neither more nor less than firmness of character, sound judgment, energy, sagacity, and a perfect knowledge of the resources and powers of his own and especially of foreign countries. With these, and a capacity to understand the character of other men, and the *habitude* of agreeable manners, a frank, not garrulous, but honest minister, will, in the end, baffle all the cunning and artifice of the ablest disciplinarian of the Machiavelian school.

My task is completed. My Reminiscences of the prince are closed. I have portrayed him with fidelity. Great as a minister, a diplomatist, and a statesman; wonderful at Vienna, and cold and reserved at Rastadt. Intimately acquainted with all the events of all countries during the most interesting and memorable period of modern history. As a diplomatic writer, able, clear, concise; as an Austrian, never forgetful that he owes his first care and obedience to the emperor; as a German, never forgetful that the "fatherland" is "one" as against all other lands; as a conscientious supporter of absolute monarchies, attentive to the physical wants of the people; as an enemy to all revolutions, moderate, but decided and consistent in his measures and in his reserve. A hater of war, a lover of peace, an enemy to *political* liberty, a friend to local and provincial rights, a believer in the Christian religion, a zealous Romanist, an upright citizen, an affectionate husband, a devoted father, a man of great natural powers and of vast acquirements: a sincere friend, a decided foe—not to persons, but to principles—an obedient subject, and a lover of justice and truth. This is the Prince de Metternich!

THE TURRET-CLOCK.

IN the land of pine-forests, charcoal-burners, diablerie, and metaphysics, flourished the Baron Von Schwagger. A redoubtable personage was the baron, as fierce, grim, and mysterious as all the *dramatis personæ* of *Der Freyschutz* put together. He lived in a black forest (of course); in a gloomy old castle (equally of course), the ruins of which, by the way, are generally much admired by Cockneys going up the Rhine. The walls of this castle were very thick, being typical of the baron's skull; and the water in the moat was very muddy, being typical of the baron's brains. He cultivated huge mustachios, and ensconced his nether extremities in a couple of vast leathern buckets, which were supposed by the well-informed to have been constructed upon the model of the seven-leagued boots of a still more remote antiquity. All day long the baron hunted boars in the woods, and the major part of the night he spent in listening to songs celebrating his own exploits, chanted by divers disinterested gleemen whom he maintained for the purpose; and in quaffing, at marvellously short intervals, huge draughts of Rhenish. This course of existence was, however, somewhat monotonous; so the baron varied it by the elegant and amusing recreation of burning down the castles of sundry weaker barons, and transferring their treasures (when they had any) to his own, thus pleasingly illustrating the philosophical dogma, that right is constituted by might. Now and then, also, the baron, in the exercise of the duties of hospitality, gave every rich burgher whom he could lay his hands on a very pressing invitation to his castle,—that is, to the underground part of it; and if he did receive from such persons, in return for his delicate attentions, certain heaps of filthy lucre, every body knows that fair exchange is no robbery, and that even a fortnight of darkness and bread and water ought to be honestly and accurately paid for.

The baron's castle was strong, his domains broad, and he entertained a company of sturdy men-at-arms for the protection of both. Hard-drink-

ing, hard-fighting desperadoes, they were ripe for all sorts of enterprises, from stealing fowls from their roosts to carrying off nuns from their cells; and quite ready to slit any man's windpipe who should dare to utter a sentence derogatory to the dignity and the grandeur of the Baron von Schwagger.

And, truly, there was considerably more weight in the living arguments by which the baron could back his claims to the castle and lands of Schwaggerberger than there was in the said claims themselves. Dark rumours were circulated of the ways and means by which the baron had stepped into his possessions and his power. Dread and fearful stories were whispered over the winter hearth of the mysterious disappearance, when an infant, of a certain Rudolph Wolfstein, who, had he lived to manhood, would have been the rightful baron. Honest men accordingly shook their heads when the subject was mentioned; but, as there were very few of that species of humanity located in the neighbourhood, the baron had little to apprehend from them: indeed, he had made a striking example of more than one propagator of the scandal we have alluded to, having walked them over the battlements of the castle, whence they would inevitably have fallen a tremendous height to the ground, had not ropes been considerably placed round their necks, which polite attention happily averted the catastrophe in question. Among most of his neighbours, however—that is, amongst those whom he never plundered, because they had nothing to lose—the baron was on the whole a popular man.

His beer was strong; his sack, and canary, and Rhenish of full body and fine flavour. The presiding deities of the buttery hatch were liberal in their distribution, and all the knaves and varlets (as it was the polite fashion of the middle ages to dub gentlemen of the humbler classes) in the vicinity were quite ready to swear by the Baron von Schwagger.

Now the baron had one fair daughter, Christine; a lovely creature was she in person, and pure and gentle in

mind. She sprung from the baron as a tender sapling from a gnarled old trunk, green, and fresh, and beautiful. She moved like a spirit of light amid the forbidding gloom of the massive old castle, stilling by her presence, as by a spell, the coarse words and ribald jokes of her father's retainers, who bent their iron-bound heads and made uncouth obeisance when she glided into the hall. The swallows who built under the "jutting-frieze" of the windows of her "bower" (as they called a damsel's bedchamber in the middle ages) would feed all confidently from her hand; and even the blood-hounds, chained in the court, whined as she passed, and wistfully fawned upon her. Abroad she seemed the sweetest blossom in the wood, and at home the fairest ornament of the hall. Low and silvery were the tones of her voice, as distant bells; and when she sung her notes rung clearer than those of the harp she touched.

On the day on which Christine attained her eighteenth year the baron gave a mighty feast in honour of the event, having plundered a neighbouring potentate in order to furnish the wherewithal. Banquets in the baronial halls of the middle ages have been described, so often that we need not tarnish the laurels of Sir Walter Scott by repeating the delineation. Every one knows that they contained a vast store of the elements of the picturesque; lofty arched roofs; dark, time-stained oak carved into fantastic shapes; armour; swords; battle-axes; hunting-spears glancing in the flickering light of torches; the dais of the hall: antique salt-cellars on the tables; the rush-strewn floor; the guests so fierce and warlike; the mustachios, daggers, doublets, and embroidered cloaks of knights and squires; dark cowls of monks; sober jerkins of burghers; flaunting garbs of minstrels; party-coloured vestments of jesters; serfs with iron collars; seneschals and sewers with white-tipped wands; great venison pasties; flasks of malvoisie and sack; grim-looking boars' heads; and huge bloodhounds, skulking round the hall, scenting the game on the table which they had pulled down in the forest. Such are the raw materials, which, when properly put together, would constitute a pic-

turesque description of the feast of the Baron von Schwagger.

Very early in the evening, Christine, in whose honour this vast collection of eatables and potables,—friars to bless them, and men of all degrees to demolish them, had been made, retired to her bower; and her venerable papa and his "goodly companion" set to, in modern phrase, to "make a night of it." Never was there such a desperate consumption of sack, and canary, and Rhenish, and strong ale, and eke strong waters, known within the walls of Castle Schwaggerberger; and that, as the seneschal remarked, was saying a good deal. The drain upon the cellar was truly awful; flasks, stoups, every available utensil in the castle was put in requisition to contain the floods of good liquor which the baron's guests seemed never to tire of quaffing to the lasting honour and glory of the renowned family of the Von Schwaggers; and if all the toasts which were drunk expressive of the intense solicitude of the drinkers with respect to the baron's personal health and long life were duly heard and favourably received, there appears to be no manner of doubt but that the baron would be hale and hearty to this good day.

The night was far advanced, and the revelry had nearly reached its height; the minstrels sung with the most desperate energy; the baron's fool rattled his bells and waved his bauble with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; all were talking together, with the exception of those who, having fallen from their seats, were making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of on the floor, when the baron shouted, with a voice like that of a dozen of Stentors rolled into one,—

"Broach another pipe of malvoisie, ye loitering knaves! See ye not my guests lack wine?"

"Ay!" vociferated a famous captain of Lanzeknecht's, and a noted toper, "broach another pipe, and by'r ladye we'll see the bottom of it before the sun peeps over the Brocken, were it the tun of Heidelberg!"

A roar of acclamation hailed this satisfactory prophecy.

"The bottom of a wine-vessel is a sorry sight," said the baron; "I never wish to see it."

"Take my advice, and thou never wilt," observed the jester.

"How mean you, sir fool?" said the Lanzeknecht.

"Marry, never quaff the contents," chuckled the fool.

"That were a specific unworthy of a wise man," said the Lanzeknecht.

"I never addressed it to such," replied the jester.

"Fill up higher, the foul fiend take ye,—higher!" exclaimed a young man near the baron, whose flushed face and thick utterance gave evidence of his potations. "Fill up!" he said, impatiently to the sewer who poured a flood of wine into his goblet; "'tis the first-fruits of the new cask, and I devote a deep draught to the fair Christine!"

Down a hundred throats went the contents of an hundred goblets; and up, as soon as the liquor would permit, came a volley of shouting which made the old roof ring again. A momentary pause succeeded this ebullition; and then, from the lower end of the table, rose the sounds of a hollow, sepulchral voice which startled the listeners, as though it had proceeded from the tombs,—

"Time waneth; the grey dawn will be over the forest anon."

The immediate neighbours of him who spoke shrunk instinctively from the owner of the ghastly voice, and many a pair of eager eyes were turned towards him. Even a select party of gentlemen under the table, who had been performing an ancient German edition of "We won't go home till morning," came to a full stop, and gazed as well as they could upon the stranger. He was an old man, with reverend features, yet lighted up with an expression of deep cunning and watchfulness. His keen grey eye twinkled incessantly, and his closely compressed lips gave token of the firm and resolute spirit which spake through them. A long beard descended to his breast, and the garments he wore were loose and flowing.

"Time waneth," he repeated; "the grey dawn will be upon the forest anon."

"Time!" echoed the baron at length. "Time! Who cares for time? It was made for slaves, and we be free men."

A loud shout hailed this magnani-

mous sentiment, albeit some of the drunken vassals who joined in it felt the iron collar of serfdom sit inconveniently upon their necks.

"Time waneth," repeated the mysterious stranger, with unchanged voice and attitude; "the hours slip by."

"Let them," said the baron; "who reckoneth or careth for their progress? They will not drive me from the wassail bowl. Let them take their course; I will take mine."

"Yours is theirs," said the stranger;—"and yet, I pray thee to prepare,—for thy time below is drawing to a close!"

"Sirrah!" roared the baron. "How darest thou break in on our revelry with this ill-omened croaking? What art thou?"

"An astrologer," was the reply. "I know the secrets of the stars," he added.

"What have they taught thee?" asked the baron.

"That the sand in thy glass is nearly run," said the astrologer.

The baron was somewhat startled at the solemnity of manner of his unbidden guest, but he recovered himself, and said, scoffingly,—

"Doubtless thou thyself wast born under a wise planet?"

"Nay," interposed the jester, who put in his oar upon all occasions, "he was born under no planet at all, but under a hedge."

A laugh followed this sally.—People were easily entertained in the fifteenth century.

"Bah!" quoth the baron, emptying a stoup of wine; "I laugh at thy prophecies. This day month I will hold another feast, and to it I bid all my present guests."

"It may not be," returned the astrologer; "the everlasting wheel of time moveth round; thy scoffs will not stay its progress. I tell thee, baron, that by the time the sun hath attained the meridian of the heaven on the day thou hast named, thy body will be lifeless, and thy soul—umph!—" the astrologer shrugged his shoulders after a fashion which finished the sentence in a manner more intelligible than agreeable.

"Thou art but a lying knave and an impostor!" said the incensed baron; "but thine audacity shall not escape its punishment. Beyond the walls of

the castle thou stirrest not for a month, and—and," he continued, a bright idea striking him (a very unusual thing, be it remarked, with the worthy baron), "I shall have that new-fangled invention of which we have heard, and which, men say, telleth by the sound of a bell the progress of the hours—a clock. I shall have one such erected in the highest turret of the castle, and if I live but ever such a brief space after the time thou hast designated, thou, friend, shalt make but one step from the top of the battlements to the bottom of the moat. Thou seest I can tell fortunes as well as thou, most sage astrologer!"

The student of the stars looked for a moment rather put out by this unexpected recital of his prospects at the end of the month, but he recovered himself, and, bowing his head with an air of deep submission, said,—

"Be it so; I trust the stars!"

This strange incident had, naturally, the effect of putting a damper upon the hilarity of the revels. It was in vain that the baron strove to be facetious, and swallowed deep draughts of wine, the words of the astrologer rung ominously in his ears. Those of the company who were not too far gone to be recalled by any occurrence, however marvellous, were a good deal sobered by what they heard. They conversed in groups of threes and fours, pointing now and then to the astrologer, who sat, with his chin resting upon his breast, involved in deep thought; and after he was removed to secure quarters, they gradually dropped off, one by one, to the dormitories which had been provided for them, and, lo! the baron was left alone.

"Umph!" he said, walking round the hall, "'tis very strange, I don't feel comfortable. The knave looked most unpleasantly solemn. However, I'll go to bed, and sleep upon it." And the baron stalked along, bestowing hearty kicks upon the insensible drunkards who were stretched upon the floor. He paused for a moment at the door, mentally debating the point, whether or not he would hang the astrologer at once, as a relief to his feelings, and a striking termination of the evening's festivities. He decided, however, in the negative; and, as there were no bed-

room candlesticks in those days, he took a torch from the hand of a yawning attendant, and walked off to bed.

That night, however, the baron slept but little.

* * * *

Time slipped by, and the baron remained marvellously ill at ease. He put the blame upon bile—nerves had not then come into fashion—but the whole castle easily divined the cause of their lord's inquietude. The boars and wolves had a complete holyday, and as there was nobody to stick spears into them, they throttled each other for a change; the baron's steeds yawned, and shook themselves impatiently in the stables, and the baron's retainers performed the same operations in the hall. Never had there been such dreary times in Schwaggerberger Castle. The long corridors seemed more dim than ever—the windows appeared to be inlets for darkness rather than light—every shady nook was tenfold more gloomy than before—the chimneys smoked consumedly—the rain pattered monotonously—the wind howled dismally among the turrets,—every thing seemed out of sorts, and every body out of humour; even the fair Christine was pensive—the astrologer rapt and silent—knights and squires yawned and slept, cursed and swore, and told and listened to dismal ghost stories—the jester forgot his calling, and as for the baron, he scowled and moped, and if he did rouse himself for a moment, it was only to "blow up" the first unfortunate vassal he placed his eyes on. In short, the King of the Blue Devils might have appropriately fixed his court in the castle of the Baron von Schwagger.

At length, however, there was a partial clearing up; changes, now and then, came over the baron's mood. He was sometimes quite bold, and tried to reason himself out of the dim, ill-defined apprehensions which pressed upon him, and he would feel quite sure he had succeeded; he was in good health, and there could be no mistake about his appetite, for he would demolish a huge pasty, by way of making sure of the fact that he could really take his meals as he used to do, and then, contemplating the wreck he had made, with much inward satisfaction, he would throw himself back in his

great chair, swallow a stupendous draught of spiced wine, and begin to feel quite comfortable, when his eye would suddenly rest upon the astrologer, poring over a mysterious parchment, whereon cabalistical characters were traced, or, if it were night, gazing intently through the window upon the stars, on which he placed such reliance, and straightway all the baron's inward misgivings would return; he would scowl terrifically, thrust the wine aside, scratch his head, and incontinently kick whoever happened to be nearest to him.

The baron, however, was by no means unmindful of the intention he had announced with respect to the clock. He stuck firmly to his whim, and a young artist speedily arrived from Strasbourg, with all the necessary means and appliances for the erection of a huge castle time-piece. Gasper, for such was the mechanist's name, was a fair and modest youth. His figure was slight, but well knit and graceful; his features were mild, his deep black eye keen and sparkling, and his hair hung in luxuriant masses upon his shoulders. He toiled hard in the topmost turret of the castle, amid bars of iron, and huge wheels, and chains, and pulleys; and, at length, the ponderous mass of mechanism which in those days did duty for a clock, but which a modern would take for a stunted steam-engine without furnaces, was nearly complete. One important part of the machine was, however, missing; the hands for the dial had either been forgotten, or had been made free with by some of the baron's train, with the view, perhaps, of their being fashioned into javelins or hunting-spears. So Gasper sought the baron, and informed that mighty personage of his loss and his dilemma. Now had he not been rather a favourite with the baron this step would have been a bold one, but instead of being dipped in the castle-moat, as he might have been under different circumstances, the baron, on being made to understand the nature of the missing articles, condescended to suggest substitutes.

"There are a couple of antique swords in the hall," he said, "could you not fashion them, so that they should stand you instead of your lost implements?"

"Thanks," said Gasper,—*"thanks for the hint, valiant sir; so please you, I will make the essay. A sword-blade for a clock-hand,"* he added, musingly, *"it will seem akin to the scythe of Time;"* and he smiled at his own conceit.

* * * *

Days and weeks passed away, the tide of time rolled on, and the clock, like the pulse of a giant, throbbed to mark its flow. Its great bell was heard, sending forth its loud and regular summons, and at every peal the astrologer looked at the baron with a gaze which repeated his old note of *"Time waneth!"* and the baron fell into a fit of the fidgets forthwith.

Gasper's work seemed done, but he still lingered in Schwaggerberger Castle. It was marvellous to see how many faults he found in his handiwork, which must positively be put to rights ere he returned to his master and the old workshop at Strasbourg. He seemed dull, too, thoughtful, and occasionally vacant. The baron never doubted but that his melancholy arose from the number of defects which he pretended still lurked in the clock, so he applauded his diligence and anxiety, and encouraged him to stay in the castle until all was perfect. Alas! poor baron!

And the Lady Christine, too! She had actually lost all appetite, sighed in the midst of a merry song, and lay all night considerably more wakeful than the warder on the battlements. The baron could not tell what to make of it. As the fated day approached, he began to get as low as ever, and, in his own mind, he believed they were all going to the devil together.

But Gasper would sit unnoticed and motionless for hours gazing upon Christine, and when she marked his eye fixed on her, and so full of deep and involuntary meaning, she blushed, but she was not angry; the gaze embarrassed her, but she could not, for the life of her, wish it withdrawn. Alas! poor baron! And then, when Gasper would furtively, and but for one moment, press her hand, as they passed close to each other, was that light squeeze returned? It was. And, ha! how slight, how almost imperceptible was the pressure which sent the blood of

the youth tingling like fire through every vein! It was even so. Gasper, the poor penniless boy, the adopted son and apprentice of Ignatius Graafhurst, the mechanist of Strasbourg, had dared to fall "certain fathoms deep" in love with the Lady Christine, the only daughter of the mighty Baron von Schwagger, and the presumptive heiress to all his domains, and ("in the lowest depth a lower still") the lady had fallen quite as deeply in love with him.

Alas! poor baron! He would not have believed that such was the case had every man, woman, and child in Germany sworn it by the three kings of Cologne; but it was a fact, nevertheless.

On the evening preceding the eventful day, big with the fate of so many of the personages of this veritable history, the baron was in a state of intense uneasiness. He fidgeted about, quite unable to keep still for a single moment; he gave orders and countermanded them, and then fell into a brown study, and then bustled about. He sent for a monk to shrieve him, "in case," as he said, "of any thing happening;" and when the holy father came he would have nothing to do with him. At length, he recollected that there were three wretches in the dungeons of the castle, who had presumed to make a dinner of the baron's venison without a game qualification issued under his hand and seal, so he ordered them to be hanged, by way of diverting his mind and keeping the executioner's hand in.

As for the astrologer he was calm and collected. He glided from room to room, and gallery to gallery, and whispered mysteriously to those of the baron's retainers who appeared pervaded with the greatest degree of wholesome awe of that remarkable personage. What he said we know not,—as we never heard; but those who did hear looked as if they had never listened to more extraordinary statements in all their lives—as, indeed, it is probable they never had.

The shades of night were stealing on apace, and Christine sat upon a settle in the deep recesses of a window in the hall, her slender form nearly hidden by the canopied tapestry. She was not alone. Ob-

scured by the favouring gloom, kneeling at her feet, and grasping one white hand in both of his, was Gasper. In a low, very low, and very broken voice, the young man was pouring forth passionate vows of never-dying love, when suddenly, interrupting himself in the sweet recital, he exclaimed in more impetuous tones than he had yet made use of, "But I am a fool, a driveller, to speak so. I—I, the miserable apprentice of a miserable mechanist, what right have I,—what claim have I, to the love of such as thee?"

"Say not so, Gasper," returned the low and faltering tones of Christine, "say not so; I would scorn a belted knight for the poor Gasper Graafhurst!"

"Say for Rudolph Wolfstein, rather;" thus spoke a low, deep voice, close to the lovers.

Christine uttered a faint cry, and her suitor sprung to his feet.

The arm of the astrologer, for it was he who spoke, was laid upon his shoulder.

"Fear not, my children," he said, "fear not. The stars favour ye; I, their student, tell ye so."

The lovers gazed in astonishment and awe upon the mysterious being who addressed them.

"Thou callest me Rudolph Wolfstein?" at length faltered the young artist.

"Rudolph Wolfstein art thou, the rightful lord of this proud castle. Lady, behold thy cousin!"

With a low cry of joy Christine sprung into the arms which were open to receive her.

"Do I dream?" murmured the bewildered lover.

"Much yet remains to be suffered and to be done," said the astrologer. "Meanwhile, breathe not the secret. The good time will come. Trust the stars." He gathered his robe around him, and strode away into the fast deepening darkness.

"Cousin," murmured Christine.

"A sweet word; but soon to be changed for a dearer title still," was the low, soft reply.

Christine looked wistfully into her lover's eyes. It was a long, long look that, and Rudolph pressed the loving girl involuntarily closer to his breast. More time elapsed than we care to specify, and still Christine

gazed fondly on her cousin and her lover. At length she moved her head to place it on his shoulder. As she did so her gaze was for a moment withdrawn from his face, and it fell—heaven and earth!—it fell upon the face of the baron, who stood looking at the pair with horror in his face and a torch in his hand.

Take Mount Hecla, Mount Vesuvius, and Mount Etna, labouring individually with every eruption with which these celebrated hills have favoured the world since they attained the dignity of being volcanoes, place them respectively inside each other, the largest holding the other two; let this united kingdom of fire and lava “flare up” in one mighty belch,—the explosion would bear the same relation to the outburst of the baron’s wrath, which the fizz of a bottle of ginger-pop in the dog-days would to the “wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.”

In the course of five minutes Christine was laid in a fainting fit in her room at the top of the castle, and Rudolph was bound in a dungeon considerably deeper than the moat. For some hours his brain was utterly bewildered. So many changes had taken place in his condition within such a short space that he had considerable doubts as to whether he was himself or not. He pressed his hands to his forehead, and gradually he seemed to awake from an uncommonly disagreeable dream to a still more uncommonly disagreeable reality. His first sensation was a faint impression that the place was slightly damp, and in this respect it would be difficult to assert that he was much mistaken, seeing that he stood in six inches of mud and six inches additional of water, and that the ceiling above him not only answered its legitimate purpose, but combined with it the advantages of a shower-bath. Divers venerable rats also began to manifest a decided taste for cannibalism and the calves of his legs, requiring some brisk exertions on the part of their newly introduced companion to repel their pressing advances. So that, upon the whole, the newly discovered rightful heir passed the night after a fashion possessing the charms of novelty rather than those of comfort.

As for his lovely companion in

distress, when she had been informed of her lover’s plight, she was, to use the common expression, out of one fit into another, and her tire-maidens stood around her weeping and wailing, in a manner dismal to behold.

The baron strode up and down the hall like a madman—in fact, for the time, he was one. Nobody dared to address him, and he condescended to address nobody; but he uttered incoherent ravings and stamped on the floor with a violence which might be heard by the antipodes.

Anon he became calmer, and flinging himself into his great chair, ordered, in a voice of thunder, that the executioner should attend him.

The gentleman who officiated as the Abhorson of the baron’s establishment appeared and bowed before his lord.

“I have got a job for thee for to-morrow,” said the baron.

“I thought as much, my lord,” returned the grim functionary addressed.

“At noon the young whelp dies,” roared the baron.

“By the rope or the axe?” said Abhorson coolly.

“The axe,” returned the baron. “I will grant him that favour.”

“And thou wilt not change thy purpose?” said the executioner.

The baron “grinned horribly a ghastly smile”—Death’s was a merry one to the baron’s—“When thou seest me lay my own head at the foot of him who hath insulted my house, hold thy hand—not sooner;” and Abhorson retired.

The offence of Gasper, or Rudolph, or whatever he was, and what he deemed the dereliction in duty of his daughter, were so appalling, so tremendous, that in the baron’s breast they swallowed up every other consideration. He quite forgot his own threatened doom; he had no thoughts to spare from the event which had just taken place, and from the consequences which he designed should follow, at least with respect to one of the actors in it. Of course he never went to bed, but remained all night pacing up and down and watching for the first glimpse of the dawn.

The whole household was in an equal state of inquietude; but the astrologer was calm, and looked upon

the tumult around him with a sad smile; now and then, too, he exchanged looks of intelligence with a squire, or man-at-arms, and then turning to a window, he bent his looks upon the stars. At one time he gazed long and earnestly on the firmament, and then his thoughts involuntarily clothing themselves in words, he muttered, "Would that every man beneath your glorious expanse were clothed with fortune suitable to his own deservings!"

"Ha! prayest thou so?" said a voice behind him.

He turned and beheld the jester.

"If such a prayer as that," continued the fool, "were to be instantly granted, how many, think you, would wittingly breathe it?"

He stayed on for a reply; but, with a wild maniac laugh and a rattle of his bells, skipped lightly away.

The astrologer gazed after him. "He is more of a knave than a fool," he said.

The morning broke brightly. All around the castle seemed fresh, and still, and peaceful; all within was wild contending passion, gloomy foreboding, and cheerless despair.

A bird sat upon the castle-gate among the ivy and poured forth its joyous heart in song; a grating noise drowned the notes—it was the executioner sharpening his axe.

The morning passed away; how slowly to some, how quickly to others. The baron thought of the astrologer; it was but for a moment, and it was with a sneer. He deemed himself secure now. "His time shall come soon," he muttered to himself; "but Gasper's is first."

At this moment the hall-door was flung open, and Christine entered. Her dress was in wild disorder, her cheek deadly pale, her long black dishevelled hair was streaming behind her, and her eyes were flashing and bloodshot.

She rushed to the baron, sunk down before him, and clasped his knees. "Spare, spare,—I love him. I will die with him!" was all she could utter.

"Spare!" quoth the baron, grimly, "a modest request, truly. And so every piece of tag, rag, and bobtail that thinks fit—every Gasper Thing—"

"His name is not Gasper," exclaimed Christine; "'tis Rudolph Wolfstein: he is my cousin."

The words had hardly passed her lips before she saw that her rashness had cut off the only chance of mercy. Her heart sunk within her. The baron first turned as pale as if he had been soaked in whitewash, and then as scarlet as the coats of a whole regiment.

"Ha!" he muttered, "that accursed name again! I thought its owner's bones had been bleaching under the waters of the Rhine; but now will I make sure—sure! Ha! 'tis a rare chance, a very rare chance, to have my natural enemy in my clutch; and a pretence for putting him to death, other than that he is my enemy. Ha!—luck—luck—good luck—good luck!"

All this was thought rather than said.

"Spare—spare!" murmured the wretched Christine. The baron paused, a gleam of savage joy shot across his features, and then he spurned her with his foot. As he did so, fierce eyes flashed, and ready hands clutched sword-hilts; but the baron observed not.

"Take her away!" he said, and Christine was borne out senseless.

"I will see it from the battle-ments," said the baron; "the hour is at hand!" and so muttering, he ascended the corkscrew stairs which led to the highest pinnacle of the castle.

Bars of light shining in through narrow loopholes in the thick walls guided the baron's footsteps. As he ascended he left the din and confused turmoil of the castle far below; there was no sound save the occasional twitter of a swallow from her nest in a loophole, and the solemn and regular pulsations of the clock, and, in a few minutes, the baron stood among its ponderous and complicated machinery. He paused and contemplated it. Slowly revolved the vast wheels, so curiously interlaced with each other. Steadily and noiselessly worked lever, and spring, and ratchet; and the deep throb of the pendulum, as it performed its unwearying pulsations, fell with a strange and ominous sound upon the listener's ear. He looked upon the huge lumps of

metal which acted as weights, and thought upon the power of a machine which was set in motion by the downward action of such ponderous masses.

The baron was on the point of moving still higher when he paused, hesitated for a moment, and then muttered, "Yea, here, even amid the mechanism will I take my stand, and mark the end of him who framed it."

The dial-plate of the clock was not solid; it consisted of a huge circular grating of metal, in the rim of which the letters denoting the hours were traced. Inserting his head into one of the open spaces which just sufficed to admit it, he looked anxiously downwards. Had the baron's mind been comfortable, or had his taste inclined to the picturesque, he would have gazed with delight around him. He would have marked from his commanding position the vast panorama of wild and romantic country beneath. He would have admired the effect of sun and shadow as they fell upon knoll and glade, tinged with still more varied hues the differing shades of the oak, and the pine, and the beech, which, interlacing their green arms, spread out a waving sea of foliage. He would have admired grey mossy precipices contrasting with the green verdure, and breaking its expanse; he would have loved to look long and earnestly on the waters of the distant Rhine as they pursued their course, gleaming in the sunshine; and he would have listened to the low song of many birds, the dimly heard ripple of the far river, and the subdued rustle of the waving trees, as these varied sounds came floating on his ear in blended sweetness like the inarticulate voice of Nature in her gladness; but the baron, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things." His gaze was riveted upon the court-yard below. There was the block, and standing beside it, leaning upon his bright axe, the headsmen; while close by, the centre of a little group, he discerned the slight but unshrinking form of the victim.

"Ha, ha!" he muttered with a croaking sound intended for a laugh, "the hour which was prophesied as fatal to me sees the last moments of mine enemy. Here I stand firmer

than ever in my power. The stars! — ha, ha! — let them do their worst — I despise them!" At this moment a stir took place among the little party in the court-yard. "Ha!" said the baron, "they are preparing!" and, straining his eyes, he gloated upon the spectacle of approaching death. Indeed so intensely was his mind occupied by what he saw, that he either did not feel or did not heed a slight — very slight, but still perceptible — pressure of something cold and hard upon his bare and outstretched neck. "There is but little more of heaven's sunshine for *him*!" he murmured. "Ha, ha! it will be soon over!"

"Ha, ha! so it will!" said a voice behind him like the echoes of his own.

The baron started — struggled. Great God! he could not stir his head; and, like lightning, the awful truth flashed upon him. *Silently and unperceived the blade-formed hand of the clock had closed upon his neck, and fastened his head in an iron pillory!* The words of his foretold fate rushed on the baron. He felt he was a doomed, dying man, — and such a death! The blood curdled in his veins, his limbs hung powerless, not a muscle would do its office; he was insensible to every sound but one, the slow-measured click — click — click of the machinery which would urge the sharp sword-blade second by second and line by line through his shrinking neck.

Anon, he partially revived, and tried to shout an alarm to those below. It was in vain, the time for that had gone by, the pressure upon his throat was too great to allow him to use his voice, his face flushed, and he writhed his limbs in agony.

At this moment another head was protruded from another aperture of the dial. It looked like that of a gibing fiend, but it was that of the astrologer.

"Help!" almost inarticulately moaned the baron. "Help! I — will — pardon — spare!"

"*Time waneeth!*" said the astrologer. "Hark!"

Click — click — click went the machinery! Again the baron writhed in his great agony, the sword-blade had cut the skin, and the hot blood spluttered forth.

"Spare—spare——" he gasped, and beat the walls with his limbs.

"Time was made for slaves, and we be free men!" taunted the astrologer.

The baron's features became awfully convulsed, his eyes appeared starting from their sockets, the tongue was protruded, and blood and foam gurgled in his throat. Click—click—click went the mechanism; and through skin and flesh, and severing nerve and vein, slowly but surely penetrated the instrument of the baron's dreadful death.

"Let the hours take their course, do thou take thine," said the astrologer.

Strong and terrific convulsions shook the baron's frame; his limbs quivered, and every muscle worked in the intensity of his agony. There was one fearful throe, one gurgling sound—it could not be called a groan—low, but awful to hear, and the baron-felt no more.

"So perish those who mock the stars!" said the astrologer.

* * * *

"The headsman is ready, and thy time is almost out!"

Young Rudolph, for it was he who was addressed, turned his wandering and blood-shot eye on the speaker as though he understood him not.

"The time is at hand," repeated the man-at-arms; "and, therefore, prepare!"

"Lo!" said another, "the baron looketh down from the dial of the clock!"

They were too far distant from the main personage of our story to observe the tragedy which was enacting in respect to him, but they could see his features undergo a change.

"He laugheth!" said one of the gazers.

"Certainly it is a thing to laugh at," said the Abhorrson. "Ha, ha! so young and so comely, and so soon to die! A change from yesterday—ha, ha! from the arms of a fair maiden to a hard block, a sharp axe, and a clean stroke!"

Brutal as were the by-standers, they shrunk from the wretch who spoke.

"Come," he exclaimed with a grim

laugh, as he observed the effects of his speech,—*"come, prepare!"* and he grasped Rudolph with one hand, and poised the broad bright axe with the other.

"Christine! Christine! I die blessing thee!" murmured poor Rudolph.

His neck was on the block, the axe glittered aloft, the group around held their breath in anticipation of the event, when suddenly the astrologer broke through the crowd.

"Hold!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder,—*"hold, or thou art but a dead man!"*

"Wherefore should I hold?" said the headsman. "The baron ordered me to strike, unless he laid his head at the prisoner's feet."

"Lo, it is done!" said the astrologer.

Whack! down like a tennis-ball came a round bloody mass. Bounding from the spot where it fell, it rolled to the feet of the kneeling prisoner, and all knew by the bloody and distorted features that it was the baron's head.

"There is the token thou spokest of," said the astrologer.

"A miracle—a miracle!" shouted the bystanders.

Rudolph sprung to his feet, and tore the bandage from his eyes.

"Hail to Rudolph Wolfstein, rightful lord of Schwaggerberger!" exclaimed the astrologer; and, bending on one knee, the crowd responded,

"Hail to Rudolph Wolfstein, rightful lord of Schwaggerberger!"

"He is alive—I am yet in time!" shrieked Christine, bursting through the crowd, and clasping Rudolph in her arms.

The astrologer stretched his arms aloft, and said solemnly, "Thus are fulfilled the decrees of our stars!" then turning away he strode from the castle into the forest, and no man knew whither he went, and none of those who saw him go ever saw him again.

* * * *

Shall we pursue our tale farther? Assuredly not.

He who can fancy the rest requireth not; and he who cannot deserveth not that he should be told aught further.

CHEMISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY AN OLD MAN.

It is curious, and not uninstrusive to observe, in the scientific history of a recent period, what very different matter for speculation the addition of a new fact to the stores of existing knowledge has afforded, when viewed by the philosopher on the one hand, and the practical man on the other. The former has been too much in the habit of estimating the discovery solely in proportion as it may have extended the limits of his transcendental science; the latter has thought highly of it only in the ratio of its immediate applicability to his own wants and wishes. The one regarded it in all its simplicity as a new truth; the other would not condescend to consider it at all if it did not happen to be perplexed with certain desired consequences. The philosopher was then too often nothing but the theorist; the practical man was rarely indeed the philosopher. Striving nominally for the same end, they journeyed by paths so distinct, that they could never meet; contemplating, as they declared, the same ultimate object, they viewed it through different media. In our time, when the two classes of thinkers and doers are blended together in perfect intimacy, it is really difficult to believe how great a barrier existed between them only half a century ago. The want of sympathy which kept them asunder appears to have been due in a great measure to the generally defective education, as far as an acquaintance with science went, of the manufacturer, or the mechanic, or what is commonly called "the good man of business." As a class, these persons were worse than ignorant in matters of physical philosophy; to be simply ignorant would have been comparatively a small misfortune; they were intolerant. It was not merely that they did not readily appreciate, but that they would not believe in the beauty of a discovery, unless they could directly perceive the part it might play in their own immediate scene of action. On the other hand, the philosopher, loftily despising the spirit which would not worship truth for truth's sake, made

no effort to quicken its perceptions, but wrapped himself up in a comfortable sense of superiority, and his own somewhat selfish enjoyments. Thus it often happened, that the period, with reason termed by the man of science the most brilliant era of discovery, was derided by a professed utilitarian as utterly profitless.

Nobody now doubts that every new truth in chemistry is a gain to the arts and sciences of an intelligent nation, since in that department of philosophy the most theoretical speculations have been still found to be connected with the progress of all practical works. But it was in chemistry especially that, half a century ago, all interesting researches were passed over unnoticed by those who were destined in the end to be the greatest gainers from them; they were suffered to remain in the hands of the philosopher alone; it was left for time to do them justice, and to furnish additional illustrations of Bacon's axiom, "knowledge is power."

What interest did the separation of the air we breathe into its constituent gases excite among even well-educated classes? Yet where shall we find a discovery more fraught with curious consequences upon the face of it?

What attention was given to Dr. Black's admirable views concerning latent heat beyond the merely scientific world? Had they even a corner allotted to them in some Gentleman's Magazine or miscellaneous register of the day? Yet these researches guided Watt to the improvements of the steam-engine, which have done more to liberalise the world than all the labours of mob-orators and sans-culotte politicians put together. In no case was the general indifference to the philosopher's results more forcibly illustrated than in that of the discovery of the composition of water. The pleasure which this afforded to men of science did not extend itself beyond them; it was reserved for them alone to enjoy the anticipation of its consequences,—those consequences themselves were

hailed with no interest. A revolution in chemical philosophy,—the elucidation of the mysteries of combustion,—the successive explanation of most important natural and artificial processes,—all were received with silent indifference; whilst a toy, in the possession of which an acquaintance with hydrogen had put it, engaged the entire attention of society. The utilitarian raved about balloons, and neglected the true theory of the atmosphere. Perhaps no single chemical discovery has ever more excited the esteem of the generation succeeding that which so completely overlooked it, than this one of the true composition of water. Each of its consequences has been admired as they successively came into play; each step of preceding investigation has been fondly dwelt upon. It cannot then be surprising that the question, To whom do we owe this capital discovery? should have been repeatedly proposed; but it does appear strange that such a question, relating to a fact not more than sixty years old, cannot be answered without involving a fierce dispute; that it remains without the prospect of a satisfactory answer, notwithstanding the very great exertions made to determine it.

Committees of the learned in foreign countries have sat upon it; sections of British Associations have discussed it; it has elicited eloquent nonsense in Parisian Institutes; it has employed the pens of our most energetic writers; but still without any certain result as to the question itself. The scientific world has not agreed in its report upon the subject.

Where doctors differ so resolutely, it cannot be proper for the unlearned to decide; but it may be not unamusing to some to be put in possession of the grounds of dispute, to trace their source, and to follow in the steps of the most curious among the many curious results of chemical research. There is here every thing that can make the investigation interesting. In this history of the decomposition of water we find four great scientific names of European celebrity perpetually recurring together; we see the struggle of powerful minds both for and against truth; we read in that conflict

many signs of the strangely restless period to which it belonged,—the great epoch of subversion, when a new world was suddenly made and an old one as suddenly broken to pieces and forgotten. There is in this history a revolution with its antagonist principles of conservatism and destruction; its over-zealous innovators, who demolished one fabric and built up another so hastily that a succeeding generation found no safety in it without another change; its bigots, who, to preserve all, lost all; and its wise contemnners of extreme opinions, who, as usual, were silenced by the clamours of extremes.

If, as Mr. Babbage has said, chemistry was only exalted into a science by Dalton's theory of definite proportions, how little claim had the vast assemblage of ungrouped facts engendered in alchemic fires to such a title, which involves, we are told, so "orderly and methodical an arrangement as to render the knowledge of the few attainable by the many?"

Alchemy during the middle ages had, it is well known, considerable votaries in every part of Europe, but nowhere did these abound in such numbers of successful discoverers as in Germany. There was something in the nature of this pursuit especially suitable to the wonder-seeking, wonder-creating character of the nation. Germany has always been the haunted country of Europe, the capital residence of all ugly hobgoblins and mysterious terrors,—a sort of perpetual Walpurgis meeting for witches and fiends. It was for a long time the head-quarters of the evil one himself, who, only from time to time, quitted it for short foraging incursions into neighbouring regions. In its superstitions there were none of the levities and prettinesses belonging to those of other lands; a fine earnest gloom dwelt upon them; they took a sombre colour from black forests and fir-covered mountains. Teutonic fairies were elves who left no graceful traces of a mirthful presence; dark trees waved, and sullen winds groaned above the shades were they congregated. Here rushed the wild huntsman like a blast of sudden air; there thundered the sports of the red-bearded emperor with his entranced court of antiquated knights; aloft in

mountain recesses grinned the hoarding and mischievous goblin; far underground sounded the axe of the mining gnome. But it was not only a rustic population of hill and dale that was surrounded by unholy influences; the cities of Germany swarmed with devilish agents, who made of philosophy and the thirst for knowledge a pit for the unwary. The tempter often appeared bodily to such as he thought ripe for his tuition. Sometimes he came before strong minds like himself in all the dreadful majesty of horns and hoofs, but such an experiment was not often tried. More usually he looked like a staid citizen of other lands,—travelled, grave, and old-fashioned in aspect, with a sober-cut beard and a large round hat, for very good reasons fixed immovably upon his head. He began by testing the philosophy of his entertainers with artful questions, and, if satisfied, ended by promising, but not unconditionally, the red powder and the universal medicine. In spite, however, of the popular faith which joined in this way alchemy with such other black arts as printing and medicine, in spite of the mystical vagaries by which some of its followers countenanced this faith, the adorers of transmutation were a devout body. Their most renowned writings are full of pious exclamations and thanksgivings. The venerated Musitanus exhorted young alchemists to the great performance "in the name of God." The life of such a man was one of incessant labour. A really miserably deficient knowledge of chemistry kept his faculties upon the utmost stretch in following the numerous results of his pell-mell mixings and separations; unacquainted with the properties of the substances employed, he was entirely at their mercy; like the mariner isolated from his kind, and launched upon a wide waste of waters, he was awed into a sense of superior power.

Secluded in his stifling laboratory, the alchemist revolved his one idea, for the development of which alone he lived. His silent world became strangely peopled; the imaginations of his nomenclature appeared realised; he watched the smoke and flame of his furnace,—the smoke which told of impurities exhaled, the fire which

cleansed, until their every tremor became a sign of hope or terror; he hung fondly upon the loaded crucible until he began to recognise in the movements of fused metals a struggle with intentions and passions akin to his own; the agony of his desire gave him faith; he trembled into belief like a dying man; his stake was too great to admit of questionings in religion: the alchemist went to prayers before projection. But it is easy to imagine how this half-crazed, half-wise being, a prey to every impulse of fancy, might sometimes torture himself into a confession of sinful faith; stretched from day to day upon the rack of hope deferred, he grew pale, his strength failed in vigils and fastings; his mind waxed feeble by perpetual struggles; his resources were all exhausted, and his fire extinct, without the wished result. Then came despair, and a new frenzy; he began to feel, with Mother Sawyer in the play, that,

" 'T is all one

To be a witch as to be counted one,"

and received renewed powers from his belief in infernal protection. Often the unhappy man deceived himself by most cunning processes. He would introduce into the alembic with his right hand, so secretly that his left should not discover it, small portions of precious metals, and then feign to find them as the produce of his own manufacture. Sometimes he would join cinnabar with silver in one fiery ordeal, and thus apparently multiply the latter during the process.

These experiments were imitated with less singleness of purpose by another class of men. A species of mock alchemist appeared, caricatures of the regular practitioners, who performed in their characters of juggler far more wonderful feats than the philosopher could pretend to do. Herr Dobbler, dealing around his inexhaustible supply of flowers, and the Neapolitan priest shewing the miracle of St. Januarius, are for the moment greater men than the most expert chemist or mechanic.

The conjuring alchemists had numerous proselytes and dupes. Every subtle found an Epicure Mammon or a Dapper. They may, indeed, be said to have discovered the art

of transmutation; the gold in their false-bottomed crucibles yielded them a high interest.

In spite of these tricks, which tended gradually to bring alchemy into disrepute, and to degrade its professors to the rank of common fortune-tellers and charmers, a rage for the pursuit of the philosopher's stone continued on the increase from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. There was hardly a sect of mystical illuminati which did not worship Albertus of Cologne as Albertus Magnus. The possession of the universal solvent was the grand secret of Rosicrucian freemasonry.

Neither Paracelsus, nor Van Helmont, nor Sylvius, the great medicine and mystery-men of the middle ages, taught any thing in opposition to the sublime art. A dark cloud hung over the processes of the laboratory, unexplained facts accumulated in a frightful manner, and were announced in formulæ of which the mysterious perplexity was still increasing. But, after this long night, morning was at hand; the time approached when alchemy was to be merged in a simpler chemistry. A soaring and active mind was needed to dispel its gloomy vagueness: such a mind was bestowed upon George Ernst Stahl. Born at Anspach in 1660, he was brought up in the medical profession, and early turned his attention to chemical pursuits. Ardent even to violence, enterprising and ambitious, he found the old ideas of the scientific world nearly worn out; every thing there was preparing for a grand movement. Stahl put himself at its head.

The chief object of an experimentalist in those days was to determine the number and character of nature's elementary bodies. This he in general accomplished by setting out with the original pattern, furnished by the old theorists, of earth, air, fire, and water, and modifying this as he went along according to the character of the country he explored. Whichever class of bodies he chanced most frequently to encounter, or with which he was especially fortunate in experiment, was deified as elementary, and either earth, or air, or fire, or water, degraded in its favour. Thus, the alchemists gave their vote for mercury, that doubtful metal, so useful in fixing and subliming processes;

favourite of salt indefinitely, because all his most successful experiments were made among that class of bodies. Thus the physician Beecher, who had descended into something like geology in his *Physica Subterranea*, elected three imaginary earths from whence he concocted all sorts of minerals and metals. Beecher came before Stahl as his pioneer, pointed out the way he should travel, and suggested many parts of his most celebrated doctrines. In making out his list of elementary bodies, Stahl adopted two of Beecher's catalogue, the third he rejected to make room for *acid*. He had early turned his attention to the phenomena of combustion, setting out with an idea that, in every combustible body, fire, or an inflammable principle, is actually a constituent part of it; that this is put in motion and vibrated into a sensible shape, when a body is, in common language, burnt. So far Stahl was on tolerably safe ground, and only proposed an hypothesis like one to which some modern philosophers have been inclined; but he did not stop here: he was determined to give an explanation of all the phenomena connected with the heating and consuming processes. The combustion of phosphorus yielded an acid body. According to Stahl, phosphorus, then, was a compound of the elements acid and fire. The metals heated or burnt were converted into certain earthy-looking substances; they were then composed of the elements earth and fire. These calces, as they were called, were restored to the metallic state by heating with charcoal. Charcoal, reasoned Stahl, is a body which burns easily; it, therefore, contains much inflammable principle, and restores calcined metals by giving it up to them. In this way did Stahl go on to explain by arguments which we need not follow in every part, as we do not adopt them in any, all the known effects of combustion; and thus was developed that most famous theory called phlogistic, because the name of *phlogiston* was given to the universal inflammable principle. Those readers to whom the modern explanation of the phenomena of burning bodies is familiar, who can point out the action of the air in converting phosphorus into an acid and the metals to earths, who can shew that charcoal restores metals

will not have failed to remark here how resolutely Stahl ran away from the truth, how constantly he wrote *minus* for *plus*, and transposed all the signs of nature in his methods of interpretation. But the genius of this man should not be estimated by a comparison of the philosophical chemistry of the present century with the wild theories of the last, but by a simultaneous view of the state of science before and after the establishment of his doctrines. Considerable ingenuity must be allowed to that hypothesis which was able to maintain its ground, not only in spite, but apparently by means, of the immense number of new facts brought to bear upon it for nearly half a century after its proposal, and which at the end of that period continued to be maintained by some leading chemists of the day. By giving existence to phlogiston alone, Stahl was enabled to explain all the then known processes of chemistry, and it is impossible to deny him the merit of having arranged with extraordinary ease, as well as simplicity, the shapeless, distorted formulæ of his predecessors. He at least held the light which shewed to philosophers the chaos around them; he did service, if only by making darkness visible. The time had arrived when theory, having some reasonable appearance of truth, was absolutely necessary. Things were reduced to such a pass, that, without a theory to connect chemical facts and to spring seemingly from them, no more could have been assembled. This want Stahl supplied. Without the admirable results obtained by his followers in the support of his philosophy, it could never have been overturned for the true one. The Lavoisierian system owed to them all its facts.

Old Names.

Powder of Algarotti.
 Rotrou's Solvent.
 Stahl's Sulphurous Salt.
 Spirit of Menderus.
 Terra Foliata Tartari.
 Terra Foliata, with Lemon juice.
 Mineral Terra Foliata.
 Sedative Salt.
 Earth of Bones.
 White Nitrous Acid.
 Fuming Nitrous Acid.
 Alkaline Livers of Sulphur.
 Factitious Iron Pyrites.

One of the useful consequences of an extensive theory, common to all chemists, was the establishment of a serviceable nomenclature. The alchemists named bodies at hazard, according to certain imaginary virtues and functions with which they were endowed, and expressed them by complicated symbols. In this nomenclature were included all principalities and powers, kings and queens with fountains to bathe in, marriages and divorces, to be celebrated by red bridegrooms and silver brides. It adopted metallic divinities, representatives of pagan gods, and even condescended to impress birds and beasts, eagles and lions, the monarchs of the air and of the forest, into its service.

This curious jumble formed altogether not a bad index to the state of mind induced in fervent solitary men by a sincere alchemy. The contentions with imaginary enemies, the visions of beauty and glory, the glimpses of a deep hell—all were there typified. In proportion as the objects of pursuit became more evidently attainable and rational, the nomenclature of chemistry assumed a more tranquil character. Alchemical terms for the most part disappeared with the study of alchemy. The Stahlian, however, were not scientific enough to make classes, and at once to define the place of a body in these by certain regulated terminations, as was done in later days. They wisely then gave names in general simply descriptive of certain tangible qualities, of the manner or of the source of the production of a substance, and for this purpose found it convenient to retain much of an older nomenclature.

A few specimens will suffice to illustrate their sage no-system:—

Modern Names.

Oxide of Antimony.
 Alkaline Oxide of Antimony.
 Sulphite of Potash.
 Acetite of Ammonia.
 Acetite of Potash.
 Citrate of Potash.
 Acetite of Soda.
 Boracic Acid.
 Phosphate of Lime.
 Nitric Acid.
 Nitrous Acid.
 Sulphuret of Potash, or Soda.
 Sulphurat of Iron.

In this way, although great inconveniences must have been felt from so disjointed a nomenclature, the danger of grafting hypotheses upon it was at first avoided. It would have been happy for Stahlism if it had continued to shun so great an evil, which ultimately, indeed, provoked its downfall.

When the theory of combustion was first proposed, although many facts were undoubtedly wanting, according to modern principles of philosophising for the establishment of its truth, yet there were none known which actually militated against it. By degrees, however, as the field of research expanded, results came forth which were found more difficult of explanation. Perplexities multiplied as fast as experiments. Phlogiston was no longer the complaisant and serviceable agent by means of which a reason could be assigned to every chemical phenomenon, but a very rebel—an intractable mutineer against all established authorities, requiring to be alternately coaxed and constrained into dutiful action. The writings of the experimentalist became more hypothetical in proportion as his favourite belief was, not shaken, but considerably puzzled; he was now continually called upon to extend his credulity beyond the elementary doctrine of phlogiston which it was found necessary, as the science enlarged itself, to sustain by the introduction of absurdities sufficiently bitter, no doubt, to the taste of the philosopher, but absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of the Stahlian. It is really painful to look back upon this epoch of chemical history, and to read all the consequences of obstinate adherence to a merely convenient hypothesis; in the wanderings of a mind acute as that of Scheele, who stooped to the framing of romances which would have found a fit place with the fairy tales of a child's library; in the maintenance until death of errors which the ignorant had abjured, by the impetuous Priestley; in the blundering experiments of an intelligent Kirwan, which seemed made only for the purpose of retaining an unwilling world in a radically false system.

Stahl and his immediate followers had simply defined phlogiston to be the principle of combustion and of

levity, the latter property being introduced into the definition to explain the non-diminution in weight of bodies after combustion in close vessels,—their notions upon the subject were confessedly vague—their phlogiston could not be retained alone—it could not be weighed—no sense took cognisance of it—all its qualities were negative—it was little more than a name. But a far more mischievous doctrine than this primary hypothesis of Stahl was now to arise from it. It became necessary to concede a certain materiality to phlogiston. There were bold chemists who undertook to give it weight, and still bolder experimentalists who determined the precise amount of that weight. Bergman made a place for it in his famous tables of elective attraction. The quantity of phlogiston belonging to every metal was actually registered in many chemical works. Mathematical formula were introduced to express the affinities and densities made known through the most ingeniously erroneous processes. It began to appear every where in the nomenclature of chemistry. In 1722, Dr. Rutherford had discovered the existence of a peculiar air, incapable of sustaining combustion, and destructive of animal life. As this was found in vessels where bodies had been burnt, it received the significant title of *phlogisticated* air, on the supposition that phlogiston had been imparted to it from the burning body. On the other hand, Priestley, by heating red lead, obtained an air with exactly opposite properties—an air which supported combustion and animal life. It received the name of *dephlogisticated* air, and was considered as air purified from phlogiston by the absorptive action of foreign bodies. The red lead was gradually reduced to the metallic state during the heating process; it had, consequently, combined with the phlogiston in the atmosphere. The last step in this descending scale of error was made when philosophical chemists seized upon a well-known gas, with very peculiar properties, to worship as the representative of their darling principle itself. A glance at part of the nomenclature of the year 1780 will shew how far phlogiston had been insinuated into it:—

Old Names.

Dephlogisticated air.
 Phlogisticated air.
Phlogiston, or inflammable air.
 Dephlogisticated marine acid.
 Phlogisticated vitriolic acid.
 Phlogisticated nitrous acid.
 Phlogisticated alkali.

Modern Names.

Oxygen.
 Nitrogen.
Hydrogen.
 Chlorine.
 Sulphurous acid.
 Nitrous acid.
 Prussiate of potash.

It was only in 1766 that the scientific world became intimately acquainted with the important gas which we now call hydrogen. The paper entitled "Experiments on Factitious Air," in which its nature was distinctly made known, is also valuable as the first important communication of Mr. Cavendish to the Royal Society.

Lord Charles Cavendish was an intelligent nobleman, who, for many years, addicted himself with success to scientific pursuits; but his researches bestowed upon the world no benefit so great as the gift he presented to it in his son. Henry Cavendish, the honourable grandson of two dukes, and during a long period one of the richest commoners in England, devoted himself to philosophy, urged by a steady passion for the acquisition of truth. For this he neglected the natural delights of youth, voluntarily relinquished the pleasures belonging to wealth and station, and disappeared from society to exist only in the library or the laboratory. Educated at Cambridge, the severe studies which are necessary for distinction, and which render the years passed there the most learned portion of an ordinary young man's life, were to Cavendish but the first steps in his laborious course; they afforded him only the elements of knowledge which he was subsequently to enlarge by original thought and original research. His talents, admirably qualified for severe investigation, were assisted by the singularities of his moral character in forming what Cuvier enthusiastically called "the perfect model of a man of science;" they were delivered from all temptation to less exertions by his reserved disposition, and were never hurried into absurdities by too eager an appetite for worldly distinction. He was painfully diffident of his own powers, and this, not from a too careful study of them, as is often the case, but from a morbid delicacy of taste. From his earliest

years he had avoided much intercourse with the world, not because he thought, with worthy Parson Brand, in Richardson's story, that a knowledge of human nature was best learned in books, "the calm result of wise men's wisdom, uninterrupted by the noise and vanities that will mingle with personal conversation," but from an actual aversion to the acquisition of that sort of knowledge. Constitutionally shy, an unexpected intrusion upon his retirement gave him the appearance of sullen haughtiness really foreign to his nature. He suffered so much annoyance from the usual ceremonies of society, as even, occasionally, violently to resent a visit of mere necessity and civility. Many whimsical stories are related in illustration of this. On one occasion, an eminent banker, with whom Mr. Cavendish dealt, remarked that the sum accumulated in the philosopher's name had increased to a very enormous sum. This gentleman set out for Mr. Cavendish's villa to inform him of the circumstance; admitted to his presence, after some delay, he was received with a cold, uninterested salutation. As soon as his tale was told, Cavendish, without making any other remark, inquired if he had no more to say; then rung the bell, and summarily dismissed him. But the vengeance was to come. The next day every shilling belonging to Mr. Cavendish was withdrawn from the banking-house of his unfortunate visitor. At another time, when an admiring foreigner had just obtained an introduction to the great English chemist at Sir Joseph Banks's *soirée*, Cavendish fairly ran away, and left him gesticulating in the middle of a complimentary address.

This unhappy disposition for seclusion amounted, at times, almost to insanity; indeed, the general eccentricities of Mr. Cavendish were so great, as to warrant a supposition that the severe studies, in which his extraordinary faculties were con-

stantly occupied, had alone preserved him from the wanderings of a madman. His reserve increased with his years; he had long shunned the society of his noble connexions, and, in his latter days, he withdrew even from that of his scientific contemporaries; occasionally only he sat, a thoughtful judge, rather than a listener, at Royal Society festivities. His villa, at Streatham, became the scene of his scientific pleasures. There he lived in a perfect solitude. Any of the neighbouring inhabitants who chanced occasionally to cross his path made way, with a wonder which was almost awe, for the tall, aristocratic figure—habited in the precise, wide-skirted, snuff-coloured garments, and close-fitting knee-breeches of another century—which stooped, as if bent to the earth by weighty thoughts.

His characteristic reserve displayed itself even upon his death-bed. When he felt his end approaching, he insisted upon being left quite alone, and dismissed his only attendant and nurse from his presence. In the middle ages, his strange manner, lonely habits, and philosophical pursuits combined, would have doomed him to the tortures of a sorcerer.

In all his methods of research he was eminently great. An accomplished mathematician, he brought into experimental philosophy the perfection of demonstration and the accuracy of detail which belong to exact science. His writings form a remarkable contrast with those of most chemical philosophers of his period. Simple and comprehensive, theory never found a place in them as fact, nor hypothesis as theory. Nowhere are the vague expressions, the loose notions, the "cooking and trimming processes," which deformed the discoveries of that day, to be met with in the publications of Cavendish. He had been brought up in the phlogistic faith; but so little are his writings tainted with the extensive errors of Stahlism, that they may be read at this time with very few corrections, and the mere alteration of nomenclature, as illustrations of the doctrines of Lavoisier or Davy. His articles of belief were drawn up from a true view of facts, and, as such, still remain a part of the gospel of the chemical philosopher.

[We purpose concluding this subject in our April number.]

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

Lille, September 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I.

With twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—
In troth, I was a happy chiel!—
I pass'd the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gaily pass'd the Belgic bounds
At Omiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hasten'd post,
 And as I took my evening meal
 I felt my pouch, my purse was lost,
 O Heaven! why came I not by Lille?

I straightway call'd for ink and pen,
 To grandmamma I made appeal;
 Meanwhile, a loan of guineas ten
 I borrowed from a friend at Lille.

I got the cash from grandmamma
 (Her gentle heart my woes could feel);
 But where I went, and what I saw,
 What matters? here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
 I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
 A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
 To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
 Besides, I left my watch at home,
 How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"*La note*," sometimes the guests will say,
 I turn as white as cold boiled veal;
 I turn and look another way,
 I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
 "Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
 He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
 And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
 Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
 And so he serves me every day
 The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
 I blush as red as cochineal;
 And think did he but know my case,
 How changed he'd be, my host of Lille!

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
 I have no money, I lie in pawn,
 A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun burns out in furious blaze,
 I perspire from head to heel;
 I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,
 How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
 By *cafés* where in beer they deal;
 I think how pleasant were a pot—
 A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
 All girt around with guard and grille?
 Oh! gracious gods, it makes me sick,
 It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

Oh! cursed prison strong and barred,
 It does my very blood congeal!
 I tremble as I pass the guard,
 And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
 All turn away at his appeal:
 Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
 You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
 I have no money, I lie in pawn,
 A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
 And at a Popish altar kneel?
 O do not leave me in the lurch,—
 I'll cry ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
 Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
 Look kindly down! before you stoops
 The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
 A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real)
 It smiled, and turned to grandmamma!—
 It did!—and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
 Although I could not pay, my meal:
 I hasten back into the street
 Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand,—
 A letter with a well-known seal?
 'Tis grandmamma's!—I know her hand,—
 "To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
 I pant and stagger, faint and reel!—
 It is—it is—a ten-pound-note,
 And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.

M. A. T.

We begin our present paper with the avowal of our alarm and regret at the state of moral, not less than of political, anarchy into which society in this country seems rapidly to be passing. It is no longer to the great council of the nation, with the sovereign at its head, that the people of England are taught to look for any thing. Whatever may be amiss in the institutions under which we live, whatever is defective in the laws, or distasteful in the mode of their administration, we must now seek the redress of our wrongs, real or imaginary, not from the legislature of the crown, or both, but from our own personal and individual exertions. Leagues and association-clubs, cabals and societies, are the only recognised panacea for the political maladies under which we labour, and the only influences resorted to for the improvement of our social condition. And the worst of it is, that no human being, either within the walls of parliament or without, utters a syllable against the arrangement. The Repeal Association, the Anti-Corn-law League, the Chartist Society, the Reform Club, are names and titles as fully recognised every where, as the Church of England and the Church of Rome. And their power to sway the public mind, their influence over the constituencies, and their strength in both houses, is admitted as readily by the first minister of the crown, as by the most ignorant of the populace whom they cajole and plunder.

It would be a profitless undertaking to trace back such societies, either here or elsewhere, to their first beginnings. Ever since governments arose—in other words, ever since men united together, for the purposes of mutual support and mutual improvement, there have been plotters against existing laws in all parts of the world. Nor can we expect, so long as human nature continues what it is, that they shall cease. But, in times of old, and, indeed, down to a period within the recollection of the present generation, plotters against existing laws, or existing governments, carried on their operations in secret. There was no violent parade of patriotism by Brutus or his friends, till the expulsion of the Tarquins had been determined

on, and the righteous work begun. There was silence on all political subjects, and the affectation of free and easy lives among the adherents of Catiline, till Cicero dragged their purposes to light, and crushed them. Yea, and our own Puritans, in like manner, though they might prepare their arms and horses in many places, spoke out only in one, where the law gave them a right to speak, namely, in the House of Commons. The clubs of Paris hurried on the first French revolution, it is true; they made and unmade laws at their pleasure. But then, long before they had risen into importance, the weakness of the executive was become manifest; they but gave the *coup de grace* to a worn-out régime, which was already in the agonies of death. It is not so with us. The British constitution is, or appears to be, as fresh and vigorous as it ever was. The queen is as much the guardian of the laws, as any of the most renowned of her predecessors. Yet her people deliberately array themselves, by thousands and tens of thousands, into clubs, for the express and avowed purpose of obtaining their own ends, by bearding and overawing the legislature. How can so incongruous a state of things be accounted for, and into what results is it probable that, if the system continues, we shall eventually be led by it?

There can be no doubt that for this, as well as for many other blessings of the sort, the country stands mainly indebted to the Reform cabinet of 1831. Prior to that date, there might exist within the realm political associations in abundance, but they received no countenance whatever from the ministers of the crown, nor were they ever referred to in either house of parliament, except when some purpose was entertained of rebuking or putting them down. Neither the Catholic Association, for example, nor the Orange lodges, obtained the faintest token of recognition from any one of the governments under which they existed, till the Duke of Wellington brought in bills for their suppression. But no sooner were the Whigs in power, than an entire change of system came with them. (It was the Political Union of Birmingham, much

more than Lord Grey and his cabinet, which forced the Reform-bill upon the king and the nation. And the Political Union became really formidable only after the king's minister had corresponded familiarly with its leaders, and lent his official franks for the conveyance of their mandates from one great town to another. Now, though it be very easy to strike up an alliance of this sort, to array the people, under the executive, against the laws, and thus to wrest from a reluctant legislature whatever concessions the people may require, it is not so easy, when a particular purpose has been served, to re-establish the law's supremacy. What the people have done once, they naturally conceive they may do again; and the government, which has encouraged them in the performance of a first feat, will set very awkwardly about the business of discountenancing a second. We believe sincerely that, having carried the Reform-bill, the Whigs would have been thankful to draw over the means of their own success a veil of oblivion. Having thanked Mr. Attwood and his hundred thousand men, they gave him every encouragement to retire again into private life; and so far they succeeded that, by a formal vote of the chiefs, the great National Political Union was dissolved. But, like an enormous earth-worm cut into bits, the Union soon began to put forth an abundant crop of head-and-tail pieces. Out of the elements which the Reform agitation had shaken up, societies of Chartists in England, of Precursors and Repealers in Ireland, were constructed; and now there have followed these, the Anti-Corn-law League, the League against the Anti-Corn-law League, the Currency League, with we know not how many less notable cabals besides; each of which regards itself as charged with an important mission to mankind, and seems determined to go through, at all hazards, with the business which it has undertaken to manage.

With the sayings and doings of the Chartists we have no design, on the present occasion, to trouble ourselves. The history of their rise and fall is familiar to most men, for fallen they undoubtedly are, in spite of the array of names which Feargus O'Con-

nor still continues to get attached to his petitions, and his own indefatigable industry, both through the press and elsewhere. Indeed, the Chartists never were, nor ever could be, rendered formidable to any government, lacking as they did all the elements of strength, save one. We admit the extent of their numbers at one time, though we believe that, even in that respect, their leaders used grossly to deceive both the public and themselves. But what can mere numbers effect in a country like this, where the notion of carrying points by appealing to physical force is universally scouted? The Chartists never had among them a single man of weight, on account of his talents, his property, or his position in society. They were powerless, from the first, at the hustings, and obnoxious to the electors generally, on whose privileges they desired to encroach. Their theories were seen to be, by more than the educated classes, visionary, if not mischievous, in the extreme. And their insane attempt at insurrection, under Lord John Russell's model magistrate, John Frost, dissipated whatever of prestige might have previously adhered to them, as an offshoot from Mr. Attwood's more organised band. It has been otherwise with the Precursor and Repeal Associations, if, indeed, it be worth while to treat as distinct societies which differed at the outset only in name, and soon sank that difference by merging the one into the other. Their influence, not in Ireland alone, but in England also, has been, and still continues to be, tremendous. Indeed, we are inclined to think that it is on this side of St. George's Channel that they have mainly told, and that it was with a view to their so telling, that their able, but unprincipled founder called them into existence. Let us examine this subject a little, ere we pass on to the consideration of matters which, in the present state of parties, are to the full as pressing.

The avowed object of Mr. O'Connell and the priests has been, for these three years back, to bring about, by *peaceable* means, a dissolution of the legislative union which binds Great Britain and Ireland together. With this end in view, they have met and spoken in the Corn-market

at Dublin, over their cups at a hundred public dinners, and in the open air to assembled thousands. They have used the press, the pulpit, the very altar itself, as instruments through which to sway the public mind to their own purposes. They have received subscriptions, imposed taxes, organised an entire nation, and moved it hither and thither as best suited their own humours. There has been in all their appeals to a sensitive and ignorant populace, a tone of unmitigated vituperation towards England and the English. All the miseries that afflict Ireland, her poverty, her idleness, her crime, are attributed, without circumlocution, to English tyranny. And the crowds, excited by such declarations, have been told, over and over again, that there needs but the repeal of an unjust act of parliament to accomplish the complete cure of the ills under which they suffer. Moreover, the act of union has been held up to public abhorrence as a great cheat—as a legislative falsehood. It was carried by bribery of the most barefaced kind against the known will of the nation. It was, on the part of the Irish parliament which consented to it, a complete over-leaping of its powers. Obedience to it may be, and is enforced at the point of the bayonet; but, in a moral point of view, it can bind no man's conscience. And some millions of men—Mr. O'Connell says three, at the least—accept these statements as truths, and are associated and banded together for the purpose of acting upon them. Still both leaders and people alike repudiate the idea that blood shall be shed, rather than that their project fail of success. They will have no civil war, no preparations for war, no collecting of arms, or ammunition, or military stores. There must be quietness, decorum, ostentatious loyalty, wherever Repealers come together; only repeal must and shall be carried, sooner or later, in spite of queen, ministers, and both houses of parliament put together.

Now we ask any thinking and reasonable man in the empire, whether he can persuade himself that there is one particle of sincerity in these preposterous declarations? Does Mr. O'Connell believe—has he ever believed from the outset, that repeal

could be carried by means such as he proposes? We are convinced that he does not. And, as we are far from thinking that either he or the priests contemplate the lighting up of a civil war in the heart of their unhappy country, we are forced to look about in the hope of discovering some other, and really attainable end, at which, under so specious and popular a disguise, they may be driving. Neither are we at any loss in the management of this inquiry. The movement is one against the Established Church; it is a war of Popery against Protestantism. They who wage it raise a cry for that which they know to be unattainable, and plead, as their excuse, the existence of a state of things, which certainly might be different were the legislature so to determine, and which they describe as intolerable. If there be any who believe that the views of the conspirators extend beyond this, we shall not stop to argue the point with them. The fixity of tenure, which has been so often hinted at of late, may, and, perhaps, does mean such a re-adjustment of the landed property of Ireland, as the poor Irish themselves delight to contemplate. But this is not quite so clear. For there must be a frightful upheaving of the social world, ere you can displace one set of proprietors and bring in another, even though the latter do claim to inherit from a line unjustly broken, and the former trace back their title to some deed of violence perpetrated only a couple of centuries ago. And hence, however strong may be their desire to accomplish something of the sort, we cannot think so badly of Mr. O'Connell and the priests as to believe that they, deliberately, and with their eyes open, look forward to so desperate a struggle. No. Theirs is an object much more practicable, as well as much more safe. They are the champions of Popery against the Protestant Established Church. They are labouring to bring about the overthrow of the latter, whether they succeed in replacing it by the former or not. And it is melancholy to perceive the extent of the progress which they are making.

There was a time when any lord or commoner, who might have stood up in his place to propose that a moiety

of the Protestant bishops in Ireland should be repressed, and a fourth part of the property of the clergy in that country taken away from them, would have been met by something more than the stern rebuke of the government. There was a time when to speak of pensioning the Popish priests, or otherwise providing for them by law, would have raised against the unlucky advocate of the scheme a perfect storm of vituperation. There was a time when barely to hint at the entire disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland would have incurred for him who should have been insane enough to utter it, the chance, at least, of three months' residence in the Tower. Moreover, we are speaking of times which most of our readers are probably old enough to recollect, and of the temper of which the younger portion will be able to judge by referring to their *Annual Registers* any time between the beginning of the century and the year 1829. Roman Catholics were then petitioners, and humble petitioners too, for a participation in the civil rights which their Protestant fellow-subjects exercised. They never hinted at a wish to disturb the very feeblest of England's settled institutions. They were supplicants then, not bullies, and they found among the good and the wise not a few who stood forward to plead for them in both houses of parliament. Moreover, the strongest plea which their advocates urged, turned upon the increased degree of strength which the Protestant Church would receive, were she freed from the charge which then lay against her, that she persecuted for conscience sake:—

"Your petitioners," say the Irish Roman Catholics when appealing to both houses of parliament on the 5th of March, 1805, "have solemnly and publicly taken the oaths by law prescribed to his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, &c.

"By these solemn obligations 'they are bound and firmly pledged to defend to the utmost of their power the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being;' they have 'disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead;' and they have also solemnly

sworn, 'that they will not exercise any privilege, to which they are or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in Ireland.'

"Your petitioners most humbly beg leave to shew, that however painful it is to their feelings, that it should still be thought necessary to exact such tests from them, and from them alone of all his majesty's subjects, they can with perfect truth affirm, that the political and moral principles which are thereby asserted, are not only conformable to their opinions, but expressly inculcated by the religion which they profess.

"That the total abolition (of their incapacities, &c.) will be found not only compatible with, but highly conducive to, the perfect security of every establishment, religious or political, now existing in this realm.

"For your petitioners most explicitly declare, that they do not seek or wish, in the remotest degree, to injure or encroach upon 'the rights, privileges, immunities, possessions, or revenues appertaining to the bishops and clergy of the Protestant religion, as by law established, or to the churches committed to their charge, or to any of them,'—the sole object of your petitioners being an equal participation, upon equal terms with their fellow-subjects, of the full benefits of the British laws and constitution."

The same parties appealing again in 1808 assert,—

"Your petitioners most solemnly declare, that they do not seek or wish in any way to injure or encroach upon the rights, privileges, possessions, or revenues appertaining to the bishops and clergy of the Protestant religion, as by law established, or to the churches committed to their charge, or to any of them; the extent of their humble supplication being, that they be governed by the same laws, and rendered capable of the same civil and military offices, franchises, rewards, and honours, as their fellow-subjects of every other religious denomination."

And, finally, in 1826, and again in 1828, the same spirit is discernible in their argument; though now, it must be admitted, that they talk more of *rights* and less of *privileges* than they used to do:—

"The petitioners do not by any means solicit, or expect, or wish, that a single individual of their Protestant fellow-subjects should be deprived of any right, liberty, privilege, or immunity, of which he is at present possessed. The petitioners, in praying for the restoration of their

rights, seek not, nor do they wish, to burden the state with any provision in person for the ministers of their religion, nor do they seek, nor have they sought, to deprive any class of his majesty's subjects of any right, privilege, or franchise whatsoever."

So spoke the Irish Roman Catholics as often as they approached the legislature, while yet the civil disabilities under which they laboured continued in force. They stated their case calmly, yet solemnly; nor ever omitted to declare before God and man that they cherished no ulterior design of using the influence that might be obtained by them in a spirit hostile to the Established Church. And, at all stages of the controversy, whether the majority went with them or against them, there was a distinct avowal on the part of parliament, that the first duty of the legislature was to support the Established Church; and that no measure of which the tendency might be to impair its efficiency, would for a moment be considered. Indeed the advocates of the Catholic claims ceased not to urge this, as their strongest argument in favour of concession. "What hope of peace can there be for the empire while loyal men and true, men of rank, influence, and wealth, continue to be suspected of designs which they deprecate, and by reason of such groundless suspicion find themselves branded as traitors? Open to Roman Catholics the doors of parliament, render them eligible to all offices of trust and responsibility under the crown, and they will be the first to support you, should the great institutions of the country be assailed, whether the attack be made on the Church or on the civil constitution!" Hence in 1825, when it was carried by a majority of thirteen that the house should go into committee on a bill which was then before them, the committee declared in its sixth resolution,—

"That it is the opinion of this committee that such act of repeal (of the acts requiring the declaration against transubstantiation, &c.) and explanation (of the oath of supremacy) should be accompanied with such exceptions and regulations as may be found necessary for preserving unalterably the Protestant succession to the crown . . . and for maintaining inviolate the Protestant Epia-

copal Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, government, and discipline thereof; and the Church of Scotland, and the doctrine, worship, government, and discipline thereof, as the same are by law established."

In like manner the committee of the 12th of May, 1828, came to the following, among other resolutions:—

"That it is the opinion of this committee that it is expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, with a view to such final and conciliatory adjustment, as may be conducive to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, to the stability of the Protestant Establishment, and to the general satisfaction and concord of all classes of his majesty's subjects."

And, finally, when the bill passed which threw open to Roman Catholics all the offices of state except one, and the doors of both houses of parliament, an oath was proposed to the newly admitted members, and by them accepted, which, if any form of words can bind men's consciences to any thing, bound them to abstain from all endeavours to weaken, much less to destroy, the Protestant Established Church either in England or in Ireland. We subjoin the form of oath as a curiosity in these days:—

"I do swear," says the Papist, "that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm as established by the laws. And I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege, to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government of the United Kingdom. And I do solemnly, and in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever. So help me God."

Thus matters stood up to the year 1830. The civil disabilities under which Roman Catholics had so long laboured were withdrawn. The Catholic Association ceased to exist. The Orange clubs had previously dissolved themselves, and there did

appear every prospect of rest both for England and for Ireland; for, let truth be told, so long as the cabinet which passed the Relief-bill remained in office, Roman Catholic members abstained, with excellent taste, from trying the tenacity of an oath which was still green; and the more sanguine among their Protestant supporters said, and perhaps believed, that the Church in Ireland was become as secure as the Church in Yorkshire.

The breaking up of the Wellington cabinet following as it did upon the heels of the three glorious days in Paris, gave the signal, as it were, for the opening of the sluice-gates of political confusion all over the kingdom. Amid scenes on which posterity will look back with wonder the Reform-bill passed; and then began that state of things of which we are now reaping the fruits, and of which he must be an enthusiastic as well as a far-seeing statesman who will venture to foretell the end. Nor can we, in sober sadness, express much surprise at the effect which such sweeping changes, brought about by such means, produced upon the moral sense of the nation. Had the old constitution held its ground, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel remained to work it, we are convinced that neither Repeal Associations nor Anti-Corn-law Leagues ever would have been heard of. Even O'Connell himself, little mindful as he is of the obligations of truth, would have hesitated, in the face of a government which had yielded so much, to ask for more; or if he had, in the tone at least which is now familiar to him, he would have reaped his reward. But who can wonder that not he alone, but others of loftier name and more unsullied reputation, should have felt themselves, amid the universal laxity of principle which they beheld around them, emancipated from the trammels of distasteful oaths? "It is most true that we have sworn to defend to the utmost of our power the settlement of property in this realm as by law established, and that we have disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured any intention to subvert the present Established Church as settled by law within this realm. It is equally true that we have sworn never to exercise any privilege to

which we are or may become entitled to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government of the United Kingdom; and that in the presence of God we have professed, testified, and declared that we made such declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of our words, and without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever. But what then? All this was done and spoken under a state of things as different from that which surrounds us now, as day is from night. The Protestant Church in Ireland was presided over then by twenty-two archbishops and bishops. Its edifices were kept in repair by a rate levied, as it is levied in England, upon all classes of the people indiscriminately; and to it was intrusted the management of whatever extent of education the government thought fit to bestow upon the king's Irish subjects. The civil government likewise was then a Protestant government. Not only the lord-lieutenant and his executive were all Protestants, but down to the most inconsiderable borough in the island, all authority was vested in Protestant hands. How stands the case now? You no longer require the nation to keep the edifices of your churches in repair. You lay this burden on the Church itself; thus virtually reducing it from the rank of an establishment to that of a sect, endowed, indeed, and somewhat privileged, but no longer established. And as to your Protestant government, where is it? Your lord-lieutenant being an Englishman worships according to the rites of the English Church. But all the real power of the country, the municipal authorities, the local magistracy is much more in the hands of Roman Catholics than of Protestants. Don't talk to us about oaths, which might have bound us had things remained as they were in 1829, but which have no meaning now. For the changes to which we refer,—the cutting down of the Protestant Church's staff, the plunder of the clergy out of a fourth part of their income, the doing away of Church and vestry cess, yea, and the uprooting of the bulwarks of Protestantism by the transfer of municipal power from Protestants to Roman Catholics, is not our doing,

but yours. You, the late ministers of the crown, demanded these things, assuring us all the while that you were strengthening the Protestant Church and government of the country. We believed you, as it was right and civil in us to do; and now in asking for more, we only carry out your own great principle. For if the Protestant Church be rendered more efficient by the process of cropping and paring which the endowments of its clergy have undergone, it follows as a necessary result that to bring it to perfection, you have only to take away these endowments altogether."

That some reasoning of this sort goes on in the minds of such men as the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Camoys, Mr. Wyse, and even Mr. W. S. O'Brien, we cannot for a moment doubt. They are all gentlemen in the best sense of the term; men of honour in the ordinary affairs of life, and we doubt not sincere in their religious principles, however mistaken we may believe the last to be. But what has induced them to listen to such sophistry? What is it that gives them courage to speak out as they do before the legislature? We answer, the miserable state of Ireland, the absolute anarchy which Mr. O'Connell and the priests, through the agency of the Repeal Association, have contrived to introduce there, and the hope, half formed, that God who often brings good out of evil, will enable them to work upon the fears both of the government and the English people to consent to that which is the dearest object of their hearts,—the overthrow of Protestantism and the establishment of Popery as the dominant form of Christianity in Ireland. Neither are we so unjust towards Mr. O'Connell and the priests as to refuse to them a portion of that holiness of motive which we attribute to their Roman Catholic allies in parliament. To be sure it would be a hard matter to attach to any single motive the proceedings of so eccentric an actor as Mr. O'Connell. And we are free to admit, that as he has too much strong good sense not to see through sophistry which may blind other men, so he may be willing to take refuge in that dispensing power which the canons of his church intrust to her priests,

whatever he may in his heart believe to be the worth of it. At the same time with his personal ambition and love of money, there is probably mixed up no ordinary extent of zeal for the temporal advancement of a church of which, in things spiritual, it is his pride to declare himself the most humble and faithful servant. And as to the priests, who can doubt their honesty of purpose? It enters into the very spirit of the Church of Rome to aim at ascendancy every where and by every means. Hence while in Austria and in Spain the clergy of that church are the most bigoted supporters of absolutism, in Ireland they ally themselves with the democratic principle; not because they cherish any love for democratic institutions in the abstract, but because their only chance of success against a Protestant constitution, lies in making common cause with liberals of every class, till they bring matters to a scramble.

If Lords Shrewsbury and Camoys, Mr. Wyse and Mr. O'Brien, are able to reconcile the terms of the oath which they have sworn to their speeches and votes in parliament, we have not one word to say against it. With Sir James Graham we beg to decline the invidious task of Mentor to other men's consciences; though, in truth, my Lord Camoys' declaration on the 15th of August, 1843, does read very queerly:—

"He had spoken of unredressed grievances, and he might be asked what they were. He would say at once, and without hesitation, the state of the Church in Ireland. He admitted that the Church was a delicate matter for him to dwell upon, but he considered it his duty to do so. He said that the people of Ireland did not deserve liberty, unless they continued a course of agitation till their grievances were redressed, and every thing connected with Protestant ascendancy were removed from that country."

In like manner Lord Shrewsbury declared on the same day in the same place, that

"Until both houses of parliament combined to give a different interpretation (from that which Lord Camoys put on it) of the oath, Roman Catholics would be justified in giving their opinion in the legislature even on subjects that might trench on the established religion of the

country. On any other terms he would not condescend to sit in parliament."

As to Mr. Wyse and Mr. O'Brien, it would be a waste of time and paper to quote from them. They have never spoken, for these last two years, without demanding that the Established Church should be set aside in Ireland as the one great monster evil, the maintenance of which is incompatible with any degree of peace in that country. And again we say, that if they are able to reconcile such proceedings with the terms of their oath and the dictates of conscience, we shall not be the parties to denounce them. But how Lord John Russell, the leader of the Whig party, and still more how Captain Rous, the Conservative (God help the mark!), member for Westminster, can so far forget themselves as to echo these wild ravings, is indeed a mystery which nothing can explain except a right understanding of the designs of that monster Association, against which the government has at length declared war. It is worth while to put on record some of the sayings of the latter gentleman; were it only because of the confirmation which they afford to our opinions concerning what are the real views of the Repealers, or at all events of their leader,—

"Captain Rous said, that perhaps the sentiments he was about to express would be found to differ very much from those of the hon. gentlemen near him, and many of his constituents The noble lord (J. Russell) wished to do all he could for Ireland, but his hands were tied up by *Presbyterian bigotry in Scotland, and Protestant bigotry in England*. (Loud cries and much excitement on the ministerial benches, and cheers from the opposition.) The noble lord brought forward the appropriation clause, and that was all he could do. He pacified the Agitator, and the Agitator pacified Ireland; and, thank God! we enjoyed many years of tranquillity. But when the government was changed, *Scotch bigotry and English bigotry* tied up the hands of the present government more than the last, for their supporters were on the side of *bigotry*,—and what was the consequence? Ireland was more than ever agitated. The present government equally desired to do *justice to Ireland*, but they could not, because their hands were tied up; and, so long as the opinion of Scotland and England remained unchanged,

their tenure of office would not be worth twenty-four hours' purchase, if they expressed the opinions which he was stating, or brought forward any great measure of relief for Ireland. (Hear, hear.) With regard to Roman Catholic emancipation, many statesmen supported that measure on the ground that it was the extreme demand which the Irish would ever make (Hear, hear, from the ministerial benches); but *whoever acted on such a principle were totally ignorant of human nature, or something akin to a natural fool*. It was as if he owed a man 1000*l.*, acknowledged the debt, paid an instalment of 500*l.*, and expected his creditor to do without the rest Had the debt been altogether refused, Ireland might say, *You act like a common bully*; but, if it were not now paid, she might add, *You act like a common rogue*. (Hear, hear, from the opposition benches.) There were certain ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland appropriated to religious purposes, amounting to about 500,000*l.*; but this sum, instead of contributing to the religious instruction of the 8,000,000 inhabitants of Ireland, was devoted to the religious instruction of 850,000 persons belonging to the Church of England. Such a thing was really too glaring; it would not bear argument. (Cheers from the opposition benches.) What was the cry of hon. gentlemen, and particularly Irish gentlemen, on that (the ministerial) side? '*No Popery, and Protestant ascendancy*'; but, notwithstanding this cry, the proportion of Roman Catholics in Ireland had vastly increased since the Union. The cry, therefore, had failed; but still there were plenty of men in England and Scotland ready to go to battle for the foolish cry of '*No Popery, and Protestant ascendancy*'; and even some respectable gentlemen talked about having fair play, and of the Boyne running down with blood. He could as soon listen to the howling of wild beasts. (Cheers from the opposition.) What would be the feelings of Protestants if placed in the position of the Roman Catholics? Would they not act the same? *Human nature was the same all over the world*. (Hear, hear.) Let him, then, make an observation which embodied the pure spirit of Christianity,—let them do unto others as they would be done by themselves. (Hear, hear.) What the Irish would now accept as a boon from the English they might hereafter wrest from their fears."

With the statesman-like opinions here propounded we have comparatively little to do. We will entrust them to the Conservative electors of Westminster. But we entreat

our readers' attention to the nature of the argument which is adduced. There was agitation in Ireland, and a threat of demanding Repeal. Lord John Russell struck a blow at the Established Church, and the Agitator became quiet. The blow was turned aside, and behold, notwithstanding the "compact alliance" of Lichfield House, the cry for Repeal rose again with redoubled vehemence. Next followed the change in the government, and on the assumption that Sir Robert Peel would not lay the Protestant Church at the feet of Popery, the flame which had burned with a clouded lustre overspread all Ireland at once. Repeal, therefore, is the watchword. The overthrow of the Church is the great object which they who shout that shout desire; and never, unless one or other of two events befall—unless the Church be sacrificed, or the Repeal Association put down—may we hope to see quiet in that portion of the empire, which, more than all others, stands in need of it.

Men who play for a high stake command a certain portion of our reverence, even while we think them wrong in the end which they are seeking, and very blamable because of the means which they use for the attainment of it. Mr. O'Connell's ostensible object is a great one. It is nothing less than the rooting out of what he professes to regard as a pestilent heresy, and the setting up of the church of his fathers on the ruins of the Protestant establishment. Yield to him in this, let the Beresfords and Whateleys give place to the Murrays and MacHales, not in their episcopal residences only, but on the bishops' bench in the House of Lords, and we are not prepared to say but that he might become, at least for a while, among the most determined supporters of the queen's government. Moreover, the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy, when transferred to the glebe-houses of their rivals, would probably greet you in like manner with every mark of gratitude and respect. Nor would the strife of party begin again in that quarter till there should appear some chance, no matter how remote, of achieving the same triumph in England which had been achieved in Ireland. Wherefore,

while we would resist them to the death, and describe as traitors and renegades all who, professing attachment to the true church, speak or vote for her dismemberment, it is impossible to withhold from the out-of-doors assailants of the establishment, the degree of respect which brave men feel for foemen worthy of their steel. Within the two houses we are not, indeed, prepared to go so far, for our consciences are not sufficiently elastic to get over the oath which has been transcribed elsewhere, and which every Roman Catholic member has taken. And had Lord Stourton's motion, by any piece of good luck or higher principle, come to an issue, there might have been much to interest as well as instruct in watching how noble lords and honourable gentlemen chose to take it. But we have no feeling of the sort, no touch of respect about us, when we turn our eyes towards another association which has been doing its best for some time back to excite discontent and disaffection among the people. We allude to the Anti-Corn-Law League, without any exception the most selfish, dirty, chandler-shop combination of designing men which modern times, fruitful as they may be in abominations, has yet brought together.

The Anti-Corn-Law League is a conspiracy entered into for the purpose of ruining the country-gentlemen and farmers of England, in order that a certain number of master-manufacturers may grow richer than they are. It does not so much as profess to entertain any kindly feelings towards the labouring classes. What it wants is to command a monopoly of the cotton and woollen trade throughout the world; and as this is not to be done unless we in England be able to manufacture at a much cheaper rate than all other nations, it deliberately meditates the annihilation of the agricultural labourers, and the bringing down of the wages of the operatives in town to a state as near the point of starvation as human nature will endure. Moreover, not the least remarkable feature in the organisation of the body is this, that all its founders and a large majority of its supporters are men of enormous wealth. They even make it a subject of boast at their public meetings

that the money power is with them; and the extent to which they have contrived to carry their subscriptions proves that there is no mis-statement in the case. Still they are not content. They made their fortunes under the existing system, and might, one would think, keep them, if they were wise. But nothing will satisfy their avarice till the whole land of the kingdom pass into their possession. We must confess that, in our poor opinion, the existence of such an association, having such objects in view, is a disgrace to the age and country in which we live, and were it not, as it is, politically powerless, would deserve to be put down by the attorney-general through the medium of a state prosecution for conspiracy.

A brief outline of the rise and general proceedings of this body will not, we apprehend, be out of place.

Ever since the year 1815, when corn-laws, in the modern sense of the term, were originally enacted, there have not been wanting persons in this country to denounce what they are pleased to describe as a tax upon bread, and to write and otherwise to labour, for its repeal. Neither are we disposed to deny that the advocates for a free trade in corn had, at the period to which we now refer, many plausible arguments wherewith to support their opinions. The country had just been blessed with peace after a war unexampled for its extent and endurance, and it was very natural that the masses, associating the ideas of peace and of plenty together, should murmur at arrangements which seemed to come between them and the attainment of the latter. They were mistaken, it is true; but then the ground-work of their error lay too far removed from the surface to be by untutored minds detected; and hence, believing themselves to have truth and right upon their side, they stuck to their own notion doggedly. They could not be made to understand that a sudden influx of foreign corn into Great Britain and Ireland at such a moment, by throwing large quantities of people out of employment, must have ruined all classes, the manufacturers as well as the agriculturists, except the comparatively insignificant class of annuitants alone; and even the failures

which occurred shortly afterwards, in spite of the inadequate protection which the corn-laws afforded, failed to convince them. But opinions which were erroneous in 1815 are a thousandfold more so, if they be sincere, in 1844. In 1815 the nations of the Continent knew nothing, or next to nothing, of manufactures. They had been too long and too constantly occupied in the business of war to think of establishing cotton-mills, and it was therefore assumed that they would take almost on our own terms the productions of our skill in Manchester, Leeds, and Glasgow; and, to a certain extent, these hopes were realised. The cotton-trade did receive a considerable stimulus during the first years of the peace, and not without some show of reason was it imagined by such as lived and thrived on it that there needed but the opening of our ports to their customers' corn, in order to command for them all the markets in the world. But things have changed long ago. The nations of the Continent soon began to manufacture for themselves; and their governments, exceedingly over-rating the importance of domestic manufacture, gave every possible encouragement to such as might embark their capital in the enterprise by imposing heavy duties upon foreign goods. What do the chiefs of the Anti-Corn-Law League expect that commerce would gain were their selfish scheme carried out to-morrow? Is it imagined that we would be able to exchange our cottons or woollen cloths for the corn of Germany, or France, or Belgium? Nothing of the sort. Prussia has taught the states in alliance with her that they need not look beyond their own father-land for every article of manufactured goods of which they stand in need; and France and Belgium, working cordially together, may sell whatever we require, but will certainly not purchase. And as to Austria, Italy, Russia, and the northern powers, they already take as much of our manufactures as they require. It seems, then, that as far as the continent of Europe is concerned the only result of a repeal of the corn-laws would be that Messrs. Cobden and Co. might possibly succeed in putting half the land of England out

of cultivation ; but they would certainly not increase the amount of their own exports by a single ship-load.

If we look again to the United States of America, comparing their position now with what it was in 1815, the same results, perhaps more broadly marked, greet us. In 1815, and for some time afterwards, the manufactures of America were at the lowest possible ebb ; but who will say this of them now ? Moreover, America, mob-governed as she is, has adopted on this subject the opinions of the most despotic states of Europe, and by her tariffs closes the door as much as possible against importations from abroad, and especially from Great Britain. Is any man sanguine enough to suppose that the repeal of our corn-laws would induce the House of Representatives to crush at a blow works which have been so laboriously, and with such care and expense, reared and fostered in New York and Boston ? The idea is preposterous. America will give you her corn in abundance, but she will accept gold, not goods, in exchange, and we should really like to know what the importers of such an amount of corn propose to do with their commodity after they have got it. Sell it again at a large profit to their own operatives ? Very likely. But then, if they be able to bring it into the market at a rate far below what the British grower can fix, what is to become of him and of his capabilities of living ? And if you ruin the home-grower entirely, the noble, the country-gentleman, the yeoman, the peasant, what do you gain in the shape of an increase to your manufactures ? what fresh impulse is given to manufacturing industry ? None whatever. On the contrary, the demand for your goods would become daily less and less ; for foreigners have made up their minds to have as little to say to you as they can ; and your home-market being destroyed root and branch, for whom are you to continue manufacturing ? Now when it comes to this—when one half, or more, of their home-customers cease to send in orders—when the rural population find themselves unable to dress as they have heretofore done, and no native purchasers remain except among their

own operatives, and the retail tradesmen of towns and cities, how long, or to what extent, is it probable that the master-manufacturers will keep their mills going ? Why not one hour. There will be an immediate reduction of hands, and an immediate shutting up of all superfluous factories. The capital accumulated by spinning and weaving will be diverted into a new channel, and a thriving trade in corn, not as an article of barter, not as something to be received in exchange for gown-pieces and broad-cloth, but as a staple to be paid for abroad, in gold, and disposed of again to British buyers for the current coin of the realm, will give full employment to the time of the enterprising and secure to them for a while steady, if not enormous profits. But can this last for any length of time, or prove beneficial to the community at large ? Surely not. The whole concern is a conspiracy on the part of a few to enrich themselves at the expense of the many. The agriculturists may feel the blow first because they will naturally struggle to keep their places in society, and so long as they can purchase even a little, manufacturers will go on. But as soon as they sink, the decadence of the operatives will begin. Wages will go down to the lowest price, the truck-system will flourish, till by and by the union-workhouses are found too narrow to contain the crowds that demand admission ; and a few bloated capitalists, once cotton lords, stand forth as the sole arbiters of England's future destinies.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the rise of the Anti-Corn-Law League is an event contemporaneous with the downfall of the rump of the Whig government. It was while Lord Melbourne was making his last desperate plunges for power that some hundreds of Dissenting ministers were prevailed upon to meet at Manchester for the enactment of one of the most solemn pieces of profane buffoonery that ever excited the indignation of the good and the scorn of the wise. We are not going to reopen a sore to which we administered, at the moment, a pretty severe cauterising. We believe that the heads of the Dissenting interests are now heartily ashamed of a proceeding which, had it produced the

results that were anticipated from it, must have occasioned nothing less than a war of classes throughout the empire; but which, in its total failure, abides a lasting monument both of the wickedness and the imbecility of the parties engaged in it. At the same time, we are compelled to advert to the circumstance, because this much is proved by it, that there is no instrument, however unfitting,—no sort of argument, however incongruous, which the founders of the League have not been eager to bend to their own base and selfish purposes. They flattered themselves that if they could but engage a certain number of Dissenting ministers to act openly with them, the religious enthusiasm of their flocks would be excited; and that the nineteenth century might witness over again some of the extravagances which have left so terrible a stain on the seventeenth. In this they were mistaken. They got their ministers, sure enough, and exquisite donkeys they made of themselves; but they roused no enthusiasm of any sort in the lower orders, over whom, after all, it came out, that the demagogues in black had no influence. Accordingly, Messrs. Cobden and Co., discovering their mistake, hastened to back out of it. The conference came to an end. No effort was made to revive it; and, a new machinery having been put together, the League stood forth by itself, a body purely philanthropic, wise in this world's philosophy, but totally unconnected with men's hopes of a better. And very busy and very garrulous its orators have ever since been.

The readers of this Magazine will find in our number for May 1843 a fair and candid sifting of the claims set up by the League on public sympathy and public confidence. We have there sufficiently rebutted the reasoning, such as it is, of Messrs. Greg, Gibson, and Cobden. We have shewn that the distress of which these worthies complained as prevailing last year in the manufacturing districts was the natural result of that covetous and far-reaching spirit which tempted so many cotton lords to turn bankers as well as manufacturers; and induced multitudes of men not worth fifty pounds a-piece to take advantage of the facilities of

loan which these banks afforded, and to set up more mills in a district already crammed with them to repletion. We shewed that Stockport, which Mr. Cobden represents, is in the state of depression which he describes and deplores, because it has not kept pace with the places near it in the improvements which they have been making in machinery. Of the seventeen mills which are there stopped, sixteen happen to be filled with old-fashioned machinery; while the seventeenth was then, and we believe still continues to be, kept inert through the operation of the law's delay. It is absolute dishonesty, therefore, to attribute to the corn-laws the ruin of a town which other towns have left behind in the race of improvement. But the prostration of Stockport, and the consequences arising out of it, read a terrible lesson in quite a different way. They shew to what burthens the agricultural districts are liable as often as there comes a check on manufactures; as often as some ingenious person gets up some new invention, and carries away, by means of it, the business of one district into another:—

“Like cotton-spinning towns in general, Stockport originally drew its manufacturing population from the rural districts; employment has failed, and the consequence is that whole families, brought into being under the flattering auspices of the spinning-jenny and power-loom, are now being transferred to the parishes of their parents in the agricultural districts, thus becoming a burden upon the farmers—upon the very class of men whose interests your Anti-Corn-law Leaguers pride themselves in treating with scorn and derision. Is there no moral to be drawn from these facts? and yet they do not present themselves to us for the first time. They do not vary those conditions of manufacturing economy which must in their turn and in the ordinary course of events be fulfilled. Not many years ago Macclesfield was in precisely the same straits as Stockport is at present, and the consequences were precisely the same. The rural districts were obliged to take back their truant parishioners multiplied tenfold.

“Much of this distress is attributable to changes that have taken place in the manufacturing system itself. As improvements in machinery have advanced, the demand for adult labour has decreased, whilst the demand for infant

labour has extended. To such perfection has spinning machinery been brought, so much less has it left to be accomplished by the *strength* and *manual dexterity* of grown and able-bodied persons, that the labour has devolved almost entirely upon children. The manufacturers no longer require the nerve and grasp of rude hands; all they want is the light and delicate touch of nimble little fingers. It is no longer, as the younger Pliny has it, *Hoc opus multas manus poscit*, but, *Hoc opus multos digitulos poscit*. In all the spinning-mills where the modern machinery is used, there are now comparatively few adults employed; indeed, in one of the largest in the manufacturing districts of the north of England where 500 persons were employed, there were not more than a dozen grown persons, if we except overlookers, who have charge of the several rooms; and in another mill, where there were nearly 900 persons at work, there were not more than twenty adult work-people, the bulk of the 'hands' consisting of children between the ages of ten and eighteen. We believe that this state of things pervades the whole manufacturing districts. 'Well; but,' we shall be asked, 'what becomes of the parents?' That question touches a chord which vibrates with a painful keenness through every nerve of the manufacturing system. It darts home to the very core of the moral condition of the factory population, and reveals one great source of that depravity and wretchedness which the orators of the League are too ready to attribute to the corn-laws. 'What becomes of the parents?' For the most part, *they subsist on the bounty of their children!* The laws of nature are reversed! The young child is put in the place of its aged and experienced parent! He who should feed, and instruct, and chasten, is deposed from his authority, and turned into a helpless dependant upon his offspring. The money has changed hands, and with it, robbed of its moral attributes, the (parental) authority. Out of their earnings the children allow their parents a weekly pittance to subsist upon in the event of their not being able to obtain other than factory employment, and there the mutual obligation is fulfilled. The parents resign all authority over the children, and the children provide the means of support for the parents. But the evil does not stop here. Subject to no control, the children, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, in many instances, leave the roof of their parents and seek shelter elsewhere, in order that they may become *entirely* their own masters and mistresses. They take lodgings, males and females mixing promiscuously, observe what hours they please, do as

they please, and bid defiance to all authority but their own erring and corrupt will. Enter any of the singing-rooms or other beer-houses of entertainment and amusement at Manchester (and there are hundreds of them fitted up in a most costly and attractive style) on a Saturday, Sunday, or Monday night, and there you will find the youthful cotton-spinners of both sexes giving the rein to the very lowest and most debasing kind of licentiousness and debauchery. Listen to their language, observe their movements, mark the almost idiotic delight with which they listen to and take part in the most obscene songs and 'recitations;' then watch them, sated with their wretched pleasures, crawl home stupified, listless, and half intoxicated, to a late bed, which they must leave almost the next hour for the factory; note down these things, and then say whether the moral habits and condition of the younger members of the manufacturing population are not in themselves a sufficient predisposing cause of distress and misery, without setting any thing down either to the corn-laws or the vicissitudes of trade. Can it be difficult, with such facts as these before us, to conceive a ten-fold aggravation of distress when trade languishes and labour and wages are curtailed?"

We make no apology for thus quoting from ourselves, because the argument adduced by us in the month of May 1843 is just as unanswerable in March 1844 as ever it was. Neither can we hesitate to repeat shortly what has elsewhere been demonstrated by figures, that there is no falling off in the amount of manufactured goods exported; that the number of yards of yarn and cotton cloth shipped for foreign parts in Great Britain has, on the contrary, been steadily on the increase; while the proceeds have been affected in an inverse ratio to the progress of quantity. Thus, in 1836, we find that Great Britain exported of the articles specified above 198,860,910 yards, of which the declared or real value is given at 20,656,408*l.*; whereas, in 1842, her exports were 268,252,474 yards, of which the value is taken at only 15,068,586*l.* Now, what does this prove? That the corn-laws are no obstacles whatever to an increased export trade; that the export trade has been already carried further than the principles of a legitimate commerce will allow; and that every step which you take

in advance in this direction only exposes you more and more to the miseries that are inseparable from the sort of gambling which goes on when individuals strive only to undersell one another. If the *price* had been maintained while the quantity fell off, then we could have believed that the corn-laws were in fault; but the facts, lying all in the opposite direction, lead to a conclusion diametrically the reverse of that for which the Leaguers contend.

It appears, then, that the object of the League is to effect the repeal of laws which inflict no injury on any portion of her majesty's subjects, which do not prevent monied men from embarking their capital in trade or manufactures to advantage; and are in their operations absolutely unfelt by the people. Why, what is Mr. Cobden himself at this moment compared with what he was twenty years ago? He began life, we believe, in a humble sphere, as the son of a Sussex yeoman. He is now the head of a printing establishment which gives employment to more than one thousand hands; a wealthy man, respected in his own neighbourhood, an influential member of the senate; and yet Mr. Cobden has all his life long had these grinding corn-laws to contend against. But this is the least of the evils of which we complain. The League endeavours to accomplish its end by means which, if not directly contrary to law, are altogether at variance with the spirit of the constitution. Moreover, an example has been set which the agriculturists could hardly refuse to follow; and the consequences are, that, supposing the leaders on both sides to carry matters as they desire and expect to do, we shall by and by have society divided into two hostile factions, amid the strife of which all that what we most prize in the institutions of the country, including both the independence of the legislature and the moral probity of the constituencies, must go to the wall. For the moment you array men into antagonist clubs and associations, you call into play on either side, not their reasoning faculties, but their bitterest prejudices and passions. We verily believe that there are already numbers of persons so misled by the speeches and pam-

phlets of the League, as to conceive that the landowners and occupiers of England desire nothing so much as the total destruction of the factories all over the kingdom, and the expatriation, or even death, of the millions who depend upon them for support. And as little can we doubt that, after the Protection Society has got into full swing, multitudes will in like manner grow up in the persuasion that the manufacturers of England regard them as enemies, whom it is their duty and their determination to extirpate.

Meanwhile, another League is struggling into notice, of which we are really at a loss how to speak, whether in the tone of ridicule, which the project would naturally excite, did it stand alone, or in sober sadness, as becomes those who feel that you can judge as well how the wind sets from the flight of a feather as from the bending of an oak. Mr. Attwood, of Birmingham, has positively succeeded in creating a "Money Currency League," which, in imitation of its elder brother, holds meetings, collects subscriptions, circulates tracts, sends abroad orators, and labours to convince the people of England that they will never know what prosperity is till they return to the use of their one-pound notes. We admit that the idea is so exceedingly comical, that it is not very easy to speak of it without laughter. A return to a paper currency would complete, with a vengeance, the work of national regeneration. Begin by abolishing whatever may remain of the duties which protect your domestic silk-weaver, your worker in leather, and so forth, from the competition of foreigners. Go on to repeal the corn-laws, and wind up by an enormous issue of one-pound notes; and if you don't thrive after all that, then put no further trust in the promises of empirics. But, to be serious. Is it not melancholy, is it not alarming, that every mountebank who takes a crotchet into his head, and can command a little money, and less talent, finds the country ripe for cabals and conspiracies, and manages to carry a portion of its inhabitants along with him? Can such a temper continue to work without the most serious results arising from it? Will it not end in a

complete break-up of our greatness?

And here the question naturally arises, How is the case to be met? We see the evils that attend it in the present, and are not blind to the consequences that may be expected to follow; but how are you to deal with a disease which overspreads the whole of the patient's frame, and seems to have struck its roots into the very pith of his constitution? Would you institute government prosecutions against the spouters in Covent Garden Theatre; or bring in acts of parliament to declare Leagues of all kinds illegal? We answer, that we recommend no such course of proceeding. Where a League assumes the attitude into which the Repeal Association has thrown itself, then let the attorney-general do his duty. The peace of the country must be preserved, and every body which threatens or otherwise disturbs it must be put down. Or if a League presume to interfere, whether by bribery or intimidation, to influence a constituency in the choice of a member for parliament, then let the parties to such illegal interference answer for it before a competent tribunal. But beyond this we have no desire that the queen's government should go. And as to meeting these associations with acts of parliament, the bare idea is ridiculous. It is to individuals, and especially to men of station and weight in society, much more than to the government or to the legislature, that we would make our appeal. Let them discountenance as much as they are able all conspiracies of the kind. Let them refuse to hear League speeches, to read League pamphlets, to take in League periodicals, to notice League advertisements. Let the arrival of a League emissary in any town or district be as much as possible unnoticed. If he presume to shew himself at a time of election, or plead for a candidate, or otherwise support him, let that candidate, whoever he may be, lose at once the countenance of all true friends of their country.

In a word, not only refuse to become a Leaguer yourself, but mark your disapproval of the whole League system, by ceasing to hold with such as support it, any further communication than you can help. A Leaguer may be in private life a very estimable person; but he cannot as a public man seek his country's welfare, otherwise he would not strive in so perilous and unconstitutional a method to force his own views of things upon the legislature.

In like manner, we would suggest, that in both houses of parliament, the members, who are at the same time members of Associations, Leagues, or other political bodies such as the constitution does not sanction or the law recognise, shall become marked men. Communicate with them as little as you can. Never condescend to notice the existence of the bodies to which they belong, unless, indeed, they force upon you the necessity of legislating against them; and when they present petitions, take care, ere you receive them, to be satisfied that they have not been got up in an unconstitutional way. A petition from the Anti-Corn-law League or Repeal Association would be rejected as a matter of course; but let its rejection be as contemptuous as circumstances will admit of. Fling it out of the house; do not condescend so much as to hear it read, and enter into no discussion with the person presenting it. In a word, let every Englishman, whether in public or private life, who feels with us, that even a righteous end is not to be sought for by unrighteous means, do his best to discountenance a system which is pregnant with danger to public liberty. For every point which you carry, even if in itself a just one, by bullying, bluster, and an organised and systematic agitation is a triumph gained over that constitution which, with all its faults, and it has many, is a most precious legacy to us from our fathers; and which we are bound to transmit as little impaired as possible to our posterity.

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A FINE DAY IN THE STRAND.

"Through the long Strand together let us stray."—GAY's *Trivia*.

OUR paper on Fleet Street has given, we understand, great satisfaction to the readers of REGINA. Our informant's name we purposely omit to mention; but his letter was accompanied by a series of newspaper-cuttings from reviews, conceived in a strain so complimentary and encomiastic, that we have had them bound up in Hayday's best manner, imitating in this (however humbly) the noble example set us by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose appetite for admiration was so excessive, that he had bound, in fifteen quarto volumes, the whole catalogue of compliments that had ever been paid him in print, from his first starting in public life to the last day on which his hands could hold a newspaper, and deal cunningly with a pair of scissors. Each volume had its index and portrait, so that the whole composed a piece of delightful flattery, irresistibly pleasing (as we ourselves have found it) in moments when critics become sour,—a kind of corrective, or soda, to the acid of their temporary ill-nature. Lawrence imbibed but one; we have always taken the two, and, after some experience, can recommend, with safety, all young authors to imitate our example, that is, take praise and censure as Gray took poetry and prose, laying both together, for a relish, like bread and cheese.

For this way of referring to our former lucubrations we have no precedent, it is true; but we like it all

the better for this. In these insipid days, when so much cold meat is heated anew, and served up as if for the first time, it is pleasant to deviate a little from the trodden-down path in which so many lose their way, turning, as is our wish, from caricatures of private life, from one-sided scenes of present society, and most unfaithful pictures of the past, to some anecdote that is new and amusing, culled from a field of general information, or the stores of antiquarian ardour; whether we throw light on the characters of celebrated men, or people, from times past, the London localities of to-day, giving an interest, both past and present, to scenes which thousands upon thousands are thronging daily,—streets crowded with curious and inquiring men, without the leisure requisite for research, but "quick to learn and wise to know," and not unthankful.

When Mr. Leland Weever was last in town, we set out together from the Cock Tavern; and, "stepping westward," as Wordsworth has it, with the full waterman's cry of "Westward, ho!" we entered the Strand from under Temple Bar, and began a discourse about this interesting street and its several associations. We could not help commenting on the remark put by Addison into the mouth of Sir Roger de Coverley. "He bade me observe," says Addison, "how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was

scarce a steeple on this side Temple Bar." "Steeple and belfreys have grown up since; and such, indeed," says Mr. Weever, "has been the growth of London westward, that, in striking, the other day, a centre with a pair of compasses, in Mr. Mogg's large map of London, I found that Temple Bar was the most central point in all London; in other words, that we had given the city a shove, as it were, altogether eastward."

"I am glad," I said, "that you have begun with the church, for I have something to say about the two churches in the Strand: a Radical member in the Commons remarking to me the other day, that these two churches were emblematic of the church and churchmen, 'They stand in the way of all improvement.' 'Nay,' I said, 'the churches are put properly in your way by way of remembrance, six days in the week, that there was a seventh set apart for holy thoughts and public worship.'"

"The architecture of St. Clement's, you will observe, Mr. Weever, is of a mongrel order. Wren commenced the present building, and Gibbs completed it. Dr. Johnson was in the custom of walking past St. Dunstan's every Sunday, to take his favourite seat in the north gallery of St. Clement's Danes. Nat Lee, the dramatist, is buried in this churchyard; as is Mountford, the player, of whom I shall have more to tell you by and by.

"The church of St. Mary-le-Strand stands where stood in days of yore a famous May-pole, made more famous for its after-removal by the verse of Pope and the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. The heroes of the *Dunciad* are made to assemble in this locality,

'Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now (so Aune and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.'

This May-pole was taken down in 1718, and given to Sir Isaac Newton, as a rest or stand for his large telescope. Pope has preserved its locality in verse. You remember the exclamation of the witty Bramston,—

'Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole
in the Strand'

Matters of slender moment are soon forgotten, unless preserved in pretty amber or the imperishable verse of such a poet as Pope.

"Numbers were not introduced into the streets of London before the year 1763. Each house was previously distinguished by a sign, which hung suspended like a lamp-iron over the footway. All these signs had, without question, some kind of primary propriety; ridiculous as many were, they had, though utterly unexplainable at the present day, a kind of heraldic signification, a family mark, or mystic allusion. Signs are now reserved for barbers, pawnbrokers, and publicans. The Golden Ball in Pall Mall is one of the last surviving marks of an old, odd, but picturesque mode of distinguishing one house from another, and one shop from its next-door neighbour.

"One of the first-ascertained inhabitants of the Strand was Peter of Savoy, uncle of Henry III., to whom that king, in the thirtieth year of his reign, 'did grant all those houses upon the Thames which sometimes pertained to Briane de Irvula, or Lisle, without the walls of his city of London, in the way or street called the Strand.'

"The bishops were the next great dignitaries who had inns or houses in the Strand, connecting, as it were, the City with the king's palace at Westminster. 'Anciently,' says Selten, in his *Table-Talk*, 'the noblemen lay within the City for safety and security; but the bishops' houses were by the water-side, because they were held sacred persons, whom nobody would hurt.' Stow enumerates no less than nine on the south side of the present Strand.

"1. Exeter House, so called from the see of Exeter. 'The same,' says Stow, 'hath since been called Paget House, because William Lord Paget enlarged and possessed it. Then Leycester House, because Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester, of late new built there; and now Essex House, of the Earl of Essex lodging there.' Devereux Court and Essex Street denote the locality of the London Inn of the see of Exeter.

"2. 'Ther,' says Stow, 'was the Bishop of Bath's inn lately new built, for a great part thereof by the Lord Thomas Seymour, admiral;

which house came since to be possessed by the Earl of Arundel, and thereof called Arundel House.

"3. 'Ther was there a house belonging to the Bishop of Llandaff.

"4. 'Ther was the Bishop of Chester's (commonly called of Lichfield and Coventry) his inn or London lodging.

"5. 'And next unto it adjoining was the Bishop of Worcester's inn.

"6. 'Past the Savoy, the next was sometime the Bishop of Carlisle's inn, which now belongeth to the Earl of Bedford, and is called Russell or Bedford House.

"7. 'Ther Durham House, built by Thomas Hatfield, bishop of Durham, who was made bishop of that see in the year 1345.

"8. 'Next beyond this Durham House is another great house, sometime belonging to the Bishop of Norwich, and was his London lodging, which now pertaineth to the

"9. 'Archbishop of York.'

"The foregoing extracts from Stow exhibit the choice situations in the Strand acquired by some of the great dignitaries of the church, and the way in which the bishops were ousted from their inns at the Reformation, by the Dudleys and the Devereuxs, the great Lord Leicester and the great Lord Essex.

"The first to set an example of rapacity in this respect was Henry VIII., who, at Wolsey's disgrace, robbed the see of York of its palace on the site of the present Whitehall. In the reign of his son and successor, the Protector Somerset copied the great example of his rapacious brother-in-law; and the inns of Worcester, and Lichfield, and Coventry, were levelled to the ground, that the palace of the Protector might stand where they had stood. Then the Bishop of Carlisle gives way to the Earl of Bedford; the Bishop of Bath to the Earl of Arundel; Durham House is lent by the crown to Sir Walter Raleigh; and the inn of the Bishop of Norwich (enjoyed for a short time by the Archbishop of York) is politely possessed, and built upon by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 'till such time as he could find the archbishop a better.' No bishop in the Middlesex part of London was left unmolested. Sir Christopher Hatton supplants the Bishop of Ely

in his inn at Holborn; while the Bishop of Winchester is allowed to remain among the stews and bear-baiters at Southwark, and the Archbishop of Canterbury among the marshes and damp of Lambeth, simply for no other reason than that no great court favourite was found to express a wish of possessing situations so uninviting.

"The Strand in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James must have been an imposing street. The Thames, pure and unsullied, with gardens down to the water's edge, was a stream such as we see it at Richmond. The Savoy was still standing, but turned to other than its original uses. Somerset Place, metamorphosed by name into Denmark House, was inhabited by Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I. Dudley and Devereux, with their whole train of retainers, lord it in one place; while Howard and Russell exhibit no lack of cost and bravery at Arundel House and Bedford House. Lord Burleigh begins to build; his son, Sir Robert Cecil, and the Earl of Northampton, imitate his example; and on the sites of Burleigh Street, Cecil Street, and the present Northumberland House, the town residences of these great men exhibit their halls and porticoes, their garden fronts and gardens, their turrets and their towers.

"In the reign of Charles I., a Catholic chapel is built by Inigo Jones, at Somerset House, for the use of Henrietta Maria; and a lath-and-plaster palace, called York House (on the site of the present Buckingham Street), raises its long line of front, to allow of ample room to the parade and expense of the haughty Villiers.

"At the Restoration, Clarendon resides for a time at Worcester House, while his own house is building; but the Strand is altogether a deserted street. The Duke of Buckingham lives at Wallingford House (the present Admiralty), and the Duke of Albemarle at Whitehall; Arundel House admits the newly formed Royal Society; Somerset House, royalty for the last time, in the person of Catherine of Braganza; Burleigh House is converted into an Exchange; and Salisbury House into the present Cecil Street. Google

"The Strand is on the eve of becoming a street of shopkeepers. Durham House had long been a bazar for the milliner and toy-women to expose their wares, their petticoats and trinkets; the whole street is to lose what Middleton, the dramatist, calls its 'air of gentility, so remote from the handicraft scents of the City.' Troops of small tenements surround the remains of old Arundel House; Middle Rows arise of brick and plaster, the full-grown offspring of the low pent-house and stall. Coal-barges lie on their mud-banks before the garden-walls of Essex House; and the wagon toils up Milford Lane with its load, so picturesquely described by Gay. Holywell Street becomes a receptacle for Jews; the more narrow parts, called in Ben Jonson "the streights" of the Strand, a haunt for prostitutes and thieves."

The foregoing anecdotes were brought together for this very paper by an excellent antiquary, a friend of Mr. Weever's. We had read them over at the Cock Tavern before we started. Mr. Weever was much pleased with them. He said that they threw a clear light on the progressive history of the Strand; adding, "Only, he should have told us that, in 1532, an act was passed for paving the street-way between Charing Cross and Strand Cross (I presume the site of the old May-pole), at the charge of the owners of the lands."

Before I detail at length the several anecdotes which occurred to us as we went along, it may be as well to premise, that these perambulations of ours afford no ignoble or uninteresting amusement. The poet Gay thought it worth his while to write a poem on the "Art of Walking the Streets of London." Sir Richard Blackmore would compose half an epic in seven journeys between the College of Physicians and St. Giles's Pound; the poet doctor "wrote to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;" and Pope has told us,—

"Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he
meets;"

while he owns, a little farther on, that

"A hackney-coach may chance to spoil
a thought."

And then a nodding beam, or pig of
lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest
head."

However, it is with Pope we perambulate the Strand:—

"As drives the storm at any door we
knock,

And house with Montaigne now, and now
with Locke."

And this is as it ought to be, for Pope was born in the Strand, where his father was "a linendraper bold," as all the world doth know, or ought to know. By the way, it is right to mention that the father of Charles Mathews, the late inimitable actor, was a bookseller in the Strand, and that the father of John Flaxman kept a small shop in the same street for the sale of plaster figures. Both Flaxman and Mathews were born in this street.

As we stepped *without* the Bar, on the upper, or northern side of the street, my friend directed my attention to a piece of information recently set up in front of the fish-monger's shop, immediately adjoining the Bar. There I read, in large letters, "Established in the reign of King Henry VIII." "This is not only untrue," I remarked, "but unlikely. Very few fish-stalls were set up in the reign of Henry VIII., for Billingsgate received, in Lord Melbourne's words, 'a heavy blow, and sore discouragement,' in the downfall of Friday and its fish, at the period of the Reformation." "This," I said, "was, in all probability, one of the stalls belonging to the market in Butcher Row, a troop of small tenements that lay between Temple Bar and the back of St. Clement's. 'Here,' says Hatton, 'is a good market for meat, and neare the Bar, for all kinds of poultry, fish, and oilmen's goods.' This was in 1708, and, in 1813, Butcher Row gave way to the improvements suggested by Alderman Pickett, and the present Pickett Street. 'Our next meeting,' says Boswell, 'was not till Saturday, June 25, 1763, when, happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in, and take his seat at another table. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of

mankind, being black. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways, &c. What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind, but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. He had not observed that I was in the room.'

"Wych Street derives its name," said Mr. Weever, "from the Via de Aldwych, the old name of Drury Lane. You will see a good deal about it in Parton's *History of St. Giles's*,—a very ill-conceived, though carefully, executed book. 'When Drury House was erected, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the grandfather of Elizabeth Drury, Dr. Donne's young lady, and the subject of his *Anniversarie*, the Via de Aldwych became known as the lane leading past Drury House to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, otherwise Drury Lane.' As the buildings increased westward, the termination of Drury Lane was led straight into the Strand, and the line leading from the lane into Butcher Row received its old designation of Wych Street."

Still stepping westward, we continue our course down the north side of the Strand, past St. Clement's Church, with his clocks set right, at the urgent solicitation of *Punch*, and enter Holywell Street, the Duck Lane and Monmouth Street of this part of London.

"This is a street," said Mr. Weever, "which I both dislike and love; it is made up of old books and old clothes. I come here for the former, but they badger me for the latter; not so much now, it is true, as when I was your age. Here are too many Jews for my taste; I suppose a kind of colony from Long Lane, Houndsditch, and St. Mary Axe,—

'Jews from St. Mary Axe for gain so wary,
Who for old clothes would even axe St. Mary.'

'A man that comes here as a stranger,' says an old writer, 'would think there had been some great death of men and women hereabouts, he sees so many suits, and no men for them. Methinks, indeed, that they should be well affected to

and keep so many reliques.' Gay, describing the markets of London, says, with great happiness of expression,—

'Thames Street gives cheeses, Covent
Garden fruits,
Moorfields old books, and Monmouth
Street old suits;
Hence may'st thou well supply the wants
of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.'

A man once made a bet to pass up and down this street in the middle of the day without a solicitation from a Jew, either to buy or sell. His offer was at once accepted, and the sum named. He carried his point, for he carried an ink-born at his button-hole, and assumed the official air of a full-grown tax-gatherer. The Jews, in Queen Anne's time, made an offer to the Lord Godolphin, then lord-treasurer, of 500,000*l.*, if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, and with full privileges of trade. They would have made it a million, but Lord Godolphin would not favour such a proposition; he had no wish, he said, to offend two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants. The first Jewish settlement in London was formed in Duke's Place, Aldgate, in the year 1650, or thereabouts. The Jews would have failed in obtaining this to them important favour but for the hypocritical adroitness of Cromwell. They had offered 60,000*l.* for leave to acquire a settlement in London. This was a sum after Cromwell's own heart, and he was anxious to close at once with the Jewish agents. This, however, he did not do, until he had called together a deputation from the London merchants and the London clergy; he heard all their reasons, applauded all, and abused the Jews. 'But can you really be afraid,' he came in with, 'that this mean, despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?' This had the desired effect; the clergy despised the scattered remnant, and the City merchants began to think the Jewish traders

tation closed, and Cromwell was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews."

The Jewish stories of my friend detained us a considerable time in this street, nor did we let a book-stall pass unlooked at. He examined very carefully, I observed, a copy of Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle*. "I never let," he said, "a *Baker's Chronicle* pass unexamined; I am in full expectation of meeting with Sir Roger de Coverley's copy of this book." My friend, I am glad to think, did not see the smile that played upon my lips, for I have since found out that he is really serious in his expectation.

On emerging from Holywell Street, I was glad to remind Mr. Weever of a passage in old Howes, wherein he tells us that, in May 1630, a string, or succession of fish-stalls standing in the Strand, over against Somerset House, were all of them broken down, "Lest," says Howes, "in short space they might grow from stalls to sheds, and thence to dwelling-houses." "Our Middle Rows," I remarked, "had grown up in this way; and, perhaps, our friend 'Established in the reign of King Henry VIII.' was an owner of one of these broken-down fish-stalls."

At the corner of Catherine Street is a house, with a lion rampant in relief upon it. This belonged to the Red Lion Inn, a house of some notoriety, before the West-end hotels gave it the go-by, and thrust its figure-head into a stuccoed wall. Where

"Catherine Street descends into the Strand,"

executions occasionally occurred. James Hall, a murderer, was conveyed on a hurdle from Newgate, and executed at the end of Catherine Street, in the Strand. His body was afterwards hung in chains at Shepherd's Bush, on the Acton Road. He was executed on the 14th of September, 1741, at the hour of ten in the morning.

Over against Catherine Street lived Jacob Tonson. He was born in 1656, and died in 1736, at the great age of eighty. His nephew and successor died at Barnes, about a month or so before him. His great-nephew, "the

son's Lives, died in 1767. Old Jacob, graced

"With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,"

lived, in Dryden's time, at the Judge's Head in Chancery Lane. He gave up business in the year 1720. On his death-bed, he is reported to have said, "I wish I had the world to begin again!" When asked why, "Because," he replied, "I should then have died worth a 100,000*l.*, whereas now I die worth only 80,000*l.*" How strange a wish for a man at the age of eighty, and with 80,000*l.* to leave to no nearer a relative than a great-nephew!

Crossing Catherine Street, we came, as others come, to D'Oyley's warehouse, at the corner of Wellington Street. "A d'Oyley, or a camlet, is," says Gay, in his *Trivia*, "but a poor defence against the cold. You must buy a Witney broadcloth, and make it into a Joseph, or Wrap-rascal."

"The English Opera House," said Mr. Weever, "was built from the design of Mr. Beazley. I always encourage this theatre when it is open, for, though I hate operas, let me tell you, I dislike seeing our English singers set aside for these new conquerors of the Norman race."

Burleigh Street marks the site of Burleigh, or Cecil House, the town residence of the great Lord Burleigh. "Burleigh House sometime belonged," says Stow, "to the parson of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but, in the reign of Edward VI., came, by composition, to Sir Thomas Palmer, knight, who began to build the same, of brick and timber, very large and spacious; but of later times," he adds, "it hath been more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron Burleigh." Thomas Cecil, the son and heir of old Lord Burleigh, was created, in 1605, Earl of Exeter. Burleigh House then became Exeter House. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was living here in 1665.

Exeter 'Change was in existence in 1681, when Delaune drew up his view of London. He speaks of it as lately built. Who does not remember the menagerie here, Mr. Cross himself, and his elephant Chuny?

the sake of our younger readers) was a bazar, a sort of street under cover, or large, long room, with a row of shops, or stalls, on either hand, and a thoroughfare between them. The main foot thoroughfare of the Strand ran, on one side of the street, through this bazar, which was fitted up with walking-sticks and combs,—

“And strung on twines combs dangle
in your face,”

implements for shaving, knives, scissors, watch-chains, and purses.

“Exeter Hall,” said Mr. Weever, “is a place of a very different description from old Exeter ‘Change. Assignations were made in the ‘Change when first erected; we have in the Hall Anti-Slavery, and Anti-This-and-That meetings, with musical festivals, attended by young ladies with bags of buns, and their mammas with oranges and apples, prepared to sit through a whole session of speaking. Husbands go to another Exchange, and brothers wheresoever inclination leads them. In Strype’s edition of Stow, both in his text and in his map, I find Southampton Street described as Bedford Street. Arthur Maynwaring hired a house for charming Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, in this street. Here David Garrick had a house, before he moved to the Adelphi Terrace. Southampton Street is so called out of compliment to Lady Rachel Russell, the wife of Lord William Russell, daughter to the high-minded lord-treasurer, Wriothesley, last Earl of Southampton, and granddaughter to Shakespeare’s Lord Southampton. The present Bedford Street,” Mr. Weever added, “is called in Strype, ‘Half-Moon Street.’ Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, speaks of the Half-Moon Tavern in the Strand, towards Covent Garden. There is a house in Bedford Street with a stone let into its front emphatically inscribed, ‘This is Bedford Street,’ Hook added, when he saw it, ‘and no mistake.’”

Mr. Weever was purposely silent about the Bedford family and the adjoining Covent Garden, intending, he said, God willing, to do full justice to Covent Garden and its associations in a paper from his own pen.

Heathcock Court, a little further on, has a curious shell canopy in

cock. Long may this canopy remain! “It is,” said Mr. Weever, “the last existing sign in London giving its name to a court.” The curious reader of Stow’s own *Survey* will recollect many instances of signs, suspended in front of courts, lending their names to the courts and streets they hung before. “Conyhope Lane in the Poultry was so called,” says Stow, “from three conies hanging for a sign over a poulterer’s stall at the lane’s end.”

Aubrey tells us that one of the poet Denham’s freaks was, when a student of Lincoln’s Inn, the blotting out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross. The Marquess of Waterford and the Earl of Waldegrave were not originals. “Fuller,” says Aubrey, “would repeat to you forwards and backwards all the signs from Aldgate to Charing Cross.” Denham once set him a second lesson.

Our attention was now arrested by a cobalt blue post on one side of the “Thatcht Alley,” setting forth in very readable letters a fact hitherto unknown, that Nell Gwynn had a dairy up this court. “Nell,” said Mr. Weever, “has as many houses assigned to her as Oliver Cromwell, or as King John has palaces.” She lived at Drury Lane, in Pall Mall, at Fulham, and at Bagnigge Wells.

New Exchange Court, near Thatched Alley, preserves a pleasing remembrance of the New Exchange in the Strand. Immediately opposite this court the New Exchange, as it was called, was erected in the year 1608. This part of the Strand in Charles II.’s time was much frequented by country gentlemen. “Where do these country-women lodge, I pray?” says Mrs. Loveit in *Sir Foppling Flutter*. To which Belinda replies, “In the Strand, over against the Exchange.” Upon which Pert, the waiting-woman, breaks in with, “That place is never without a nest of ‘em; they are always as one goes by flaring in balconies or staring out of windows.”

The New Exchange was taken down in 1737. Peppys frequented the place. “With my wife,” he says, “by coach to the New Exchange to buy her some things, where we saw some new fashion petticoats with a black broad lace

printed round the bottom, and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them."

"You know the common story of the White Milliner," said Mr. Weever; "Douglas Jerrold wrote a clever drama on this little incident preserved by Pennant."

"We are indebted to Mrs. Furnish in Otway's *Atheist*," added Mr. Weever, "for preserving some of the cries in the upper walk of the New Exchange, 'Gloves or ribands, sir? Very good gloves or ribands; choice of fine essences.'"

My companion had gone on with a very long series of stories about the New Exchange had I not by this time drawn him aside and given him a gentle push into a baker's shop, No. 141, called Caldwell's, and over against Coutts'. "Here," I said, "we may have the best of penny buns in London; he prides himself, and properly too, on this the first heir of his invention. The composition of a penny bun seems the simplest thing imaginable, yet it is not so (here Mr. Weever, I observed, run his score up to threepence). Mr. Caldwell makes all his buns of the very finest flower, and sells on an average from 750 to 1000 a-day." Here Mr. Caldwell came in with his usual smiling face, from out his little *sanctum* at the back, bidding me good morning, and remarking (too truly, alas!) that he had not seen me for some time in my usual seat at the Scotch church in S— Street. Before I could assign any reason for this to Mr. Caldwell's thinking neglect on my part, Mr. Weever began entering with some enthusiasm into the merits of the Scotch Church question; of secession, non-intrusion, and twenty other important Presbyterian topics. Mr. Caldwell joined in, and stood up firmly, I was glad to see, for the mother church. I in the meantime took upon me to pay the little account we had run up for buns and pump-water, and then to remind Mr. Weever that he had better come some wet day and talk over these important points with Mr. Caldwell when more at leisure.

Mr. Weever, I soon found, was a little nettled with me for this perhaps unnecessary piece of interference on my part. He, however, soon regained his usual good-humour.

and his stores of antiquarian knowledge were as rich and ready as before. "There is very little to tell," he said, "about the south side of the Strand after you pass Bedford Street; we had better hurry on, and, passing what was once called Porridge Island, cross over at the Golden Cross, carrying on our stream of anecdote and association from No. 1 in the Strand."

"What did you say to me as we stepped from under Temple Bar?"

"As drives the storm at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, and now with Locke."

"Northumberland House has two *aliases*, Northampton House and Suffolk House. Northampton House was erected in the reign of James I. by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the son of Lord Surrey the poet, and uncle to Thomas Howard, earl of Suffolk, father to the infamous Countess of Essex. Northampton died childless, and his house in the Strand, or, properly speaking, at Charing Cross, passed to the Suffolk family, and acquired in this way the name of Suffolk House. One of the Suffolk family married, in 1642, Algernon Percy, earl of Northumberland, when Suffolk House was transferred by marriage to the Northumberland family. This Earl added a front towards the garden. The centre of the façade towards the Strand is of the age of James I. Northumberland House in 1708 was inhabited by the *proud* Duke of Somerset. The history of the Seymours and the Smithsons you will find detailed in every common peerage."

"In Hartshorne Lane, now Northumberland Street, Ben Jonson is said to have been born. Old Fuller could trace him when a child to his mother's lodging in this lane. In Spur Alley, now Craven Street (how I abhor all these uncalled-for changes!), Grinling Gibbons was born, the inimitable carver in wood, who could cut a block of lime-tree wood into a net of game, and so deceive you that you can fancy you saw the feathers of the birds flutter within the net that holds them. At No. 18 in the Strand Charles Mathews, the comic actor, was born; his father was a 'serious' bookbinder. The

house was taken down in 1833, and Mathews, in his too brief autobiography, utters a sigh over its demolition. Hungerford Market was erected in the year 1680, and the first stone of the present building laid 18th of June, 1831. Roake and Varty's, at the corner of Villiers Street, is said to form a part of old York House, where Francis Bacon, Lord Bacon, was born. Old Aubrey tells a pleasant story of Bacon at this house. His lordship, being in York House garden looking on fishers as they were throwing their net, asked them what they would take for their draught. They answered *so much*, his lordship would offer them no more than *so much*. They drew up their net, and in it were only two or three little fishes. His lordship then told them it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, 'They hoped to have had a better draught.' 'Out,' said his lordship, '*hope is a good breakfast but an ill supper!*'

"Every well-whipped and unwhipped schoolboy, who has, or who has not, spent a holyday in London, knows of 'Of' Alley and the surrounding streets, commemorating the name of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Bassompierre, when on his first embassy to this country in 1626, speaks of the grand entertainment he received at what he calls in his Memoirs 'Jorshaux,' meaning York House. Buckingham's building was a lath-and-plaster structure, a mere temporary erection. The beautiful water-gate by Inigo Jones, still standing at the bottom of Buckingham Street, may tell us what the building would have been. The last house on the right-hand side of Buckingham Street (facing the river) belonged to Pepys. There is a view of the then Pepysian library in the quarto edition of Pepys' *Diary*. The original house is no longer in existence. Bad luck upon brick and mortar so sadly wanting in antiquarian endurance.

"The original of Coutts' Bank," said Mr. Weever, "was a goldsmith's business, conducted in 1692 by Messrs. Middleton and Campbell."

Durham Yard and the black arch reminded Mr. Weever of the very eventful history of Durham House.

Hatfield, made bishop of Durham in the year 1345. In the reign of Henry VIII. Cuthbert Tunstall, the then bishop, 'conveyed the house,' as Spelman tells us, 'to the king in fee (convey the wise it call), when the king, in recompense thereof, granted to these of Durham Coldharborough and other houses in London. Edward VI., in the second year of his reign, granted Durham House (for life, or till she was otherwise provided for) to the Lady Elizabeth, his sister, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. Poor Tunstall was not allowed to settle long in this new locality. Edward VI. granted Coldharborough to Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury. Queen Mary coming to the throne, and looking upon this gift as a piece of sacrilege, granted the reversion of Durham House to the see of Durham. Tunstall's original conveyance was thus restored to the see of Durham, but it was the reversion only, for Tunstall, who, though he died in 1559, the year of Queen Elizabeth's accession, lived long enough to see the promised reversion set aside and Durham House remain as a kind of lodging-house in the possession of the crown. After a time Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon Sir Walter Raleigh. Aubrey recollected Raleigh's study in a little turret overhanging the silver Thames.

"On the death of Queen Elizabeth, Tobias Matthews, the then Bishop of Durham, put forth the claim of his see to their old town-house in the Strand. Sir Walter Raleigh opposed his claim, but the king and council recognised the right of the see (Raleigh was then without a friend), and Durham House in the Strand was restored to the successors of Thomas Hatfield. What a history of royal predilection and caprice!

"Ivy Bridge, on the west side of Salisbury Street, is one of the few places in the Strand enumerated by Stow. Cecil Street was built in 1696, and Salisbury Street many years later.

"Beaufort Street commemorates old Worcester House in the Strand, and the creation of Henry, son of the loyal Marquess of Worcester, to be Duke of Beaufort. Old Russell, or Bedford House, formerly occupied

Lord Clarendon paid 500*l.* a-year for the use of Worcester House.

"In Fountain Court lived and died that gentle enthusiast in his own art, the poet-painter William Blake. The account of Blake's death-bed is one of the most pleasing yet painful pieces of biographical narrative in the English language. This Fountain Court was so called from a tavern close by, commemorated by Strype for its 'curious old kitchen for dressing of meat, which, with the good wine there sold, makes it to be well resorted to.'"

"The Coal-hole Tavern," I said to Mr. Weever, "is a place well worth seeing. The stout is considered good here." He asked in what the character of the place consisted. I said, "In its gin-and-water and glee-singing; its comic songs and its clouds of smoke."

"Down the Savoy steps," said Mr. Weever, "is the Savoy Chapel. Here old Gawain Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, 'unkil to the Earl of Angus,' and Virgil's first translator, lies buried. There is a monument in the church to Anne Killigrew, commemorated by Dryden in an ode for all ages. Her father was master of the Savoy and brother to Tom Killigrew, who had the King's Theatre at the Restoration. The 'melancholy Cowley' was a candidate for the mastership of this place; he is called in the State Poems 'Savoy missing Cowley.'"

Before we crossed Wellington Street, Mr. Weever stopped me, and said, "Here, at the house, No. 132, lived Bathoe, and here, in 1740, he formed the first circulating library established in London. He received the first hint for this meritorious undertaking from Allan Ramsay the poet, who had conducted one in Edinburgh for many years with great success. The elder Cadell," he said, "was the apprentice of Andrew Millar. Our three great historians had Cadell for their publisher: I allude to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon."

Wright's Hotel, over against Catherine Street, was formerly the Turk's Head Coffee-house. There are several allusions to it in Boswell. Johnson occasionally supped here. "I encourage this house," said Johnson, "for the mistress of it is a good civil woman and has not much busi-

ness." How completely Johnson has identified himself with London!

The Exhibition of Industrious Fleas next Somerset House reminded Mr. Weever of a somewhat similar exhibition in Queen Elizabeth's time, recorded by Stow in his *Annales* under the year 1576. One Mark Scaliot, a blacksmith, born in London, made, he says, for trial of workmanship, "one hanging lock of iron, steel, and brass, a pipe key filed three-square with a pot upon the shaft, and the bow with two esses, all clean wrought and weighing but one grain of gold or wheat-corn. He made also a chain of gold of forty-three links, to the which chain the lock and key being fastened and put about a flea's neck, she drew the same; all which lock, key, chain, and flea, weighed but one grain and a half."

Somerset House was built by Sir William Chambers in the early part of the reign of George III. He took down a better building than he erected in its stead. "You have seen," he said, "an engraving of the chapel built here by Inigo Jones for Queen Henrietta Maria? Well, sir, this gave way to the present Somerset House. You recollect what Lord Burlington said when he thought of Inigo Jones's classic portico to St. Paul's falling before the pick-axe and powder of Sir Christopher Wren? 'When the Jews saw the second temple, they reflected upon the first and wept.' I was once under the vaults of Somerset House," said Mr. Weever; "there I saw the tombs of the French followers of Henrietta Maria who died in this country; they have French inscriptions, and are in capital preservation. I thought when I saw them of the uxorious Charles, and the dislike entertained by the English to the Catholic followers of his queen. These tombs awaken the history of an eventful chapter in the life of Charles. They are built into the wall.

"Can you not fancy," said Mr. Weever, as we stopped under the first archway of Somerset House, "Sir Joshua Reynolds walking along here with one of his glorious lectures under his arm, or perhaps his farewell address to the students, who have gone in before him at that very door burning to hear their distinguished

Johnson, rolling along there dressed in his chocolate-coloured coat, his large bushy wig, his coarse worsted stockings and heavy-soled shoes? He knocks at that door, and is to dine with the Academy at its annual dinner. Fancy fifty years (what cannot Fancy do?), and there walks Sir Walter Scott, filling the office once held by Johnson; he, too, is going to the Academy dinner. Fancy the fretful Barry coming from out that door in one of his usual moods, muttering bitter things against Reynolds, against himself, and against the whole Academy. You can fancy—I am sure I can—the boy Wilkie fresh from Scotland, with a Scotch look, and a Scotch dress, and a strong Scotch accent. You can fancy the boy Wilkie leaving his 'Blind Fiddler' at that door for acceptance, resolute but fearful. Here went once, and often too, the rough and caustic Fuseli, the polite and polished Lawrence, the gentle Flaxman, with that weak little body of his, but all-glorious head, born to embellish art, but unfit for the rougher usages of the world. There you may fancy him followed by the penurious Nollekens, the demure-looking Bacon, the frank-spending, jovial-looking Chantrey.

"Under this archway" (and we stepped across to the antiquarian side of Somerset House), "you may fancy Horace Walpole in lace and ruffles, accompanied by his curious counterpart Cole, making his way to the antiquaries' apartments. There! they are admitted; and Watt, Woollaston, and Davy, knock at that very door and ascend the steps leading to the rooms of the Royal Society, where they mingle as living beings with the portraits of Wren, Halley, Flamstead, and Sir Isaac Newton."

This reverie of Mr. Weever's well over, which I allowed for the sake of letting a shower go by, we ventured from under the archway, and recommenced our observations in the Strand. "He was sorry," he said, "to see the Somerset Coffee-house shut up. You will find it," said he, "spoken of in Boswell. Strand Lane and Strand Bridge are mentioned by Stow, but he says nothing of the Roman Bath. At the corner house over against Strand Bridge, lived, in 1650, William Lilly the astrologer. Win-

cent Wing the almanack-maker, whose existence is still perpetuated by the Stationers' Company, addresses a letter in that year to his honoured friend, Mr. William Lilly, at this house.

"Here we are," said Mr. Weever, "at the depôt of Dr. Anderson's Scottish pills. You will recollect, no doubt, the story told by Sir Walter Scott of an old Scottish laird, a bachelor and a humorist, wealthy, convivial, and hospitable, possessing withal the unhappy power of being able to persuade his guests to take the medicine recommended for his own peculiar complaint. 'My friend,' says Scott, 'had a regular custom of swallowing every night in the world one of Dr. Anderson's pills, for which reasons may be readily imagined. But it is not so easy to account for his insisting on every one of his guests taking the same medicine; and whether it was by way of patronising the medicine (which is in some sense a national receipt), or whether the mischievous old wag amused himself with anticipating the scenes of delicate embarrassment, which the dispensation sometimes produced in the course of the night, I really cannot even guess. What is equally strange, he pressed this request with a sort of eloquence which succeeded with every guest. No man escaped, though there were few who did not make resistance. His powers of persuasion would have been invaluable to a minister of state. 'What! not one *leetle* Anderson to oblige your friend, your host, your entertainer? He had taken one himself, he would take another if you pleased. Surely what was good for his complaints must, of course, be beneficial to yours?' It was in vain you pleaded your being perfectly well, your detesting the medicine, your being certain it would not agree with you; none of the apologies were received as valid. You might be warm, pathetic or sulky, fretful or patient, grave or serious, in testifying your repugnance, but you were equally a doomed man: escape was impossible. Your host was in his turn eloquent, authoritative, facetious, argumentative, precatory, pathetic; above all, pertinacious. No guest was known to escape the *leetle* Anderson. The last time I experienced the laird's hospitality, there

were present at the evening meal the following catalogue of guests. A Bond Street dandy of the most brilliant water, drawn thither by the temptation of grouse-shooting; a writer from the neighbouring borough (the laird's *doer*, I believe); two country lairds, men of reserved and stiff habits; three sheep-farmers, as stiff-necked and stubborn as their own haltered rams; and I, Malachi Malagrowther, not facile or obvious to persuasion. There was also the Esculapius of the vicinity, one who gave, but elsewhere was never known to take medicine. All succumbed; each took, after various degrees of resistance, according to his peculiar fashion, his own *leelle Anderson*. The *doer* took a brace. On the event I am silent. None had reason to congratulate himself on his com-
plaisance."

At the Strand Theatre that delightful actress, Fanny Kelly, gave her *At Homes*. In Surrey Street lived and died Congreve, the dramatic poet. In Norfolk Street lived William Penn the Quaker, the brisk Dr. Birch, and, when in town, Sir Roger de Coverley. In Howard Street, before the door of charming Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mountfort the actor was stabbed in a jest by Captain Hill, a "frolic drunkard," in love with that delightful actress. He died the day after. Hill had fancied that Mrs. Bracegirdle was in love with Mountfort, and that her rejection of his hand was attributable to a passion so unlikely, for Mountfort was a married man. Hill waylaid him on his way home, for he lived in Norfolk Street, and, urged on by Lord Mohun (Duke Hamilton's Lord Mohun), killed in a drunken frolic a clever and unoffending man.

The streets, severally called Howard, Surrey, Arundel, and Norfolk, preserve a pleasing recollection of old Arundel House. Here the Arundel marbles found a fit sanctuary, here Sully was lodged, and here Hollar found a home. Arundel House was taken down in 1678. No. 277 in the Strand, nearly opposite Norfolk Street, is a shop for the sale of theatrical wigs. This was once Bat Pidgeon's, the Bat immortalised in the *Spectator*.

Passing Partington's, of Bath bun notoriety, we arrived at Milford Lane:

"Forth issuing from steep lanes the col-
liers' steeds
Drag the black load; another cart suc-
ceeds,
Team follows team."—*Trivia*.

Of John Carte, at the Dial and Crown near Essex Street in the Strand, Peter the Great is said in 1698 to have bought a famous geographical clock, "which tells what a clock it is in any part of the world, whether it be day or night." The czar was in England in 1698, and I derive this fact from the English newspapers of that year. You may read a good deal about the *Essex Head* in Essex Street in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It was kept in Johnson's latter days by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Thrale's. Here in the last year of his life that clubbable man, Dr. Johnson, established a little evening club. "The terms," he says, "are lax and the expenses light. We meet thrice a week, and the who misses forfeits *twopence*." The forfeit was found too light, and a member for every night of non-attendance incurred very soon after the heavier mulct of *threepence*.

We stood for some time before George's Coffee-house in the Strand. Shenstone relates in his *Letters* that it was a common practice with Sir Robert Walpole to frequent this tavern and listen unseen to the coffee-house criticism of oppositionists and friends, of poets and of pamphleteers. "The people," he adds, "that were carrying Lord Orford in effigy to behead him on Tower Hill, came into the box where he was accidentally at George's to beg money of him among others." "Horace Walpole, in a letter to Cole," said Mr. Weever, "is highly indignant at this story."

On looking down Devereux Court, I heard Mr. Weever utter a very heavy sigh over the Grecian Coffee-house, since March 1843 no longer in existence. We talked for some time about *The Teller*, Steele dating all his learned letters from the famous house. "I remember," says Dr. King, in his *Anecdotes*, "two gentlemen who were constant companions disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee-house concerning the accent of a Greek word. This dispute was carried to such a length,

that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords; for this purpose they stepped into Devereux Court, where one of them (whose name, if I remember right, was Fitzgerald) was run through the body and died on the spot."

Strahan's banking-house (No. 217) was once Mr. Snow's, the same Mr. Snow commemorated by John Gay. Ben Jonson lodged for some time, as Aubrey had heard his uncle Danvers tell, "at a comb-maker's shop without Temple Bar." Here is a comb-

maker's shop to this day. Palsgrave Court I have spoken about before. You may read in Walpole's *Letters* of Thanet Place and the curious painting existing in what was once the Rose Tavern on this spot. Here the Tuftons, earls of Thanet, had their town-house, hence Thanet Place.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Weever, as we stepped into one of Hansom's cabs,—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRIMP WAGON—MILITARY EPISODES.

THE covered wagon to which I was ordered to march was standing, as I have said, in the court-yard of the farm, with another dismal vehicle of the same kind hard by it. Each was pretty well filled with a crew of men, whom the atrocious crimp, who had seized upon me, had enlisted under the banners of the glorious Frederic; and I could see by the lanterns of the sentinels, as they thrust me into the straw, a dozen dark figures huddled together in the horrible moving prison where I was now to be confined. A scream and a curse from my opposite neighbour shewed me that he was most likely wounded, as I myself was; and, during the whole of the wretched night, the moans and sobs of the poor fellows in similar captivity kept up a continual, painful chorus, which effectually prevented my getting any relief from my ills in sleep. At midnight (as far as I could judge) the horses were put to the wagons, and the creaking, lumbering machines were put in motion. A couple of soldiers, strongly armed, sat on the outer bench of the cart, and their grim faces peered in with

their lanterns every now and then through the canvass curtains, that they might count the number of their prisoners. The brutes were half drunk, and were singing love and war-songs, such as *O Gretchen mein Taübchen mein Herzenstropet, Mein Kanon mein Heerpauk und meine Musket, Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter*, and the like; their wild whoops and jodels making doleful discord with the groans of us captives within the wagons. Many a time afterwards have I heard these ditties sung on the march, or in the barrack-room, or round the fires as we lay out at night.

I was not near so unhappy, in spite of all, as I had been on my first enlisting in Ireland. At least, thought I, if I am degraded to be a private soldier, there will be no one of my acquaintance who will witness my shame, and that is the point which I have always cared for most. There will be no one to say, "There is young Redmond Barry, the descendant of the Barrys, the fashionable young blood of Dublin, pipeclaying his belt, and carrying his brown Bess." In-

deed, but for that opinion of the world, with which it is necessary that every man of spirit should keep upon equal terms, I, for my part, would have always been contented with the humblest portion. Now here, to all intents and purposes, one was as far removed from the world as in the wilds of Siberia, or in Robinson Crusoe's island. And I reasoned with myself thus :—"Now you are caught, there is no use in repining ; make the best of your situation, and get all the pleasure you can out of it. There are a thousand opportunities of plunder, &c. offered to the soldier in war time, out of which he can get both pleasure and profit ; make use of these, and be happy. Besides, you are extraordinarily brave, handsome, and clever ; and who knows but you may procure advancement in your new service ?"

In this philosophical way I looked at my misfortunes, determining not to be cast down by them ; and bore my woes and my broken head with perfect magnanimity. The latter was, for the moment, an evil against which it required no small powers of endurance to contend, for the jolts of the wagon were dreadful, and every shake caused a throb in my brain which I thought would have split my skull. As the morning dawned I saw that the man next me, a gaunt, yellow-haired creature in black, had a cushion of straw under his head.

"Are you wounded, comrade ?" said I.

"Praised be the Lord," said he, "I am sore hurt in spirit and body, and bruised in many members ; wounded, however, am I not. And you, poor youth ?"

"I am wounded in the head," said I, "and I want your pillow ; give it me—I've a clasp-knife in my pocket !" and with this I gave him a terrible look, meaning to say (and mean it I did, for look you, *à la guerre c'est à la guerre*, and I am none of your milk-sops), meaning that unless he yielded me the accommodation, I would give him a taste of my steel.

"I would give it thee without any threat, friend," said the yellow-haired man, meekly, and handed me over his little sack of straw.

He then leaned himself back as comfortably as he could against the cart, and began repeating, "Ein fester

Burg ist unser Gott," by which I concluded that I had got into the company of a parson. With the jolts of the wagon, and accidents of the journey, various more exclamations and movements of the passengers shewed what a motley company we were. Every now and then a countryman would burst into tears ; a French voice would be heard to say, "*O mon Dieu !—mon Dieu !*" a couple more of the same nation were jabbering oaths and chatting incessantly ; and a certain allusion to his own and every body else's eyes, which came from a stalwart figure at the far corner, told me that there was certainly an Englishman in our crew.

But I was spared soon the tedium and discomforts of the journey. In spite of the clergyman's cushion, my head, which was throbbing with pain, was brought abruptly in contact with the side of the wagon ; it began to bleed afresh, I became almost light-headed. I only recollect having a draught of water here and there ; once stopping at a fortified town, where an officer counted us :—all the rest of the journey was passed in a drowsy stupor, from which, when I awoke, I found myself lying in an hospital bed, with a nun in a white hood watching over me.

"They are in sad spiritual darkness," said a voice from the bed next to me, when the nun had finished her kind offices and retired ; "they are in the night of error, and yet there is the light of faith in those poor creatures."

It was my comrade of the crimp-wagon, his huge, broad face looming out from under a white nightcap, and ensconced in the bed beside.

"What ! you there, Herr Pastor ?" said I.

"Only a candidate, sir," answered the white nightcap. "But, praised be Heaven ! you have come to. You have had a wild time of it. You have been talking, in the English language (with which I am acquainted), of Ireland, and a young lady, and Mick, and of another young lady, and of a house on fire, and of the British Grenadiers, concerning whom you sung us parts of a ballad, and of a number of other matters appertaining, no doubt, to your personal history."

"It has been a very strange one,"

said I; "and, perhaps, there is no man in the world, of my birth, whose misfortunes can at all be compared to mine."

I do not object to own that I am disposed to brag of my birth and other acquirements, for I have always found that if a man will not give himself a good word, no one will not do it for him.

"Well," said my fellow-patient, "I have no doubt yours is a strange tale, and shall be glad to hear it anon; but, at present, you must not be permitted to speak much, for your fever has been long, and your exhaustion great."

"Where are we?" I asked; and the candidate informed me that we were in the bishoprick and town of Fulda, at present occupied by Prince Henry's troops. There had been a skirmish with an out-party of French near the town, in which, a shot entering the wagon, the poor candidate had been wounded.

As the reader knows already my history, I will not take the trouble to repeat it here, or to give the additions with which I favoured my comrade in misfortune. But I confess that I told him ours was the greatest family and finest palace in Ireland, that we were enormously wealthy, related to all the peerage, descended from the ancient kings, &c.; and, to my surprise, in the course of our conversation, I found that my interlocutor knew a great deal more about Ireland than I did. When, for instance, I spoke of my descent,—

"From which race of kings?" said he.

"O!" said I (for my memory for dates was never very accurate), "from the old ancient kings of all."

"What! can you trace your origin to the sons of Japhet?" said he.

"Faith, I can," answered I, "and farther too,—to Nebuchadnezzar, if you like."

"I see," said the candidate, smiling, "that you look upon those legends with incredulity. These Partholans and Nemedians, of whom your writers fondly make mention, cannot be authentically vouched for in history. Nor do I believe that we have any more foundation for the tales concerning them, than for the legends relative to Joseph of Arimathea and King Brute, which prevailed

two centuries back in the sister island."

And then he began a discourse about the Phœnicians, the Scythas, or Goths, the Tuath de Danana, Tacitus, and King MacNeil, which was, to say the truth, the very first news I had heard of those personages. As for English, he spoke it as well as I, and had seven more languages, he said, equally at his command; for, on my quoting the only Latin line that I knew, that out of the poet Homer, which says,—

"As in præsentī perfectum fumat in avi,"

he began to speak to me in the Roman tongue; on which I was fain to tell him that we pronounced it in a different way in Ireland, and so got off the conversation.

My honest friend's history was a curious one, and it may be told here in order to shew of what motley materials our levies were composed:—

"I am," said he, "a Saxon by birth, my father being pastor of the village of Pfannkuchen, where I imbibed the first rudiments of knowledge. At sixteen (I am now twenty-three), having mastered the Greek and Latin tongues, with the French, English, Arabic, and Hebrew; and, having come into possession of a legacy of a 100 rixdalers, a sum amply sufficient to defray my university courses, I went to the famous academy of Gottingen, where I devoted four years to the exact sciences and theology. Also, I learned what worldly accomplishments I could command; taking a dancing-tutor at the expense of a groschen a lesson, a course of fencing from a French practitioner, and attending lectures on the great horse and the equestrian science at the hippodrome of a celebrated cavalry professor. My opinion is that a man should know every thing as far as in his power lies, that he should complete his cycle of experience, and one science being as necessary as another, it behoves him, according to his means, to acquaint himself with all. For many branches of personal knowledge (as distinguished from spiritual, though I am not prepared to say that the distinction is a correct one), I confess I have found myself inapt. I attempted tight-rope dancing, with a Bohemian

artist who appeared at our academy, but in this I failed, lamentably breaking my nose in the fall which I had. I also essayed to drive a coach-and-four, which an English student, Herr Graff Lord von Martingale, drove at the university. In this, too, I failed; oversetting the chariot at the postern, opposite the Berliner gate, with his lordship's friend, Fräulein Miss Kitty Coddling, within. I had been instructing the young lord in the German language when the above accident took place, and was dismissed by him in consequence. My means did not permit me further to pursue this *curriculum* (you will pardon me the joke), otherwise, I have no doubt, I should have been able to take a place in any hippodrome in the world, and to handle the ribands (as the high well-born lord used to say) to perfection.

"At the university I delivered a thesis on the quadrature of the circle, which, I think, would interest you; and held a disputation in Arabic against Professor Strumpff, in which I was said to have the advantage. The languages of Southern Europe, of course, I acquired; and, to a person well grounded in Sanscrit, the Northern idioms, of course, offer no difficulty. If you have ever attempted the Russian you will find it child's play, and it will always be a source of regret to me that I have been enabled to get no knowledge (to speak of) of Chinese; and, but for the present dilemma, I had intended to pass over into England for that purpose, and get a passage in one of the English company's ships to Canton.

"I am not of a saving turn, hence my little fortune of a 100 rixdalers, which has served to keep many a prudent man for a score of years, barely sufficed for a five years' studies; after which my studies were interrupted, my pupils fell off, and I was obliged to devote much time to shoe-binding in order to save money, and, at a future period, resume my academic course. During this period I contracted an attachment" (here the candidate sighed a little) "with a person, who, though not beautiful, and forty years of age, is yet likely to sympathise with my existence; and, a month since, my kind friend and patron, university prorector, Doctor

Nasenbrunn, having informed me that the Pfister of Rumpelwitz was dead, asked whether I would like to have my name placed upon the candidate list, and if I were minded to preach a special sermon? As the gaining of a living would further my union with my Amalia, I joyously consented, and prepared a discourse.

"If you like I will recite it to you—No?—Well, I will give you extracts from it upon our line of march. To proceed, then, with my biographical sketch; which is now very near a conclusion, or, as I should more correctly say, which has very nearly brought me to the present period of time, I preached that sermon at Rumpelwitz, in which I hope that the Babylonian question was pretty satisfactorily set at rest. I preached it before the Herr Baron and his noble family, and some officers of distinction who were staying at his castle. Mr. Doctor Moser of Halle followed me in the evening discourse; but, though his exercise was learned, and he disposed of a passage of Ignatius, which he proved to be a manifest interpolation, I do not think his sermon had the effect which mine produced, and that the Rumpelwitzers much relished it. After the sermon, all the candidates walked out of church together, and supped lovingly at the Blue Stag in Rumpelwitz.

"While so occupied, a waiter came in and said that a person without wished to speak to one of the reverend candidates, 'the tall one.' This could only mean me, for I was a head and shoulders higher than any other reverend gentleman present. I issued out to see who was the person desiring to hold converse with me, and found a man whom I had no difficulty in recognising as one of the Jewish persuasion.

" 'Sir,' said this Hebrew, 'I have heard from a friend, who was in your church to-day, the heads of the admirable discourse you pronounced there. It has affected me deeply, most deeply. There are only one or two points on which I am yet in doubt, and if your honour could but condescend to enlighten me on these, I think—I think Solomon Hirsch would be a convert to your eloquence.' "

"What are these points, my good friend?" said I; and I pointed out to him the twenty-four heads of my sermon, asking him in which of these his doubts lay.

"We had been walking up and down before the inn while our conversation took place, but the windows being open, and my comrades having heard the discourse in the morning, requested me, rather peevishly, not to resume it at that period. I, therefore, moved on with my disciple, and, at his request, began at once the sermon, for my memory is good for any thing, and I can repeat any book I have read thrice.

"I poured out, then, under the trees, and in the calm moonlight, that discourse which I had pronounced under the blazing sun of noon. My Israelite only interrupted me by exclamations indicative of surprise, assent, admiration, and increasing conviction. 'Prodigious!' said he;—'*Wunderschön!*' would he remark at the conclusion of some eloquent passage; in a word, he exhausted the complimentary interjections of our language, and to compliments what man is averse? I think we must have walked two miles when I got to my third head, and my companion begged I would enter his house, which we now neared, and partake of a glass of beer, to which I was never averse.

"That house, sir, was the inn at which you, too, if I judge aright, were taken. No sooner was I in the place, than three crimps rushed upon me, told me I was a deserter, and their prisoner, and called upon me to deliver up my money and papers, which I did with a solemn protest as to my sacred character. They consisted of my sermon in MS., the Prorektor Nasenbrumm's commendatory letter, proving my identity, and three groschen four pfennigs in bulion. I had already been in the cart twenty hours when you reached the house. The French officer, who lay opposite you, he who screamed when you trod on his foot, for he was wounded, was brought in shortly before your arrival. He had been taken with his epaulets and regimentals, and declared his quality and rank; but he was alone (I believe it was some affair of love with a Hessian lady which caused him to be unat-

tended); and as the persons into whose hands he fell will make more profit of him as a recruit than as a prisoner, he is made to share our fate. He is not the first by many scores so captured. One of M. de Soubise's cooks, and three actors out of a troop in the French camp, several deserters from your English troops (the men are led away by being told that there is no flogging in the Prussian service), and three Dutchmen were taken besides."

"And you," said I,—"you who were just on the point of getting a valuable living,—you who have so much learning, are you not indignant at the outrage?"

"I am a Saxon," said the candidate, "and there is no use in indignation. Our government is crushed under Frederick's heel these five years, and I might as well hope for mercy from the Grand Mogul. Nor am I, in truth, discontented with my lot; I have lived on a penny bread for so many years, that a soldier's rations will be a luxury to me. I do not care about more or less blows of a cane, all such evils are passing, and therefore endurable. I will never, God willing, slay a man in combat, but I am not unanxious to experience on myself the effect of the war-passion, which has had so great an influence on the human race. It was for the same reason that I determined to marry Amalia, for a man is not a complete *mensh* until he is the father of a family, to be which is a condition of his existence, and therefore a duty of his education. Amalia must wait; she is out of the reach of want, being, indeed, cook to the Frau Prorektorinn Nasenbrumm, my worthy patron's lady. I have one or two books with me, which no one is likely to take from me, and one in my heart which is the best of all. If it shall please Heaven to finish my existence here, before I can prosecute my studies further, what cause have I to repine? I pray God I may not be mistaken, but I think I have wronged no man, and committed no mortal sin. If I have, I know where to look for forgiveness; and if I die, as I have said, without knowing all that I would desire to learn, shall I not be in a situation to learn *every thing*, and what can human soul ask for more?"

"Pardon me for putting so many

I's in my discourse," said the candidate, "but when a man is talking of himself, 'tis the briefest and simplest way of talking."

In which, perhaps, though I hate egotism, I think my friend was right. Although he acknowledges himself to be a mean-spirited fellow, with no more ambition than to know the contents of a few musty books, I think the man had some good in him, especially in the resolution with which he bore his calamities. Many a gallant man of the highest honour is often not proof against these, and has been known to despair over a bad dinner, or to be cast down at a ragged-elbowed coat. *My* maxim is to bear all, to put up with water if you cannot get burgundy, and if you have no velvet, to be content with frieze. But burgundy and velvet are the best, *bien entendu*, and the man is a fool who will not seize the best when the scramble is open.

The heads of the sermon which my friend the theologian intended to impart to me, were, however, never told; for, after our coming out of the hospital, he was drafted into a regiment quartered as far as possible from his native country, in Pomerania; while I was put into the Bulow regiment, of which the ordinary head-quarters were Berlin. The Prussian regiments seldom change their garrisons as ours do, for the fear of desertion is so great, that it becomes necessary to know the face of every individual in the service, and, in time of peace, men live and die in the same town. This does not add, as may be imagined, to the amusements of the soldier's life. It is lest any young gentlemen like myself should take a fancy to a military career, and fancy that of a private soldier a tolerable one, that I am giving these, I hope, moral descriptions of what we poor fellows in the ranks really suffered.

As soon as we recovered, we were dismissed from the nuns and the hospital to the town-prison of Fulda, where we were kept like slaves and criminals, with artillerymen with lighted matches at the doors of the court-yards, and the huge, black dormitory where some hundreds of us lay; until we were despatched to our different destinations. It was soon seen by the exercise which were the

old soldiers amongst us, and which the recruits; and for the former, while we lay in prison, there was a little more leisure, though, if possible, a still more strict watch kept than over the broken-spirited yokels who had been forced or coaxed into the service. To describe the characters here assembled would require Mr. Gillray's own pencil. There were men of all nations and callings. The Englishmen boxed and bullied; the Frenchmen played cards, and danced, and fenced; the heavy Germans smoked their pipes and drank beer, if they could manage to purchase it. Those who had any thing to risk gambled, and at this sport I was pretty lucky, for, not having a penny when I entered the *dépôt* (having been robbed of every farthing of my property by the rascally crimps), I won near a dollar in my very first game at cards with one of the Frenchmen, who did not think of asking whether I could pay or not upon losing. Such, at least, is the advantage of having a gentlemanlike appearance; it has saved me many a time since by procuring me credit when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

Among the Frenchmen there was a splendid man and soldier, whose real name we never knew, but whose ultimate history created no small sensation, when it came to be known, in the Prussian army. If beauty and courage are proofs of nobility, as (although I have seen some of the ugliest dogs and the greatest cowards in the world in the noblesse) I have no doubt courage and beauty are, this Frenchman must have been of the highest families in France, so grand and noble was his manner, so superb his person. He was not quite so tall as myself, fair, while I am dark, and, if possible, rather broader in the shoulders. He was the only man I ever met who could master me with the small-sword, with which he would pink me four times to my three. As for the sabre I could knock him to pieces with it, and I could leap farther and carry more than he could. This, however, is mere egotism. This Frenchman, with whom I became pretty intimate, for we were the two cocks, as it were, of the *dépôt*, and neither had any feeling of low jealousy, was called,

for want of a better name, Le Blondin, on account of his complexion. He was not a deserter, but had come in from the Lower Rhine and the bishoprics as I fancy, fortune having proved unfavourable to him at play probably, and other means of existence being denied him. I suspect that the Bastille was waiting for him in his own country, had he taken a fancy to return thither.

He was passionately fond of play and liquor, and thus we had a considerable sympathy together, and when excited by one or the other became frightful. I, for my part, can bear without wincing both ill luck and wine, hence my advantage over him was considerable in our bouts, and I won enough money from him to make my position tenable. He had a wife outside (who, I take it, was the cause of his misfortunes and separation from his family), and she used to be admitted to see him twice or thrice a-week, and never came empty-handed—a little brown bright-eyed creature, whose ogles had made the greatest impression upon all the world.

This man was drafted into a regiment that was quartered at Neiss, in Silesia, which is only at a short distance from the Austrian frontier; he maintained always the same character for daring and skill, and was, in the secret republic of the regiment which always exists, as well as the regular military hierarchy, the acknowledged leader. He was an admirable soldier, as I have said, but haughty, dissolute, and a drunkard. A man of this mark, unless he takes care to coax and flatter his officers (which I always did), is sure to fall out with them. Le Blondin's captain was his sworn enemy, and his punishments were frequent and severe.

His wife and the women of the regiment (this was after the peace) used to carry on a little commerce of smuggling across the Austrian frontier, where their dealings were winked at by both parties, and in obedience to the instructions of her husband, this woman from every one of her excursions, would bring in a little powder-and-ball, commodities which are not to be procured by the Prussian soldier, and which were stored away in secret till wanted.

They were to be wanted, and that soon.

Le Blondin had organised a great and extraordinary conspiracy. We don't know how far it went, how many hundreds or thousands it embraced; but strange were the stories told about the plot amongst us privates, for the news was spread from garrison to garrison and talked of by the army in spite of all the government efforts to hush it up—hush it up, indeed! I have been of the people myself, I have seen the Irish rebellion, and I know what is the freemasonry of the poor.

He made himself the head of the plot. There were no writings nor papers. No single one of the conspirators communicated with any other but the Frenchman; but personally he gave his orders to them all. He had arranged matters for a general rising of the garrison, at twelve o'clock on a certain day; the guard-houses in the town were to be seized, the sentinels cut down, and—who knows the rest? Some of our people used to say that the conspiracy was spread through all Silesia, and that Le Blondin was to be made a general in the Austrian service.

At twelve o'clock, and opposite the guard-house by the Böhmer-Thor of Neiss, some thirty men were lounging about in their undress, and the Frenchman stood near the sentinel of the guard-house, sharpening a wood-hatchet on a stone. At the stroke of twelve he got up, split open the sentinel's head with a blow of his axe, and the thirty men rushing into the guard-house, took possession of the arms there, and marched at once to the gate. The sentry there tried to drop the bar, but the Frenchman rushed up to him and with another blow of the axe cut off his right hand with which he held the chain. Seeing the men rushing out armed, the guard without the gate drew up across the road to prevent their passage; but the Frenchman's thirty gave them a volley, charged them with the bayonet, and brought down several, and the rest flying the thirty rushed on. The frontier is only a league from Neiss, and they made rapidly towards it.

But the alarm was given in the town, and what saved it was that the clock by which the Frenchman

went was a quarter of an hour faster than any of the clocks in the town. The generale was beat, the troops were called to arms, and thus the men who were to have attacked the other guard-houses were obliged to fall into the ranks, and their project was defeated. This, however, likewise rendered the discovery of the conspirators impossible, for no man could betray his comrade, nor of course would he criminate himself.

Cavalry was sent in pursuit of the Frenchman and his thirty fugitives, who were by this time far on their way to the Bohemian frontier. When the horse came up with them, they turned, received them with a volley and the bayonet, and drove them back. The Austrians were out at the barriers looking eagerly on at the conflict. The women, who were on the look-out too, brought more ammunition to these intrepid deserters, and they engaged and drove back the dragoons several times. But in these gallant and fruitless combats much time was lost, and a battalion presently came up and surrounded the brave thirty, when the fate of the poor fellows was decided. They fought with the fury of despair; not one of them asked for quarter. When their ammunition failed, they fought with the steel, and were shot down or bayoneted where they stood. The Frenchman was the very last man who was hit. He received a bullet in the thigh, and fell, and in this state was overpowered, killing the officer who first advanced to seize him.

He and the very few of his comrades who survived were carried back to Neiss, and immediately, as the ringleader, he was brought before a council of war. He refused all interrogations which were made as to his real name and family. "What matters who I am?" said he; "you have me and will shoot me. My name would not save me were it ever so famous." In the same way he declined to make a single discovery regarding the plot. "It was all my doing," he said, "each man engaged in it only knew me, and is ignorant of every one of his comrades. The secret is mine alone, and the secret shall die with me." When the officers asked him what was the reason which induced him to meditate a

crime so horrible, "It was your infernal brutality and tyranny," he said. "You are all butchers, ruffians, tigers, and you owe it to the cowardice of your men that you were not murdered long ago."

At this his captain burst out into the most furious exclamations against the wounded man, and rushing up to him struck him a blow with his fist. But Le Blondin, wounded as he was, as quick as thought seized the bayonet of one of the soldiers who supported him and plunged it into the officer's breast. "Scoundrel and monster," said he, "I shall have the consolation of sending you out of the world before I die." He was shot that day. He offered to write to the king if the officers would agree to let his letter go sealed into the hands of the post-master; but they feared, no doubt, that something might be said to inculpate themselves, and refused him the permission. At the next review Frederic treated them, it is said, with great severity, and rebuked them for not having granted the Frenchman his request. However, it was the king's interest to conceal the matter, and so it was, as I have said before, hushed up—so well hushed up that a hundred thousand soldiers in the army knew it, and many's the one of us that has drunk to the Frenchman's memory over our wine, as a martyr for the cause of the soldier. I shall have, doubtless, some readers who will cry out at this that I am encouraging insubordination and advocating murder. If these men had served as privates in the Prussian army from 1760 to 1765, they would not be so apt to take objection. This man destroyed two sentinels to get his liberty, how many hundreds of thousands of his own and the Austrian people did King Frederic kill because he took a fancy to Silesia? How many men, in later days, did Napoleon Buonaparte cause to die by shot or steel, or cold or hunger, because he wished to make himself master of Russia? It was the cursed tyranny of the system that sharpened the axe which brained the two sentinels of Neiss; and so let officers take warning, and think twice ere they visit poor fellows with the cane.

I could tell many more stories about the army, but as, from having been a soldier myself, all my sympa-

thies are in the ranks, no doubt my tales would be pronounced to be of an immoral tendency, and I had best, therefore, be brief. Fancy my surprise while in this dépôt, when one day a well-known voice saluted my ear, and I heard a meagre young gentleman, who was brought in by a couple of troopers and received a few cuts across the shoulders from one of them, say in the best English, "You infernal *vascal*, I'll be revenged for this. I'll write to my ambassador, as sure as my name's Fakenham of Fakenham." I burst out laughing at this, it was my old acquaintance in my corporal's coat. Lischen had sworn stoutly that he was really and truly the private, and the poor fellow had been drafted off, and was to be made one of us. But I bear no malice, and having made the whole room roar with the story of the way in which I had tricked the poor lad, I gave him a piece of advice, which procured him his liberty. "Go to the inspecting officer," said I, "if they once get you into Prussia it is all over with you, and they will never give you up. Go now to the commandant of the dépôt, promise him a hundred—five hundred guineas to set you free; say that the crimping captain has your papers and portfolio (this was true); above all, shew him that you have the means of paying him the promised money, and I will warrant you are set free." He did as I advised, and when we were put on the march Mr. Fakenham found means to be allowed to go into hospital, and while in hospital the matter was arranged as I had recommended. He had nearly, however, missed his freedom by his own stinginess in bargaining for it, and never shewed the least gratitude towards me, his benefactor.

I am not going to give any romantic narrative of the Seven Years' War. At the close of it, the Prussian army, so renowned for its disciplined valour, was officered and under-officered by native Prussians, it is true, but was composed for the most part of men hired or stolen like myself from almost every nation in Europe. The deserting to and fro was prodigious. My regiment (Bulow's) alone before the war here, had been no less than 600 Frenchmen, and as they marched out of Berlin for the

campaign, one of the fellows had an old fiddle, on which he was playing a French tune, and his comrades danced almost, rather than walked, after him, singing "*Nous allons en France*." Two years after, when they returned to Berlin, there were only six of these men left, the rest had fled or were killed in action. The life the private soldier led was a frightful one to any but men of iron courage and endurance. There was a corporal to every three men, marching behind them and pitilessly using the cane; so much so that it used to be said that in action there was a front rank of privates and a second rank of sergeants and corporals to drive them on. Many men would give way to the most frightful acts of despair under these incessant persecutions and tortures, and amongst several regiments of the army a horrible practice had sprung up, which for some time caused the greatest alarm to the government. This was a strange frightful custom of *child-murder*. The men used to say that life was unbearable, that suicide was a crime, in order to avert which, and to finish with the intolerable misery of their position, the best plan was to kill a young child, which was innocent, and therefore secure of heaven, and then to deliver themselves as guilty of the murder. The king himself, the hero, sage, and philosopher, the prince who had always liberality on his lips, and who affected a horror of capital punishments, was frightened at this dreadful protest on the part of the wretches whom he had kidnapped, against his monstrous tyranny, and his only means of remedying the evil was strictly to forbid that such criminals should be attended by any ecclesiastic whatever, and denied all religious consolation.

The punishment was incessant. Every officer had the liberty to inflict it, and in peace it was more cruel than in war. For when peace came the king turned adrift such of his officers as were not noble, whatever their services might have been. He would call a captain to the front of his company and say, "He is not noble, let him go." We were afraid of him somehow, and were cowed before him like wild beasts before their keeper. I have seen the bravest men of the army cry

like children at a cut of the cane ; I have seen a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks, a man who had been in a hundred battles, and he has stood presenting arms and sobbing and howling like a baby while the young wretch lashed him over the arms and thighs with the stick. In a day of action this man would dare any thing. A button might be awry *then* and nobody touched him ; but when they had made the brute fight then they lashed him again into subordination. Almost all of us yielded to the spell—scarce one could break it. The French officer I have spoken of as taken along with me was in my company and caned like a dog. I met him at Versailles twenty years afterwards, and he turned quite pale and sick when I spoke to him of old days. "For God's sake," said he, "don't talk of that time ; I wake up from my sleep trembling and crying even now."

As for me, after a very brief time, in which it must be confessed I tasted, like my comrades, of the cane, and after I had found opportunities to shew myself to be a brave and dexterous soldier, I took the means I had adopted in the English army to prevent any further personal degradation. I wore a bullet round my neck, which I did not take the pains to conceal, and I gave out that it should be for the man or officer who caused me to be chastised. And there was something in my character which made my superiors believe me, for that bullet had already served me to kill an Austrian colonel, and I would have given it to a Prussian with as little remorse. For what cared I for their quarrels, or whether the eagle under which I marched had one head or two ? All I said was, "No man shall find me tripping in my duty ;

but no man shall ever lay a hand upon me." And by this maxim I abided as long as I remained in the service.

I do not intend to make a history of battles in the Prussian any more than in the English service. I did my duty in them as well as another, and by the time that my moustache had grown to a decent length, which it did when I was twenty years of age, there was not a braver, cleverer, handsomer, and, I must own, wickeder soldier in the Prussian army. I had formed myself to the condition of the proper fighting beast ; on a day of action I was savage and happy ; out of the field I took all the pleasure I could get, and was by no means delicate as to its quality or the manner of procuring it. The truth is, however, that there was among our men a much higher tone of society than among the clumsy louts in the English army, and our service was generally so strict that we had little time for doing mischief. I am very dark and swarthy in complexion and was called by our fellows the "Black Englander," the "Schwazzer Englander," or the English devil. If any service was to be done I was sure to be put upon it. I got frequent gratifications of money, but no promotion ; and it was on the day after I had killed the Austrian colonel (a great officer of Uhlans, whom I engaged singly and on foot) that General Bulow, my colonel, gave me two Frederics d'or in front of the regiment, and said, "I reward thee now, but I fear I shall have to hang thee one day or other." I spent the money, and that I had taken from the colonel's body, every groschen, that night with some jovial companions ; but as long as war lasted was never without a dollar in my purse.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARRY LEADS A GARRISON LIFE, AND FINDS MANY FRIENDS THERE.

After the war, our regiment was garrisoned in the capital, the least dull, perhaps, of all the towns of Prussia ; but that does not say much for its gaiety. Our service, which was always severe, still left many hours of the day disengaged, in which we might take our pleasure had we the means of paying for the same. Many of our mess got leave to work

in trades, but I had been brought up to none, and besides my honour forbade me, for as a gentleman I could not soil my fingers by a manual occupation. But as our pay was barely enough to keep us from starving, and as I have always been fond of pleasure, and as the position in which we now were, in the midst of the capital, prevented us from resorting to those

means of levying contributions which are always pretty feasible in war-time, I was obliged to adopt the only means left me of providing for my expenses, and, in a word, became the *Ordonnanz*, or confidential military gentleman of my captain. I spurned the office for years previously, when it was made to me in the English service; but the position is very different in a foreign country, besides, to tell the truth, after five years in the ranks a man's pride will submit to many rebuffs which would be intolerable to him in an independent condition.

The captain was a young man and had distinguished himself during the war, or he would never have been advanced to rank so early. He was, moreover, the nephew and heir of the Minister of Police, Monsieur de Potzdorff, a relationship which, no doubt, aided in the younger gentleman's promotion. Captain de Potzdorff was a severe officer enough on parade or in barracks, but he was a person easily led by flattery. I won his heart in the first place by my manner of tying my hair in queue (indeed it was more neatly dressed than that of any man in the regiment), and subsequently gained his confidence by a thousand little arts and compliments, which as a gentleman myself, I knew how to employ. He was a man of pleasure, which he pursued more openly than most men in the stern court of the king; he was generous and careless with his purse, and he had a great affection for Rhine wine, in all which qualities I sincerely sympathised with him, and from which I, of course, had my profit. He was disliked in the regiment because he was supposed to have too intimate relations with his uncle the police minister, to whom, it was hinted, he carried the news of the corps.

Before long I had ingratiated myself considerably with my officer and knew most of his affairs. Thus I was relieved from many drills and parades which would otherwise have fallen to my lot, and came in for a number of perquisites which enabled me to support a genteel figure and to appear with some *éclat* in a certain, though it must be confessed very humble, society in Berlin. Among the ladies I was always an especial

favourite, and so polished was my behaviour amongst them that they could not understand how I should have obtained my frightful nickname of the Black Devil in the regiment. "He is not so black as he is painted," I laughingly would say, and most of the ladies agreed that the private was quite as well-bred as the captain, as indeed how should it be otherwise, considering my education and birth?

When I was sufficiently ingratiated with him, I asked leave to address a letter to my poor mother in Ireland, to whom I had not given any news of myself for many, many years, for the letters of the foreign soldiers were never admitted to the post for fear of appeals or disturbances on the part of their parents abroad. My captain agreed to find means to forward the letter, and as I knew that he would open it, I took care to give it him sealed, thus shewing my confidence in him. But the letter was, as you may imagine, written so that the writer should come to no harm were it intercepted. I begged my honoured mother's forgiveness for having fled from her. I said that my extravagance and folly in my own country I knew rendered my return thither impossible; but that she would, at least, be glad to know that I was well and happy in the service of the greatest monarch in the world, and that the soldier's life was most agreeable to me. And, I added, that I had found a kind protector and patron who I hoped would some day provide for me as I knew it was out of her power to do. I offered remembrances to all the girls at Castle Brady, naming them from Biddy to Becky downwards, and signed myself, as in truth I was, her affectionate son, Redmond Barry, in Captain Potzdorff's company of the Bulowish regiment of foot in garrison at Berlin. Also I told her a pleasant story about the king kicking the chancellor and three judges downstairs, as he had done one day when I was on guard at Potzdamm, and said I hoped for another war soon when I might rise to be an officer. In fact, you might have imagined my letter to be that of the happiest fellow in the world, and I was not on this head at all sorry to mislead my kind parent.

I was sure my letter was read, for

Captain Potzdorff began asking me some days afterwards about my family, and I told him the circumstances pretty truly, all things considered. I was a cadet of a good family, but my mother was almost ruined and had barely enough to support her eight daughters, whom I named. I had been to study for the law at Dublin, where I had got into debt and bad company, had killed a man in a duel, and would be hanged or imprisoned by his powerful friends if I returned. I had enlisted in the English service, where an opportunity for escape presented itself to me such as I could not resist, and hereupon I told the story of Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham in such a way as made my patron to be convulsed with laughter, and he told me afterwards that he had repeated the story at Madame de Kameke's evening assembly, where all the world was anxious to have a sight of the young Englishman.

"Was the British ambassador there?" I asked, in a tone of the greatest alarm, and added, "For Heaven's sake, sir, do not tell my name to him, or he might ask to have me delivered up, and I have no fancy to go to be hanged in my dear native country." Potzdorff, laughing, said he would take care that I should remain where I was, on which I swore eternal gratitude to him.

Some days afterwards, and with rather a grave face, he said to me, "Redmond, I have been talking to our colonel about you, and as I wondered that a fellow of your courage and talents had not been advanced during the war, the general said they had had their eye upon you; that you were a gallant soldier, and had evidently come of a good stock; that no man in the regiment had had less fault found with him; but that no man merited promotion less. You were idle, dissolute, and unprincipled; you had done a deal of harm to the men; and, for all your talents and bravery, he was sure would come to no good."

"Sir!" said I, quite astonished that any mortal man should have formed such an opinion of me. "I hope General Bulow is mistaken regarding my character. I have fallen into bad company, it is true; but I have only done as other soldiers have done: and, above all, I have never

had a kind friend and protector before to whom I might shew that I was worthy of better things. The general may say I am a ruined lad, and send me to the d—l; but be sure of this, I would go to the d—l to serve you." This speech I saw pleased my patron very much; and, as I was very discreet and useful in a thousand delicate ways to him, he soon came to have a sincere attachment for me. One day, or rather night, when he was *tête-à-tête* with the lady of the Geheimer-Tabaks Rath von Dose for instance, I . . . but there is no use in telling affairs which concern nobody now.

Four months after my letter to my mother, I got, under cover to the captain, a reply, which created in my mind a yearning after home, and a melancholy which I cannot describe. I had not seen the dear soul's writing for five years. All the old days, and the fresh happy sunshine of the old green fields in Ireland, and her love, and my uncle, and Phil Purcell, and every thing that I had done and thought, came back to me as I read the letter; and when I was alone I cried over it, as I hadn't done since the day when Norah jilted me. I took care not to shew my feelings to the regiment or my captain; but that night, when I was to have taken tea at the garden-house outside Brandenburg Gate, with Fräulein Lottchen (the Tabaks Rätthinn's gentlewoman of company), I somehow had not the courage to go; but begged to be excused, and went early to bed in barracks, out of which I went and came now almost as I willed, and passed a long night weeping and thinking about dear Ireland.

Next day, my spirits rose again, and I got a ten-guinea bill cashed, which my mother sent in the letter, and gave a handsome treat to some of my acquaintance. The poor soul's letter was blotted all over with tears, full of texts, and written in the wildest incoherent way. She said she was delighted to think I was under a Protestant prince, though she feared he was not in the right way: that right way, she said, she had the blessing to find, under the guidance of the Rev. Joshua Jowls, whom she sat under. She said he was a precious, chosen vessel; a sweet ointment and precious box of embalmment.

and made use of a great number more phrases that I could not understand; but one thing was clear in the midst of all this jargon, that the good soul loved her son still, and thought and prayed day and night for her wild Redmond. Has it not come across many a poor fellow, in a solitary night's watch, or in sorrow, sickness, or captivity, that at that very minute, most likely, his mother is praying for him? I often have had these thoughts; but they are none of the gayest, and it's quite as well that they don't come to you in company; for where would be a set of jolly fellows then?—as mute as undertakers at a funeral, I promise you. I drank my mother's health that night in a bumper, and lived like a gentleman whilst the money lasted. She pinched herself to give it me, as she told me afterwards; and Mr. Jowls was very wroth with her.

Although the good soul's money was pretty quickly spent, I was not long in getting more; for I had a hundred ways of getting it, and became a universal favourite with the captain and his friends. Now, it was Madame von Dose who gave me a Frederic d'or for bringing her a bouquet or a letter from the captain;* now it was, on the contrary, the old privy councillor who treated me with a bottle of Rhenish, and slipped into my hand a dollar or two, in order that I might give him some information regarding the *liaison* between my captain and his lady. But though I was not such a fool as not to take his money, you may be sure I was not dishonourable enough to betray my benefactor; and he got very little out of me. When the captain and the lady fell out, and he began to pay his addresses to the rich daughter of the Dutch minister Frattlein, I don't know how many more letters and guineas the unfortunate Tabaks Räthinn handed over to me, that I might get her lover back again. But such returns are rare in love, and the captain used only to laugh at her stale sighs and entreaties. In the house of Mynheer Van Guldensack

I made myself so pleasant to high and low, that I came to be quite intimate there; and got the knowledge of a state secret or two which surprised and pleased my captain very much. These little hints he carried to his uncle, the minister of police, who, no doubt, made his advantage of them; and thus I began to be received quite in a confidential light by the Potzdorff family, and became a mere nominal soldier, being allowed to appear in plain clothes (which were, I warrant you, of a neat fashion), and to enjoy myself in a hundred ways, which the poor fellows, my comrades, envied. As for the sergeants, they were as civil to me as to an officer; it was as much as their stripes were worth to offend a person who had the ear of the minister's nephew. There was in my company a young fellow by the name of Kurz, who was six feet high in spite of his name, and whose life I had saved in some affair of the war. What does this lad do, after I had recounted to him one of my adventures, but call me a spy and informer, and beg me not to call him *du* any more, as is the fashion with young men when they are very intimate. I had nothing for it but to call him out; but I owed him no grudge. I disarmed him in a twinkling; and, as I sent his sword flying over his head, said to him, "Kurz, did ever you know a man guilty of a mean action who can do as I do now?" This silenced the rest of the grumblers; and no man ever sneered at me after that.

No man can suppose that, to a person of my fashion, the waiting in antechambers, the conversation of footmen and hangers-on, was pleasant. But it was not more degrading than the barrack-room, of which I need not say I was heartily sick. My protestations of liking for the army were all intended to throw dust into the eyes of my employer. I sighed to be out of slavery. I knew I was born to make a figure in the world. Had I been one of the Neiss garrison, I would have cut my way to freedom by the side of the gallant French-

* In the original MS. the words "my master" have often been written, but afterwards expunged, by Mr. Barry, and "my captain" written in their stead. If we have allowed the passage which describes his occupation under Monsieur de Potzdorff to remain, it is not, we beseech the reader to suppose, because we admire the auto-biographer's principles or professions.

man ; but here I had only artifice to enable me to attain my end, and was not I justified in employing it ? My plan was this : I may make myself so necessary to M. de Potzdorff, that he will obtain my freedom. Once free, with my fine person and good family, I will do what ten thousand Irish gentlemen have done before, and will marry a lady of fortune and condition. And the proof that I was, if not disinterested, at least actuated by a noble ambition, is this. There was a fat grocer's widow in Berlin with six hundred thalers of rent, and a good business, who gave me to understand that she would purchase my discharge if I would marry her ; but I frankly told her that I was not made to be a grocer, and thus absolutely flung away a chance of freedom which she offered me.

And I was grateful to my employers, more grateful than they to me. The captain was in debt, and had dealings with the Jews, to whom he gave notes of hand payable on his uncle's death. The old Herr von Potzdorff, seeing the confidence his nephew had in me, offered to bribe me to know what the young man's affairs really were. But what did I do ? I informed Monsieur George von Potzdorff of the fact ; and we made out, in concert, a list of little debts, so moderate, that they actually appeased the old uncle instead of irritating, and he paid them, being glad to get off so cheap.

And a pretty return I got for this fidelity. One morning, the old gentleman, being closeted with his nephew (he used to come to get any news stirring as to what the young officers of the regiments were doing ; whether this or that gambled ; who intrigued, and with whom ; who was at the Ridotto on such a night ; who was in debt, and what not ; for the king liked to know the business of every officer in his army), I was sent with a letter to the Marquis d'Argens (that afterwards married Mademoiselle Cochois, the actress), and, meeting the marquis at a few paces off in the street, gave my message, and returned to the captain's lodging. He and his worthy uncle were making my unworthy self the subject of conversation.

"He is noble," said the captain.

"Bah !" replied the uncle (whom

I could have throttled for his insolence). "All the beggarly Irish who ever enlisted tell the same story."

"He was kidnapped by Galgenstein," resumed the other.

"A kidnapped deserter," said M. Potzdorff, "*la belle affaire !*"

"Well, I promised the lad I would ask for his discharge ; and I am sure you can make him useful."

"You have asked his discharge," answered the elder, laughing. "Bon Dieu ! You are a model of probity ! You'll never succeed to my place, George, if you are no wiser than you are just now. Make the fellow as useful to you as you please. He has a good manner and a frank countenance. He can lie with an assurance that I never saw surpassed, and fight, you say, on a pinch. The scoundrel does not want for good qualities ; but he is vain, a spendthrift, and a *bavard*. As long as you have the regiment in *terrorem* over him, you can do as you like with him. Once let him loose, and the lad is likely to give you the slip. Keep on promising him : promise to make him a general, if you like. What the deuce do I care ? There are spies enough to be had in this town without him."

It was thus that the services I rendered to M. Potzdorff were qualified by that ungrateful old gentleman ; and I stole away from the room extremely troubled in spirit, to think that another of my fond dreams was thus dispelled ; and that my hopes of getting out of the army, by being useful to the captain, were entirely vain. For some time, my despair was such, that I thought of marrying the widow ; but the marriages of privates are never allowed without the direct permission of the king ; and it was a matter of very great doubt whether his majesty would allow a young fellow of twenty-two, the handsomest man of his army, to be coupled to a pimple-faced old widow of sixty, who was quite beyond the age when her marriage would be likely to multiply the subjects of his majesty. This hope of liberty was therefore vain ; nor could I hope to purchase my discharge, unless any charitable soul would lend me a large sum of money ; for, though I made a good deal, as I have said, yet I have always had through life an incorrigible knack of spend-

ing, and (such is my generosity of disposition) have been in debt almost ever since I was born.

My captain, the sly rascal! gave me a very different version of his conversation with his uncle to that which I knew to be the true one; and said smilingly to me, "Redmond, I have spoken to the minister regarding thy services,* and thy fortune is made. We shall get thee out of the army, appoint thee to the police bureau, and procure for thee an inspectorship of customs; and, in fine, allow thee to move in a better sphere than that in which Fortune has hitherto placed thee."

Although I did not believe a word of this speech, I affected to be very much moved by it, and, of course, swore eternal gratitude to the captain for his kindness to the poor Irish castaway.

"Your service at the Dutch minister's has pleased me very well. There is another occasion on which you may make yourself useful to us; and if you succeed, depend on it your reward will be secure."

"What is the service, sir?" said I; "I will do any thing for so kind a master."

"There is lately come to Berlin," said the captain, "a gentleman in the service of the Empress Queen who calls himself the Chevalier de Balibari, and wears the red riband and star of the pope's order of the spur. He speaks Italian or French indifferently; but we have some reason to fancy this Monsieur de Balibari is a native of your country of Ireland. Did you ever hear such a name as Balibari in Ireland?"

"Balibari! Ballyb **?" A sudden thought flashed across me. "No, sir," said I, "never heard the name."

"You must go into his service. Of course, you will not know a word of English; and if the chevalier asks as to the particularity of your accent, say you are a Hungarian. The ser-

vant who came with him will be turned away to-day, and the person to whom he has applied for a faithful fellow will recommend you. You are a Hungarian; you served in the seven years' war. You left the army on account of weakness of the loins. You served Monsieur de Quellenberg two years; he is now with the army in Silesia, but there is your certificate signed by him. You afterwards lived with Doctor Mopsius, who will give you a character, if need be; and the landlord of the Star will, of course, certify that you are an honest fellow; but his certificate goes for nothing. As for the rest of your story, you can fashion that as you will, and make it as romantic or as ludicrous as your fancy dictates. Try, however, to win the chevalier's confidence by provoking his compassion. He gambles a great deal, and *wins*. Do you know the cards well?"

"Only a very little, as soldiers do."

"I had thought you more expert. You must find out if the chevalier cheats; if he does, we have him. He sees the English and Austrian envoys continually, and the young men of either ministry sup repeatedly at his house. Find out what they talk of; for how much each plays, especially if any of them play on parole. If you once read his private letters, of course you will; though about those which go to the post, you need not trouble yourself, we look at them there. But never see him write a note without finding out to whom it goes, and by what channel or messenger. He sleeps with the keys of his despatch-box with a string round his neck. Twenty Frederics, if you get an impression of the keys. You will, of course, go in plain clothes. You had best brush the powder out of your hair, and tie it with a riband simply; your moustache you must of course shave off."

With these instructions, and a

* The service about which Mr. Barry here speaks has, and we suspect purposely, been described by him in very dubious terms. It is most probable that he was employed to wait at the tables of strangers in Berlin, and to bring to the police minister any news concerning them which might at all interest the government. The great Frederic never received a guest without taking these hospitable precautions; and as for the duels which Mr. Barry fights, may we be allowed to hint a doubt as to a great number of these combats? It will be observed, in one or two other parts of his Memoirs, that whenever he is at an awkward pass, or does what the world does not usually consider respectable, a duel, in which he is victorious, is sure to ensue; from which he avows that he is a man of undoubted honour.

very small gratuity, the captain left me. When I again saw him, he was amused at the change in my appearance. I had not without a pang (for they were as black as jet, and curled elegantly) shaved off my moustache; had removed the odious grease and flower, which I always abominated, out of my hair; had mounted a demure French grey coat, black satin breeches, and a maroon plush waistcoat, and a hat without a cockade. I looked as meek and humble as any servant out of place could possibly appear; and I think not my own regiment, which was now at the review at Potsdam, would have known me. Thus accoutred, I went to the Star Hotel, where this stranger was,—my heart beating with anxiety, and something telling me that this Chevalier de Balibari was no other than Barry, of Ballybarry, my father's eldest brother, who had given up his estate in consequence of his obstinate adherence to the Romish superstition. Before I went in to present myself, I went to look in the *remises* at his carriage. Had he the Barry arms? Yes, there they were, argent, a bend gules, with four escallops of the field,—the ancient coat of my house. They were painted in a shield about as big as my hat, on a smart chariot handsomely gilded, surmounted with a coronet, and supported by eight or nine cupids, cornucopias, and flower-baskets, according to the queer heraldic fashion of those days. It must be he! I felt quite faint as I went up the stairs. I was going to present myself before my uncle in the character of a servant!

"You are the young man whom M. de Seebach recommended?"

I bowed, and handed him a letter from that gentleman, with which my captain had taken care to provide me. As he looked at it, I had leisure to examine him. My uncle was a man of sixty years of age, dressed superbly in a coat and breeches of apri-

cot-coloured velvet, a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold like the coat. Across his breast went the purple riband of his order of the spur; and the star of the order, an enormous one, sparkled on his breast. He had rings on all his fingers, a couple of watches in his fobs, a rich diamond *solitaire* in the black riband round his neck, and fastened to the bag of his wig; his ruffles and frills were decorated with a profusion of the richest lace. He had pink silk stockings rolled over the knee, and tied with gold garters; and enormous diamond buckles to his red-heeled shoes. A sword mounted in gold, and with a white fish-skin scabbard; and a hat richly laced, and lined with white feathers, which were lying on a table beside him, completed the costume of this splendid gentleman. In height he was about my size, that is, six feet and half an inch; his cast of features singularly like mine, and extremely *distingué*. One of his eyes was closed with a black patch, however; he wore a little white and red paint, by no means an unusual ornament in those days; and a pair of moustachios, which fell over his lip, and hid a mouth that I afterwards found had rather a disagreeable expression. When his beard was removed, the upper teeth appeared to project very much; and his countenance wore a ghastly fixed smile, by no means pleasant.

It was very imprudent of me; but when I saw the splendour of his appearance, the nobleness of his manner, I felt it impossible to keep disguise with him; and when he said, "Ah, you are a Hungarian I see!" I could hold no longer.

"Sir," said I, "I am an Irishman, and my name is Redmond Barry, of Ballybarry." As I spoke, I burst into tears; I can't tell why; but I had seen none of my kith or kin for six years, and my heart longed for some one.

CHAPTER IX.

BARRY BIDS ADIEU TO THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

You who have never been out of your country know little what it is to hear a friendly voice in captivity; and there's many a man that will not understand the cause of the burst of

feeling which I have confessed took place on my seeing my uncle. He never for a minute thought to question the truth of what I said. "Mother of God!" cried he, "it's my

brother Harry's son." And I think in my heart he was as much affected as I was at thus suddenly finding one of his kindred; for he, too, was an exile from home, and a friendly voice, a look, brought the old country back to his memory again, and the old days of his boyhood. "I'd give five years of my life to see them again," said he, after caressing me very warmly. "What?" asked I. "Why," replied he, "the green fields, and the river, and the old round tower, and the burying-place at Ballybarry. 'Twas a shame for your father to part with the land, Redmond; that went so long with the name."

He then began to ask me concerning myself, and I gave him my history at some length; at which the worthy gentleman laughed many times, saying, that I was a Barry all over. In the middle of my story he would stop me, to make me stand back to back, and measure with him (by which I ascertained that our heights were the same, and that my uncle had a stiff knee, moreover, which made him walk in a peculiar way), and uttered, during the course of the narrative, a hundred exclamations of pity, and kindness, and sympathy. It was "Holy saints!" and "Mother of Heaven!" and "Blessed Mary!" continually, by which, and with justice, I concluded that he was still devotedly attached to the ancient faith of our family.

It was with some difficulty that I came to explain to him the last part of my history, viz., that I was put into his service as a watch upon his actions, of which I was to give information in a certain quarter. When I told him (with a great deal of hesitation) of this fact, he burst out laughing, and enjoyed the joke amazingly. "The rascals!" said he; "they think to catch me, do they? Why, Redmond, my chief conspiracy is a faro-bank. But the king is so jealous, that he will see a spy in every person who comes to his miserable capital in the great sandy desert here. Ah, my boy, I must shew you Paris and Vienna!"

I said, there was nothing I longed for more than to see any city but Berlin, and should be delighted to be free of the odious military service. Indeed, I thought, from his splendour of appearance, the knick-knacks

about the room, the gilded carriage in the *remise*, that my uncle was a man of vast property; and that he would purchase a dozen, nay, a whole regiment, of substitutes, in order to restore me to freedom.

But I was mistaken in my calculations regarding him, as his history of himself speedily shewed me. "I have been beaten about the world," said he, "ever since the year 1742, when my brother, your father, and Heaven forgive him, cut my family estate from under my heels, by turning heretic, in order to marry that scold of a mother of yours. Well, let by-gones be by-gones. 'Tis probable that I should have run through the little property as he did in my place, and I should have had to begin a year or two later the life I have been leading ever since I was compelled to leave Ireland. My lad, I have been in every service; and, between ourselves, owe money in every capital in Europe. I made a campaign or two with the Pandours under Austrian Trenck. I was captain in the Guard of His Holiness the Pope. I made the campaign of Scotland with the Prince of Wales; a bad fellow, my dear, caring more for his mistress and his brandy-bottle than for the crowns of the three kingdoms. I have served in Spain and in Piedmont; but I have been a rolling stone, my good fellow. Play—play has been my ruin! that and beauty (here he gave a leer which made him, I must confess, look any thing but handsome; besides, his rouged cheeks were all beslobbered with the tears which he had shed on receiving me). The women have made a fool of me, my dear Redmond. I am a soft-hearted creature, and this minute, at sixty-two, have no more command of myself than when Peggy O'Dwyer made a fool of me at sixteen."

"Faith, sir," says I, laughing, "I think it runs in the family!" and described to him, much to his amusement, my romantic passion for my cousin, Nora Brady. He resumed his narrative.

"The cards now are my only livelihood. Sometimes I am in luck, and then I lay out my money in these trinkets you see. It's property, look you, Redmond, and the only way I have found of keeping a little about

me. When the luck goes against me, why, my dear, my diamonds go to the pawnbrokers and I wear paste. Friend Moses, the goldsmith, will pay me a visit this very day, for the chances have been against me all the week past, and I must raise money for the bank to-night. Do you understand the cards?"

I replied that I could play as soldiers do, but had no great skill.

"We will practise in the mornings, my boy," said he, "and I'll put you up to a thing or two worth knowing."

Of course I was glad to have such an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and professed myself delighted to receive my uncle's instruction.

The chevalier's account of himself rather disagreeably affected me. All his show was on his back, as he said. His carriage, with the fine gilding, was a part of his stock in trade. He had a sort of mission from the Austrian court:—it was to discover whether a certain quantity of alloyed ducats which had been traced to Berlin, were from the king's treasury. But the real end of Monsieur de Balibari was play. There was a young *attaché* of the English embassy, my Lord Deuceace, afterwards Viscount and Earl of Crabs in the English peerage, who was playing high; and it was after hearing of the passion of this young English nobleman that my uncle, then at Prague, determined to visit Berlin and engage him. For there is a sort of chivalry among the knights of the dice-box: the fame of great players is known all over Europe. I have known the Chevalier de Casanova, for instance, to travel six hundred miles, from Paris to Turin, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Charles Fox, then only my Lord Holland's dashing son, afterwards the greatest of European orators and statesmen.

It was agreed that I should keep my character of valet, that in the presence of strangers I should not know a word of English, that I should keep a good look-out on the trumps when I was serving the champagne and punch about; and, having a remarkably fine eyesight and a great natural aptitude, I was speedily able to give my dear uncle much assistance against his opponents at the green table. Some prudish persons

may affect indignation at the frankness of these confessions, but Heaven pity them! Do you suppose that any man who has lost or won a hundred thousand pounds at play will not take the advantages which his neighbour enjoys? They are all the same. But it is only the clumsy fool who *cheats*, who resorts to the vulgar expedients of coggled dice and cut cards. Such a man is sure to go wrong some time or other, and is not fit to play in the society of gallant gentlemen; and my advice to people who see such a vulgar person at his pranks, is, of course, to back him while he plays, but never—never to have any thing to do with him. Play grandly, honourably. Be not, of course, cast down at losing; but, above all, be not eager at winning, as mean souls are. And, indeed, with all one's skill and advantages that winning is often problematical, I have seen a sheer ignoramus that knows no more of play than of Hebrew, blunder you out of five thousand pounds in a few turns of the cards. I have seen a gentleman and his confederate play against another and *his* confederate. One never is secure in these cases; and when one considers the time and labour spent, the genius, the anxiety, the outlay of money required, the multiplicity of bad debts that one meets with (for dishonourable rascals are to be found at the play-table, as every where else in the world),—I say, for my part, the profession is a bad one; and, indeed, have scarcely ever met a man who, in the end, profited by it. I am writing now with the experience of a man of the world. At the time I speak of I was a lad, dazzled by the idea of wealth, and respecting, certainly too much, my uncle's superior age and station in life.

There is no need to particularise here the little arrangements made between us; the play-men of the present day want no instruction, I take it, and the public have little interest in the matter. But simplicity was our secret. Every thing successful is simple. If, for instance, I wiped the dust off a chair with my napkin, it was to shew that diamonds, the enemy, was strong in; if I pushed it he had ace, king; if I said, "Punch or wine, my lord?" hearts was meant; if "Wine or punch?" clubs. If I blew

my nose, it was to indicate that there was another confederate employed by the adversary; and then, I warrant you, some pretty trials of skill would take place. My Lord Deuceace, although so young, had a very great skill and cleverness with the cards in every way; and it was only from hearing Frank Punter, who came with him, yawn three times when the chevalier had the ace of trumps, that I knew we were Greek to Greek, as it were.

My assumed dulness was perfect; and I used to make Monsieur de Potzdorff laugh with it, when I carried my little reports to him at the Garden-house outside the town where he gave me rendezvous. These reports, of course, were arranged between me and my uncle beforehand. I was instructed (and it is always far the best way) to tell as much truth as my story would possibly bear. When, for instance, he would ask me, "What does the chevalier do of a morning?"

"He goes to church regularly (he was very religious), and after hearing mass comes home to breakfast. Then he takes an airing in his chariot till dinner, which is served at noon. After dinner he writes his letters, if he have any letters to write; but he has very little to do in this way. His letters are to the Austrian envoy, with whom he corresponds, but who does not acknowledge him; and being written in English, of course I look over his shoulder. He generally writes for money. He says he wants it to bribe the secretaries of the treasury, in order to find out really where the alloyed ducats come from; but, in fact, he wants it to play of evenings, when he makes his party with Calsabigi, the lottery-contractor, the Russian *attachés*, two from the English embassy, my Lords Deuceace and Punter, who play a *jeu d'enfer*, and a few more. The same set meet every night at supper: there are seldom any ladies; those who come are chiefly French ladies, members of the *corps de ballet*. He wins often, but not always. Lord Deuceace is a very fine player. The Chevalier Elliott, the English minister, sometimes comes, on which occasion the secretaries do not play. Monsieur de Balibari dines at the missions, but *en petit comité*, not on grand days

of reception. Calsabigi, I think, is his confederate at play. He has won lately, but the week before last he pledged his *solitaire* for four hundred ducats."

"Do he and the English *attachés* talk together in their own language?"

"Yes; he and the envoy spoke yesterday for half-an-hour about the new *danseuse* and the American troubles: chiefly about the new *danseuse*."

It will be seen that the information I gave was very minute and accurate, though not very important. But such as it was, it was carried to the ears of that famous hero and warrior the Philosopher of Sans Souci; and there was not a stranger who entered the capital but his actions were similarly spied and related to Frederick the Great.

As long as the play was confined to the young men of the different embassies, his majesty did not care to prevent it; nay, he encouraged play at all the missions, knowing full well that a man in difficulties can be made to speak, and that a timely *rouleau* of Frederics would often get him a secret worth many thousands. He got some papers from the French house in this way; and I have no doubt that my Lord Deuceace would have supplied him with information at a similar rate, had his chief not known the young nobleman's character pretty well; and had (as is usually the case) the work of the mission performed by a steady *roturier*, while the young brilliant bloods of the suite sported their embroidery at the balls, or shook their Mechlin ruffles over the green tables at faro. I have seen many scores of these young sprigs since, of these and their principals, and, *mon Dieu!* what fools they are! What dullards, what fribbles, what addle-headed simple coxcombs! This is one of the lies of the world, this diplomacy; or how could we suppose, that were the profession as difficult as the solemn red-box and tape-men would have us believe, they would invariably choose for it little pink-faced boys from school, with no other claim than mamma's title, and able at most to judge of a curricule, a new dance, or a neat boot?

When it became known, however,

to the officers of the garrison that there was a faro-table in town, they were wild to be admitted to the sport; and, in spite of my entreaties to the contrary, my uncle was not averse to allow the young gentlemen their fling, and once or twice cleared a handsome sum out of their purses. It was in vain I told him that I must carry the news to my captain, before whom his comrades would not fail to talk, and who would thus know of the intrigue even without my information.

"Tell him," said my uncle.

"They will send you away," said I; "then what is to become of me?"

"Make your mind easy," said the latter, with a smile; "you shall not be left behind, I warrant you. Go take a last look at your barracks, make your mind easy, say a farewell to your friends in Berlin. The dear souls, how they will weep when they hear you are out of the country, and, as sure as my name is Barry, out of it you shall go!"

"But how, sir?" said I.

"Recollect Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham," said he, knowingly. "'Tis you yourself taught me how. Go get me one of my wigs. Open my despatch-box yonder, where the great secrets of the Austrian chancery lie; put your hair back off your forehead; clap me on this patch and these mustachios, and now look in the glass!"

"The Chevalier de Balibari!" said I, bursting with laughter, and began walking the room in his manner with his stiff knee.

The next day when I went to make

my report to Monsieur de Potzdorff, I told him of the young Prussian officers that had been of late gambling; and he replied, as I expected, that the king had determined to send the chevalier out of the country.

"He is a stingy curmudgeon," I replied; "I have had but three Frederics from him in two months, and I hope you will remember your promise to advance me."

"Why three Frederics were too much for the news you have picked up," said the captain, sneering.

"It is not my fault that there has been no more," I replied. "When is he to go, sir?"

"The day after to-morrow. You say he drives after breakfast and before dinner. When he comes out to his carriage a couple of *gend'armes* will mount the box, and the coachman will get his orders to move on."

"And his baggage, sir?" said I.

"Oh! that will be sent after him. I have a fancy to look into that red box which contains his papers you say; and at noon, after parade, shall be at the inn. You will not say a word to any one there regarding the affair, and will wait for me at the chevalier's rooms until my arrival. We must force that box. You are a clumsy hound, or you would have got the key long ago!"

I begged the captain to remember me, and so took my leave of him. The next night I placed a couple of pistols under the carriage-seat; and I think the adventures of the following day are quite worthy of the honours of a separate chapter.

MRS. GRANT, OF LAGGAN, AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.*

AMONG the papers of the late Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, was discovered a brief sketch of her early life, from her birth in 1755 down to 1806, when she commenced her literary career with the *Letters from the Mountains*. Her father, Duncan Macvicar, "a plain, brave, pious man," removed, some time after his marriage, from Fort William, in Inverness-shire, to the busy town of Glasgow, where his daughter was born on the 21st of February, 1755. Two years after her birth, Mr. Macvicar went to America, "under the auspices of Colonel Archibald Montgomerie, afterwards Earl of Eglinton," in whose regiment, the 77th Foot, he held a commission. His wife and child remained in Glasgow. Of this period of her life Mrs. Grant relates an interesting anecdote. She had frequently heard her mother speak of her father's absence in America, which she understood to lie in a western direction. Being now nearly three years old, she determined to set out in search of her parent, and walked deliberately by herself nearly a mile to the western extremity of the Trongate; at this stage of her journey, she was stopped by a lady, who was struck with her appearance and costume, and by whose care she was restored to her terrified mother. In 1758, she accompanied her mother to America, and in the following year took up her abode at Claverock, below Albany, a Dutch settlement, in the house of a family of primitive and engaging manners. Mr. Macvicar was absent with the army under Lord Howe. From Albany, whither the family went from Claverock, they set out in boats for Oswego, on the banks of Lake Ontario. They had a romantic journey, "sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness." They had no books, except the Bible, and some military treatises; and, accordingly, the young Anne Macvicar grew familiar with the solemn histories and warnings of the Old Testament, and acquired, from reading

Blind Harry's *Wallace* (lent to her by a Scotch sergeant), that love of heroic exploits, and that enthusiasm in the cause of Scotland, which communicated a distinctive complexion to all her future thoughts and feelings. On her return in the following year, a military friend of her father presented to her a copy of Milton, into the spirit of whose genius, however, she confessed that she never entered, until an advanced period of her life. "If," she adds, "I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime and beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume."

In 1765, her father retired from the army, upon half-pay; and having, by prudence and economy, amassed some property, he was enabled to make considerable purchases of the allotments of land which the British government granted to retired officers: these he added to his own. The tide of his prosperity had set in with a strong current: he became an extensive landowner; and his only child was looked up to with all the interest and respect which an heiress awakens. The tide, however, was soon to recede. Severe attacks of ague and rheumatism, occasioned by exposure to the weather in his frequent sporting excursions, induced Mr. Macvicar to return to Scotland in 1768, leaving authority with a friend to sell or let the extensive property he had acquired. The family arrived in Scotland in the spring of 1768, and took up their residence in Glasgow. Here his daughter formed an affectionate acquaintance with a family whose son she had known in America; and she was accustomed to look back upon the three summers which she spent at their country-house, on the banks of the river Cart, as a valuable part of her moral education. She was surrounded by the reliques of the old Covenanters; and the simple cottages of the peasantry opened to her curiosity continual sources of interest. Mr. Macvicar, who appears to have been prosperously engaged

* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, author of *Letters from the Mountains*. Edited by her Son. 3 vols. 1844.

in some commercial business, accepted, in 1773, the office of barrack-master of Fort Augustus, in Inverness-shire. The chaplain of the garrison was a young man of "much refinement of mind, sound principles, and a most correct judgment," added to great personal advantages. The intimacy, which a congeniality of pursuit and feeling awakened, soon ripened into a warmer sentiment; and, in 1779, her union with Mr. Grant removed Anne Macvicar into the Highland parish of Laggan. In 1794, her father relinquished his office at Fort George, and returned to Glasgow. Meanwhile, a heavy blow descended upon the wedded happiness of his daughter. Her eldest son, for whom a friend had procured a commission in the army, died, in Glasgow, of consumption, in his sixteenth year. A darker cloud was behind. The death of her children was to be followed by the loss of her husband. Mr. Grant, in whom the seeds of decay had been long ripening, survived his son only eighteen months. His widow was left with eight children, to struggle with penury and debt. From her father she could obtain no assistance, his American property having been "swallowed up in the gulf of the Revolution."

Difficulties are the pioneers of industry and intelligence. Mrs. Grant had at an early period manifested the faculty of composing with fluency in rhyme. Her first essay, "scrawled in a kind of Miltonic verse," was produced when she was little more than nine years old. Her friends considered that these talents might now be employed for her advantage, and they issued proposals for publishing a volume of her verses. Their zeal and exertion were crowned with unusual success. The volume appeared with a list of three thousand subscribers. But the pleasure which she must have derived from the success of her poems was shaded by the illness of her daughter, Isabella; to visit whom, at Bristol, she was obliged to abandon her Highland home. Upon her return to Glasgow from England, she found her father upon the bed of death; and, leaving her daughter with him, she set out for Laggan, "mounted on a horse that was sent to meet her, on a dark

showery day, and travelled over the black unvaried heath of Drumochter with unspeakable delight." In the summer of 1803, Mrs. Grant removed from Laggan to a place called Woodend, near Stirling. In 1805, she visited London, where her son, who had received a commission in the military service of the East India Company, was preparing his equipment for India. This was a heavy and unexpected demand upon the pecuniary resources of his mother. To provide for the emergency, her friends advised her to publish her letters. While she was bewildered as to the best plan of disposing of her "defective and ill-arranged manuscripts," a friend introduced her to the eminent house of Longman, by whom her work was approved, and subsequently published under the title of *Letters from the Mountains*. With this epoch in her literary life the biographical sketch of Mrs. Grant is terminated. The rapid deaths of her beloved daughters, within three months of each other, probably deterred her from continuing the narrative. "I cannot," she touchingly writes, "dwell on all the anguish of this maternal sorrow,—I mean that of seeing my hopes blasted by consumption. I had lost children before, but I was not then their *only* parent." She changed her residence from Stirling to Edinburgh in 1810, where her house, throughout the long period of thirty years, was the resort of the intellectual society of that picturesque city. During the last twelve years of her life, she received a pension of 100*l.* from the crown, which was obtained for her chiefly through the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Jeffrey. Mrs. Grant died in her eighty-fourth year, and was buried near the graves of four of her daughters, in the new cemetery of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

The correspondence before us is arranged chronologically, so as to present a picture of the writer's sayings and doings during a period of forty years. Her letters are pleasingly, sometimes happily, in one or two instances, pathetically written. The subject, however, of which they treat, is not one of sufficient interest to permit of a regular analysis of the contents. We shall consult the amusement of our readers, without

neglecting the book itself, by presenting a few glimpses of the eminent persons who are introduced into its pages; and, in doing this, we shall not hesitate to insert a light or shade of our own, where the pencil of the authoress may appear to have touched the canvass with too much warmth or too much coldness. One of the early letters furnishes an example. Of Burns she writes that his poetry shews him "in one walk of superior excellence, but his correspondence shews him to be equal to any thing." This opinion we conceive to be essentially incorrect. The prose of Burns wanted every quality of excellence; it was neither naturally graceful, nor eloquently artificial. His striking and impassioned passages read like some of Thomson's poetical inflations shaken out of metre. How different from the touching sweetness, the transparent frankness of Cowper? Nor is Mrs. Grant less in error in saying, that "two such lights as Burns and Cowper were, to all human appearance, prematurely extinguished by the cold blast of poverty." Cowper's abandonment of that provision which had been obtained for him, and of that profession for which he had been educated, reduced his sources of income, and rendered him, in some degree, dependent upon the aid of his relatives; but that he ever suffered pecuniary distress is untrue. We have been much gratified with a notice, new to us, of his cousin, the Rev. John Johnson, one whom, with affectionate familiarity, he designated "Johnny of Norfolk." It happened that a young lady, "elegant, pious, and musical," was charmed with the indications of gentleness, and tenderness, and disinterested kindness that shone out in Cowper's sketches of his kinsman. In fact, she fell in love with the portrait. Her relations offered no opposition to her romantic wishes. Johnny, unprepossessing in appearance, diffident in manner, and poor in fortune, was told that he might try. And so he did, and succeeded, as he deserved to do, being, when known, "charming, innocent, sweet-tempered, full of fancy and humour, and a delightful letter-writer."

Within a few pages of the anecdote of Johnny of Norfolk, we find an allusion to a poet who exercised no

slight influence over the genius of Johnny's celebrated cousin. At Hertingsfordbury, in Hertfordshire, Mrs. Grant met with General Cuyler, whose daughter was married to the rector of Welwyn:—"Only think of my calling on the successor of Young, the poet of the *Night Thoughts*, and looking into his garden, and walks, and sundial! I am to go next week again, and then I shall visit the church, and see his pulpit, his tomb, and the altar-piece, which Lady Betty sewed with a luxuriant vine, having for its motto, '*I am the true vine, and ye are the branches.*'" In 1809, she met, for the first time, a poet who struck a chord which, we can believe, would have delighted the playful hermit of Weston, not more than it would have astonished the solemn vicar of Welwyn: the poet was *Walter Scott*. His appearance disappointed her, being very unpromising and commonplace,—indeed, without a single gleam of genius to illuminate his countenance. His conversation, however, charmed her with its richness, variety, ease, and animation. In another letter she alludes to the contrast between the features of Jeffrey and Scott: Jeffrey looking the poet all over, with "the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions," keeping the attention constantly on the look-out for some flash of intelligence; while Scott, unkindled by any visible glow of feeling or enthusiasm, merely suggested the idea of a plain, practical man of business. In society it was the custom of Scott to throw off his singing-robes, and, like a lord-keeper famous in history, to bid the poet lie there. In this respect he differed widely from a lady with whom he was himself acquainted, and whose admiration it was sometimes very difficult to divert. We allude to Miss Seward, of whom Mrs. Grant observes, correctly and sensibly, "The singular artlessness of so artificial a character gives the idea of something unique and anomalous, that we know not how to define, nor exactly whether to admire or despise." Never was a woman so vain or so candid. Her vanity was the result of education and position; her candour, of a heart naturally kind and generous. Her filial tenderness, her ardent friendship, her home af-

fections,—these are lights that might well shed a beauty over harsher features than her intellectual character discloses. Her acquaintance with Darwin was not less injurious to her religion than to her poetry. Accustomed to live in the glare of a theatrical illumination, until her eyes had lost their sensibility to the mild and softened radiance of common humanity, every action was scenical. To the poems of Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Grant scarcely renders justice in naming the correctness of the language, of the thought, and the sentiment. We think that the late Sir Egerton Brydges very justly admired the gleams of picturesque fancy that variegate some of her sonnets. The misfortunes of this lady remind us of an allusion of Mrs. Grant to the late Theodore Hook, the brother-in-law of her most valued correspondent. "You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends." How happy had it been for himself and for his friends, if the moral of this caution had been graven upon his heart! But, though his own heart has ceased to beat, there are eyes now growing dim, in this mighty metropolis, with the fever and the blaze of excitement and popularity, which might well linger for a moment upon the warning that Experience, with its shadowy finger, writes upon the walls of their prosperity and their pride. Let them pause for a moment, in their delirium of pleasure, to reflect and to be wise. Let them remember the prostration, the wretchedness that must inevitably succeed this unnatural stimulation of their strength.

The publication of Scott's *Rokeby* bewilders the letter-writer into some very absurd remarks upon the want of any local poetry in England:—

"Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the Thames; our own countryman Thomson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill: but what other place in England can be mentioned that wakes one poetical recollection? Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot, and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland."

There is a solemn precision of 'undering in this passage which is

almost amusing. Granville's panegyrics may be called *local*, we apprehend, in every respect. But why limit the rural associations of Thomson to his sketch of the prospect from Richmond Hill? One might be tempted to suppose that Mrs. Grant's acquaintance with the *Seasons* did not extend beyond that *board* which occupies so prominent a position in Richmond Park. What has become of Denham and Brown? Has Shakespeare thrown no light over the grass of Windsor forest? Have the voices of Sidney, and Waller, and Jonson, left no echoes among the chestnut-trees of Penshurst? Is there not a village in Buckinghamshire called Horton where the nightingale still chants that song "most musical, most melancholy," which delighted the youthful ear of Milton? Are the spires of Eton overthrown, and has the ploughshare obliterated the churchyard of Stoke? Where are the scenes of Lewesdon Hill? And surely the name of Mr. Morrit ought to have reminded the reader that the wand of Wordsworth had been stretched over the very landscapes to which she referred. Of Wordsworth she observes, "They say he talks incessantly; his conversation has the perpetual flow of a stream, monotonous in sound and endless in duration." There is some exaggeration, of course, mingled with truth in this sketch. Mr. D'Israeli has written of men of *one book*, but Wordsworth is emphatically the man of *one subject*, that subject poetry, and that poetry *his own*. It would be nothing strange to him to leave his knife partly inserted in the wing of a chicken while he recited a stanza from *Yarrow Revisited*. The peculiar simplicity and freedom of his life have given an air perfectly original to his manners and his language. Talking is to him only thinking aloud, and the tumult of voices is only the murmur of *Lodore*. Mr. Wilberforce, when he visited the poet at the lakes, alluded in his journal to the *independence of his manner almost approaching to rudeness*. The monotonous sound of his conversation is also characteristic, even prose becomes rhythmical upon his lips, after the fashion of that style of recitation which Bishop Heber rendered so popular. It is pleasing

to find almost in the next page an allusion to the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* encountering every evil of poverty, "but that of being ashamed of his circumstances, with his good, gentle, patient, little wife, so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty of half its evils." Campbell is fortunate in possessing what Mr. Wordsworth wants—an appreciation of genius in others, developed under a different aspect to his own. For example, he looked upon Scott with warm admiration, although it would be scarcely possible to select specimens of a style more different than *Marmion* and *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Of this catholic happiness of critical perception, Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, furnishes a delightful illustration. Of that eloquent and eccentric man we catch a few short glimpses in Mrs. Grant's *Letters*. Of these not the least amusing is the sketch of his setting out on a pedestrian tour through the Highlands, carrying his own wardrobe, together with that of his wife, "a gentle and rather elegant Englishwoman."

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised to find the author discovering a resemblance between the thoughts and language of Chalmers and Scott. Mrs. Grant had the privilege, upon one occasion, of meeting the preacher and the poet in the same house. Of Chalmers, she observes, that though the conversation wandered into various channels, he was always powerful, always gentle, and always apparently unconscious of his own superiority. Of the two, it may be suspected that the poet possessed the most practical common sense, and suffered less from the exclusive illumination of fancy than the theologian. No man ever had more romance as an author and less as a man. Mrs. Grant supplies an anecdote, slight, but not uninteresting. A young lady from England was presented to Scott, and exhibited the intense sensibility which seemed appropriate to such an occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Henry Mackenzie, she kissed his hand with admiring veneration. "Did you ever hear," said Scott, "the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of session, and kiss the dry withered

hand of an old tax-gatherer?" But this is very inferior to the quiet retort of good Bishop Leighton, which we suppose was originally told by Burnet, and to which Mrs. Grant refers. Leighton was musing one day in his own sequestered walk at Dunblane, when he was addressed by a youthful widow with the startling formation that she had dreamed three times that she was married to *him*, and that therefore it was incumbent upon him to marry her. The bishop, without being discomfited by so direct an appeal to his faith in predestination, quietly replied that whenever he should dream three times that he was married to *her*, he would take care to inform her of the circumstance, and that their union should immediately be completed. The walk where this singular incident occurred is described as peculiarly pleasing; it is shaded by very tall laurel-trees, and winds along the charming banks of the Allan till it joins Kippenross, "where all is soft and smiling, and set off by the moors and mountains that form the back-ground beyond it."

Of Joanna Baillie, who visited Edinburgh in 1820, Mrs. Grant gives an interesting sketch. Her elder sister was the more popular in society.

"The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna's manners, over-awed you from talking commonplace to her. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or to shine. She will neither dazzle nor be dazzled, yet, like others of a higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinion; what passes before her seems rather food for thought than amusement."

There is another celebrated female writer of whom Mrs. Grant always speaks with peculiar tenderness and affection, Mrs. Hemans, whom she mentions as the only literary person, except Southey, of whom the picture drawn by imagination was realised by the original. She describes her as entirely feminine, with a charm in her language like that of her verse, combining the same graceful ease with a charming vivacity, without the slightest tinge of affectation, and with a refinement and sweetness of manner that not only conciliated the esteem, but won the affection. Nothing but the cloud of grief that overhung her morning of life so long

seemed to have darkened and repressed the buoyancy and playfulness of her temper. We fully accord with Mrs. Grant's high admiration of the poetical genius of Mrs. Hemans. As a writer of short poems, we consider her to be unrivalled in the whole circuit of English literature. Some of her poems of this description are as exquisitely finished as the small pictures of Correggio; their design is elegant, and the colouring has a richness and splendour which none of her contemporaries have equalled. She possessed the true temperament of poetic feeling; to more than the picturesque brilliancy of Darwin, she added the romantic truth of Collins and the majestic sensibility of Gray. There was passion in her description, and the current of thought flowed not the less rapidly because it reflected from every ripple the illumination of fancy. Her longer productions present very imperfect specimens of her powers. They have a crowding magnificence that oppresses the mind, without delighting it. She could paint two or three figures beautifully in a woodland scene, with classic ruins in the distance; but the composition of a large picture bewildered her eye and benumbed her pencil. Of the unfortunate Miss Landon, our critical authoress entertained a much colder opinion; she thought her too uniformly impassioned, and regretted that she had not mixed a little sage with her myrtle-garland. Poor Improvisatrice; we often call to mind the exclamation of the rough and honest Ettrick Shepherd, when first he took her delicate hand in his own rustic grasp, "*I had na thought ye had been sae bonny!*"

Southey was a peculiar favourite of Mrs. Grant's. She admired the rich and wondrous images of his mental dream, and could not but esteem the virtues of his mind, while beholding the splendid creations of his intellect. Her sketch of his personal appearance when he breakfasted with her at Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1819, is more carefully drawn than the glimpses of physiognomy which her hasty pencil usually presents. She thought his face preeminently fine and poetical, his features unusually high, and somewhat

strong, though regular, "a quantity of bushy black hair, worn carelessly, but not with affected negligence; deep-set but very animated black eyes, and a countenance serious and collected, but kindling into ardour when animated in conversation." His conversation was easy and abundant, earnest and unaffected. To many he seemed to be silent and constrained. A mind so richly endowed, and an imagination so wide in its excursions of inquiry, might well be still in places where the atmosphere was cold or oppressive. The sweet fountain of thought is soon frozen over. The most celebrated authors of our country have been silent and embarrassed in general society; and Addison, quaffing claret with Tickell, Young, and Swift, would have left an impression very different from that which would have been awakened by Addison dining with the Speaker of the House of Commons.

We apprehend that Mrs. Grant had no personal acquaintance with Wordsworth, whom the name of Southey so naturally brings back to the memory; but she fully appreciated the serene and reflective disposition of his genius, and understood the purity of heart and the tranquillity of mind which were required for his perfect comprehension. We shall extract a portion of her criticism, not only as being sound in itself, but as a very pleasing specimen of her best manner:—

"I could say much of Wordsworth, if I had time; he certainly has a head of gold, but his feet are of clay, with little or no mixture of iron. There was a man here some time ago that drew an audience—spectators, I mean—and much money by writing with his feet; whether Wordsworth had the same faculty or not, I cannot say; but I think he must have written his poem of the *White Doe* with those clay feet of his, and yet he is always morally right, and his pictures in the *Excursion* delight me. It is next to profanation to read that book in town, except at midnight; its purity and simplicity, and occasional elevation of thought, make us all, with our note-writing and everlasting door-bells calling us to talk nothings to mere nobodies, seem like puppets on wires, without a thought beyond our hasty trifles, which are worse than his worst, the radiance of the *White Doe* excepted. What a treasure the *Excursion* would have been at Laggan! How often.

even amid this senseless hurry, have I read the account of the eccentric clergyman, who removed his family in panniers to the mountain parsonage; and I am older than you, though I fear not the wiser for travelling over more arches of Mirza's bridge; so, presuming in my experience, I will tell you how to read the *Excursion*. Lay it on your table, and when worldly cares and forms have wearied, or when the languor, that no one can always escape, besets you, open it by chance, and you will not go far without being led into scenes of humble pathos, that will rebuke petty vexations, and pure and lofty speculations that will soon banish the short apathy of an over-laboured mind. People laugh at the Pedlar, I do not; all the realities are so familiar to me, and the peculiarities of Scotch manners, such as they were fifty years since, have left so vivid an impression on my mind, that I can easily conceive a pedlar reading Milton, and trudging under his pack, cheered by sublime flights of fancy, or occupied in profound meditation. The peasant, or mechanic, who half spells a chapter in the Bible, on a rainy Sunday, no more resembles him who, bred up in the land of story and of song, reads the Scriptures from infancy with an intelligent mind and awakened feelings; such a one is no more to be compared to the dull unfeeling clown who reads mechanically than the crater of Etna to a bottle-manufactory. I can scarcely believe that any one has more vivid enjoyment of the Scotch novels and Wordsworth's *Excursion* than myself; for I am convinced there does not exist a person in decent station, with a mind in any degree cultivated or capable of refinement, who has had more intercourse with the lower classes. In the first place, I was assiduous in learning the language of the country where my lot was thrown. Long days have I knit my stocking, or carried an infant from sheaf to sheaf, sitting and walking by turns on the harvest-field, attentively observing conversation which, for the first years of my residence in the Highlands, I was not supposed to understand. Seldom a day passed that I did not find two or three petitioners in the kitchen respectfully entreating for advice, medicine, or some petty favour. Often I sat down with them and led them to converse, captivated with the strength and beauty of their expressions in their native tongue. It would not be easy to make you comprehend how often the duties of a Highland housewife subject her to the necessity of communion with her inferiors. Here in Edinburgh, where all the pleasures and troubles of such intercourse might be supposed at an end, scarcely a

week passes but some poor native of Laggan comes to entreat me to write a letter, or in some way to interest myself in behalf of them and their children, and I never refuse. I cannot complain of the world: since I have embarked in it, I have met with kindness, and even in some instances unlooked-for approbation; yet there is nothing that comes so cordially home to my heart as the murmur of remembered affection, which, through different channels, reaches my ear from the humble dwellers in the cottages at Laggan."—Vol. ii. p. 283.

We sat down to read this collection of Mrs. Grant's correspondence with the expectation of deriving from it a large supply of amusement and information, and with the intention of imparting that amusement and information with great liberality to our readers. We confess that we have been disappointed. Scarcely any one of Mrs. Grant's correspondents possesses a name known beyond a family circle. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. Bucker, Mrs. Izett, these are the plebeian and unpromising stars that stud the pages of her letters. The entire charm of the book is of a domestic and personal character; to those who knew the writer it will speak with a pleasing voice because it will speak in the accents of memory. Nor is it possible to contemplate the struggles of the writer through so many and so afflicting trials, without sentiments of respect, and even of admiration. Viewed only as the portraiture of a Christian gentlewoman, we might be able to find many features deserving of our heartiest commendation; but regarded as a reflection of the literary character of her contemporaries, we must pronounce the work to be singularly defective and unsatisfactory. It is almost impossible to discover one complete delineation of any celebrated person with whom the writer has become acquainted. Figure chases figure as in a phantasmagoria, and, as if to increase the mortification of the reader, he is continually presented with glimpses of a countenance with which he longs to be familiar, and of which a full description is promised in a future letter; but either the letter never arrives, or the anticipated description is left out, and forgotten. Of such provoking disappointments abundant

examples might be given, if they were needed.

They who, like ourselves, may turn to these volumes for literary information, and new sketches of character, will assuredly reap a very scanty harvest; but they, on the contrary, who are contented and pleased with notices of humble manners, who have a relish for quiet and agreeable common-sense, and who seek none of the excitement of wit and eloquence, — readers such as these may safely purchase and peruse the correspondence of Mrs. Grant. Some of her anecdotes of Highland manners are very characteristic. Thus she mentions a Highlander who came to

catch a glimpse of the prince as he passed through Strathspey to Inverness. Being extremely handsome and well-dressed, the prince mistook him for a gentleman of rank, and stretched out his hand to greet him. "The man took the proffered hand in a rapture of loyal gratitude, and then, wrapping up his own right hand in his plaid, he vowed it should never more be profaned by vulgar fingers;" and he seems to have kept his word, for when Mrs. Grant saw him in his old age, he always acknowledged any friendly salutation with his left hand. In these little pictures the interest of this work resides; and by them who seek them, many will be found.

GLIMPSES OF THE GIFTED.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"Where are the ardent hopes of youth,
When life look'd bright and fair,
And young Romance was rob'd like Truth?
Echo answers—where?"

— MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

How apt we all are to view things through the medium of our own peculiar tastes and pursuits! To the artist the idea of Venice would conjure up but one great recollection, making it holy ground for evermore — it was TITIAN's burial-place! While the architect would set about comparing the chaste and classic style of Palladio with the lighter graces of Sansoveno, or the grand conceptions of San Michele, a darker and graver task awaits the would-be historian of "the city of the hundred isles!" While the simple tale-teller has but to bend down a charmed ear to the haunting chronicles of the gifted and the beautiful, long since passed away from earth, and repeat them to other lands as best they may.

It was evening — just the evening for those summer festivals which the Venetians enjoy so much, and who would not? where one can steal apart from the heavy atmosphere of crowded rooms, and wander away into what seems almost a realisation of fairy-land, while the beings who flit across our path, or break in upon our

silent musings with their sweet and gladsome laughter, serve to confirm, rather than dissipate the illusion. The palazzo of the Signor Bernardi overlooked the Adriatic, and upon the night of which we write was thronged with all the beauty and aristocracy of Venice, its lofty halls, its cool marble balconies, and spacious grounds, absolutely glittering with gemmed robes and bright fair faces, which passed and vanished from the gaze only to be succeeded by others yet more bewitching; until one grew bewildered by so much loveliness, and ready to echo in very truth the disputed assertion of a recent traveller, "that the Venetian women are superb!"

But there was one at that festival at whose approach maidens' hearts fluttered strangely, and happy she who could procure a smile, or even a passing glance, on which to dream, when the living idol should have departed. If he spoke to those around him on the gravest subjects, such as history, or even agriculture (a favourite study of his), they hushed their own sweet tones to

listen, it being enough for them that it was *his voice*,—or stood a little apart, gazing as if they would imprint every feature upon their memories for ever, while the neglected cavaliers cursed the pale stranger in their hearts.

It was Bartholomeo Arnigio, the poet, the historian, the present star of Venetian society! There was a mystery about his early origin which had hitherto defied the penetration of the most curious, and was excessively fascinating. Some said he was a prince, every one agreed in allowing him to be a genius, and it is most certain he was far from happy,—all dangerous and irresistible qualifications with his fair worshippers. To be gifted and unhappy! therein lay the spell, which neither rank nor beauty was needed to work out in young, romance-loving, and girlish hearts, although that whisper of royalty was, doubtless, not without its attraction. A poet—the very name is magic! For who does not love a poet, and yearn—often, alas! how vainly!—to be permitted nearer and more familiar glimpses of that mighty spirit which is but a glorious mystery to all others?—forgetting that, on a closer inspection of their idol, they are certain to find many a blemish which may escape the observation of the multitudes who worship afar off,—or, with a dim foreboding of this sad truth, deeming it a blessed privilege to make it the care of her whole future life, that they may be ever shielded thus from the world,—or else, in her deep fondness and trust, hanging, as by a fairy wand, the very clouds themselves into sunshine! A strange, wild creed, which many turn back to the recollection of with a smile, as they grow older and wiser; while a few perish in their young faith.

The men wondered what any one could see in Bartholomeo Arnigio, who was no longer young, and had, perhaps, never been remarkable for beauty, save of that intellectual sort with which genius redeems and marks out her children. His forehead was broad and massive, but shadowed by dark lines of thought, or, it may be, sorrow; his eyes grey, and somewhat sunken, with a wild, restless expression; and his face fearfully

admirers could trace nothing of majesty in the tall, stooping figure, and nervous deportment of their poet; although its attenuation, together with the somewhat feeble step, took a still deeper hold on their sympathies. They could not have been blind to the fact how, among that courtly and brilliant crowd, he stood alone, as it were, and conspicuous, certainly, neither for grace or elegance, but therefore it was they clung the more tenaciously to the idol of their own creating, because he needed it the more, which, after all, is but woman's nature.

The poet, far from triumphing in the sensation he created, seemed rather to shrink from it, with a strange mingling of pride and reserve, and, it was evident, infinitely preferred entering into a long discussion, upon his favourite themes, with the many grave and learned personages present, to sunning himself in the bright glances which every where met his with a sort of bashful encouragement; and weary, at length, even of this gorgeous scene, quitted the crowded saloon, and escaped into the grounds surrounding the palazzo.

But for man's own evil passions, what a paradise this world of ours, with its blue skies, and birds, and flowers, would be! Arnigio, with his lofty brow bent down, and his eyes fixed dreamily on the earth, walked on, utterly unconscious of the calm beauty of the night, or the lapse of time, until he discovered, at length, that he had unknowingly passed the boundaries prescribed to visitors, and entered the more private part of the grounds, and was about to retrace his steps, when they were arrested by a vision of such rare loveliness, that the poet paused involuntarily, and remained, as it were, spell-bound to the spot, while the girl passed on without perceiving him. She was apparently scarcely more than sixteen, and simply attired in a white robe, girded about the waist by a zone of silver; her bright hair, unconfined, and wholly without ornament, hanging about her like a veil. One might almost have taken her for a spirit, so little of earth was there in the radiant beauty of that fair young face—in the passionate dreaming of those dark, starry eyes.

mortal maiden, with a heart full to overflowing of innocent joy, and hope, and trust, and a deep love of the romantic—the fault of education, and the folly of her age, for she was but a child.

She paused before an overshadowing tree, and, smiling as she did so, produced a small, sharp knife, while Arnigio likewise stood still, wondering what she would do next, and then the girl, stooping down, carved a name upon its bark. The name was Bartholomeo, a very common one in Italy, and yet the poet's heart beat strangely, and he waited impatiently for that small, white hand to resume its loving task. But the maiden had shaken back the bright curls from her forehead, and was looking a little thoughtful; perhaps, like him, she remembered that there were many Bartholomeos in the world, and half feared to disclose more of her hoarded secret to the prying and inquisitive eyes of others. And yet, she argued, there was no need to be ashamed of loving *him*! And then she bent down again before the tree. There *is* a strange pleasure in tracing a beloved name, however the cold-hearted may laugh at us for the assertion. 'The poet bent eagerly forward, his breath almost waving the curls of her long hair,—it was his which she had carved.

For a moment Arnigio stood irresolute whether or not he should advance, and make himself known to his young worshipper; but it was not the irresolution of passion, but pity, mingled slightly with some gentler feeling. He sorrowed, rather than exulted, over what he had seen, and yet wanted resolution to break through a spell that was strangely fascinating. And the girl, meanwhile, twining her white arms playfully around the trunk of that aged tree, rested her head against it, and sat, smiling to herself, in all the luxury of her own glad thoughts.

"Poor child!" murmured the poet,—*"others must have put this strange folly and infatuation into thy young heart. And, as you become older and wiser, it will pass away of itself. There is no need for words of mine to awaken thee from thy wild dream. So beautiful! Thou wilt have a thousand lovers, and the real ultimately sweep away all memory of the ideal."*

walked slowly on, without once looking back upon the maiden, who, unaware of the presence of her idol, save in memory (and the silly girl had seen him but once, and that by stealth, herself invisible), remained sitting where he left her until twilight.

Amid all his numerous admirers (and Arnigio had many among the highest nobility of Venice), there was but one whom he had felt a wish to make his friend; and the young Count Lorenzini, either flattered by his notice, or discovering in a more familiar intercourse qualities of mind and heart of which the world knew nothing, most warmly reciprocated the sentiment. Bartholomeo was many years older than his companion, but the heart of the true poet is always young, and he could sympathise and enter into the feelings of Lorenzini with a freshness and unity of sentiment which bound them still closer to each other. But there was one subject upon which he never spoke even to this dear friend,—the history of the past,—that mysterious past which had flung its shadow over the future for evermore!

Arnigio's favourite enjoyment was gliding over the water in those gondolas so peculiar to Venice, and which Leitch Ritchie has not inaptly compared to "a coffin borne along upon a cloud, silent, fleeting, dim as a shadow," and where one, according to Shelley,—

" May write

Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brassen lamp alight."

How delightful! more especially to a poet, when no sound is heard but the low classical song of our boatmen, or the sudden burst of music, or girlish laughter, as a rival barque shoots by us and is lost again in the distance; and yet, thoroughly to enjoy these calm, holy nights, our thoughts should be sweet companions, or it would be well to seek for others. Therefore it was, perhaps, that Arnigio so often called at the palazzo of his young friend, who, with his guitar and cheerful conversation, beguiled the time pleasantly enough; while on these occasions many a solitary gondola might have been seen following silently in their wake.

voice of Lorenzini, as he sung the wild songs of his native land. On the evening, however, to which we would refer, he was strangely grave and melancholy, and Arnigio shook off the gloom from his own spirit in order to enliven that of his friend.

"Come," said he, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the young nobleman, "it seems almost a sin to be sad upon such a night as this."

"I know it is foolish," replied his companion; "I thought to have shaken off all memory of her in scorn, but her rare beauty, her tears, and supplications, have unmanned me!"

"Ah! some love-affair," said the poet, gaily. "It is well it is no worse; this is a grief which will soon pass away." But he spoke not from his heart when he uttered this, and that Lorenzini knew full well.

"You remember my telling you," continued the count, "how for years I have been betrothed to my young cousin, the heiress of Bernardi? and that it was this engagement which kept me free and heart-whole among the fair dames of Venice? Well, it seemed so much a thing of course that I knew not how deeply it involved my future happiness until these fairy dreams melted away like a vision, and had so used myself to thinking of Vittoria as a child that I was scarcely aware how fervently I loved her as a woman."

"We are apt in our security to deceive ourselves thus," said Arnigio; "but how can you be sure that the girl is indifferent to your affection? Living secluded, as you tell me that she has, it is impossible she can love any one else; nay, I should have almost said the same had it been otherwise."

"Nevertheless," replied the count, with a bitter smile, "it was from her own lips that I heard it. Last night, on my return home, I was informed by the domestic that a female, closely veiled, and accompanied by her attendant, awaited my arrival; and you may guess the surprise with which I recognised my beautiful little cousin, her bright eyes absolutely glittering with excitement and her cheeks flushed and burning. She received me with a dignity which at any other time would have provoked my mirth, and, dismissing her nurse, informed me

with downcast looks that she had come to solicit a very great favour.

"Whatever it may be, Vittoria," said I, 'I promise you to grant it.'

"Then in pity write to my father at once, yielding up all claim to this worthless hand, since I have discovered that my heart cannot accompany it."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, 'do you then love another?'

"For a moment the girl buried her sweet face in her hands, and then answered gently, but decidedly, in the affirmative. Arnigio, I am ashamed of the emotion into which I was betrayed, but Vittoria spoke kindly and soothingly.

"Lorenzini," said she, 'I know how to pity you, for I, too, love in vain, and without even daring to hope for a return of my wild and unsought devotion.'

"Impossible!" interrupted I, 'unless the man is stone blind!'

"We have never met," replied the girl, simply, 'which is much the same thing; I have seen him but once, and then he never even looked my way.'

"Nay," said I, attempting to take her hand, 'you are but jesting with me, my sweet cousin! What I love a man whom, according to your own account, you have scarcely seen and never exchanged a word with?'

"Yes, I know it is very foolish," replied the girl, casting down her eyes, 'but I cannot help it, and dare not urge these objections to my father. My only hope is in your kindness.'

"And do you expect that I shall yield you up thus without a word?'

"Yes, if you indeed love me as you say, for what sacrifice is there we would not cheerfully make for the beloved one? For myself, I feel as though, in such a cause, I could at once give up rank, and wealth, and country, almost without a struggle!"

"At least," said I, averting my gaze from this too beautiful enthusiast, 'at least I would know the name of this powerful rival in your affections?'

"In my fancy, rather," interrupted the girl, 'for I do not think I ever really loved until now. You should remember I was but a child, cousin.'

"Why, you are but a child still,

and a very silly one!" said I, passing my arm around her slender waist, while she struggled with a wayward pettishness to disengage herself from my grasp. "But I promise, that if you remain in the same mind for a whole month from this time, to free you at once from every tie, and at my own risk."

"Now that is kind," said Vittoria, clapping her hands joyfully, while I gazed into her bright face like one in a dream. "But a month seems a long time to wait."

"But shall you be any happier at its termination?"

"Perhaps not. At any rate, however, I shall be at liberty to indulge in thoughts which seem almost a sin while engaged to another;" and so, with mingled smiles, and tears, and blessings, she glided away as she had come, leaving me more bewildered than grieved, and wholly at a loss what course to pursue. But I weary you, Arnigio?"

"No, indeed, your relation interests me strangely. And so you can form no guess as to this invisible rival?" added the poet, in an altered voice, while a sudden thought flashed like lightning across his brain.

"Not the most remote. But, hark! surely that was *her* voice!"

At this moment a gondola was seen approaching them, distinctly visible in the bright moonlight, and conspicuous for its rich armorial bearings. On the deck lay a female form, the veil flung back, and the dark starry eyes wandering dreamily around; while she sang to herself in a sweet low voice one of Arnigio's own *rhymes*, tastefully adapted to a popular air. The poet involuntarily bent forward to gaze upon her, and, their glances suddenly meeting, a joyful exclamation burst from the lips of the girl; while in another moment the gondolas shot past each other and were lost amid a thousand more, which danced on the calm waters like so many fire-flies.

"Was that your Vittoria?" asked Arnigio, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, and I think by her smile she must have recognised me. Is she not beautiful?"

"Exquisitely so!" replied the poet with a sigh; and then both relapsed into a deep silence, which was unbroken until the gondola paused

suddenly at the foot of the marble stairs leading to the count's palazzo.

"Good night," said he, extending his hand; "I fear you have found me but a dull companion, but I promise that this shall be the last time I will play the rejected lover."

"You shall not need," said Arnigio, "if I can prophesy aright, or have any skill in deciphering that most difficult of all volumes—a woman's heart. So good night to you, Lorenzini, and hope every thing."

About the same hour at which the friends parted, Vittoria likewise returned to her home, and, dismissing her attendants, permitted herself to indulge in one of those delicious reveries which are apt to steal over us when memory or association brings back, as with a spell, thoughts as wild and vain as they are beautiful. They had met again, and he, or it was but her own fancy, had given a start of recognition as their eyes encountered each other, leaning half out of his gondola to gaze in the receding wake of hers, which shewed that the maiden too had looked back, or she could not have known this. Happily for her, her attention had been so concentrated that she was unaware of the presence of Lorenzini, and so saved the useless wonderment and fear it would otherwise have created. It is needless to tell how her slumbers that night were haunted by the vision of one pale, melancholy face, and bowed form, which the casual observer would have thought the most unlikely of all others to win the regards of one so young and beautiful as Vittoria Bernardi.

The following morning she found a note awaiting her, traced in a strange hand, and requesting her to meet the writer that evening on the Rialto, as he wished to see and speak to her for a few moments in private, before he finally quitted Venice. It was merely signed "Bartholomeo;" but the throbbing heart of the conscious girl too faithfully supplied the other name; and, as the poet had calculated upon, love soon got the ascendancy over duty and prudence; and, accompanied by her attendant, he found her punctual to the appointed hour. And the woman being dismissed to a short distance, he had to supply her place in supporting the trembling form of his young

companion, who leant heavily on his arm,—her quick breathing alone breaking the deep silence of the place and hour.

"Do not unmask," whispered the poet, at length, in a voice that was slightly agitated; "you may be recognised."

Poor Bartholomeo! he feared, perhaps, to trust himself with the sight of that beautiful face!

"You will think it strange," continued he, after a pause, "that I should have written to you thus; but I have seen you before, and felt an irresistible longing to impart my wild history to one human being ere I depart hence for ever! thinking, somehow, that you would at least pity me!"

Vittoria answered not, for she dared not tell him how willingly, had need been, she would have died, how much more so she would live for him alone! but was thankful, nevertheless, that the secret of her young heart was yet her own.

"I was born," began the poet, "at Brescia;" and Vittoria was awakened from dreaming of all that she had ever heard concerning this "City of the Fountains!" as it has been beautifully called, by the words which followed, "My father was a blacksmith!" and Arnigio felt her suddenly start; but the arm which rested on his was not removed, and for a moment he wanted courage to continue. After all, he had not sought the love of that noble girl, and was it his fault if she preferred him to Lorenzini? If she was ready, as she had said, "for his sake to give up rank, and home, and country?" But this was a sophistry unworthy the high nature of the poet, and he determined to consult only the future happiness of the young cousins.

"Go on," said Vittoria gently, observing that he paused.

"Pardon me, but my thoughts are apt to wander. As I have said, my father was a blacksmith."

Here was another start; the girl, with all her romance, could not forget her own patrician descent.

"At eighteen," continued Arnigio, "having a taste for literature, I abandoned this humble calling, and was fortunate enough to procure, by unwearied and unremitting study, a doctor's degree conferred by the Uni-

versity of Padua, and returned to practise in my native place. Lady, this was the happiest period of my life; for besides standing high in my profession, I loved, and was beloved by, one of the fairest and gentlest beings who ever walked this weary world of ours!"

At this juncture in the story the maiden suddenly found strength enough to do without the hitherto respectfully proffered support of her companion, and stood proudly erect, while her heart throbbed as though it would burst.

"Ah! she was beautiful, you say?" asked Vittoria, eagerly.

"She was, indeed, and I have never seen but one more so!"

The girl put no more questions, and Arnigio, sorry for what he had said, hastened to make atonement for the involuntary error into which his passions had betrayed him.

"I might have been there now," continued he, "and she yet alive, but for my own daring and presumptuous ambition!"

"You were but fulfilling your high destiny," observed Vittoria, gently: "had you remained a doctor, Venice would have had one poet less."

"Hush!" interrupted her companion, almost harshly; "wait until you have heard all! At the time of which I speak a fever broke out at Brescia, rather debilitating than fatal in its effects, but sparing neither old or young. I had previously turned my attention very much to this subject, and imaged out a bold experiment which could not fail of success. Lady, that this dream—for such it now seems—was reality to me then; that I believed in its efficacy as I did in Heaven, and my own salvation! that I had not the shadow of a thought it could work evil, even if it did not quite come up to my expectations of the good it was to effect, I need not tell you, when I add that *she*, the idol of my heart, with two young brothers, partook of it, and died!—I had murdered them!"

Vittoria uttered a wild scream, and buried her face in her robe.

"For months," continued the poet, "I was raving mad! and the first impulse of returning consciousness was to curse those who, by hurrying me away from Brescia, had

preserved a worthless and henceforth miserable life! Since then I have become what the world calls great; I have risen to fame and honour. The fugitive doctor has been the guest of princes; the hand of the murderer been sought in friendship by the potentates of the land; while his heart lies buried in the tomb of her he loved and destroyed! But remorse and disease have well-nigh done their work, and I return to-morrow to die like her at Brescia!"

"The saints have pity on you!" exclaimed Vittoria, with a shudder; "for I see not how earthly aid can avail you any thing."

"Thanks for the prayer, and now farewell! You alone know the secret of my coming and going; and, having obeyed the impulse which prompted me to disclose it, I shall quit Venice with a lighter heart."

"Farewell!" murmured the girl; and as he raised her hand, and pressed it lightly to his lips, a thrill of horror rather than passion fell coldly on her heart. The poet's high mission was accomplished, and the buried secret of years had found a voice at last!

Great was the excitement throughout all Venice when it became generally known that their idol had departed, most probably for ever! Vittoria alone expressed no astonishment, but only grew pale, and shuddered when his name was casually mentioned in her presence. While Lorenzini mourned the absence of his friend with unfeigned regret; and, not venturing to seek for consolation in the society of his cousin, might have been seen wandering over the city like a restless spirit, longing, yet dreading, for the term of his probation to arrive. And so the month passed away, at the conclusion of which Vittoria had agreed to come, as before, and claim his promise; it had, indeed, been part of the conditions on which he was to grant it. But she sent her attendant instead, with a message that she was not well; and a few choice flowers, which it is needless to say were religiously preserved by Lorenzini; and after that he heard no more of her. But as the time drew near when they were to meet and affix their signatures to

the deed of betrothment, the girl having attained her seventeenth year, he began to wonder whether her stern father could have discovered her secret, and so detained her a prisoner against her will; in which case he determined to shew his love by obeying her commands even at the last moment, and at the sacrifice of his own happiness.

The night arrived at length; and Vittoria, simply attired, and looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever, stood leaning upon her father's arm; and at Lorenzini's approach blushed deeply, and cast down her bright eyes. At the command of the Signor Bernardi, she walked towards the table with a trembling step, and affixed her name to the parchment.

"Courage, dear cousin!" whispered the noble youth, "I will save you yet; I will not sign!"

"I have deserved this," said the girl, sadly; "and yet, somehow, I had thought you had loved me too well to yield me up thus."

"Vittoria, I am but obeying your own commands," exclaimed the bewildered lover.

"Ah! but that was a month ago!" replied the maiden, with a bashful smile.

Lorenzini snatched first the pen, and then the fair hand of his plighted bride, which he covered with his kisses. And henceforth there was not a happier couple in all Venice than these young cousins. Something of shame at her strange infatuation, mingled with gratitude for her escape and his unchanging love, giving a dash of submissiveness to the hitherto brilliant and wayward heiress which was irresistibly bewitching.

But little more is known of Bartholomeo Arnigio save that he died a few years after the events above mentioned, at his native place. His principal work is *Le Rime*, printed at Venice; while many others, both agricultural, medical, and historical, serve to assert his just claim to that high rank which has been assigned him in the literature of his age and country: a few of his biographers only reverting to that one dark passage in the otherwise brilliant career of the poet which we have imperfectly attempted to shadow out in our Legend of Venice.

CHEMISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY AN OLD MAN.

THE paper on factitious air marks the commencement of a new era in chemistry. Besides numerous experiments on fixed and nitrous air, it contains an account of the general properties of inflammable air, of its remarkably small specific gravity, of the proportions in which it is yielded from zinc, iron, tin, by the action of dilute acids, and of its inflammability with common air.

This paper is characteristic of its day. The scientific world was then largely occupied with the results of every species of combustion, from a careful knowledge of which it was believed that the general anxiety respecting phlogiston, at that time beginning to prevail, might be dispelled. "At present," says Priestley, "our systems seem to be in a remarkable degree unhinged by the discovery of a multiplicity of facts, to which it appears impossible to adjust them. We need not, however, give ourselves much concern on this account; for when a sufficient number of new facts shall be discovered, towards which even imperfect hypotheses will contribute, a more general theory will present itself, and, perhaps, to the most incurious and least sagacious eye." Not long after Cavendish's paper had been communicated to the Royal Society, Priestley and Scheele discovered their dephlogisticated air, our oxygen. "Then," said chemists, "let us examine the result of the combustion of inflammable with dephlogisticated air." Accordingly, Scheele inflamed a portion of these mixed gases. He observed a cloudiness in the vessel containing them, and their disappearance. From these circumstances he went on, absurdly enough, to conclude that the two airs had formed by their union *the matter of heat* (a very serviceable matter to chemists in all their dilemmas at this time) which had escaped through the glass vessel. Bergman, in his excellent treatise on elective attractions, accepts Scheele's view, and remarks that he cannot well assign a place to dephlogisticated air in his tables of affinity, relatively to phlogiston, for

that *their action is too slight to be worthy of notice*. Macquer, like Scheele, inflamed a mixture of the two gases, and, like Scheele, observed their disappearance, with cloudiness, in the vessel; but he, too, left the subject without being able to draw any satisfactory conclusion from the phenomena. The acute Lavoisier tried his fortune in a similar attempt and met with the same ill success, although he brought with him to the trial the correct knowledge of the composition of the atmosphere which he had recently discovered. It was reserved for British chemists, not to cut indeed at one stroke, but perseveringly to unravel the Gordian knot.

In the present state of our chemical science, it may appear very surprising that any difficulty should have been encountered in these researches when the truth was so constantly staring the experimentalist in the face; the very fact desired was always before him. A certain portion of two gases was inflamed in a close vessel; they disappeared, and a certain moisture was deposited. The next step, according to our modern methods, must have been the introduction of the balance into the experiments, and from the result thus obtained the conclusion would have been obvious that the gases had disappeared to form the deposited moisture. But the balance was not employed in any of the first attempts upon the subject; the quantity of mixed air inflamed was insignificant; the water formed in so small portions as easily to elude the senses or to be ascribable to other sources than the true one; finally, the prejudices and expectations of the observer, in this case, were all opposed to his results.

In almost every notorious discovery depending upon experiment, we shall find that the experimentalist went willingly along with his facts. But in the case of the researches upon combined oxygen and hydrogen we know that he struggled violently against his own observations; he looked with disgust at his creation,

he endeavoured to stifle its immature existence as Frankenstein did the unhappy monster of his manufacture. Every preconceived notion, every favourite belief of the philosopher, was opposed to the idea that water was a compound substance. The ancients had transmitted it to him as an element, he had seen it protected as such through all the changes of Stahlism and alchemy; he had hardly yet forgotten the first glow of triumph when Lavoisier had proved the experiment of Boyle, which seemed to assert that water was decomposable into an earth, to have been ill made.

The total want of the appropriate idea, which Mr. Whewell has characterised as being necessary to a successful induction from facts, may here alone explain the apparent obtuseness of the chemist. "In inferring truths from facts," says he, in his *Logic of Induction*, "it is not only necessary that the mind should contribute to the task its own idea but, in order that the propositions thus obtained may have an exact import or scientific value, it is requisite that the idea should be perfectly *distinct and precise*." Now, not only were the ideas of Scheele, Lavoisier, Macquer, &c., brought to bear upon the subject in question extremely vague, but positively erroneous. Each had determined, from favourite notions of his own, the result of the experiment before it was made. Scheele had concluded that from the combination of the gases simple caloric would be evolved. Lavoisier was disappointed because he did not find an acid after their disappearance. Priestley was resolved that fixed air (the carbonic acid gas of modern nomenclature) should be formed.

In the year 1784 two celebrated papers were communicated to the Royal Society upon the composition of water—one by Cavendish, "Experiments on Air;" the other by James Watt, entitled "Thoughts on the Constituent Parts of Water and Dephlogisticated Air." This is the debateable land in our history; at this point have arisen all grounds of dispute touching priority of discovery. Between Watt and Cavendish the honour of these successful researches is admitted to lie; the difficulty is to

adjust their respective claims. Each philosopher has his exclusive admirers, and each his determined detractors, both of which parties, as is usual with those holding extreme opinions, are in the wrong.

A simple chronological statement is the best instructor in these cases. The following periods appear to have been those at which our chemists arrived at the truth concerning the composition of water.

Early in 1781 Priestley and Cowan fired mixtures of inflammable and common air; they observed their disappearance with cloudiness and a deposition of sooty matter in the vessel. They also fancied that weight had been lost during the experiment; but drew no conclusions worth detailing.

In the same year Mr. Warltire, of Birmingham, repeated the experiment of Priestley. Imagining that the loss of weight might be due to the escape of the matter of heat, he was desirous of determining in this way the weight of that matter. He obtained results like Priestley.

In the summer of 1781 Mr. Cavendish repeated these experiments on a large scale; he first burned mixtures of inflammable and common air. By his accurate methods he got rid of the sooty deposit, with an explanation of its cause, and found scarcely any sensible loss of weight after the disappearance of the gases; he collected the dew formed, weighed it, and came to the conclusion that *one-fifth part of the common air, and almost all the inflammable, had been converted into water* during their combustion. He then repeated the experiment with inflammable and dephlogisticated air. The result was an acid liquid. Here Cavendish appears to have been for some time arrested in his conclusions relating to the composition of water. He undertook a separate series of experiments, which will be noticed hereafter to explain the appearance of an acid where it was little expected by him; and nothing shews more clearly his truly philosophical methods of inquiry than this pause at such a time, this temporary abandonment of the original object of inquiry when it appeared almost within his grasp.

Priestley, meanwhile, became acquainted with Cavendish's results,

and continued to experimentalise upon the subject without gaining any tep; he blundered on in this way until April 1783, when he received a letter from Watt explaining the hypothesis which a view of Priestley's experiments had suggested. This was, *that water is composed of dephlogisticated air and phlogiston derived of part of their elementary heat.* This letter was communicated by Priestley at the time to several fellows of the Royal Society, but was not read formally to that body until he April of the following year.

In June 1783 Sir Charles Blagden appeared in Paris as an agent from Mr. Cavendish, to explain to the French academy the new truth, that water was a compound of inflammable and dephlogisticated airs, or oxygen and hydrogen, as we now call them, and to verify it by exact experiment, as Cavendish had been enabled to do after happily giving the true source of the acid he had found. Lavoisier was convinced, in the course of these experiments, although a sceptic at their commencement.

The paper detailing these results was read to the Royal Society on the 15th January, 1784. It contained the first published account from Cavendish of the experiments made by him in 1781. Priestley, however, had mentioned these experiments in so far as related to the explosion of common with inflammable air, as having been communicated to him in 1781; he did not speak of any conclusion drawn from them. This was in a paper of Priestley's, read April 21, 1783.

Now, with regard to Watt, his suggestion concerning the composition of water had been made known by Priestley in 1783, before Sir Charles Blagden's visit to Paris, and, consequently, before any published conclusions of Mr. Cavendish.

It must be allowed, then, that Watt was first with a true theory, but it should be also completely understood that Cavendish supplied in the end the only physical proof of the composition of water. Watt furnished no original experiment upon the subject; he merely suggested a sagacious hypothesis from Priestley's slovenly experiments; he cannot possibly be said to have placed those on the basis of a *disco-*

very. This Cavendish did with regard to his own, whether independently or not of Watt's views, must remain a matter of opinion.

The difficulty in assigning to each of these two great men their respective share of merit in these researches seems to have arisen from the want of a proper distinction between the suggestion of a truth in the shape of a supposition, and its establishment by the proof of facts. The latter alone would obtain the title of *discovery* in science. Were it otherwise, the imaginative ancients must be allowed to rob the moderns of every triumph. But for this law few, indeed, of a present generation could be called discoverers. Lavoisier, in his Elements, published so long ago as the year 1789, distinctly maintained the probability that the alkalies and alkaline earths were oxides of peculiar metallic bodies; we admire the sagacity of his views, but we call Davy the discoverer of potassium and sodium. Sir Isaac Newton had suggested in his optics that a combustible body entered into the composition of water, but he cannot be said to have discovered that water was not an elementary substance. John Rey, in the sixteenth century, had entertained true views of the nature of atmospheric change during the combustion of bodies, but he did not supply sufficient experiments to rob Lavoisier of his glory in demonstrating this.

The question with regard to Watt and Cavendish may be put shortly thus:—Supposing no further experiments upon the composition of water to have been made after the publication of Watt's views, would the scientific world have been justified in accepting these? would it have been rightly satisfied that water was indeed a compound of oxygen and hydrogen?

It may also be urged in favour of the claims of Cavendish that Mr. Watt himself appears to have acknowledged their justice. In all the leading chemical works of this interesting time, and of a later period, when Cavendish was dead and Watt still living, we find "the discovery of Mr. Cavendish concerning the constituent parts of water" referred to as indisputably his; Dr. Robison even dedicated a work to Watt in which

it was distinctly assigned to Cavendish, and Robison was an old friend and fellow-pupil of Watt. The two illustrious men appear never to have debated the subject themselves. They looked upon each other simply as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, not as rivals in a race for reputation; their pleasure in the acquisition of a new fact excluded all painful feelings of jealousy; they loved truth more than they did themselves.

The abstract discovery that water was a compound of inflammable and dephlogisticated air formed not the most admirable part of Cavendish's researches on air. In this discovery he was, perhaps, little in advance of the sagacious philosophers who were at work upon the same subject, and who had so very nearly, by circuitous paths and unexpectedly to themselves, indeed, arrived at the truth. But in developing the consequences of the truth, in removing from it all the disguise of other lesser truths, and in the perception of its applicability to existing theories, Cavendish stood forth alone. It was one remarkable feature in his researches, that every subject upon which they were directed, they seem to have completely exhausted. His peculiarly cautious method of philosophising rendered him difficult of conviction by any but vigorously established facts. He was always the last to admit the value of his own experiments. He would not have considered himself justified in making public the details of any investigations but those upon the accuracy of which it seemed impossible to throw a doubt. Thus he has obtained the reputation of being one of the very few experimental philosophers who has never published upon any subject of which he had not made himself completely master.

The demonstration of the composition of water by Cavendish leading to a new train of most brilliant researches, which only closed with a second discovery as startling as the first, illustrates the perfection to which he brought every part of the science that engaged his attention. The experiments on air were originally undertaken, not with any view of examining the composition of water, but for the purpose of throwing some light upon the causes of

the diminution of common air during phlogisticating processes, at that time the most obscure part of chemistry. This subject was one which had perplexed and baffled the ablest experimentalists of the age, which had exhausted the most fertile imaginations in conjectures, and which, to a genuine Stahlian, necessarily presented insurmountable difficulties. Although the theory of phlogiston pretended to explain the loss of weight in air where bodies had been burnt or metals calcined, it was completely surprised by the diminution in bulk of this air, a diminution which unfortunately had been proved by incontrovertible experiments actually to take place. That a diminution in bulk and a loss of weight should together ensue in a body of air which it was supposed had not only not lost, but had positively gained something during the process of combustion, did appear totally incomprehensible to ordinary intellects. Mr. Kirwan, a staunch supporter of phlogiston, and, with the exception of Dr. Priestley, that hard master's most devoted servant, brought forward a theory in explanation which he imagined to be founded on fact. Both the theory and the supposed facts are amusing illustrations of the absurdities into which men, calling themselves rational and philosophical, were at that time surprised by their adherence to antiquated notions.

Kirwan asserted that in all phlogistic processes which had diminished the bulk of the air where they were conducted, fixed air had been generated and subsequently absorbed. Supported by Priestley, he insisted that fixed air was yielded by metals during calcination, from sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon during combustion; and that where dephlogisticated and inflammable air were exploded together, they formed fixed air. This opinion was gradually gaining ground when Cavendish began his experiments. He soon declared that Kirwan had been at least hasty in forming his theory. In no instance did he find that the calcination of metals carefully conducted afforded a sensible amount of fixed air, and equally exposed the fallacy of the doctrine concerning sulphur and phosphorus. It was in repeating the experiment of the inflammation

of oxygen and hydrogen, after convincing himself that no fixed air was formed, that he was led to that capital result which, as he significantly remarked, "served really to explain the matter." This led not only to the demonstration of the composition of water, but to the assignment of the true source of the acid found after the inflammation of its two component gases.

Referring to the experiments of Priestley and Warltire before mentioned, in which the inside of the vessel containing the air was found to become dewy, he repeated them with every possible precaution, varying them each time. In the first instance he determined, from eight trials, the proportion which the common air must bear to the inflammable, in order that the greatest diminution in bulk should take place after explosion; he then carefully examined the dew deposited, and found it to be pure water. As common air was a compound body in itself, no exact conclusion as to the composition of water could be drawn from this experiment; but Cavendish now repeated it, only substituting dephlogisticated for common air. The result was exactly the same. A few appeared upon the sides of the vessel. It was at this stage of the inquiry that on examining the water formed after each experiment Cavendish remarked that it was never pure except when the two burnt airs bore certain proportion to each other. When this was not such that the inflammable air was in larger quantity than the dephlogisticated, the result of the combustion was a very acid uid. On firing a mixture containing 9,500 grains of dephlogisticated air and 37,000 of inflammable air, the liquor condensed was found to be highly acid. In proportion as the quantity of inflammable air consumed was augmented, that of the other gas remaining constant the resulting liquor became less acid, until a point was reached where it exhibited only the properties of the purest water. In this case the air remaining was very much phlogisticated. Here, then, two questions before the solution of which no just conclusion could be drawn respecting the necessary constituents of water.

1st. What was the nature of the

acid formed? Was it in truth the fixed air resulting, as Kirwan had predicted, from the union of inflammable and dephlogisticated air?

2d. Whence did it arise, if it was not the result of this combination?

To the first Cavendish was soon enabled to give a satisfactory answer. By saturating the acid liquid with fixed vegetable alkali he obtained nitre; and this, whether the acid was yielded by the combustion of common or of dephlogisticated air. From whatever source the gases employed were produced, the acid was still that peculiar one which we now call nitric; but in the nomenclature of that day the nitrous.

For the solution of the next question chemistry was then hardly sufficiently powerful, and it seems to have presented difficulties to overcome which demanded much persevering labour, much constancy of thought. Even Cavendish erred in his first conclusions. Proceeding upon the phlogistic doctrines of the composition of carbon and carbonic acid, he argued that as phlogisticated air was always formed simultaneously with carbonic acid when carbon was detonated with nitre; and that as carbonic acid gas was charcoal deprived of phlogiston, it was probable that phlogisticated air was the nitrous acid united to phlogiston.

If this suggestion, however hypothetically put forward, should appear to us—who are safely in possession of the secret, for whom the strange riddle has long since been read—unworthy of Cavendish, we ought in justice to remember how much he was here cramped by the superstitions of the Stahlia doctrines, he had in these researches journeyed far beyond his contemporaries, he found himself alone, encompassed by the chaos of undiscovered truths, in the midst of a darkness which was only to be dissipated by the labours of another generation. Yet even from those difficulties he came forth triumphantly in the end. Like the good knight in Spenser, although he wandered into the den of error, it was only that he might finally subdue the monster.

His explanation of the generation of the nitrous acid was extremely ingenious. He supposed, what has

since been actually proved, that its source was in the phlogisticated air, from which it was never possible entirely to purify the oxygen gas used in the experiment; when the latter was in excess, there not being sufficient inflammable air to consume it all, the residue during the explosion exerted its affinity for the phlogiston of the phlogisticated air, and, seizing upon it, formed a second portion of water, leaving the nitrous acid free. If there was sufficient inflammable air to unite with all the dephlogisticated air, of course no such result was obtained, and water only appeared.

It is unnecessary to go through all the arguments and experiments which Cavendish brought to the support of his ingenious hypothesis; they were as usual beautifully contrived, and at that time apparently incontrovertible. Modern science has here taught us to reject some parts of a doctrine which Cavendish was himself, indeed, the first to strike at by his demonstration of the true composition of nitric acid the next year, but they were not allowed to interfere with his leading result. After a careful consideration of all the facts he had assembled, by a most impartial process of reasoning, Cavendish arrived at the conclusion that dephlogisticated air is only water deprived of its phlogiston, and that inflammable air is either phlogisticated water or else phlogiston, "that water consists of dephlogisticated air united to phlogiston."

A great deal of discussion arose upon the precise nature of inflammable air. Watt, eager to apply the elegant results lately attained by his revered chemical instructor, Dr. Black, called it phlogiston deprived of part of its latent or elementary heat. Cavendish objected to this appellation on two grounds, first, because he did not believe in the existence of latent heat, and had proposed the doctrine of the *generation* of heat which Davy subsequently espoused; and, secondly, he urged, very truly, that to make mention of latent heat in this particular instance of inflammable air, "without using similar expressions in speaking of other analogous chemical unions, would be improper, and would lead to false ideas."

The last part of the *Experiments on Air* is devoted to the application of the grand discovery in the explanation of phenomena attending certain processes of combustion, the calcination of metals, the fact that dephlogisticated air might be obtained from calces and from acids by heat, &c. &c. The immense merit of these researches was fairly proved by the final overthrow of genuine Stahlism, which may be dated from their publication.

It becomes proper here to speak of the man to whom all the honour of accomplishing that downfall has been attributed.

Antoine Laurent Lavoisier was born in 1743. His parentage, though not noble, was highly respectable; his education was liberal, and he early acquired the means of indulgence in those experimental pursuits which were always so especially dear to him. His youth was not destined to encounter any of those difficulties sometimes found so salutary to it, — hindrances and disappointments which often purify the mind, soften the heart, and exalt ungratified desires into a holy passion kept sacred from all baser hopes to gain at last strength for surmounting every obstacle. Lavoisier was assisted through life; he was borne on the willing shoulders of friends to his elevated position; he was pushed forward to his greatest undertakings by zealous co-operators from behind; he marched in so dense a crowd, that even when he made a false step, it was not easy to fall.

In 1666, the Royal Academy of Sciences had been instituted. Louis le Grand planted this tree which was to produce such excellent fruit. Scientific men all over Europe were then just beginning to appreciate the moral in the fabled bundle of fagots, and to increase their power by acting in bodies. None recognised more completely the principle of combination than those composing the French academy, from its earliest date; none among the children of its maturity bore witness to the value of this principle so strongly or so silently as Lavoisier. The sappers and miners of the *Encyclopédie* boasted among them some distinguished experimentalists. Early in the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. a band was marshalled com-

posed of men who found a place between the small coxcombical literati and the transcendental philosophers of the day. They were not ignorant and flippant, like the first: nor presumptuous and intolerant, like the last. By the sobriety and decency of their general demeanour, they were distinguished from both. They were not necessarily scoffers and infidels. From the nature of their pursuits, it was hardly possible that they should be bigots. These were the chemists of France.

Lavoisier was prominent among them, but still he was only one in a large group. He was surrounded by such men as the eager and often inaccurate Berthollet, destined subsequently to become chief scientific favourite of Napoleon. Fourcroy, who has been accused of concealing under a mild and sleek exterior envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; Guyton Morveau, the most candid and prepossessing of regicides; La Place, who sometimes condescended in his leisure hours to play at chemistry in Lavoisier's laboratory; and the indefatigable D'Arcet. But Lavoisier's great desire was, that he should appear to stand alone: as it was not in his power to step away from them in reality, he laboured anxiously throughout his life to throw a shade upon all those figures which stood on the same elevated basis with himself.

In truth, no chemist of Lavoisier's powers ever accomplished so little singly as he did. All the materials for his great theory were supplied to him from the laboratory of contemporary experimentalists; the theory itself was shaped in a great measure from their suggestions; and when he marched to the final overthrow of Stahlism, it was at the head of a numerously disciplined body, which had only to encounter a mob of confused and disunited combatants. Lavoisier's endeavour to appropriate to himself the sole merit of the victory gives by no means a favourable idea of his candour. The attempt was every where made by him. If some justification can be found for his refusal to allow the title of "French Chemistry" to what he said was only rightly called "Lavoisier's Chemistry," there can be none for his claiming an equality with Priestley in the

discovery of oxygen, without a single document to support his claims,—for the omission in his great work of the names of Cavendish, Watt, Black, and Rutherford, when he is making important use of their researches. He was evidently only compelled by their near neighbourhood to speak of his French coadjutors; and even some of these, we are told, were mortally offended by his neglects.

As a chemist, he undoubtedly accomplished great things, moulding his science into that form which it still partially wears. He philosophised by induction in the true method; his ideas were in general so distinct and precise as to enable him to theorise with safety; and by the simple introduction of the balance into all chemical processes, his experiments were made the evidences of extensive truths. But he might have done better had he listened to the warnings of many able men around, and so stopped short of the point to which he pushed forward, in his fear of leaving any reputation to be acquired by succeeding philosophers. His sudden death, perhaps, prevented him from acknowledging this error. The end of this celebrated man was tragical; but his first great misfortune was also his last. He was forced from his meditations upon the world's theatre at a time when its stage was slippery with blood,—and he fell!

There is surely something very strange in the sudden appearance upon active life of a philosopher whom we have been accustomed to identify only with certain scientific names and facts. We knew him simply as a series of abstract thoughts,—the intangible thought assumes a material shape, like a sudden condensation of invisible air—the word is made flesh. When the agent in the discovery first obtains in our senses an existence independent of the discovery, we feel much like the child looking at the solid showman, as he steps from behind the curtain on which his airy spectacle of magic has been displayed.

If Lavoisier was destined to a violent death, he should have found it in the laboratory, prosecuting some research perilous in proportion to its importance; but he was not to be so happy. He became obnoxious to Robespierre in his capacity of farmer-

general, and was consequently gillotined during the reign of terror. His name, shuffled in amongst those of the noble and royal martyrs of this period, attracted no general attention. It was simply stated in the long catalogues of the condemned, that Antoine Laurent Lavoisier had been doomed by the revolutionary tribunal as *contre-révolutionnaire*—that convenient designation under which so many were found guilty, from Louis XVI. to Monsieur Egalité and Robespierre himself. In Lavoisier's case there is no record of a last scaffold address or confession of faith,—no dying speech is attributed to him. He does not appear to have trembled, like Bailly, at the closing moment; nor to have blustered, like the philosophical deputies of the Gironde. In a *journée* of twenty-eight other victims, criminal farmers-general like himself, his punishment was probably met with the silent composure of a wise man; and every true lover of chemical science must wish that it may have been short as it was sharp. In this place, it is chiefly the influence of his anti-phlogistic views that is to be considered. Some time previous to the last series of experiments upon air, but subsequently to the first published by Cavendish, Lavoisier had shewn, in several memoirs, that in many instances those processes in which phlogiston was believed to play the principal part might be better explained without its assistance, by the substitution of dephlogisticated air. Cavendish, whose cautious habits of investigation rendered him slow in entirely adopting a theory so imperfect as Lavoisier's necessarily was before he had assembled sufficient data for its proof, justly thought it rash altogether to abandon phlogiston while it still served to explain very beautifully many leading phenomena: he saw that Lavoisier was generalising too rashly and hastily, but at the same time perceived that the Stahlia doctrines must receive many modifications before they could maintain themselves against new facts. He now applied his discovery of the composition of water to effect these modifications.

Lavoisier had urged, that when a metal was calcined, or such a body as sulphur and phosphorus acidified by

combustion, it could be proved that the change had been effected by their absorption of oxygen; and that phlogiston appeared nowhere necessary to the several processes. He also argued that, as when vitriolic or nitrous acids were converted into nitrous air and phlogisticated vitriolic acid, they yielded a large portion of dephlogisticated air during the change, it would be proper to say that they had lost one of their constituent parts, instead of gaining another.

Now, said Cavendish, since water is a compound of dephlogisticated and inflammable air, or phlogiston, the gain of dephlogisticated air by a body at a certain temperature, and containing phlogiston, must occasion the loss of this latter principle as an element, by the formation of water. In like manner, should this dephlogisticated air be expelled from the body by decomposition of the water, phlogiston would again assume its former simplicity of condition. When a metal is calcined (supposing metals to be compounds of a calx and phlogiston), if it be allowed that it gains dephlogisticated air, what must follow but that the phlogiston sets free the calx, and forms a small portion of water with the dephlogisticated air? This water is absorbed by the calx, of which the increase in weight is of course proportional only to the dephlogisticated air gained.

In the case of the precipitate *per se*, and of several other oxides, dephlogisticated air will be given off on the application of a strong heat; the calx, recombining with its phlogiston, is reduced. When a metal is calcined by the action of an acid, the acid yields up its dephlogisticated air agreeably to Lavoisier's experiments; the metal becomes a calx and water. The production of dephlogisticated air from nitre, that emitted by vegetables as Priestley had found during daylight, and all other analogous cases of its appearance were explained by Cavendish on the same principle. Without dismissing the agency of phlogiston, he was enabled, by his discovery of that body's affinities for dephlogisticated air, to grant the truth of Lavoisier's principal facts at this period, and also admitted the necessity of atmospheric influence in all cases of combustion and calcination. He in-

generously made the existence and activity of phlogiston an essential part of the theory in which so important a character was accorded to dephlogisticated air. By this beautiful hypothesis, which at the time it was proposed the whole strength of the French academy was insufficient to overturn, Cavendish attempted at once to preserve the serviceable portions of the old system, while he reformed its most glaring vices; he introduced into it the principal truths established by the French philosopher, and especially those depending upon the evidence of the balance.

These truths were stubbornly denied by the greater part of chemists, both in England and France, so long as they were made the foundation of antiphlogistic doctrines alone; and it is difficult to say how much time might have elapsed before they would have been accepted, while a belief in them demanded an entire renunciation of Stahlism; or how much the advancement of chemical science would have been retarded by such scepticism. Cavendish, by this happy application of his great discovery, shewed that the rejection of phlogiston need not be a necessary consequence of a faith in Lavoisier's results.

The old and the new systems were well blended in a compound palatable to all but the most bigoted Stahlians.

The distrust of the Lavoisierian doctrines began from this time gradually to give way. After men's minds had once been accustomed to receive them in one shape, it was not found a matter of any great difficulty to accept them in another. Cuvier has boldly said that Cavendish of all philosophers contributed the most to the establishment of the true chemistry. It is, indeed, impossible to study attentively the progress of experimental science at this period, without perceiving the influence which he had exerted in bringing about the great revolution; without his capital discovery and subsequent researches, it might have been the work of years instead of months. But it is also evident that he watched with a jealous eye the generalising spirit in which the Lavoisierian system was building; he hesitated to believe in a *generator of acids*, which could not be proved to be essential to

the composition of such bodies; from his well-known views it may be inferred, that he especially disliked the introduction of light and heat into theory as a constituent part of bodies.

The discovery of the composition of water was received with very different feelings by the French and the English chemists. Lavoisier had no sooner satisfied himself and his Academie Royale followers of the accuracy of the results obtained by Cavendish, than he proceeded to strike a great blow at phlogiston through their medium.

There was one fact attending the solution of metals in dilute acids which he had tried in vain to explain without the aid of phlogiston, and on which the partisans of the old system had uniformly laid great stress as being in itself quite sufficient to uphold it. Our admirable Mayow had first observed that when iron, tin, or zinc, was dissolved in dilute sulphuric acid, a certain quantity of inflammable air was always evolved. If inflammable air was phlogiston, as it has been supposed, such an evolution from metallic bodies during this conversion into calces was quite consonant with theory. Lavoisier, immediately that Cavendish's results were made known, saw that they supplied the long-sought explanation of this mysterious generation of inflammable air. The answer to the perplexing riddle had been given,—*the water of the dilute acid was the source of the gas.*

Priestley and Kirwan at the same time became aware of the fatal consequences to their theory involved in this view. They saw that they must overthrow Cavendish before they could touch Lavoisier; that they must do battle for the composition of water, and stand or fall by the result of that contest.

On this ground they at once declared war. Then arose the vigorous controversy between Cavendish and Kirwan, in which the latter resolutely adhered to his original opinion that the combination of inflammable with dephlogisticated air must produce fixed air. The absurdities in Kirwan's reasoning, which are not only laughable to every one in the least acquainted with chemical theory, were not at the time they were published sufficiently evident to prevent their

sustaining many scientific characters, who were beginning to waver, in the untrue faith. The great influence of Priestley in the philosophical world, the high tone of confidence which Kirwan had assumed, the modest style of Cavendish, whose facts were stated with more diffidence than the fancies of his opponent, all contributed mainly to this unfortunate effect.

But, in the end, this controversy was destined to better results; for, since the production of an acid during the inflammation of the gases, oxygen and hydrogen, in certain proportions, was made the basis of all Priestley's reasonings, it was probably with a view to the correction of these that Cavendish undertook a new series of experiments upon the formation of nitric acid. They led him to the discovery of its true composition.

The first account of these experiments was given to the Royal Society in 1785. Cavendish, to satisfy himself that the acid formed during the explosion of dephlogisticated and inflammable air was not a necessary result of their union; that none, as he had predicted, would appear if the mixed gases could be procured perfectly pure, made the experiment of exploding by the electric spark mixtures of common and phlogisticated air in a tube over mercury, and in which dry potash was introduced. The bulk of the air at the close of the operation was found to be greatly diminished, the potash examined was discovered to be saturated with an acid forming a salt, which deflagrated and exhibited all the characteristics of nitre. When dephlogisticated, instead of common air, was exploded with phlogisticated air, the same thing occurred—the potash was neutralised by nitric acid. Inflammable air was then, as Cavendish had suspected, unnecessary to the production of this acid; it was simply the dephlogisticated and the phlogisticated air which, by their union, form it.

These experiments of Cavendish were repeated in England, France, and Holland, by the principal and scientific men of those countries. There arose doubts, the source of which explains in a great measure the difficulties at that time encountered in the establishment of facts,

however certain, however clearly detailed, however apparently easy of demonstration by experiment, which explains how it happened that phlogiston continued to be a term of science long after the publication of Lavoisier's memoirs upon combustion, how genuine Stahlism was enabled to bear unshrinking the light of oxygen in full exertion of its tremendous affinities. Analytic processes were so little understood, manifestations were so slovenly, that an unwilling mind could always get together a sufficient number of false results to shelter itself cunningly from the truth.

The experiments on nitric acid repeated, in imitation of Cavendish, were, in most instances, unsuccessful. From a want of accuracy in the preparations for obtaining the results, from too great an impatience in awaiting them, and from excessive prejudice in the operator, the expected combinations were not found.

Van Marum, an able Dutch electrician, having failed, amongst others, in obtaining the signs of a nitrate of potash, addressed a letter to Cavendish stating his ill success, and begging for further instructions on the subject. Cavendish replied both politely and candidly, remarked how impossible it was for him to explain the causes of failure unless he could be on the spot to observe Van Marum's manipulations, and assured him that with care and patience the desired results must finally be obtained. Van Marum, after again repeating the experiment with ill success, became convinced that Cavendish was in possession of some secret methods, and complained loudly of illiberality in their concealment. But it was soon to be shewn that the secret known to Cavendish with which other chemists were unacquainted, consisted merely in a superior accuracy of observation and dexterity of practice. As soon as the angry doubts of his contemporaries came to his knowledge, he requested that the Royal Society would appoint their secretary to repeat the experiments in question before a select committee, and offered to stand or fall by the decision of this trial, only stipulating that his own instructions should be exactly followed in the performance of the requisite

processes. Such was the modest confidence of this great man in the results of his secluded laboratory!

The Royal Society gave him the trial he asked. The experiments were repeated with great care before Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Charles Blagden, and other distinguished men. In every instance the results were accordant with those described by Cavendish. The alkali in the tube was saturated and converted into nitre during the explosions, but it was found if the electric spark was passed constantly *after* the potash was saturated that, in that case, the mercury over which the gases were confined, attacked by the free acid generated, formed a second nitrate. In consequence of its presence, the nitre deflagrated feebly, and appeared altered in several properties. Here was the difficulty, arising from so trifling an inaccuracy in manipulation, which had perplexed Van Marum and his brother chemists! From this time no one failed to find the nitric acid, and thus the last proof wanting to establish the composition of water was supplied by Cavendish himself.

But it seemed as if the obstinacy of some Stahlian chemists was never to be overcome. Their opposition, like the head of the fabulous hydra, as soon as it was forcibly removed in one quarter renewed and multiplied in another. The number of proselytes to the new system, which had become considerable from the date of Cavendish's researches, now left but a very small party to the disciples of phlogiston.

This devoted little band, under the banners of Priestley, struggled to the last against the irresistible evidence of facts. With the publication of Priestley's commentaries on the experiments of Cavendish, might justly be said to have perished the scientific fame which he had acquired as the discoverer of oxygen.

No two men were ever more completely contrasted in their habits of mind than Lavoisier and Priestley, the contending champions for the old and the new systems. The one was a discoverer of principles, the other of facts. Lavoisier's peculiar excellence lay in his capacity for generalising, for a simultaneous survey of effects the most apparently remote from each other, in his talent

for seizing at once upon the true bond of their connexion. No problem was too difficult for his solution, provided only that the scattered data were supplied to him by others; he was able to bring into shape the most curiously dislocated puzzle, although he might not have been able himself to seek out and bring together its component pieces from east to west. Priestley's capabilities were quite opposite; he was great only in particulars. No man's laboratory produced more important results in separate experiments, but there seems to have existed some cruel defect in the constitution of his mind that prevented him from making use of them in the improvement of the general character of his science. Thus he must in justice be ranked below those among his contemporaries who did know how to employ their facts. The experimentalist is not necessarily the philosopher. Priestley was a hewer of wood and drawer of water in science. Like a lucky miner, he brought rich ores to the surface, but left them for others to work into precious metals. It is not quite true, however, that Priestley was an experimentalist only; he was something besides—a bad theorist, a vicious reasoner. The conclusions he drew were constantly false; it is even singular to observe how uniform he was in error; he could not guess right; a new fact was a new source of error. Unfortunately for such a mind, Priestley's was, by nature and by habit, peculiarly tenacious of an opinion once formed. The more ridiculous his blunder, the more obstinately he adhered to it; the stronger the opposition it encountered, the greater his enjoyment. He was one of those who love to be always in a minority.

The history of his struggle with Lavoisier is nobly pitiable. Never did a scientific man persist in falling so miserably as Priestley during the last twenty years of his life. His labours were all employed for the subversion of truth, and his voice only raised in clamours against all its supporters. One by one the proselytes of his chemistry fell off shamed out of their adherence to him by irresistible arguments. Priestley alone remained armed at all points against conviction, shewing that no amount

of proof was sufficient to shake him in a faith once adopted. Through all the disasters and all the squabbles of his politico-metaphysical career he never forgot to uphold the ancient chemical system of error. Although the riots of Birmingham destroyed much apparatus and many papers prepared for the purpose, he persevered—he persevered in the new settlements of America—at New York, as in London, through every change of time and place; the nineteenth century found him still at his hopeless task of perseverance,—pouring water into the bottomless vessel, catching it in a sieve, making a rope of sand, building a fortress of gossamer. When the name of Stahl's famous element had been long erased from the vocabulary of chemists, and every temporary doubt respecting the composition of water forgotten, Priestley believed in the one, and denied the other. Almost the last tract which he published, so late as 1802, was entitled "The Doctrine of Phlogiston Maintained, and that of the Composition of Water Refuted."

Yet this man,—who thus did his utmost to arrest the progress of science—who could not be made to perceive a truth founded upon the most distinct processes of reasoning concerning tangible facts—who was so bigoted in favour of old systems in philosophy, that he refused evidence against them amounting to indisputable proof—who set his face against an innovation commanded by common sense—who, and where a child so taught as he was would not have gone wrong,—this man claimed to be the great apostle of reason—the reformer among reformers—the sage whose views, too liberal for his age, induced his persecution—the universal promoter of truth!

It cannot surprise us, then, that some orthodox Churchmen, and some intelligent Catholic divines, should have pointed out Priestley's extraordinary incapacity for the apprehension of a train of reasoning, beautiful as any mathematical demonstration, with the triumphant exclamation, "Surely this man 'would not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead!'"

While Priestley combated facts by a multitude of silly hypotheses, Lavoisier proceeded steadily in his great

work of reformation. In 1789, his views were so far perfected as to enable him to publish the *Elements of Chemistry*, in which his new system was formally proposed as a whole. Assisted by his friend and proselyte, Guyton Morveau, he here introduced a nomenclature, which was intended to cast the very name of phlogiston into oblivion. The *Elements* received the approbation of the Academy of Sciences; the Royal Society were prepared to follow the example of the Academy, when a champion of Stahlism once more appeared in the lists, and demanded the suspension of judgment until the last had been tried. Mr. Kirwan, at the eleventh hour, undertook to refute all the principal positions of Lavoisier; but he was too late to save phlogiston. The alarm was sounded, the Academy rushed into the field, and, after an unutterable struggle, quite unintelligible to ordinary bystanders, the world was told that Kirwan had been vanquished.

The spell was now broken, the deluding spirit was exorcised, the airy pretender disgraced for ever. Phlogiston, that singular creation which had exercised so overruling an influence in science, was suddenly annihilated. It passed at once into a laughable nothing.

Lavoisier himself was soon after swept away from life, but his views were too well established to be shaken by his disappearance. The value of many leading clauses in his system, was only augmented by the numerous additions to science during the next thirty years. To give generality to its first principles, and to correct the errors which modern science discovered, remained to be accomplished by a British philosopher, who was destined to equal Lavoisier in skilful theory, while he surpassed him in original experiment. The two illustrious men, to each of whom, in the judgment of their several especial admirers, we are indebted for that great step which led to the consummation of chemical revolution, were, from different causes, totally silent during its last progress. Cavendish, from the time of his communications on nitrous acid in 1788, remained an inactive spectator of the surprising changes taking place in

his science, withdrew from all research, and thus, at once, disappeared from among the competitors for fame in its pursuit. Perhaps the profound labours in the highest branches of physical science, to which he had now directed his powerful mind, engrossed too much of his time and attention, as to leave him none for experiment; perhaps he was disgusted by the increasing spirit of contention, the cavils, and the petty prejudices which manifested themselves so strongly at this time amongst chemical philosophers; perhaps the shouts of the Parisian mob, called in to decide upon the merits of Lavoisier, when, in a ceremony characteristic of the prettinesses of French frenzy, the elements of Stahl were sacrificed upon a painted altar of reason, frightened him out of so noisy an arena. Whatever may have been the cause of his sudden abandonment of the laboratory, it is certain that, during the last twenty years of his life, no more experiments proceeded from it.

Cavendish seems to have been characteristically cautious in expressing, and probably in forming, an opinion of the progress of the new chemistry. We do not even know at what time he embraced it; that he never accepted it in all its detail, is the only part of his sentiments with which we are acquainted. He had endeavoured, at an early stage, to blend the old and the modern systems into one, which should be acceptable to the partisans of each, in granting their leading positions. He had placed himself a mediator between

“*Due secoli*

L'un contro l'altro armato.”

He had struggled to check the innovating precipitancy of Lavoisier, and to soften the bigoted attachments of Priestley. When he found both alike determined on not yielding a step, and witnessed the issue of the contest, in which a spirit of mob triumph, revolting to the philosopher, was displayed, he withheld his entire approbation from a system so recommended, yet imperfect, and defaced by crude generalisations peculiarly odious to his temper. It is highly honourable to the sagacity of Mr. Cavendish, that many of the objections which he is known to have entertained against the victorious

theory, have since, before competent tribunals, been pronounced valid. We have been compelled to retrace our steps, in many instances, where Lavoisier's hasty zeal had led him to take up positions which became, as Cavendish predicted, untenable in the face of a long array of increasing facts. Although virtually dead to the chemical world before the close of the last century, it is pleasing to know that Mr. Cavendish continued to take some interest in the science which had once been so peculiarly his own. He frequently honoured with his presence the laboratory of the Royal Institution, when first established, under the auspices of Mr. Davy, and spoke kindly of its young director's early manipulations. Singularly unambitious, he troubled himself so little about temporary renown, as to have been only induced by urgent persuasions to make public his great discoveries. In this world of ours, although the admiration of particular divisions of society may always be commanded by the truly great thinker, general applause must be solicited even by the greatest. As he will be pushed and elbowed in a crowd on the way to fame, so he must push and elbow stoutly in return, or consent to be thrust aside. It is still true, notwithstanding the boasted illumination of our age, that a man's worth will often be estimated according to the magnitude of his own pretensions, and the pertinacity with which he asserts them. Many an individual has achieved a reputation for ability, by simply asserting that he deserved it. Cavendish would not take even ordinary pains to claim his rightful fame from the multitude, and he could have no just ground of complaint that it was not given to him unasked. We cannot feel surprised that, in dying, he slipped away from this world almost unnoticed. “But his name,” as Davy said, in announcing his death, “although it was unknown in the busy scenes of life, or in the popular discussions of the day, it will remain illustrious in the annals of science, which are imperishable as the nature to which they belong; it will be an immortal honour to his house, his age, and his country.”

James Watt, who had accompa-

nied Cavendish for a short time in chemical researches, emerged from that path to fulfil his high destiny as the perfecter of the steam-engine. His fate was an enviable one. He was not only enabled, by his sagacity, energy, and perseverance, to bestow the greatest benefit upon his country, which it has, perhaps, ever received at the hands of one individual, but, owing to the peculiarly practical nature of all his scientific labours, he obtained a place in the kindly thoughts of even its comparatively uneducated classes. While other philosophers, with zeal and talents scarcely inferior to his own, pursue their labours in silence, and go to the grave followed only by such faintly sounding applause as they may obtain from their own brethren, Watt lived and died amidst a universal clapping of hands. Whilst *their* names are coldly or interrogatively echoed by the world, in answer to the admiration of the scientific, *his* is repeated with almost equal satisfaction by the learned and the ignorant. Steam-ships, railroads, every manufacture of Birmingham and Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, are the memorials of his genius, keeping it fresh in the recollections of the trader and the gentleman. Happy in his public fame, happy in his private friendships and domestic circle, Watt closed his life of vir-

tue and usefulness at a good old age.

It has been said that some substantial tribute to his merits should have been offered by the nation during his lifetime, and the generation which neglected this opportunity for public worship has been fiercely stigmatised.

The question of the amount of reward fit to be extended to scientific men, in the shape of money, medals, or monuments,—of the amount of distinction which should entitle them to such rewards,—of the manner in which this might be determined, so as to preclude the danger of jobs, injustice, and invidious preferences, is surely a more difficult one than the many flippant, so-called liberal talkers and writers, who so readily decide upon it, appear to imagine. Let it be remembered, however, that within the last few years, we have seen a Conservative government set the example of extending a direct patronage to scientific men, in bestowing well-earned pensions. It remained for the Whig minister to confer a gratuitous insult upon the most illustrious, as well as the most amiable, of England's experimental philosophers. The story is well known,—it need not be repeated here; but this chemical sketch cannot more fitly conclude than with the name of FARADAY.

THE HEROINE OF OSTEND.

Who would suppose that Ostend, ugly, uninteresting-looking Ostend, could be the scene of romance? Bruges, indeed, with its Spanish-Flemish air, its crocheted gables, its heavy, ancient churches, and its many picturesque spires and towers, is worthy of such distinction. But Ostend is such a commonplace-looking town, scarce fit, with its shallow harbour, to be even an ordinary sea-port; though Bowles tried to invest it with something of poetic interest, when he indited sonnets to its bells that seemed to welcome him with a friendly peal after his weary tossing in the North Sea in the good old days of slow, uncertain sailing.

We have spent some dull, rainy days in Ostend, and did not feel in the least poetically inclined, either to its bells or its *belles*,—perhaps, because we heard too much of the former, and saw too little of the latter. We have looked at the insignificant vessels that were alone able to enter its shallow roadstead; we have stared, not very admiringly, at the unregal-looking house of Leopold I., and shrugged our shoulders at the petty Pavillon des Bains, and said, "What! this a place of public resort?" We have sauntered, under an umbrella, up and down its dull streets, and marvelled at the silver ears, and eyes, and legs, and hands exposed in the shops for sale to the pious, for votive offerings to the shrines where they had been miraculously cured of deafness, blindness, lameness, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to," except poverty,—it may seem unfortunate that there is no shrine for the cure of that worst of maladies, but it could not be expected that any genuine saint would become a colleague of Mammon, and a dispenser of the *opes irritamenta malorum*. We have invidiously compared its ugly, modern Conciergerie with the fine Hôtels-de-Ville of other Belgic towns. We have ploughed, ankle-deep, through the sandy plains beyond the ramparts, and returned through the narrow sallyport, and exclaimed, "What a dull, horrid place! How anti-picturesque!"

Yet Ostend commonplace as it

looks, has been the theatre of a beautiful drama, the scene of a lovely romance. Ostend has had its heroine,—not, indeed, like her of Saragossa, a character which we cannot but regard as, at least, half, or more than half, unsexed, and whom we contemplate with a mixed, and somewhat dubious feeling.

The heroine of Ostend was a truly feminine character, and excites unqualified approbation and respect. Her heroism became her sex, and belonged to it; for it was merciful, generous, self-devoted, true,—of a high and holy daring, to save, not to destroy,—of firm fidelity, pure love, exalted sense of duty, patience, fortitude,—all those beautiful attributes which unite to form what, in our old English tongue, was meant by *loyalty*, in its wide meaning, not limited to the duty of a subject to a sovereign; and the heroine of Ostend was not a soldieress, but a loyal wife.

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, Albert, archduke of Austria, and son-in-law to the king, had been appointed governor of the Netherlands; and was actively employed in endeavouring to subdue the revolted countries, by force of arms, to the Spanish yoke, whose tyranny they had indignantly spurned. In 1601, he invested Ostend with an immense body of Spaniards. Sir Francis Vere, who commanded the English auxiliaries, defended the town gallantly (though with far inferior forces) for some months, till the States relieved him by sending a new governor and reinforcements. This siege of Ostend was long, and very bloody: it lasted three years; and some historians add, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours: it cost, at a moderate computation, the lives of 100,000 men; though some estimate the loss of the Spaniards at 80,000, and that of the besieged at 50,000. It surrendered to the archduke on capitulation, on the 22d of September, 1604.

During the course of the siege, the Spaniards took prisoners a number of Dutch sailors, and some pilots of skill and reputation. These men they condemned to the galleys for

life, in alleged retaliation for some severities previously exercised by the Dutch on Spanish subjects. One of these Dutch pilots, named Herman, was married to a young woman of extreme personal beauty, and of equal fortitude and virtue. Herman was a staunch Protestant; and Catherine, his wife, a sincere Roman Catholic. Both must have been endued with a Christian, not a sectarian, spirit; for no sectarian bitterness arose between them. Those differences of religion, which had kindled the lengthened and sanguinary war between Spain and the Lower Countries, never disturbed the tranquillity of Herman and his Catherine. They loved each other truly; and if they did not kneel together at the same altar of worship, they made of their own hearth-stone a common altar, sacred to the best affections. They had learned that most difficult lesson to narrow minds, yet most useful in this chequered world, to agree to differ, — a lesson which permits *diversity* of opinion without *strife* of opinion; and which we all could more easily learn, if we looked more frequently beyond ourselves and the immediate circle in which we stand, and of which we make our universe.

When Catherine Herman heard of her husband's captivity and horrible destination, she was penetrated with affliction; but instead of yielding to inactive and useless, and therefore selfish grief, she summoned all her energies, and resolved to attempt his deliverance. But she was of humble rank and limited means; she had neither money to purchase aid, nor powerful friends to bestow it; she had that only earthly friend of the poor—self. On whom in this world can the poor and friendless rely but on self? self-exertions, self-trust, self-encouragement; and while they are self-sustained, they cannot utterly fall.

Catherine Herman, in furtherance of her design, sold all she had, to raise a sum for her husband's ransom, cut off her beautiful tresses, disguised herself in man's attire, and set out for the Spanish camp before Ostend. She had many difficulties to contend with in travelling through a country distracted by war; alone, and poor, and exposed to the curiosity excited by her grace and beauty.

She arrived, however, in safety at the Spanish Leaguer, and endeavoured to discover the prison of her husband. Her exceeding loveliness proved injurious to her; for it attracted the eyes of the admiring Spaniards, all eager to learn from whence came this new Antinous. Poor Catherine was beset with questions; in answering them her accent betrayed her to be a stranger, for she was a native of North Holland. The Spanish officers immediately suspected the seeming young man to be a spy of Prince Maurice of Nassau. The insidious, serpent-like character of a spy seldom meets with mercy; and Catherine, in spite of her prepossessing appearance, was seized on suspicion, loaded with iron, and hurried to prison. For a moment she welcomed captivity, believing that she had attained part of her wishes, and was going to share her husband's prison. But her budding hopes were sadly blighted; she was thrust into a place of solitary confinement, and learned from her guards ere they quitted her, with horror and dismay, that the next morning seven of the Dutch pilots, chosen by lot, were to be led to execution, and the sad survivors to be chained to the oar for life in the Spanish galleys.

Left alone in the solitude of her dungeon, Catherine was overwhelmed with grief and terror. Her husband's fate for death, or an existence worse than violent death, was to be decided in a few hours; and after all she had done and suffered for him, and after she had approached him so nearly, to be detained from his side, to be helpless, and on the point of eternal separation. We may imagine the misery of this affectionate wife. We may imagine, from the energy of her character, that after the first burst of sorrow she calmed herself to address her supplications to Heaven, and to seek aid from an intervention of Providence. Nothing in the ordinary course of events seemed left for her to hope. Her conjugal piety was beheld with favour, and hope was sent to cheer her in her captivity. It must have been as a miracle to the affectionate enthusiast when she saw a minister of her own religion enter that gloomy place. It was a priest who had taken upon himself the office of visiting the prisoners in the

Spanish camp to afford them the rites of their Church.

Heaven always works by the means most suited to the capacities and circumstances of the recipients of its mercies. No other person but a priest of her own creed could have been the agent of relief to poor Catherine Herman; for to no other person would she, young and beautiful as she was, have ventured to disclose the secret of her sex. She threw herself at the feet of the old man, and in an ecstasy of trembling hope, and with all that lightening of spirit which attends the disclosure of a burdensome secret, she confided to him her name and her story. The priest was affected at her gentle heroism, her tender self-devotion, and readily promised to exert himself in her behalf, and went immediately to Charles de Longueval, Count de Bucquoi, over whom he had some influence, and obtained from that nobleman permission to have the still supposed young Dutch lad transferred to the prison of Herman the pilot, as a near relative. Catherine was accordingly conducted to her husband's place of confinement; and as soon as she found herself within its threshold and beheld once more its inmate, the object of her dearest affections, and remembered the doom so fast approaching to tear him from her again, she fainted away before she was able to utter a syllable. She remained so long in a state of insensibility that for some time she was supposed to be dead. By the exertions of the guards and the astonished Herman she was at length restored; and now she flung herself into her husband's arms, and with all the rapid eloquence of excitement declared to the bystanders her whole story—all that she had felt, done, and suffered; and explained her pur-

pose of coming to the Leaguer in order to offer a ransom for her husband; and now, if that were rejected, she implored permission to die with him, if death was his doom; or otherwise, she begged to be chained to the same oar with him, to share and lighten his labours, eagerly reiterating that she was very strong, very hardy, very active, and would be found useful in the galleys.

The officer of the guard was filled with compassion and admiration, and sent hastily for the count of Bucquoi, who, on his arrival, listened with interest to the officer's recital, gave to Catherine her own meed of praise, and immediately procured the release of herself and her beloved Herman.

When they had returned to their humble and happy home, what recompense could the grateful pilot offer to his true-hearted wife? He had long ago given her his whole heart. All he could now do for her was to gratify her religious sentiments, to kneel no more at a separate altar, but to make her creed his. He had been touched by the mute though eloquent arguments of bright deeds, which made their way to the heart, while the arguments of the most skilful controversy would have made no impression on the head; he became a convert to love, which he never would have been to Spanish persecution or to domestic goadings.

Steadiness of principle, especially in cases of religion, ought, of course, to be superior to all human considerations, and Herman is accordingly open to some blame for the relinquishment of his convictions; but his conversion sprung, at least, from purer motives than that of Henri IV. called by common consent the Great. Love and gratitude worked on the pilot, ambition on the king.

THE CHRISTIAN HIGHLANDS OF ÆTHIOPIA.*

It may, perhaps, be impossible at present to foresee all the important consequences which must inevitably flow from opening up a continued communication between the most active and enlightened among the Christian communities of the West and the ancient church of Æthiopia. The process, however, has been commenced. A new element has been introduced into the social system of Eastern Africa pregnant with numerous beneficial changes, and possibly destined to impart a totally different form to society in that portion of the East. Owing to a number of very peculiar circumstances, Abyssinia, though a partaker of our religion, has not been included, up to the present day, within the circle of Christian civilisation. She has, unhappily, lain altogether out of the great roads of commerce and conquest. Neither European trade nor European warfare has, save for a single moment, imparted an impulse to her population of mountaineers, sturdy and bold, but devoid of intellectual enterprise; susceptible of refinement, but incapable of originating it for themselves. Still the Abyssinian monarchy must be regarded as a religious and political phenomenon, just as its elevated plateaus and stupendous alps, cherishing in their bosom the productions of the temperate zone, though begirt on every side by the burning pestilential deserts of the tropics, must be admitted to be a geological phenomenon. Surrounded by savage hordes of Pagans and Mahommedans, all alike inimical to her faith, Abyssinia has for more than 1500 years held aloft and rallied her children round the symbol of Christianity; and whether victorious or vanquished, has perseveringly clung to the Cross, as if supported even in her darkest hours by the consciousness that out of it her deliverance must ultimately proceed. For ages, however, the other states of the Christian world took very

little cognisance of her existence. Their sister she was, but they scarcely acknowledged the relationship, being for the most part too actively occupied in harassing and hunting down each other. During a brief interval, indeed, in the sixteenth century the Jesuits directed the attention of Europe to African Christendom, but only to witness the baleful and destructive fires of persecution which they themselves had kindled in it. Then followed another interval of darkness, until after the lapse of two centuries an adventurous British traveller undertook alone to lift the veil from the African cradle of the Gospel. From Bruce's time to our own, the mists have been gradually clearing away from about the Æthiopic church; and now at length she stands before us in her native proportions, rude, and wild, and ignorant, but still of our religious kindred, and no longer reluctant to acknowledge the relationship. In 1841 the Indian government determined upon sending an embassy into the kingdom of Shoa, formerly a part of the Abyssinian empire, but now a separate and independent state. To conduct this mission, Major, then Captain Cornwallis Harris was selected; he had previously distinguished himself by personal daring in Sind, in Beloochistan, and in Southern Africa; and was known to unite, with perfect recklessness of danger a large share of political sagacity, an extensive acquaintance with the interests and wants of commerce, and easy and fascinating manners. With his suite he set sail from Bombay in the month of April; and, after remaining a short time at Aden, reached Tajura, a port lying outside the Straits of Babelmandeb, early in June. The sheikh of this place, who has very ridiculously assumed the title of sultan, received the embassy with demonstrations of amity, which, however, Major Harris speedily discovered to be insincere. His hypocrisy had

* The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Honourable East India Company's Engineers, Author of *Wild Sports in Southern Africa*, *Portraits of African Game Animals*, &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Longman.

two years before deceived the missionaries Krapf and Isenberg; and even M. Rochet d'Héricourt—who, considering the school in which he was brought up, might have been expected to exhibit more acuteness—considered him an excellent man, though his narrative furnishes numerous proofs of his meanness, avarice, and double dealing. But the French traveller, when he put forth his book, had particular reasons for applying soft terms to all the public authorities in that part of Africa, who he knew would not fail to obtain information on the opinions expressed of them at home by their European visitors. To speak plainly, France has long had designs upon Abyssinia, and M. Rochet d'Héricourt was one of a host of emissaries despatched by her into that country in order to pave the way to conquest. Meanwhile she has not forgotten the lesson which the enterprise of the Portuguese Jesuits was calculated to teach. Ostensibly the Roman Catholic agents are not to be missionaries, but mere scientific travellers or professors of humanity, whose sole object it is to impart knowledge and to do good. When they have wormed themselves into favour, they may gradually and with caution disclose their secret purpose. Meanwhile their chief object is to be the conversion of the king; for this once achieved, M. d'Héricourt and his employers are of opinion the whole nation will speedily follow the royal example. They appear, however, to forget that the Emperor of all Abyssinia was, in a former age, completely won over to the Church of Rome, and that some amongst the nobles and many among the people apostatised along with him, but without producing the result now anticipated from a similar process. But it is not our intention to insist on this point. All we desire to observe is, that France has for many years past laboured anxiously to establish her influence to the exclusion of ours on the western shore of the Red Sea. To effect this, numerous presents were smuggled into Abyssinia, consisting partly of arms, partly of munitions of war, partly of royal ornaments and ordinary merchandise. Every effort was at the same time made to disparage the English as a trouble-

some, intermeddling, and parsimonious people, who sought to extract from other countries all they could, but never bestowed any thing in return. When the embassy under Major Harris arrived in the kingdom of Adel with one hundred and seventy camel-loads of presents and baggage, the news spread through the whole country like wild-fire; but as several hundred stand of arms with two small pieces of artillery formed part of the camel-loads, the exultation at the prospect of gifts was not wholly undashed by apprehension. For so unintelligible does our power appear to the Orientals in general, that they all, from Scinde to Shoa, believe us to be able to enclose regiments of horse and foot in boxes, and thus introduce them unperceived into the territories we design to subdue. In Abyssinia, however, as the Church missionaries relate, the notion which prevailed was, that the embassy had brought along with them their king in a box with the intention, doubtless, of letting him loose on their arrival, like a colossal ogre, to eat up all the King of Shoa's forces.

While these wise terrors were in circulation, Major Harris, with his suite, retinue, and escort, pushed on through burning hollows and dreary salt deserts towards the Abyssinian Alps, astonishing the natives, as he proceeded, by matchless rifle practice and a display of contemptuous indifference to their numbers, which forcibly suggested to them the immense difference that existed between the English and themselves. On the arrival of the embassy at a village a short distance from Ankober, a total lack of the means of carriage compelled them to make a pretty long halt. Major Harris, out of tenderness towards Sâhela Selâssie, has not entered into a complete explanation of that circumstance. But the true cause of this delay was the fears which the King of Shoa entertained of the intentions of his English guests, among whose multifarious effects he imagined it quite possible there might lurk something which would put an end at once to his dynasty and the independence of all eastern Africa.

But that such were the ideas floating in his mind must be abundantly

obvious from the numerous attempts made by his confidential officers to open the packets and examine all the presents and the baggage. Infernal machines, it was believed, lay enveloped in every one of them, and it therefore demanded no ordinary share of courage in his majesty's ministers to go on this forlorn hope. But as the Gypsis are obstinate, it was judged imprudent to irritate them beyond a certain point, so that the king at length determined to run the chance of whatever might be in store for him, and consented to give audience to the representatives of the greatest political power in the world.

The agents of France, whose diplomatic manœuvres were thus foiled, now understood perfectly what was to be the result. The English advanced in triumph to the capital, and clad in their gorgeous uniforms, glittering with gold and decorations, mounted on magnificent horses, and displaying every one of them a portion of that courage which has subdued the East, presented themselves before the King of Shoa, and laid at his feet that freight of costly gifts with which the British government had intrusted them. The muskets and bayonets were examined and found to be immeasurably superior to those brought into Shoa by the French. The guns were fired, and as the smoke drifted along in front of the palace, partly enveloping and partly revealing the artillery-men to view, the enthusiasm of the populace burst forth in tumultuous shouts, and Sáhela Selássie himself was lost in astonishment and admiration. He examined again and again the other presents sent him by the Indian government, the rich and beautiful shawls of Cashmere, the gold-embroidered vests of Delhi, the brilliant chintzes of Masulipatam, the stiff, heavy, and gorgeous kinkabs of Bengal, and felt at once that he was somebody, though in rendering to the ambassador his acknowledgments for these gifts, he protested again and again that they exceeded in value his whole kingdom.

Having produced this favourable effect upon the mind of the prince, Major Harris was not slow in turning it to advantage. He introduced, therefore, the subject of a commercial treaty, the object of which was to

secure to Great Britain paramount influence in southern Abyssinia, and along with her manufactured goods to introduce the tastes and habits of civilisation. What obstacles he encountered, and by what argument and acts he overcame them, his official situation has prevented him from disclosing. Certain it is that the business was not suffered to slumber. The mission only reached its destination in July, and in November of the same year the treaty was concluded and signed.

But all who have observed the workings of diplomacy will be aware that the mere material act of negotiating a treaty is almost nothing compared with that sublime process by which the influence of a great civilised state is brought to bear and made to operate upon a barbarous people. At first the favour which the king shewed his foreign guests, whom the natives denominated Gypsis, only excited the envy of the courtiers and principal clergy. Ignorant of the value of the posts they held under their own government, these worthy people imagined that the strangers were come to supplant them in the favour of their sovereign, to intrigue for their offices and secure to themselves places and governments. By degrees, as the English were observed to give, but to covet nothing, as their medicines healed the sick, and as their influence was exerted in behalf of every one who fell undeservedly into disgrace, the grandees of Shoa suffered their prejudices to die away, while numerous circumstances occurred to impress the populace with admiration and reverence for the British name. In a moment of passion Sáhela Selássie had issued a decree by which all persons who, in obedience to custom, had intermarried with royal slaves, were reduced to servitude, together with their offspring. This despotic ordinance had carried terror and dismay through the whole city and surrounding villages. Upwards of 4700 persons were stricken by it from the lists of freemen and their families and relations mourned over them as lost, for they had already, in fact, been drafted off into the corps of servile labourers. Major Harris, invested with all the authority of a representative of Great Britain, now ventured

to interfere with the king on behalf of these unhappy people. He depicted to him the misery which such a proceeding must occasion, he pointed out its injustice, he expatiated on its cruelty; but only succeeded in making an impression on the royal mind when he inquired in what language he should clothe the transaction when he came to give an account of it, as he must, to his government at home. The whole turpitude of his conduct now struck the king. "I have been rash," said he, "I did it in a moment of passion; but say nothing of the matter in Europe, and I will release them all." And released they were, and the blessings of tens of thousands were poured forth on the British embassy.

On two other occasions again, when fierce desultory wars had been carried into the territories of the heathen Galla, a multitude of female captives had been taken. They were already mounted behind the murderers of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, or driven before them like cattle along the plain. Once and again the influence of Great Britain was exerted, and the wretched prisoners returned to their homes, not wholly ignorant, perhaps, of the name of that great country through the magic of whose influence they had been restored to freedom. Briefly it may be observed that no less than 7000 persons were thus rescued by the English diplomatist from hopeless captivity. In relating these circumstances Major Harris by no means arrogates the whole of the credit to himself. It was not his rhetoric or his arguments that wrought upon the mind of the king, but that rhetoric and those arguments backed by the all-powerful name of Great Britain. Representing any other state, he would probably not have succeeded at all; but at the same time, even the ambassador of England herself might have failed had he possessed less ability, less energy, and faith in his own superiority.

But the most striking, though not, perhaps, the most important, illustration of the manner in which Major Harris exerted British influence in Shoa, remains to be told. Every body has learned from Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, that it has been, from time immemorial, the custom in Abyssinia,

to imprison all the princes of the blood-royal, with the exception of him who reigns,—not, as the Doctor fables, in a happy, pastoral valley, but in the gloomy prisons of Goncho, where, laden and bound to the earth by heavy chains, they wear out their wretched lives in solitude and penury. This custom is supposed, in Abyssinia, to have lasted for three thousand years; and as, in the estimation of the vulgar, time hallows injustice, the sufferings of the royal captives were regarded with perfect indifference—perhaps, by many, with satisfaction. When the British embassy arrived, the uncles and brothers of Sâhela Selâssie were, in obedience to custom, immured in the Goncho dungeons. Major Harris, however, conceived the idea of liberating them; and, taking advantage of a dangerous fever, which brought the monarch to the brink of the grave, he pleaded before him, while in that weak state, the cause of his wretched relatives. Sâhela Selâssie, believing that his end approached, was anxious to make his peace with Heaven. He was still, however, more anxious to live; and, by way of propitiating the Almighty, solemnly pledged himself to the ambassador that, should he recover, he would deliver them all. The sequel we shall describe in the words of Major Harris himself:—

"The sun was shining brighter than usual through a cloudless sky, when the British embassy received a welcome summons to witness the redemption of this solemn pledge. The balcony of justice was tricked out in its gala suit; and priests, governors, sycophants, and courtiers, crowded the yard, as the despot, restored to health, in the highest spirits and good-humour, took his accustomed seat upon the velvet cushions. The mandate had gone forth for the liberation of his brothers and his blood relatives; and it had been published abroad that the royal kith and kindred were to pass the residue of their days, free and unfettered, near the person of the king, instead of in the dark cells of Goncho. There were not wanting certain sapient sages, who gravely shook their head in disapproval at this fresh proof of foreign influence and ascendancy, and could in nowise comprehend how the venerable custom of ages could be thus suddenly violated. The introduction of great guns, and muskets, and rockets, had not been objected to, although, as a matter of

course, the spear of their forefathers was esteemed an infinitely superior weapon. Musical clocks and boxes had been listened to and despised, as vastly inferior to the jingling notes of their own vile instruments; and the Gothic cottage, with its painted trellises, its pictures, and its gay curtains, although pronounced entirely unsuited to Abyssinian habits, had been partially forgiven on the ground of its beauty. But this last innovation was beyond all understanding; and many a stupid pate was racked in fruitless endeavours to extract consolation in so momentous a difficulty. The more liberal party were loud in their praises of the king, and of his generous intentions; and the royal gaze was, with the rest, strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make his first acquaintance with his uncles, the brothers of his warrior sire, who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light. Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one third of a century upon the seven unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's shoulders, and linked together by chains, bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes regaining the rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their surly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate, but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by name, and in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was yet a stranger to their ears. Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white man by his side, who had been the instrument of the termination; but the dull, leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects, and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the gaoler and the dark dungeon. The iron had rusted into their very souls, and, whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of

their vacant and care-furrowed features. In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had, for thirty long years, been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the king. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust, which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that covered before him; and, after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their existence near his own person. Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony, the court fool resumed his wonted avocations, and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily ornamented harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity. 'My children,' exclaimed his majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted less by superstition, than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilised world,—'My children, you will write all you have now seen to your country, and say to the British queen that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom *Æthiopia* first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.'

Thus terminates the history of the mission to the kingdom of Shoa. It was originally intended, we believe, that a permanent residency should have been established in Abyssinia; and Major Harris appears to have gone into the country with that expectation. But *diis aliter visum*. Considerations of expense, and other reasons not yet fully known to the public, determined the Indian government to content itself with the commercial treaty which had been concluded with Sâhela Selâssie, — though, without a permanent ambassador, it must long continue to be little better than a dead letter.

‘But, though the progress of commerce in those regions may be slow, a beginning has been made. The observations, collected during a residence of eighteen months, on the country and its inhabitants, shew that it only remains with us to work the mine which has been thrown open. Capital, judiciously employed, may, through Abyssinia, effect wonders on the population of Africa. It is precisely the point on which to rest our commercial lever for lifting up and moving the whole of that part of the world. But the most important consideration, perhaps, is, that the door which Providence now holds open to us will be speedily closed if we neglect to enter, and that, too, not by the inhabitants themselves, but by our most persevering political rivals, who are beginning to be possessed by the persuasion that it is quite possible for them to become, also, dangerous competitors to us in commerce.

It would require minute and voluminous details to exhibit the whole system of French machinations in Eastern Africa, and into these our space forbids us at present to enter: it may be enough to observe, what events will speedily prove, that if Great Britain neglect to establish herself, commercially and otherwise, in those regions, France will pick up the sovereign pearl which we recklessly throw away. To prevent this unfortunate result, our principal means must be to interest the English people in Abyssinia, which can only be done by diffusing far and wide, knowledge of the country and its inhabitants. A peculiar fate, however, appears to attend every traveller who endeavours to communicate to the public any information on that part of Africa. Bruce was assailed by the clamours of incredulity when he presented his varied and magnificent picture of men and manners to the world; and Major Harris, in every respect a kindred spirit, seems likely to be treated, by part at least of the press, in much the same manner.

Experience, however, has rendered the public somewhat “wiser than of yore.” Few, comparatively, now listen to the small-voiced oracles that deliver their envious censures against all who achieve any thing worthy of

admiration. It is not our intention, of course, to maintain that Major Harris’s book is without its faults,—no book is; but, in spite of whatever blemishes there may be found in it, it will remain in our literature a lasting monument of enterprise and commanding abilities.

Our object, however, is not to praise Major Harris, but to describe in a few words what he has done, and what advantages must result from an attentive perusal of his work. Most persons would be touched by a sense of the sublime, if they could suppose Switzerland, with all its mountains and valleys, lifted from its place, and set down in the torrid zone. All this has been done, and more, in the case of Abyssinia; for, not only have we there the Alps, lakes, cataracts, and tremendous ravines which distinguish the highlands of Europe, but, mingled with these, scenes of volcanic desolation unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, for sublime and savage grandeur by any other tract on the surface of the globe.

But if we place ourselves on the summit of the “Mother of Grace,” and look down and around over the circumjacent plains and valleys, few scenes of aridity and barrenness will present themselves to view. On the contrary, in some directions, a succession of mountain-peaks, verdant to their summits, and separated from each other by umbrageous valleys, each supplied with its fertilising stream, winding like a thread of silver towards the thirsty plains of the Tehama, would be beheld. Most persons, through reading or otherwise, have obtained some idea of the vegetation of the tropics, of the fruits and flowers which abound there; of the magnificent trees which stretch their arms over brooks and fountains; and of the rich fragrance which there literally overcharges the breeze. But in Abyssinia, about the sources of the Blue Nile and the Hawash, and on the banks of a hundred nameless lakes, it is not the aspect of the tropics alone that we behold; but, starting as it were from the burning level of ocean, we ascend through every variety of climate, till, on Jebel Mamrat, and elsewhere, we almost touch upon the regions of perpetual snow. ○ Conse-

quently, it is impossible to imagine landscapes more strangely or picturesquely varied. Here the palm-grove, the banana and the coffee-tree, present the features of the torrid zone; there the pomegranate, the olive, the apple, and the blackberry, suggest the idea of a temperate climate; while, at no great distance, we behold the sombre pines and cold, hungry vegetation of Norway. These things we mention, not merely for the purpose of suggesting a picture, but in order to remind the reader how numerous and varied must be the productions of a country so constituted.

Nevertheless, it is not what Abyssinia is in itself that deserves chiefly to be considered, but what it leads to,—for it is the key of Central Africa from the east. To establish our influence here, therefore, is to obtain easy access, directly or indirectly, to the minds of more than one hundred and fifty millions of men. For certain species of goods, all Central Africa depends upon the east, and almost every caravan road to the interior lies at the mercy of those who are masters of the Æthiopian highlands. By obtaining paramount influence over the patriarch of Gondar, over the Ras of Tigre, and over the king of Shoa, who are now their masters, we might ourselves determine, to a very great extent, the nature of all the relations which may hereafter spring up between Eastern and Central Africa. In exercising this influence, we should, no doubt, be placing ourselves in an anomalous position; for, destitute of political power, unsupported by military force, possessing sovereignty over not a rood of land, we should yet, by dint of our superior intelligence, and the consciousness of the vicinity of our Indian empire, exercise something like despotic sway over the elements of civilisation, which we could direct, mould, hasten, or retard, as it might seem necessary to our judgment. Even as matters now stand, it is impossible to calculate the amount of the influence we exert from the port of Aden upon the various populations of Eastern Africa. Day after day, the natives of these parts who happen to be engaged in commerce witness what must appear to them the magical power of the

British flag. They perceive, little acute as they are, that the spot over which it waves is suddenly transformed into an asylum for the oppressed,—into the abode of justice and equity; and that a circle spreads round it into which violence, and bloodshed, and treachery, cannot enter. It is consequently transformed, in their imaginations, into a kind of oasis in the moral world, where all is safety, repose, and serenity; whatever storms of passion, and oppression, and tyranny, may be raging in the bleak and desolate regions without. Naturally, therefore, and by a sort of necessity, they learn to sigh for the enjoyment of that which the British flag can give; and, with a rapidity almost incredible, these poor, ignorant, and harmless people fly from their petty tyrants, and pour into Aden; so that the population of that city, in the course of three years, has augmented from six hundred to twenty thousand souls. But this is not all. On more than nine point of the African shore the union-jack has been hoisted, and the natives look towards it as towards a beneficent fetish, to which they may bow down without degradation; and which, ere it has flapped there long, will teach them to what they are to bend the knee permanently, and for good.

Major Harris, whose work has suggested these observations, may himself be regarded, in every sense of the word, as a soldier of the Cross; for, although his mission was ostensibly a commercial one, he did much towards diffusing through Abyssinia a reverence for the Protestant religion, to the utmost of his power protecting its missionaries, and seconding their labours. His diplomacy on this point, indeed, was not wholly successful; but, in directing our hopes towards the patriarch, he has, we think, indicated the route by which future success may be commanded. This, of course, will not be obtained through the ordinary methods of preaching, or the instrumentality of European systems, but by introducing new elements into Æthiopian civilisation, and dissipating that misty wall of separation which has hitherto stood between African Christendom and the other churches of the earth. But the oc-

casion must not be allowed to escape. Popery is there already, and will strike root, and exclude us altogether, if we prove dilatory. Even the expense we have incurred will have been thrown away, unless we follow it up by the establishment of a permanent mission in Northern Abyssinia, which, by its agents in Tigre, Gojam, and Shoa, may command the whole field of operations, and keep up British preponderance, until the

occurrence of an event, now not far distant, which must change the destiny of all those parts of the world. To this we do not consider it necessary to allude more distinctly at present. When the time comes, it will be felt that it was not unforeseen by us, and that we counselled the manner best adapted to secure to Great Britain the golden fruits of circumstances.

A CONTINENTAL TOUR.

CHAPTER XII.

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on;
But the best use of all
Is her health is a stall,
And helps us to make us drink on."—SUCKLING.

"La première et la plus importante qualité d'une femme est la douceur."—ROUSSEAU, *Emile*, v.

SLINGING our packs upon our shoulders, we left Calais through one of the numerous gates which form its outlets, and proceeded on the road to Dunkirk. H—, directly we got outside the town, stopped and strapped his pack firmly to his back and girded around his loins a blouse that had seen considerable service, but was well enough adapted for long marches and dusty roads. I, who was less commodiously equipped, merely threw my parcel over my shoulders, and pulled open my double-breasted waistcoat to admit the air and facilitate the motion of my arms. Having inquired the route from an old cobbler who sat singing and stitching in the angle of two cross-roads, and being courteously answered (he could do no less, for we both pulled off our hats to him with as much ceremony as if we were addressing a prince of the blood), we put forth our legs and proceeded onward rapidly. When we had walked to Marck, a distance of seven kilometres, the heat of the sun grew so oppressive, and my pack was so badly adapted for carriage, that we rested in a small *cabaret* by the road-side, in the windows of which we observed pictures, brandy-flasks, little books, thread, tape, and

various other articles of use and pleasure. Around the room in which we sat were pictures of Napoleon and his career, in the most brilliant colours; and interspersed with these were portraits of his generals, likenesses of pretty country girls, and rosy shepherds, and happy-looking children, and cottages that seemed the home of comfort. But the chief attraction for H— and myself after we had provided ourselves with three or four yards of tape (*passement*), was a flask of rich oily brandy, and a little laughing girl, with black eyes of archness, who stood beside it, behind the counter; there was such an air of happiness in her features that it was one of those faces on which you could look for ever. It was like a bright sunny day, or a garden glowing with the beauties of summer, or any thing else extremely delightful which it requires no effort to enjoy. She was small, well-rounded, and pretty; her hands were fair and delicate, and her hair tastefully braided; but had she been the plainest little girl in France, one look at her joyous face would have put you in good-humour with her and all the world. It was a positive luxury to get a *petite goutte*

(little drop) of brandy from such elegant little hands, and in a clean little glass, such as you may suppose the fairies to toss off in their subterranean palaces of gold. And as she bound the tape round my parcel, and then slung it over my neck, and arranged it on my back, and smiled and told me, "I looked quite beautiful in it," and turned to her sister, to whom she appealed for a corroboration of her compliment, and looked at us again and again, laughing and blushing, and shewing her white teeth all

the time, I protest I almost felt inclined to drop on my knees and give her a kiss, or two, or three, for all her trouble. Sterne, I am sure, would have done it, and I should have done so likewise if I had been alone, and her sister at confession, and nobody looking. But, being a very modest little fellow, I did nothing of the kind, but only thanked her with a face that if it said all I meant and felt must have been just as grateful to her as twenty kisses.

CHAPTER XIII.

Επί μυσταῖς τιρηναῖς
Επί λωπιδίαις τε ποταῖς
Στορίσας βέλω προσηνίην
Μετα κούρης βαδυκόλπου.—ANACREON.

"Bless me, Master K—," said H—, after we had left the place, "if you are thus prepared to fall in love with every little innkeeper's daughter you see, I tremble for your fate in France. You cannot stir a mile without seeing scores as pretty and bewitching as this little nymph who seems to have captivated you all of a sudden."

"Well," said I, "it costs me no trouble. I find pleasure in it. Like Goldsmith, '*I am an admirer of happy human faces*,' and when I see one I fall in love with it at once."

"But you will see faces of this kind all over France."

"No matter, I shall only love the more, and consequently enjoy my trip with greater zest."

"But an innkeeper's daughter—"

"If she is pretty, and good-humoured, and kind, is just as agreeable a companion in playing the game of Cupid as the highest prin-

cess in the land." And here I ran over a catalogue of innkeepers' daughters who have been famous in history from the time of Helen down to our own days. "And, if I mistake not," I continued, "I have here in my pocket-book the description of one as old as the days of that flower-thoughted old Greek, Philostratus, which I will read you if you like."

"I admire the old Greek sophist," answered my companion, "and shall hear what he says with pleasure, and, if I recollect aright, he has celebrated a pretty cup-bearer in more than one of his glowing letters."

"Yes, indeed he has, and with an eloquence and warmth that vouch for his sincerity. Hear this one which I find transcribed into my note-book." So, sitting down beneath a tall poplar upon a green bank overgrown with moss and wild flowers, I pulled out my book and read for my friend as follows:—

Γυναικὶ Κρηνηλίδι.

Εξ ὕλου μιν τὰ ἐκπώματα· αἱ δὲ σὺν
χρεῖς ἀργυροῦν αὐτὰ ποιοῦσι καὶ χρεῦσιν ὡς
καὶ τοῦτοῖς τὸ βλίσπειν ὕγρως παρὰ τὸν σὺν
οὐρανὸν ἵπαι. ἀλλὰ τοῖς μιν ἀψυχὸν καὶ
ἀκίνητον τὸ διδίδει, καθάπερ τὸν ὕδατι τοῖς
ἴσσηκωσι. τὰ δὲ ἐν ταῖς προσηνείαις ἐκπώματα
σὴ τε ἀλλῇ ὕγρασθαι ὑφραίνονται ἰοικί, καὶ τῇ
συνίσσει τῶν φιλημάτων. ὥστ' ἱκίνα μιν κατὰ-
θου, καὶ χρεῖται ἐκ. Τὰ τε ἀλλὰ, καὶ διὰ
τοῖς ἐν τρωφάλοις τῆς ὕλης φοβόν. ἡμῶς δὲ
μοῖσις προσηνίαις τοῖς ὀμμασιν. ὦν καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς
ἡνυσάμενος, καλὸν οἰνοχόον περιεστῆκατο. ἡ
δὲ βούλι μιν οἶνον μὴ παραπολεῖν· μοῖνον
δὲ ἐμβάλλουσα ὕδατος, καὶ τοῖς χυλίσιν

"To a Pretty Barmaid.

"Thy cups are wrought out of crystal;
but thy hands, my pretty girl, render
them precious as silver or gold; and from
thine eyes they draw a brilliancy and glow
which far outshines either of the costly
metals. How bright, how pellucid, they
appear! like summer waters uncrispd
by a breeze. The cups which are before
thine eyes, in addition to their other
charms, seem to taste of thy lips. Lay
them aside then, for full of danger it is to
touch such witching and brittle vessels.
But pledge me with thy sweet eyes,
which, had Jupiter beheld, he would

προσφύρουσα, πληροὺς φιλημάτων τοῦ ἱκτωρῶς,
καὶ δίδω τῷ διαμνίσαι. ἵσθι γὰρ οὐδὲς
αὐρεῶντος οὐδὲς, ὡς ποδὶν ἵσθι τὴν Διόνυσον
χαρὸν, μὴτα τὰς Ἀφροδίτης ἀμπέλους.

have appointed thee his beautiful and seductive cup-bearer; or, if thou wilt not taste wine, pour out for me a draught of water, touch the cup with thy lips, and, thus filled with kisses, hand it to me. He is no true lover who, after lips like thine, which are the vines of Venus, looks for a goblet of the grape."

"How elegant, how graceful, how Grecian, is all this! The crystal cup he tells her is made more costly by her touch, its lustre is borrowed from her beautiful eyes, the liquid that it holds has the fragrance and sweetness of her lips, even water which she has tasted becomes more delicious than wine, and no one who has touched her lips will look for the juice of the grape."

"I declare," exclaimed H—, "I never before thought that barmaids had been celebrated by bards and philosophers in terms such as these.

Τῇ αὐτῇ.

Τὰ ὀμματα σου διαγινώσκω τῶν ἱκτωρῶ-
των, ὡς δύνασθαι δι' αὐτῶν καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἰδεῖν.
τοῦ δὲ τῶν παριῶν ἱερὸν μαρτυροῦν ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν
τῶν αἰσθῶν τοῦ δὲ λίνου τοῦτο χιτῶναι ἀντι-
λαμπὴ τῶν παριῶν τὰ δὲ χεῖλη βιβασθῆναι
τῇ τῶν ῥόδων αἵματι. καὶ μοι δέχου τοῦ δῶδε
φίεσθαι ὡς ἀπὸ πηγῶν τῶν ὀμμάτων, καὶ διὰ
τοῦτο ἐναι νομῶν μὴ. Ποσοὺς ἴσθαι
ἐπωγόμενους; ποσοὺς κατιχὺς παρατριχο-
τας; ποσοὺς φθιγγαμένη καλῶς; ἰγὼ πρῶτος
ἐκείδω ἰδὼ σὺ δὲ φῶ, καὶ ἴσταμαι μὴ θίλῃ.

"To the Same.

"Thine eyes are brighter than thy cups. Methinks I see thy soul within them. The freshness of thy cheeks is far more lustrous than the ruby of the wine; thy features are clearer far than the snowy linen tunic around thee, and thy lips are washed with the blood of roses; thou seemest to my fancy one of the light, sportive wood-nymphs, tripping faun-like through the groves, and thine eyes the dazzling fountains over which she presides. How many dost thou detain who hasten to thee? how many dost thou coax in who would have passed thee by? how many dost thou call unto thee and make thy customers? I, whenever I behold thee, feel an involuntary thirst, and, whether I will or no, am constrained to step into thee and stay by thee."

"Why this," said H—, "is a more delicious letter than the last. The conclusion is beautiful, and I think Anacreon never exceeded that thought, '*I, whenever I behold thee, feel an involuntary thirst, and, whether I will or no, am constrained to step into thee and stay by thee.*' What glorious fellows those old Greeks were!"

"Yes, they have never been equalled yet. With all our vanity, we must own that, I think. But, pr'ythee, Master H—, imagine, if you can, the scene thus described by our philosopher Philostratus. Fancy

first a *taberna* of the olden time, with its court-yard adorned with fountains of water, gushing up like liquid diamonds into the sunny atmosphere; and flowers,—Asiatic flowers of the most dazzling colour, blushing all about and scenting the air. Imagine, also, a marble pavement elegantly tessellated or worked in mosaic representing a battle, a chariot-race, or the assembly of the gods, or Diana in some antique forest with her nymphs and hounds. Place about this sculptured stone from Paros, images of Cupid and the

Graces, and Aphrodite rising from the waters, or Phœbus with his lyre in his hand, urns and vases of silver and crystal lying about, garlands of roses and wreaths for the temples, and casks of purple Bœmian, and couches covered with scarlet, and dice of ivory, and mirrors of polished steel; and then the living divinities of the place, barmaids such as this we have had described, clothed in

the light Coan peplos, so delicately fine it was as to be called by Petronius *woven air*. Imagine all this, and tell me, do you not envy those old Greeks?"

When I turned to H—— for an answer I found he was fast asleep. I soon woke him, by a hearty slap on the face, and, starting up from the green bank, we wended onwards.

CHAPTER XIV.

"EU—Cum omnia nunc vernalia, et rideant in agris demiror esse qui fumosis urbibus delectantur. TI—Non omnes capiuntur aspectu florum, aut pratorum veranuntium, aut fontium amniumve: aut si capiuntur est aliud quod magis juvet."—ERASMUS, *Coll.*

Years ago, when I had a picture illustrating the story of poor Maria, in Sterne, and saw the road all flat and straight, stretched out to an interminable length, with the chaise galloping rapidly over it, "the poor, hapless maiden," sitting sorrowfully, with her pipe in her hand and the faithful little Sylvio by her side, near a tree, at the distance (if perspective in painting be of any worth) of at least three or four miles from the travellers, I wondered much that roads in France should be so level and so long; and I was inclined to think the painter was the maker of these roads, and that they existed only in his imagination. The first league I passed over on my way from Calais dispelled the notion. There I saw a country perfectly flat,—the roads level,—not a hill or a hillock to be seen for miles. Before us and behind us we could see to an immense distance; all was sandy and unpicturesque. It is this flatness which makes the tour through France so monotonous. Nowhere will you see those charming windings and turns, and that rich emerald vegetation which makes the English roads such exquisite landscape-seenery. However, we pushed on, enjoying the delicious banquet of the summer air and sunshine which streamed around us. A gentle breeze invigorated our limbs, and from a clump of trees to the left we heard the notes of a cuckoo, which fell sweetly upon our ears. The lark soared upward, and warbled in the skies,—an invisible songster whose sprightly notes always fill the soul with pleasure. The houses that we passed had an air

of neatness and comfort. In every window we saw white blinds; and most of the cottages were painted pink, and yellow, and blue, with bright green doors. We passed some old châteaux, but were not much struck by their appearance. They are usually built opposite to the gates, and approached by a long, straight path. I prefer our own custom of concealing the house by a turn in the carriage-drive. We saw corn-fields in abundance, but they were a good deal choked with cockle.

We dined at Ough, in a little public-house, on the sign-board of which we saw a new way of spelling *au de vie*. Our hostess was a fat, bustling, kind old lady, with huge earrings in her ears; and provided for us a pleasant rural dinner. We had an omelette, some excellent pork, and Dutch cheese. H—— took beer, but I preferred brandy and water; and while I rested after dinner, I took notice of the place in which we sat. The floor was of red tile, and neatly sanded; rush-bottomed chairs; a big, open cupboard, painted red, and filled with large dishes of blue ware, metal plates, painted flower-vases, shells, brass candlesticks, whose lustre did honour to the thriftiness of our hostess; a clock that ticked behind the door; a cat purring contentedly on the hearthstone; a large fireplace without a grate; a little dog, with a red collar and brass bells, running about the floor; pictures of Napoleon, *blessé devant Ratisbon*, his death, his tomb; a wooden ceiling, with rafters painted brown; a quantity of geraniums in the little window in full scarlet flower, and

curtains damasked with pink; a cherry-wood table, with a coarse but clean cloth, white plates, and blue mugs marked *à la vie*. Behold a French interior, offered freely for the use and benefit of any gentleman of the Royal Academy who wishes to exhibit a sketch of the author in his grey travelling coat at the next exhibition: it is not very splendid, but it is real life. However, we were just as happy as if we were in the Tuileries with Louis Philippe. While we sat at dinner, three Turks, in scarlet turbans and coal-black beards, drove by on the *coupon* of a *voiture*. I presume they were on their way to London; for they could never have had any business in Calais.

From this to Gravelines is about three hours walk. It is a strongly fortified place, and you make a considerable round before you enter the town, which is as wretched as possible,—like an Irish town, or even worse. I wonder why they fortified it; for it is not worth the expenses of a corporal's guard. There is but a single street in it, yet there are two churches. On the road thither we found several little images of saints and angels suspended from the trees. Soon after, we sat down under a tree, on which was nailed an elegant image of the Virgin, in white porcelain, inclosed in a glass case.

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant in summer time
In the greenwood to spell the storied rhyme
When the light winds above 'mong the light leaves are singing,
And the song of the birds through your heart is ringing;
'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, where happily humming
To the flowers below the blithe bee is coming,
When the rivulet, coy, and ashamed to be seen,
Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass blades green.

Haigho! what a delightful life I have led since the day I left school!

CHAPTER XV.

"Perlege, nec dubita subitas evolvere nugas."—LUCAS FRUTERIUS.

"To which Pantagruel answered, 'What devilish language is this? Thou art some kind of heretic.' 'My lord, no,' said the scholar."—RABELAIS.

We walked on to Louane, a wretched town. Here we were attacked by a tribe of beggars,—ragged little boys and girls, with that strange reckless expression of countenance which poverty gives those who live upon the dolings of the charitable, and who entreated us alternately to bestow an alms, "*comme un brave monsieur*;" but we turned into an inn, and called for a bottle of wine, which, with some "drops of brandy," we found singularly refreshing after the heat and long travel. A couple of boys were playing at billiards, cackling French, and laughing; but our appearance in the parlour created so much excitement (H—being seven feet four inches high, and I only three feet and a quarter of an inch), that one of the players, quite amazed, raised his stick, and, instead of hitting the ball, which was as plain before his eyes as the big billiard-table itself, he struck a fine glass lamp suspended from the ceil-

ing, and shivered it to pieces. At this we both charitably laughed like Grimaldis; and the hostess, getting out of humour, slapped both the urchins well in the face, and turned to ourselves to get paid; but the moment she saw us, the contrast appeared to her so astonishing, that her eyes dilated to twice their usual size. I told her I was a dwarf, travelling with my master to the sea-coast, where we intended to set up a show-box, and exhibit ourselves,—he as the Patagonian Incredible, and I as the Lilliputian Incomprehensible; that we had sent on our monkeys and macaws by the wagon, and hoped to do a good stroke of business. She cordially re-echoed our wishes, and offered to keep us free in her house for a week, provided we would exhibit some of our monkey tricks at Louane, and share the profits with her and her husband. The good woman expatiated a good deal on this topic; but H— said that

he could not remain away from his wife, who had gone to Ostend with the monkeys; and, as he had before stopped her just as she was on the point of eloping with Mr. Merryman, he did not wish to expose her virtue to such another temptation. Our hostess instantly agreed that, under the circumstances, it would be cruel to ask us to stay; and we soon after took our leave.

The road from this to Dunkirk is very straight, and very good, and encompassed by a rich country. It is lined on each side with lofty trees, so that it resembles an immense avenue; and in the centre is a pavement of large granite stones, over which we met a diligence, rumbling like that famous line in Homer:—

Κραινὰ μάλ' ἴδω καὶ ἴδω λυγίμην, ἥδε
φιβίσθην.—*Iliad*, v. 223.

The view, though pleasing, was monotonous. We got into Dunkirk at half-past seven, in the purple hour of sunset, repeating the beautiful lines of Collins:—

“For when thy folding star arising
 shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her
 brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lover-
 lier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.”

The Hôtel de Sauvage is a most excellent inn, and Dunkirk a most splendid town. The houses are large and grand-looking, the streets broad and spacious, the women fine creatures, the men indifferent animals. Charles II. sold it for 400,000*l.*, which he squandered among the women of his seraglio. If I were king of England, I would endeavour to buy it back for ten times the sum, or win it back by the sword, deeming neither money nor men of much worth compared with its possession. It is the most splendid town in France.

We sat down to supper at a most excellent *table d'hôte* at eight o'clock.

Roast beef and salad, fried soles, a roast leg of mutton, boiled fowls, shrimps, bread, and beer; and all for a franc and a half. H—— and I, like thoroughbred Cockneys, drank an immense quantity of brandy-and-water, which excited looks of horror in the men and women assembled, and made even a burly Irishman near me gape with astonishment. Having seen few Irishmen before, I became particularly attentive to this chap, in order to draw him out; and so I did, to my complete satisfaction. When our host helped him to some meat, the fellow said, “*Je suis avais été très bien fort comfortable.*” This elegant French passed off unnoticed. In England, a peccadillo of this kind creates shouts of laughter. In France, politeness smothered the laugh. He then told us that, on his way, he had been overturned in the diligence. “*Avez vous du mal?*” inquired the conductor. “No, sir,” says the Irishman; “*je n’ai qu’un portnantéau.*” The host asked him, would he take some roast beef. “*Non, monsieur, je vous thank,*” says Paddy; “*Ich habe sie in Angleterre so gut Ochsenbraten, que je ne veux pas risquer de mangiarne di cattivi in Francia.*” This hodgepodge of German, French, and Italian, so bothered the landlord, that he remained entirely speechless; until H——, who knows all kinds of continental dialects, told him, in French, that Pat meant to say, that he had eaten such excellent roast-beef in England, he did not choose to run the risk of eating it bad in France. This was certainly an Irish reason for refusing a good thing; and I must say, that I seldom ate better beef than in the Hôtel de Sauvage at Dunkirk. The company retired in about three-quarters of an hour. H—— and I remained, and called for cigars; and, turning to the waiter, I whispered to him, “*Vous nous donnerez deux bouteilles de vin de Bordeaux et trois bouteilles de vin de champagne mousseux.*” After this, we had coffee, and as I tumbled into bed, I loudly vociferated the Frenchman’s praise of that delightful beverage:—

Le Café. PAR DELILLE.

" Il est une liqueur au poëte plus chère,
 Qui manquoit à Virgile, et qu'adoroit
 Voltaire;
 C'est toi, divin café, dont l'aimable
 liqueur,
 Sans altérer la tête épanouit le cœur;
 Aussi, quand mon palais est émoussé par
 l'âge,
 Avec plaisir encore je goûte ton breu-
 vage.
 Que j'aime à préparer ton nectar pré-
 cieux!
 Nul n'usurpe chez moi ce soin délicieux,
 Sur le réchaud brûlant moi seul tournant
 ta graine
 A l'or de ta couleur fais succéder l'ébène;
 Moi seul contre la noix qu'arment ses
 dents de fer,
 Je fais en le broyant, crier ton fruit
 amer;
 Charmé de ton parfum c'est moi seul qui
 dans l'onde,
 Infuse à mon foyer ta poussière féconde;
 Qui tour à tour calmant excitant tes
 bouillons,
 Suis d'un œil attentif tes légers tour-
 billons.
 Enfin de ta liqueur lentement reposée
 Dans le vase fumant la lie est déposée;
 Ma coupe, ton nectar, le miel Américain,
 Que du suc des roseaux exprima l'
 Africain,
 Tout est prêt: du Japon l'émail recoit
 tes ondes,
 Et seul tu réunis les tributs des deux
 mondes."

This charming melody I repeated about six times. It would seem, however, that my music was not appreciated; for an angry voice demanded from one of the bed-rooms, "Who the deuce is making that confounded noise?" "Noise, quotha! a French *chanson* sung by me *noise*!" I was in too great a passion to reflect, and the waiter coming up, politely requested me to be so extremely complaisant as not to sing any more.

CHAPTER XVI.

"PA.—Trahit sua quemque voluptas, mihi placet venatio. LA.—Ego ranas captabo."
 ERASMUS, Coll.

"The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked upon."—COWLEY, *Love's Riddle*.

At twenty minutes past nine we breakfasted in a farm-house at Zydcoot, la dernière barrière des douanes,

Coffee. BY PATRICK MURPHY O'CALLAGHAN.

The sweetest draught that decks the poet's
 board,
 Which Virgil wanted, and Voltaire
 adored,
 Art thou, delicious COFFEE,—who dost
 shed
 Warmth o'er the heart, but painest not
 the head;
 What though my palate blunted be by
 time,
 With joy once more I taste thy juice
 sublime!
 Heavens! how I love thy nectar to pre-
 pare;
 No one with me that joyous task shall
 share.
 O'er the hot chafing dish thy grains I
 throw,
 And watch the golden hues to jet black
 grow;
 I—I alone to dust thy berries grind;
 This forms my Paradise,—this soothes
 my mind.
 Charm'd by thy fragrance, o'er thee I in-
 fuse
 Boiled water pure as Aganippé's dews;
 Then with what joy I watch thy bub-
 blings clear,
 What beauteous cups to fancy's eye ap-
 pear.
 At length, when rest has smoothed thy
 surface o'er,
 Into the foaming urn the cream I pour;
 My cup—thy nectar, and the honey
 brought
 From western worlds to be by negroes
 wrought,—
 All—all is ready! Thou, my dear de-
 light,
 The tributes of two worlds dost here
 unite!

Bursting with rage, I flung my boots at his head; but the exertion was so great, that I fell back into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

Next morning I observed that the waiter who opened the door for us had a black eye; but I never thought of asking him how he got it. H—— said, that he must have accidentally knocked against my boots at the time I threw them.

and were out of the French dominions. We had walked thither from Dunkirk (which we left at

seven o'clock), all along the borders of a canal, richly set on both sides with flax and corn. The women in the fields pulling up the flax in large bundles,—a shrine on the road railed in, with a Flemish inscription,—a multitude of frogs lying on the edges of the canal, dozens of which we caught up and flung into the water, and then pelted mercilessly with stones—an occupation which realised the old fable in *Æsop* being fun to us, but death to the frogs,—this is all we saw and did on our way to Zydeoot. We had for breakfast *café noir*, *petites pains*, and eggs, sugar white and candied, butter, and brandy. Zydeoot is a little hamlet of half-a-dozen cottages. The woman of the house was a fat Flemish gossip, with bare legs and shoes; she was making butter when we went in; was coarse, but not uncivil. We left at ten o'clock, and proceeded along the canal, swallowing numerous drops of brandy by the way,—the heat and exercise, of course, precluding their taking any effect on us. As soon as we entered the Belgic frontier, our packs were ransacked; and, greatly to our disgust, we were henceforth charged two sous for *eau de vie*,—having hitherto purchased that ambrosial ichor for only one sous. At mid-day we came to Furnes, where we dined. We had pea-soup, peas sugared, potatoes, roast mutton, sausages, cheese, cherries, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, at two francs each. Here were cages full of thrushes which warbled delightfully while we dined. One of these birds was a remarkably sly old fellow,—as demure and grave-looking as a hooded monk. He must have been either reared in an abbey, or have transmigrated from purgatory into the body of a thrush. Whenever my back was turned he whistled most melodiously; but the moment I began to observe him, he either pretended

to be asleep, or, turning his head towards the other thrushes, seemed to say, "Why will ye make that foolish noise, ye silly birds of Furnes?" He did this a dozen times; and I never saw so great a rogue in my life with so serious a look, or heard so excellent a whistler. One series of notes was so like "*Patrick's Day in the Morning*," that I started up, thinking it was our Irish friend of the previous evening who was behind us, and almost expected to hear "*Hurrah for the Repale!*" but it was the monk himself. The moment I turned round he shut his eyes, and seemed fast asleep.

We hastened on to Nieuport; the tower of the *Hôpital des Malades* in which is seen for an immense distance. It is a huge hospital for so little a hamlet; yet the place is strongly fortified, and approached through a series of winding defiles. As we crossed the bridge, the guard touched their hats to us: we returned their salute. The customhouse is a handsome building of blue stone. As I passed, a very pretty young girl with blue spectacles came out and stared me very steadfastly. I was told she was a school-mistress.

The number of women we met on the road from this to Ostend, sitting on their asses and riding leisurely along, exceeds belief. It was market-day, and they were all returning from Ostend. They had panniers of wicker and osier slung at each side of their donkeys; they had all gold and copper ear-rings, and a few wore gilt crosses. The country looked most wretched and unfruitful: I believe there were not any battles of consequence fought about this place. There were as many windmills as would have put Don Quixote on his mettle. After having for seven or eight miles seen the spires and towers of Ostend, we entered it about half-past six.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Signor, far mi convien come fa il buono
Sonator, sopra il suo instrumento arguto
Che spesso muta corda, e varia suono
Ricercando ora il grave ora l'acuto."

Orl. Fur. c. lxxxi. s. 24.

Ostend is strongly defended, there being no less than four large fosses filled with deep water before you

get into the town. Each fosse is defended by a drawbridge and fortified gate, and all seems newly built.

We stopped at the Hôtel de Flanders. I put on a pair of red slippers and walked about the town.

The Hôtel de Ville is painted yellow, with large windows, the Belgian standard floating from the centre one down almost to the pavement. Opposite is the guard-house for the soldiers of the line, who are very diminutive, and might be able to fight an army of cranes or Chinese, but it would be downright murder in *men* to attack them. The Quai de l'Empereur is the finest. There were a few ships of light burden in the docks. The houses are spacious, and seem the residences of comfortable burghers, and in more than one I saw a fine face glittering through the azure blinds like a star through a rift of clouds. The houses are all painted the most lively colours, and the quays are planted with trees. One sees very few people; the streets look empty; there is no bustle, no look of business or commerce. To be sure we saw it in the evening, when trade may be said to have ceased. We walked into the cathedral, a building of lofty dimensions, supported by broad white pillars: a parcel of little boys were playing hide-and-seek about the doors. The pulpit and confession-boxes are made of brown oak, superbly carved; the latter put the penitents in no danger of being made love to by the priests, for they are open to the view of all the world. There are a number of pictures representing the passion of Christ, but they are dreadfully done. Under each is an inscription in Flemish,—a prayer suggested by the subject of the painting. I very much fear the soul of the artist is ill at ease; for if the saints have any influence at head-quarters, they must exert it against a man who has made such odious caricatures of their lives and adventures. In the centre of the aisle was a coffin covered with a black velvet pall; the church itself was in mourning, and hung with black velvet drapery; large curtains of white and black intermingled were suspended from the ceiling crossways over the coffin, and round about it was a score of tall candlesticks. The bier itself was raised about fifteen feet from the ground. Women praying and kneeling, sat and knelt around. I asked

an old crone in such Flemish as it pleased Heaven, what was the meaning of this mummary. The hag stared at me in my red slippers and sable cap, and at length very snappishly told me in high or low Dutch (I could scarcely make out which), that this was the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Orleans. On the outside of this church is a Virgin in a glass case with a pink silk or satin gown and a wig. There is also the shrine of some saint whose name I did not think worth inquiring after. For aught I know he may have been the renowned St. Roch, of whom the following scandal is told: "Certain citizens," say the records of the National Assembly of 1792, "brought to the bar a silver statue of St. Roch. 'We have often addressed prayers to this fellow,' said one, 'to avert the political plagues which have made such ravages in France: he has given us no answer. We imagine his silence may probably be owing to his present form, and therefore bring him to you that he may be converted into specie, hoping that in his new shape he will better contribute to drive the pestiferous race of our enemies out of France.' This harangue was heard with loud applause, and the saint was conducted to the mint." So say the annals. Two real skulls are placed over the tomb or altar of this saint, and I saw a couple of old women praying to him at nine o'clock at night.

Leaving this place we went to the Levée, where we saw a most gay and brilliant company taking ices and all kinds of refreshments. There was a military band, and a large collection of our dear John and Jenny Bulls. Little they dreamed that a "chiel" from the illustrious *Magazine of Fraser* was among them taking notes and resolved to print them. We swam about in the sea here for ten minutes, rolling like porpoises. We then returned to our hotel and drank a bottle of excellent wine with no slight zest. The daughter of the house (as they say in Germany) took a liking to one of us, and bringing him the candle bade him *bonne nuit* with a rosy smile. She was really a charming little girl, and as she knew English right well, I will feel very much obliged to any Englishman who

is going over to Ostend and means to put up at the Hôtel de Flanders to take with him the December and April numbers of this Magazine, and give them to her with my compliments, and I am sure she will repay him with a smile well worth ten times the trouble he shall have taken. He cannot put up at a better, a cheaper, or a more accommodating hotel in every point of view. The chamber-

maids are civil and well-looking, the waiters worthy of an English hotel. Only that I have cut poetry of late for Coke and Littleton, I would write a poem in her praise; but when I visit Ostend next summer, I shall carry her over something better than a sonnet. But this much I may apply to her from the first canto, forty-second stanza of the furious mad Orlando:—

“ La verginella e simile alla rosa
Ch' in bel giardin su la nativa spina,
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa
Nè gregge nè pastor sè l'avvicina:
L' aura soave e l' alba rugindosa
L' acqua, la terra, al suo favor s' inclina;
Giovani vaghi e donne inamarote
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.”

The thought and comparison, to be sure, is taken from Claudian; but my Englishman will feel more obliged to me for giving him an op-

portunity of translating the beautiful Italian for the little girl, than the unfashionable old Latin.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ I have of a long time known you to be a great lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you have never seen before. We shall see wonderful things, take my word for it.”—RABELAIS.

In the morning at half-past six we left Ostend for Brussels by the railway. The country is well cultivated, flat, and unpicturesque. We stopped at Ghent at a quarter past eight, where we took in among other travellers a big fat man in a white blouse, with all the assurance, impudence, and vulgarity of that overgrown cook of St. Catherine's College, whom Titmarsh met and wanted to box in Bantry, as revealed in the *Irish Travels* of that wonderful humorist. I would almost lay a wager he was the same man. He had the big ears, and red nose, and mutton fist, and horridly dogged look of Michael Angelo's antagonist. He puffed, and puffed, and snorted, and tried to look aristocratic, and superciliously eyed all about him, as much as to say, “What a pack of horrid vulgar fellows you are to be sure, and how highly honoured you ought to feel in my company;” and I was at last so firmly persuaded he was the man, that I was about to ask him the full particulars of his encounter with my

brother *Fraserian*, but the fear of a most tremendous beating luckily arose up before my eyes, and I remained silent. Saint Macarius, in his treatise *De Libertate Mentis*, illustrates the danger of falling into company of this kind by an allusion to the Scotch fiddle, which plainly proves the saint to have been a North Briton of the M'Quarry clan, — *ἡσυχίᾳ γὰρ*, says he, *τι σωμα σωματι συνιδὼν ἵκεν πρὸς ἀκαθάρτου μισανταλ*, οὗτω δὲ καὶ ψυχὴ φθιναται πορνείας συνδουλοῦσα — “for as one body is defiled by coming in contact with another impure body, so is the soul in like manner corrupted by evil communication.” Having no wish, therefore, to be defiled by a few thumps from this pugilist I said nothing, but contented myself with a doze in the sunshine. At length we saw the lofty and elegant tower of the Hôtel de Ville, rising apparently from a little wood, and standing forth against the sky; and, at twelve o'clock, we entered the capital of Belgium.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Where shall I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights?"

Fudge Papers.

Brussels is a beautiful capital, — light, airy, elegant, picture-like; adorned with fine buildings, grand old churches, marble palaces, antique mansions, admirable statues, gardens, squares, and fountains, with elevated spots from which the loveliest views of the city may be gained, and the country surrounding you on all sides within ten minutes' walk of the remotest parts of the city. The streets are broad, the houses elegantly built, of great size, and mostly painted white, with hall-doors some ten, some fourteen feet high, with courtyards and gardens attached. Nearly all the windows have lattices, which has a pleasing effect, and all are furnished, of course, with those projecting *espions*, or mirrors, which shew the lady of the house the face of her visitor directly he approaches the door, and afford her full time to deliberate whether she shall be at home or not. The people are extremely polite; they cannot pass a dog in the streets without taking off the hat, and they are always so well dressed that you would think they were going to a ball. They are a very busy people: no more loiterers here in the commercial part of the town than in Cheapside. After having, like true Cockneys, eaten an immense quantity of mutton cutlets and drank some wine, we walked to the church of SS. Michael and Gudule, which is the great lion of the town. We paid a franc and a half for admission, which we were assured by the beadle (a respectable-looking man dressed in black, with a gold cross in his shirt and a gold key on his coat-collar) went *pour les pauvres*, a fact of which we had no doubt, as the priests consider themselves of that order. This is a magnificent building, and was seen to great advantage. It was splendidly fitted up, as the carnival was about to commence, and on the following Sunday was to be the celebration of the Belgian disturbance of 1830. Large pots with green trees, and adorned with the Belgian banner, were placed between the lofty columns of the cathedral,

and in the centre chapel eight pieces of tapestry of resplendent colours, though upwards of 200 years old, were suspended, the cords being garlanded with laurel-leaves, which had an elegant effect. Round the church are colossal images of the twelve Apostles in white marble. The pulpit is of oak, and represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. This is wonderful. Adam is represented dressed in fig-leaves, and hiding his face from the avenging angel, who hovers over him with a sword of flame. Eve is represented with the apple in her hand, looking wildly, with dishevelled hair. Above her is Death exulting—a skeleton, with a spear in his bony hand. The very skull seems to laugh with delight. A multitude of beasts, and birds, and fruits, and flowers, are all about the garden. This forms the pillar of the pulpit. The pulpit itself is surrounded by oaken drapery gilded at the edges; the tassels also are gilded, and the folds have all the softness of tapestry. They resemble the carvings of Grinling Gibbons. A pink curtain forms the back of the pulpit, and on the canopy is a white dove as if descending. Above is the figure of a woman holding a cross. It is about thirty feet high altogether. The effect is very fine, and would be much increased, in my judgment, if the oak were polished. The confession-boxes, made of the same oak, are very elegant. Our carvings in the Temple Church, of which we are so proud, are not to be compared to some we saw on the Continent. The painted glass, also, is not equal to the matchless stained glass, 700 years old, in this superb cathedral. There, also, are several monuments in white and black marble: the black predominates, and, intermingled with the white, has a classic look. In the centre chapel is the family vault of the Dukes of Brabant. On the right is a fine tomb with the effigy of one of the dukes, on the left the Belgic lion in gilded stone. At each side of this chapel are the pews of the corporation of Brussels; and all about the

aisles are low-bottomed chairs covered with velvet, black, green, and crimson, with gilt nails. From this church we walked to St. Catherine's. Here is an image of the Virgin and Child, dear to the Negro race (if any are in Brussels), for both idols

have black faces. This is French politeness carried into religious matters with a vengeance. From this we went to the Church of the Sablons, where we saw a black marble slab to the memory of the poet Rousseau:—

“ Ici on été déposés le 19 Décembre, 1842,
Par ordre de S. M. Leopold 1^{er} Roi des Belges,
Et par les soins du Ministre de l'intérieure J. B. Buffoon,
Les restes mortels du Poëte,
J. B. ROUSSEAU,
Né à Paris le 6 Avril, 1670,
Mort en exil à Bruxelles le 17 Mars, 1741.”

The erection does honour to the taste of King Leopold.

We then went to the Place des Martyres, for so the beggars who were shot like dogs in the squabble of 1830 are called. Here they are buried. A mausoleum is made over them with four female figures in white stone, whose faces express deep anguish. Underneath is a square cemetery supported by colonnades, and on the walls of which are inscribed the names of the men who were slain. One Irishman is among the rest, Daniel Callaghan Brallaghan of Cork, “a truly gallant and chivalrous pig-butcher,” says the inscription, “who died fighting for liberty.” A soldier is always on guard and one of the *trees of liberty* is here, planted in the square. Looking at it I could not help ejaculating in the words of that dear, delightful old Tory, Mrs. Trollope, “I will also confess that, to my taste, the tree of liberty as *the symbol of anarchy* is called, bearing its lank unseemly height like a tall bully before the window of the king's palace, is by no means a graceful addition to the scene. Its branches are, however, withering, and looked very much as if the sap had ceased to flow. Perhaps at my next visit I may see a kingly statue erected in its place.” “Amen!” said I, “my dear good old lady,” and, turning to the foolish thing near me in military uniform, I almost felt inclined to knock him down with the very wind of my clenched fist.

Next day we visited the churches, and the palace of the Prince of Orange. The floors are of tessellated wood; the grand audience-room is hung with crimson velvet, adorned with gold. The chairs and couches are of the same material; others of

the rooms are hung with crimson satin and gold, blue satin and gold, &c. &c. We walked into the park; it is a pretty one. Here is the fountain into which Peter the Great tumbled one night when he got drunk. It is in a little hollow, and is almost obscured by trees. At one end of the park is an Oriental kiosk of some elegance; around it are busts of the twelve Cæsars, and seats. I flung myself on one, and dozed away, among the nursery-maids, that long summer's day.

The Boulevards are an agreeable promenade. That called after *Waterloo* is the finest. The lower order of people, who swarm about the suburbs, all wear the *sabots*, or wooden shoes. It was from these, in addition to Pope and Popery, and the disagreeable appendage of brass money, that the great and good King William III. is reported to have delivered the Irish. From the late census it appears that there are 7,000,000 Papists in the Emerald isle, so that the deliverance of the Dutchman would seem to be rather problematical,—though that he delivered them from brass money, and left them without any money at all, is clear enough. Every 1st of July the Irish return thanks to Heaven for this deliverance. It is just as if a man thanked a thief who picked his pocket.

The grisettes wear the mantilla of rich black silk, thrown over the head, and confined in front by the hand, after the Spanish or Venetian fashion. It is a most becoming robe. I saw one young girl with a mantilla in chapel, and she peeped from under it so wickedly, that I saw at once why the bewitching nymphs of Venice invented it.

At night we had a silver moon, brilliant in a cloudless sky. I wandered about through the worst parts of the town, and, at length, found myself in a low *cabaret*, surrounded by thieves, cut-throats, and some of the vilest things in creation. I bethought me of some of my wild, eccentric rambles through London, and resolved to see Continental life in its worst feature. I stayed there till midnight, treating my companions to tobacco, beer, and cakes, listening to rude songs and jests. Strange enough I felt no apprehension; and it was not until I wended homeward through the solitary old streets, that the danger which I had escaped flashed across my mind. But I am sure if I had got into a squabble there, unless they stabbed or shot me at once, my good luck would extricate me. I have been in a hundred dangerous places, and, thank Heaven! have never fallen into harm.

There was a grand procession of the Host through the streets on the following Sunday. Silver lamps and golden chalices—a gilded canopy, beneath which two priests supported the Host, the senior holding the precious chalice in which it was enshrined—a guard of infantry and cavalry—trumpets blowing—a crowd

of carriages filled with our dear, beautiful countrywomen—the shops in the Rue Montagne de la Cour all open, with their finest finery exposed—the sun shining brilliantly—music sounding, and hymns resounding—behold the procession of the Host!

The Museum is a queer place. There is an excellent collection of stuffed birds and beasts; the monkeys are a very important feature in this collection. The pictures are good; but, as I lost my Catalogue and notes in Coblenz, I do not pretend to give any account of them. I must not, however, omit a "Last Judgment." One of the devils, who is tearing a man asunder, has a face amazingly like Lord B—. I protest I never was so struck. The likeness is astonishing, and it had an effect on me similar to that which the black, fiery eyes of the portrait of Cæsar Borgia are said to have had on Byron. We did not meet a decently dressed person in the Museum,—perhaps I should correct myself, and say we did not meet a gentleman or lady. All the visitors were of the meaner class. Down-stairs there is an armory. There is the horse of the Archduke Albert, stuffed and preserved, with the following inscription, never before printed:—

"Siste gradum, Spectator, ego de nomine dicor

Nobilis: at presto nobilitate rei.

Archiduci Alberto subtraxi corpora quondam

Quando prope Ostendam martia Erynnis erat.

Illumque eripui pugnantem hostilibus armis,

Cum vel ei mihi vel mors subeunda fuit.

Me magis ardebat miles quia virginis instar,

Cernebat nivea crescere fronte jubam.

Hinc ut me raperet crebro sua spicula et enses,

In caput ignoti subiecit Archiducis

Evasi; eduxique virum, meque ipse reduxit

Incolumem nostræ non erat hora necis,

Ast anno vertente de quo evasimus ambo

Nobilis interii; cernite qualis eram."

Such execrable Latin I believe was never written since the days of Juvenal's great poet Crispinus, or the unknown Mr. Docti-sumus of Horace. A boy at Eton in the sixth form would be whipped for such rubbish.

In the armory, beside this horse-skin, there is a red coat that belonged to one of Peter the Great's corporals, battered shields and helmets, broken swords, and dreadful, blood-thirsty pistols (as Bob Acres, or Frank Jeffrey, Moore's duellist, would say),

and rusty morions, and bruised breast-plates. This place was full of soldiers. From the Museum we visited the Mannikin, and H—, who is a humorist, insisted on filling a little flask with the water which the figure pours forth, to the laughter and delight of a crew of Belgian women, who were crowded round the fountain. H— said he would send it to the British Museum. On our return to our hotel, we met a German. The lady whom he was courting refused to marry him until

he learned French, and he had come to Brussels to learn it. He had all sorts of books, and prated French to every one he saw. At night I strolled into the kitchen, and laughed with the scullions and waitresses. The first were neither fat nor foolish, the second were genteel and good-looking. Taking up a prayer-book from the table, it opened of itself at the following prayer:—

*" Prière pour Obtenir de St. Joseph la
Grace de faire un Bon Mariage.*

" GRAND SAINT JOSEPH, puisque les bons mariages se font au Ciel, je vous conjure bien humblement par le bonheur incomparable que vous reçûtes, lorsque vous fûtes fait le vrai et légitime époux

de la Sainte Vierge Marie, Mère de Dieu, de m'aider à trouver quelque parti favorable à ma condition un mari (ou une compagne fidèle) avec lequel je puisse aimer et bien servir mon Dieu, en bonne union et concorde, et attirer par ce moyen les célestes bénédictions sur notre famille. Ainsi soit il."

I turned over all the rest of the book, and every page was as new as the day it had come from the printers, all but this little one, which appeared to have been read morning, noon, and night, without intermission. I discovered that it belonged to the cook. Thereupon, what jests, what jokes, what shouts of laughter arose! We kept up a fire of humorous sallies till near midnight.

CHAPTER XX.

" The spirit of my dream then led me on
To where the clang of battle-fray was heard,—
Where drum and trumpet echoed through my brain,
With shrieks, and cries of victory and death ;
While the wild war-horse, riderless, rushed forth,
Trampling alike the dying and the dead."—T. J. OUSELEY.

I intended to have given an account of the field of Waterloo, and the forest of Soignies, and La Belle Alliance, and the château d'Hougomont, and the Waterloo pyramid, 250 feet high, with the bronze lion on the summit, twenty feet long, but I find I have not room. I got some bullets, which my friend Mr. Nickis-

son has placed in his museum;—whether genuine or not I cannot say, but the old woman from whom they were purchased protested so strongly on the subject, that it would be worse than sacrilege to doubt her. The only thing at Waterloo worth seeing is the inscription on the Marquess of Anglesea's leg :—

" Ci est enterrée la jambe,
De l'illustre et vaillant Comte Uxbridge,
Lieutenant Général de S. M. Britannique,
Commandant-en-chef la cavalière
Anglaise, Belge et Hollandaise,
Blessé le 18 Juin 1815,

A la memorable bataille de Waterloo ;
Qui par son heroïsme, a concouru au triomphe,
De la cause du genre humain,
Glorieusement décidée par l'éclatante
Victoire
Du dit jour."

Under this George Canning wrote two well-known lines.

I intended, also, to have given an account of the theatres and actors,

but both were quite unworthy of a capital like Brussels. We stopped there several days, saw it all, and were well pleased.

CHAPTER XXI.

" ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."—VIRGIL.

We left Brussels at six o'clock in the morning for Louvaine. We breakfasted on the road in a little farm-house, and got to the end of our journey at half-past eleven. The town-house of Louvaine is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, but

its white beer is *splendidissimus*. We left for Liege in the train at twelve o'clock. Liege is a fine, business-like town, and we had an excellent view of it from the railway. We walked along a broad quay, skirted by wretched houses, and planted in one

part with trees. The surrounding hills were dotted with neat villas. The churches in this town are wretched. I devoted several hours to them, but saw nothing worth speaking of. We left Liege at five o'clock in the morning in the diligence, from the *Hôtel de la Pommelette*—a wretched place, bad attendance, bad every thing. As we drove through the town, we could see the people going to work, every one with a pipe in his mouth. Our conductor smoked all the way, and asked me several questions. The country to Aix la Chapelle is very fair, but nothing like our rich English cultivation. We saw several children, dirty and squalid, and wearing only a thin shirt—a pleasing summer garment. They are thickly planting all this country with poplars, for young lovers a hundred years hence. At the fourth stage we took up one of those Prussian police, who wear long swords and mustachios, and seem more like cut-throats than an organised civil force. When we came to Aix la Chapelle, a fat man at the post-house asked me, in English, “Had I any thing prohibited?” I answered, “No.” But the fellow, nevertheless, searched my pack from bottom to top. Of course, he found nothing seizable. If he had, I would have kicked up a row before I parted with it.

The great square of Aix la Chapelle (or Aachen, as the Germans call it) has an Eastern look. The buildings are irregular, and strangely decorated. Some have gilded balconies; some double rows of narrow windows; several have pilasters, which give them the air of palaces in decay. There is a large bronze fountain, with a statue of Charlemagne, and two dolphins throwing up jets of water. There is the *Hôtel de Ville*, with an air of barbaric grandeur that looks so old, you fancy Charlemagne must have dined in it a hundred times. There are the Prussian market-women all about you, with their stalls, and frippery-ware, and fruit, and vegetables; and, oh! mark ye well the contrast between them and the clean, good-looking, good-humoured women of Calais. Here all is dirt and homeliness, there all is

Here is the great church which contains the bones of CHARLEMAGNE; an enormous silver lamp, twelve feet in diameter, in the shape of a crown, is suspended over his grave by an iron chain sixty or seventy feet long. Here is the marble chair in which the monarch sat when he was crowned. Here is the skull of the splendid and imperial lecher, and the arm that wielded the world. It is inscribed,—

“BRACHIUM SANCTI CAROLI MAGNI,”

and is exhibited for about three shillings to the curious.

And is it come to this? Is the stern monarch's head and strong right arm thus made a bauble to make the rabble stare, and the inquisitive gape? Are the relics of him, beneath whose footstool the earth trembled, thus recklessly disinterred, to purchase wine for priests, and custards for the bishop? In truth it is so. Come hither, kings and emperors, and behold the folly of your pride! Hither, then, to this place, ye powers and dominations, and learn a lesson of wisdom!

“To what base uses we may return,
Moratio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole? As thus:—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to earth; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,
Oh! that the earth which kept the world
in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw.”

So full of truth is all that the wondrous man of Avon wrote.

These relics are evidently the bones of no common man; they are the bones of a giant, mighty, strong, and unwieldy. Beside this grave Napoleon once stood in the plenitude of his power. A holy awe seemed to overcome him, as he stopped short within the precincts of the tomb. A greater than Charlemagne, but less fortunate—a more ambitious despot—a nobler conqueror, was at the grave. Can any stand or kneel within this church unmoved? What a lesson it furnishes to the great!—

“New painted like a pretty opera scene.”
Beppo.

What a consolation to the lowly! The meanest beggar that now crawls about these aisles, and exhibits his sores for money, would not, for the combined glory of Charlemagne and Buonaparte, barter the few remaining years of his wretched existence. So wise was the saying of the man of old, that the paltriest insect is more to be valued than the brightest of the stars, for it contains a principle of life within it of which the star is destitute. To a superficial reader this aphorism may appear questionable, but if he will just pause upon it for twenty minutes, he will perceive its wisdom.

From the church I strolled into the Verein Garten, and, flinging myself down beneath one of the green trees that shaded me from the rich sunlight, but did not obstruct either the view of the landscape which I coveted, or the perfume of the flowers from the neighbouring gardens, I reflected on those charming passages in the works of Ouseley, — a true poet, filled with the true Olympian fire of genius, and destined, as I think, one day to fill a niche next to Shelley, the most poetical imagination since Spenser and Shakespeare: —

" Summer.

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light,
The new-mown hay is sending
Its scents upon the night.
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parched flowers;
The rain to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers.
The merry fish are playing
Adown yon crystal stream,
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood in its prime is full, and ripe, and strong,
And it scarcely deems that time can do its beauty wrong;
Like the merry fish we play adown the stream of life,
And we reck not of the day that gathers what is ripe.

" Autumn.

The flowers all are fading,
Their scents are rified now,
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain's brow;
The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn,
The birds have ceased their singing,
The scythe hath mown the corn;
The harvest now is gathered,
Protected from the clime,—
The leaves are scared and wither'd,
That late alone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone o'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we scan;
Like the autumn leaf that falls when winds the branches wave,
Like night-shadows daylight palls,—like all, he finds a grave."

Already was the summer blending gradually with autumn, but it was not this so much as the train of thought awakened in the great

church, which seemed to me so much in unison with the beautiful poetry I have quoted.

That night we slept in Cologne.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES ON THE PRETENDED BURNING OF THE
LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA BY THE SARACENS,
UNDER THE CALIPH OMAR.

ALEXANDRIA, once a Pagan city, then the seat of philosophy and mysticism, soon after semi-Jewish, and the cradle of Christianity, then the receptacle of Mussulmans of various sects, at length became the abode of theophilanthropy, by favour of the freedom of worship, and still greater freedom of opinions, introduced by 80,000 preachers,* that out-tongued her Mamelucks in eloquence. But the Alexandria of Buonaparte was no longer the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, nor even of Omar. The new conqueror found no traces left of the library; which, even to this day, is still an object of regret.

At the moment we are tracing these lines, instead of the numerous population closely packed within the walls of ancient Alexandria, a small number of Arabs, together with some Europeans, are encamped upon its ruins. Five hundred thousand souls are reduced to forty thousand, and even this is a great improvement since 1820, when the town only numbered ten thousand inhabitants. For

the distance of a league around its ramparts, the soil is covered with gigantic ruins. Huge blocks of granite, that are so many silent monuments of the glory of Sesostrius' descendants, and marble columns of a more recent date, recalling the reign of the Ptolemies, shapeless and truncated fragments of pillars, and enormous masses of stone, that the more degenerate race of these days would be unable to raise,—such are the remains of the mighty city, once the queen of the commercial cities of the earth; but we seek in vain for the ashes or the site of its far-famed library. These giant archives of the genius of antiquity are vulgarly supposed to have been reduced to ashes, at the taking of Alexandria by the Arab Mahometans.

Several authors have denied the authenticity of the fact, and endeavoured to clear the Islamites of so heavy a reproach. We shall present an abstract of their reasons, to which we shall add our own comments.

I. — SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIBRARY BEFORE THE SARACENS.

Alexandria became a rich and flourishing city shortly after her foundation by the conqueror of India. Her importance increased under the successors of Alexander. Like other great cities, Alexandria was divided into districts, which were like so many distinct towns (see a tolerably extensive description given by Strabo, book xvii.) One of these districts, the *Bruchion*, situated on the seashore, near the great port, contained all the edifices belonging to the Basilicon, or king's palace, the grand college, and several other buildings.

The first of the Ptolemies, Lagus, not only endeavoured to render Alexandria one of the most beautiful and

most commercial of cities, he likewise wished her to become the cradle of science and philosophy. By the advice of an Athenian emigrant, Demetrius of Phaleros, this prince established a society of learned and scientific men, the prototype of our academies and modern institutions. He caused that celebrated museum to be raised, that became an ornament to the Bruchion; and here was deposited the noble library, "a collection," says Titus Livius, "at once a proof of the magnificence of those kings, and of their love of science."

Philadelphos, the successor of Lagus, finding that the library of the Bruchion already numbered 400,000

volumes, and either thinking that the edifice could not well make room for any more, or being desirous, from motives of jealousy, to render his name equally famous by the construction of a similar monument, founded a second library in the temple of Serapis, called the *Serapeum*, situated at some distance from the Bruchion, in another part of the town. These two libraries were denominated, for a length of time, the *Mother* and the *Daughter*.

During the war with Egypt, Cæsar, having set fire to the king's fleet, which happened to be anchored in the great port, it communicated with the Bruchion; the parent library was consumed, and, if any remains were rescued from the flames, they were, in all probability, conveyed to the Serapeum. Consequently, ever after, there can be no question but of the latter.

Euergetes and the other Ptolemies enlarged it successively; and Cleopatra added 200,000 manuscripts at once from the library of King Pergamos, given her by Mark Antony, — a noble present, which proves that women of gallantry have, now and then, benefited the world.

Let us follow the traces indicative of the existence of this library.

Aulus Gellius and Ammianus Marcellus seem to insinuate that the whole of the Alexandrian library had been destroyed by fire in the time of Cæsar. The former observes, in his *Attic Nights* (book vi. chap. 17), "The number of books collected together in Egypt by the Ptolemies was enormous, amounting to 700,000 volumes; but they were all burnt during the first war in Alexandria, not through any premeditated design, but through the carelessness of the soldiers and the allied troops." And the latter (book xxii. chap. 16 of his *History*) makes the following remark:—"The Serapeum contained an inestimable library of 700,000 volumes, collected by the zeal of the Ptolemies, and burnt during the war with Alexandria, at the destruction of that town by the dictator Cæsar."

But both are mistaken on this point. Ammianus, in the rest of his narrative, evidently confounds Serapeum and Bruchion. It has been proved that Cæsar only destroyed some edifices in the latter portion of the town, and not the entire city.

Suetonius (in his *Life of Domitian*) mentions that this emperor sent some amanuenses to Alexandria, for the purpose of copying a quantity of books that were wanting in his library; consequently a library existed in Alexandria a long while after Cæsar. Besides, we know that the Serapeum was only destroyed A.D. 391, by the order of Theodosius.

Doubtless the library suffered considerably on this last-mentioned occasion; but that it still partly existed is beyond a doubt, according to the testimony of Orosius, who, twenty-four years later, made a voyage to Alexandria, and assures us that he "saw, in several temples, presses full of books," the remains of ancient libraries. It is worthy of remark that this author, as well as Seneca (*De Tranquillitate Animi*, cap. ix.), estimates the number of volumes burnt by Cæsar at 400,000; and, as it appears that the total number of books of the two libraries amounted to 700,000, there remains, together with the portion saved from the conflagration of the former library, a residue of from 3 to 400,000 volumes, which composed the second library.

The trustworthy Orosius, in 415, is the last witness we have of the existence of a library at Alexandria. The numerous Christian writers of the fifth and sixth centuries, who have handed down to us so many trifling facts, have not said a word upon this important subject.

We, therefore, have no certain documents upon the fate of our library from 415 to 636, or, according to others, 640, when the Arabs took possession of Alexandria,—a period of ignorance and barbarism, of war and revolutions, and vain disputes between a hundred different sects.

II.—THE LIBRARY BURNED BY THE SARACENS.—WHAT GAVE RISE TO THIS VULGAR ERROR.

Now, towards A.D. 636, or 640, the troops of the caliph, Omar, headed

by his lieutenant, Amrou, took possession of Alexandria. For more

than six centuries, nobody in Europe took the trouble of ascertaining what had become of the library of Alexandria.

At length, in the year 1660, a learned Oxford scholar, Edward Pococke, who had been twice to the East, and had brought back a number of Arabian manuscripts, first introduced the Oriental history of the physician Abulfarage to the learned world, in a Latin translation. In it we read the following passage:—

“In those days flourished John of Alexandria, whom we have surnamed the Grammarian, and who adopted the tenets of the Christian Jacobites. . . . He lived to the time when Amron Ebno 'l-As took Alexandria. He went to visit the conqueror; and Amron, who was aware of the height of learning and science that John had attained, treated him with every distinction, and listened eagerly to his lectures on philosophy, which were quite new to the Arabians. Amrou was himself a man of intellect and discernment, and very clear-headed. He retained the learned man about his person. John one day said to him, ‘You have visited all the stores of Alexandria, and you have put your seal on all the different things you found there. I say nothing about those treasures which have any value for you; but, in good sooth, you might leave us those of which you make no use.’ ‘What, then, is it that you want?’ interrupted Amrou. ‘The books of philosophy that are to be found in the royal treasury,’ answered John. ‘I can dispose of nothing,’ Amrou then said, ‘without the permission of the lord of all true believers, Omar Ebno 'l-Chattab.’ He therefore wrote to Omar, informing him of John’s request. He received an answer from Omar in these words: ‘As to the books you mention, either they agree with God’s holy book, and then God’s book is all-sufficient

without them; or they disagree with God’s book, in which case they ought not to be preserved.’ And, in consequence, Amrou Ebno 'l-As caused them to be distributed amongst the different baths of the city, to serve as fuel. In this manner they were consumed in half-a-year.”

When this account of Abulfarage’s was made known in Europe, it was at once admitted as a fact, without the least question: it soon gained ground, and with the multitude it had the honour of passing for incontestable truth.

Since Pococke, another Arab historian, likewise a physician, was discovered, who gave pretty nearly the same account. This was Abdollatif, who wrote towards 1200, and consequently prior to Abulfarage. The publication of his work is owing to M. Paulus, a professor, who translated it from an Arabian manuscript in the library at Boldei. The passage in question runs as follows:—

“I also saw the portico which, after Aristotle and his pupils, became the academical college; and likewise the college, which Alexander the Great caused to be built at the same time as the town, and which contained the splendid library that Amrou Ebno 'l-As committed to the flames, with the consent of the great Omar, to whom God be merciful.”

As this anecdote agreed perfectly with the ferocious and barbarous character ascribed to the Saracens, nobody thought of questioning its authenticity for a considerable length of time. We will endeavour, however, to clear the caliph and his lieutenant, Amrou, of this imputation,—not for love of the Saracens, but for the love of truth.

III.—A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE ACCOUNTS GIVEN BY ABULFARAGE AND ABDOLLATIF.

We may reasonably suppose, as Abdollatif is the most ancient writer of the two, that Abulfarage was acquainted with the above-mentioned passage in his history, and commented upon it, and embellished it according to his own taste. Abdollatif does not relate any of the circumstances accessory to the destruction of the library. But what faith can we put in a writer who tells us that he has actually *seen* what could no longer have been in existence in his time?

“I have seen,” says he, “the portico and the college that Alexander the Great caused to be built, and which contained the splendid library,” &c. Now, these buildings were situated within the Bruchion; and since the reign of Aurelian, who had destroyed it—that is to say, at least nine hundred years before Abdollatif—the Bruchion was a deserted spot, covered with ruins and rubbish.

Abulfarage, on the other hand, places the library in the Royal Trea-

sure; and the anachronism is just as bad. The royal edifices were all contained within the walls of the Bruchion; and not one of them could then be left. Besides, what meaning could be implied by the words *Royal Treasury*, in a country that had long ago ceased to be governed by kings, and was subject to the emperors of the East?

Moreover, as a fact is not necessarily incontestable because advanced as such by one or even two historians, several persons of learning and research have doubted the truth of this assertion. Renaudot (*Hist. des Patriarches d'Alexandrie*) had already questioned its authenticity, by observing: "This account is rather suspicious, as is frequently the case with the Arabians." And, lastly, Querci, the two Assemani, Villoison, and Gibbon, completely declared themselves against it.

Gibbon at once expresses his astonishment that two historians, both of Egypt, should not have said a word about so remarkable an event. The first of these is Eutychius, patriarch of Alexandria, who lived in that city 500 years after it was taken by the Saracens, and who gives a long and detailed account, in his Annals, both of the siege and the succeeding events; the second is Elmacin, a most veracious writer, the author of a History of the Saracens, and who especially relates the life of Omar, and the taking of Alexandria, with its minutest circumstances. Is it conceivable or to be believed that these two historians should have been ignorant of so important a circumstance? That two learned men who would have been deeply interested in such a loss should have made no mention of it, though living and writing in Alexandria—Eutychius, too, at no distant period from the event? and that we should learn it for the first time from a stranger who wrote, six centuries after, on the frontiers of Media?

Besides, as Gibbon observes, why should the Caliph Omar, who was no enemy to science, have acted, in this one instance, in direct opposition to his character, when he might have dispensed with such an act of barbarism, by shielding himself behind the opinion of the casuists of the Mahometan law? These, namely, declare (see *Dissertations de Roland sur*

le Droit Militaire des Mahométans, tom. iii.) "that it is not right to burn the book of Christians, out of respect for the name of God that is to be met with in them, and that every true believer is allowed to make a proper use of profane books of history, poetry, natural history, and philosophy." This decision does not savour much of destroying libraries.

To these reasons may be added the remark of a German writer, M. Reinhard, who observes that Eutychius (*Annals of Eutychius*, vol. ii. p. 316) transcribes the very words of the letter in which Amrou gives the Caliph Omar an account of the taking of Alexandria after a long and obstinate siege. "I have carried the town by storm," says he, "and without any preceding offer of capitulation. I cannot describe all the treasures it contains; suffice it to say, that it numbers 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 40,000 taxable Jews, 400 theatres, 12,000 gardeners who sell vegetables. Your Mussulmans demand the privilege of pillaging the city, and sharing the booty." Omar, in his reply, disapproves of the request, and expressly forbids all pillage or dilapidation.

It is plain that, in his official report, Amrou seeks to exaggerate the value of his conquest, and to magnify its importance, like the diplomatists of our times. He does not overlook a single hovel, nor a Jew, nor a gardener. How then could he have forgotten the library, he who, according to Abulfarage, was a friend to the fine arts and philosophy? Did he think that so celebrated and ancient a monument was not worthy to be mentioned?

Elmacin in turn gives us Amrou's letter nearly in the same terms, and not one word of the library.

It may be objected that the letter was, perhaps, never written by Amrou, and that the two historians have falsely attributed it to him. So much the more reason for the library to have been mentioned in the supposed letter. Could they both have overlooked a feature so important in the estimation of two learned inhabitants of Alexandria? Would they have taken a pride in seeming better informed on the subject of baths and kitchen-gardens than about the library?

If, however, the letter be authentic,

as its existence tends to make us believe, then let us pay attention to the caliph's answer, who commands his troops to respect every thing the city contains.

We, therefore, run no great risk in drawing the conclusion, from all these premises, that the library of the Ptolemies no longer existed in 640 at the taking of Alexandria by the Saracens.

We may add fresh proofs on the authority of two writers, nearly contemporary with Omar. One of these, John Philoponos (who has been erroneously confounded by Gibbon and others with John the Grammarian mentioned by Abulfarage), says, in his commentaries on Aristotle's *Analytica*, that the *ancient* libraries contained forty different books of this *Analytica*. He does not, it is true, expressly mention the library of Alexandria, but he lived and wrote in that city where, doubtless, they were always designated as *the* libraries, and he, therefore, could refer to no other in this passage. Besides, we know that Aristotle's writings had been carefully collected in the library of the Ptolemies. (See Athenæus, Strabo, and Plutarch's *Life of Sylla*).

But were any doubts remaining, we may consult Philoponos' master, Ammonius Hermæas, in his observations on Aristotle's *Categories*. He lived in Alexandria prior to the invasion of the Saracens. "It is reported of Ptolemy Philadelphos," says he, "that he took great pains to collect together the writings of Aristotle, liberally rewarding those who brought him such; which was the cause that many persons presented him manuscripts falsely attributed to Aristotle; consequently, no less than forty different books of the *Analytica* were to be met with in the great library."

It is clear that Ammonius here adverts to the library of Alexandria; therefore Philoponos alludes to it likewise. What he designates as the *ancient libraries* is the same as Ammonius calls the *great library*. They both speak of it as of a thing past and gone, and no longer in existence, and no doubt can be entertained on this head. We may even imagine that he alludes to the library of the Serapeum; for Philadelphos, who took so much pains to gather together

the writings of Aristotle, would doubtlessly have placed them in a collection that was his own work, and which he valued especially.

If we examine the probabilities of the case, we shall find them all militating against Abulfarage's account, and the existence of the library in the days of Omar and Amrou. The books of the ancients were written either on *parchment* or on leaves of *papyrus*. Those of the Alexandrian library, in particular, must have been principally of the latter species, the *papyrus* being an Egyptian plant. Now these leaves of the *papyrus* were very liable to fall to pieces or to be destroyed by insects, especially in the hot, damp atmosphere of Alexandria; it was, therefore, necessary frequently to renew such copies. Now is it to be imagined that all the pains necessary for the preservation of such a library would have been conscientiously taken after the dynasty of the Ptolemies had ceased to reign, and in the midst of the war and revolts that followed, during which all taste for learning and science, as it is well known, was completely obliterated? The parchment manuscripts, which were probably not numerous, might resist somewhat longer; but all the rest, after two or three centuries, had doubtless become food for the worms.

Abulfarage does not affix any number to the books which, according to him, were burned; but he informs us that they served during six months to heat the baths of the town. We know that there were 4000 baths—only think of books serving as fuel to heat 4000 baths during six months! If we take into consideration that the volumes, or *rolls*, of the ancients could scarcely be compared in bulk to our folios, and that the number of volumes, at the very highest computation, could scarcely amount to more than 300,000 or 400,000, it must be confessed that the daily portion of each bath establishment must have been slender indeed. And what materials to serve for heating boilers! Old parchment manuscripts and rolls of *papyrus*! Of a verity, there must have resulted from such fuel the most Sabæan odours, for the benefit of the 4000 baths and the whole city! We can believe that these ingredients might serve to make a most insupportable smoke; but notwith-

standing the proverb that affirms, "where there is smoke there is fire," we doubt their powers of heating water! This latter piece of absurd-

ity is, perhaps, not one of the least valid reasons against the authenticity of Abulfarage's account.

IV.—CONJECTURES ON THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE LIBRARY.

If it be true, as we have every reason to think, that in 640, at the taking of Alexandria by Amrou, the celebrated library no longer existed, we may inquire in what manner it had been dispersed and destroyed since 415, when Oroses affirms that he saw it?

In the first place, we must observe that Oroses only mentions some presses which he saw in the *temples*. It was not, therefore, the library of the Ptolemies as it once existed in the Serapeum.

Let us call to mind, moreover, that ever since the first Roman emperors, Egypt had been the theatre of incessant civil warfare, and we shall be surprised that any traces of the library could still exist in later times.

Under Commodus, the Serapeum caught fire, but without being entirely destroyed; the library, however, could scarcely escape uninjured.

It is well known what devastations Caracalla's evil spirit led him to commit in hapless Alexandria. The museum was pulled down.

Under Aurelian, the whole of the Bruchion was demolished. This emperor afterwards took possession of the city, and gave it up to be pillaged by his soldiers.

Then came the long train of feuds occasioned by Arianism.

And lastly, Theodosius the Great, in compliance with the exhortations of Theophilus, caused the Serapeum to be reduced to ashes, A.D. 391. It is certain that all the edifices adjoining the temple became this time a prey to the flames. This loss must, therefore, be laid at the door of the Christians, and, unfortunately, it is scarcely a matter of doubt that the blind zeal of the primitive ages in-

duced the unenlightened intellects of those times to seek the destruction of books and monuments, or any thing that seemed likely to recall or perpetuate the worship of idols.

If any remains of the library escaped from the general conflagration, it is probable that the second Theodosius, quite as great a bibliophilist as the Ptolemies, would have taken possession of them himself.

Now, if any such remains existed in Alexandria, what became of them during the civil wars that were carried on within its walls between Cyrillus and Orestes, and during the revolts that took place under the emperor Marianus? In all probability, they were broken up and distributed in various directions. The monks obtained some for their convents, and the emperors of the East had some brought to Constantinople and other towns, where they established schools. It is beyond a doubt that towards the beginning of the fourth century a great quantity of ancient books were disseminated over Egypt. Leo Africanus relates that the Caliph Mamoud despatched several persons to Syria, Armenia, and Egypt, with orders to collect and purchase ancient books, and that they returned loaded with inestimable treasures.

Lastly, be it remembered that, under Heraclius, the Persians took and pillaged Alexandria, which they abandoned shortly after. Then followed the Arabians, who, as we see, could not have met with the ancient library, unless, indeed, its preservation had been effected by one of those miracles, of which, unfortunately, no example has ever been met with in the annals of literature.

V.—IS THE LOSS TO SCIENCE AN IMPORTANT ONE?

Gibbon replies in the negative. He regrets, he says, infinitely more the Roman libraries which must have perished at the invasion of the northern barbarians. We have only fragments of three great Roman historians, while we may justly be surprised at the number of pieces of Greek

literature that have floated down to us on the surface of the vast stream of devastation that overrun so many countries. We possess its classical works, and those *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius, to which the opinions of antiquity have unanimously assigned the first rank. Aristotle, Galen, and

Pliny, had read, compared, and made use of the writings of their predecessors, and they give us no good reason to imagine that any great and important truth, or any useful discovery, that might excite modern curiosity, has been lost. With regard to the literature of the barbarians, it is to be presumed that the exclusive pride of Greek literature would have forbid any Ethiopian, Indian, Chaldean, or Phœnician books to enter this library. And it is doubtful whether such exclusion was any real loss to philosophy.

Without entirely siding against Gibbon on this subject, we cannot doubt but that our literary riches would have been increased were the library of the Serapeum still in existence. Whatever cause may have destroyed it, whether worms or fire, carelessness or fanaticism, certain it is that it would have offered us a complete and correct Aristotle, who might then, perhaps, be entirely intelligible; a Menander, all the lost portions of Æschylus and Euripides, the poems of Empedocles and Stesichoros, a multitude of philosophical writings by Theophrastes and

Epicurus, and a hundred others, and a quantity of historical works, which every thing leads us to believe are lost to us for ever. Surely this is sufficient to excite the regret of all friends to science or the Muses.

We admit, however, that while deploring the loss of the great library of the Serapeum, we may remain indifferent as to what Amrou burned, if indeed he burned any thing, which we are induced to believe he did not. It is sufficiently proved that in his time the collection of the Ptolemies no longer existed; but we know that, during the two or three centuries preceding the invasion of the Mussulmans, there had appeared a frightful quantity of polemical writings, the offspring of *Gnosticism*, *Arrianism*, *Monophysitism*, *Monoteletism*, &c. all of which sects infested the empire, and especially Alexandria. In all probability, the house of the patriarch and the churches were full of these writings; and, if these served to light fires to warm the baths, it must be confessed that for once, at least, they were turned to some useful account.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, AND THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA.

THERE are three sentences at the sixty-first page in the second volume of the late Sir John Malcolm's *Political History of India* so applicable to the state into which our affairs in the far East have lately run, that we cannot do better than commence our present paper by transcribing them.

"The most eminent statesmen," says that able writer, "whether they learnt their lessons in England, or gained their experience in India, have uniformly concurred in the opinion, that extension of territory was not only undesirable, but hurtful. Those to whom the local government of our Eastern empire was intrusted have had every motive to preserve peace, and to avoid war. Nevertheless, they have almost all engaged in war, and those who have avoided doing so have confessedly left it as an inheritance to their successors."

If ever there went to India a governor-general pledged, and we believe honestly determined, to govern that great portion of the British dominions on a principle of peace, Lord Ellenborough is that governor-general. He accepted office during the progress of a war at once the most unjust in its origin and the most disastrous in its results in which the English in India have yet been involved. He had the fearful overthrow of Afghanistan to redeem, and the empire to withdraw, by a process as calm and judicious as could be devised, from the false position, moral as well as political, in which his predecessor had placed it. Of course he could not possibly tell, till he should have reached the scene of his government, what measures might be necessary to the accomplishment of these ends. There are circumstances under which peace, however desirable in itself, becomes more fatal to an empire's greatness than protracted warfare; and in India, especially, peace, purchased on the part of the English by concession, could not fail of leading to the worst consequences. And Lord Ellenborough, than whom few men have devoted more time and attention to the study of Indian subjects, knew this perfectly. Wherefore, though he quitted London deeply impressed with the wisdom as well

as the necessity of undoing much which the Whigs had done, it was impossible for him to arrange any plan for the guidance of his own conduct, till he should have ascertained the exact position into which matters had fallen. All, therefore, that he could profess on this head was a very earnest desire to put an end, by every means short of national dishonour, to a war of which he avowed his disapproval both in its cause and in its execution. At the same time, let us not forget that there was mixed up with this more particular reference a great deal of uncompromising censure of the policy of war and aggression in general. "British India," so ran in substance his speech at the farewell dinner given to him by the Court of Directors, "stands in need of one thing, and no more, namely, peace. Give us that, and we shall be able to develop the whole of our resources. We want no extension of territory; no increase of glory; no opening up of communications, friendly or otherwise, with foreign powers. We have all the elements of greatness within ourselves; and if, without dishonour, we can return to a state of peace, there is no telling the extent to which we may profit by them."

The speaker of this most sensible oration, the advocate at home of the most humane policy of peace, has proved to be, at the seat of his government, by far the most warlike and restless governor-general to whom British India has been for many a year subjected. Can there be any mysterious influence which forces all men in his situation, in spite of the dictates of their better judgment, into schemes of aggrandisement? or must we accept Sir John Malcolm's statement as if it had reference not only to facts already completed, but to times and seasons still in the future? It is not so easy to answer these questions as the superficial may perhaps imagine. But of Lord Ellenborough's career we flatter ourselves that we are competent judges; and we mistake the matter much if the following sketch both of his exploits and of the motives in which

they have originated, do not prove to be a tolerably correct one.

We begin our review of late occurrences by a frank and straightforward avowal, that, in our humble opinion, Lord Ellenborough is, by the peculiar constitution of his mind, quite unfit to be intrusted with the chief management of the affairs of India. In expressing ourselves thus, we are very far, indeed, from denying to him all the credit that is due to great talent, and more than common acquaintance both with the history and the politics of British India. His talents are admitted, by all who know him, to be of a high order. He is eloquent in debate, patient in his researches, of more than an ordinary grasp of understanding, and in general marvellously self-possessed. His acquaintance with Indian subjects also—his theoretical acquaintance we, of course, mean—is probably greater than any other President of the Board of Control could boast of, the late admirable George Canning alone being excepted. But, to counterbalance all this, his temper is bad, his disposition haughty, his manner supercilious in the extreme, and his vanity and self-conceit surpassing all that one meets with in these days, even among red-tapers of the longest standing. We rather think that the difficulty of managing him in the cabinet had passed, in old times, into something like a proverb. The joke about the wild elephant between two tame ones had more in it than H.B., clever and knowing as he is, was able to detect. Indeed, we have heard it whispered, that he used to be a complete rock a-head in the steering of the good ship Tory Government; because, when they admitted him into their confidence, he was for ever harassing them by his ill-humour and vanity; when they tried to do without him, he proved too clever and too vindictive to let the slight tell only upon himself. We must confess, therefore, that when the tidings of his appointment to, perhaps, the most important office under the crown first reached us, we were exceedingly surprised at the circumstance; and that there needed all our faith in Sir Robert Peel's sagacity, as well as our confidence in the Duke, as one who was probably consulted on the arrange-

ment, to satisfy us that a judicious selection had been made; and that, somehow or another, the country would not yet find cause to object to it.

It would be unjust towards Lord Ellenborough were we to deny, that he entered upon the duties of his station at one of the most critical moments in the history of British India. Our arms had just suffered a terrible reverse. There was, if not a hostile feeling, at all events a coldness, and more, clearly discernible among all the independent princes of the Continent. The war in China still went on—successfully, we admit,—but in such a way as to hold out slender prospects of a speedy termination. Symptoms of disaffection, likewise, had shewn themselves among our Sepoys, the result of one of those measures of mistaken economy whereby the Whigs seldom fail to illustrate their temporary occupation of office. Now, it is not a light matter for a man unaccustomed to sustain the load of an undivided responsibility, to be thrown all at once into such a situation as this. For the first time in his life, Lord Ellenborough, at the age of fifty, and upwards, is thrown, as it were, absolutely upon his own resources. No doubt there is a council at Fort William to assist him,—that is, supposing him to be of a disposition that delights in asking advice. And, without insinuating ought to the disparagement of his lordship, it is just possible, that, had he condescended to ask his council's advice, he might, in matters of detail at least, have derived some advantage from it. But Lord Ellenborough is not a man to be advised. Wicked rumour asserts, what, of course, we do not credit, that, after a few days' experience, he pronounced the whole body to consist of "old women." But, however this may be, whether he so judged of the civilians or not—the lord bishop being included with his fellows—yea, and being profanely denounced as "the greatest old woman of them all,"—whatever colouring of truth there may be in this very malicious story, there seems no reason to doubt, that, from the moment of his arrival in the "city of palaces," the new governor-general resolved to have every thing his own

way; and that his first movements in regard to the army of the Indus were singularly unfortunate. Let us not be misunderstood. The collecting of an enormous force at the foot of the passes into Afghanistan, and the organisation of a large army to cover the rear of the invading columns, and to keep open their communications with the British provinces, were measures dictated by the soundest policy: indeed, we rather think that they emanated from a brain better qualified than any other in the world to deal with such matters. But here a sense of justice to all parties compels us to stop; for of the merit of all that followed, down to the removal of the gates of Somanauth, his lordship's share is slender. Our readers have probably not forgotten, that, both in parliament and elsewhere, Lord Ellenborough was accused, by the mortified enemies of the government, of having ordered a retreat of Pollock's and Nott's armies, immediately after Sir Robert Sale and his band of heroes were relieved at Jellalabad. The question on the part of the cabinet and its supporters was rather fenced with than fairly met. Nobody, as far as our memory serves, ever ventured to deny, in express terms, that an order to retreat had been issued; on the contrary, we believe that some curious stories were set about touching adjutant-generals having been too free with their pens, and quarter-master-generals and other subordinate functionaries misapprehending the nature of the directions communicated to them. But, without stopping to notice these things, we venture to give it as our own belief, that Lord Ellenborough *did* order the British troops to withdraw from Afghanistan before either the prisoners had been recovered or Cabul destroyed. If we be in error, we are, of course, open to conviction; but the impression upon our minds is, that, after General Pollock had formed his junction with Sale, he was peremptorily required to return into the British provinces at all hazards. Pollock, however, had the moral courage to refuse compliance with this very impolitic command. He stated, what was true, that to move either in advance or retreat was, with the means of transport at

his disposal, impracticable; and he took the opportunity to remonstrate strongly, and as became him, against both the impolicy and injustice of the proposed retrogression. And we all know that he prevailed. With great reluctance, Lord Ellenborough consented that the columns should move upon Cabul; and, the more to mark his distrust of the measure, he took care to describe what was in fact an advance as a retreat. Do we wonder at this? Far from it. Lord Ellenborough is a man of peace. He does not know either what soldiers can do or what they will do, if properly led on. His head was full of the details of poor Elphinstone's disasters, and he anticipated the same result to any attempt that might be made by any body else to take possession of Cabul. In fact, Afghanistan, and every thing connected with it, was a sort of nightmare to him; and therefore was he willing to trust to accident, or the influence of money, to recover from Akbar Khan the few British subjects who had survived the campaign of 1839. But Pollock and Nott knew better. They positively refused to retreat; and they so far carried their point at last, that permission was reluctantly afforded them to proceed as far as the capital. How this "movement in retreat" terminated all the world knows. The army did its duty; and not only was the pride of the Afghan chief humbled, but every captive that had fallen into his hands came back unransomed to the English camp.

We write it with reluctance, but there is a strong persuasion on our minds, that the governor-general was quite astonished at his own successes. The alarm under which he laboured ere the army began to move gave way, after its triumph, to an opposite sentiment; and, while he rejoiced in the glory which accrued from the expedition, he could not but be conscious that, in point of fact, very little of the merit of the enterprise belonged to him. Now a proud man—and a prouder man than Lord Ellenborough never lived—does not like to feel that he has been thrown into the shade by his own subordinates. A vain blockhead—such as some whom we could name—is made happy by

praise, no matter how unmerited; but Lord Ellenborough is not a vain blockhead: he is a vain man, if you will, perhaps rather a proud man; but he is no blockhead. Wherefore, having astonished the world by his proclamation to the Indian princes, and indulged his passion for display on the banks of the Indus, he began to look about for some fresh ground, on which to build a monument exclusively to himself; and he found it. We are sorry to say it, but we verily believe that the subjugation of Scinde is neither more nor less than the result of a morbid anxiety on the part of the governor-general to wipe out the remembrance of his vacillation and timidity in dealing with Akbar Khan and the Affghans. There is no knowing, to be sure, how far the military mania might have gained the mastery over him, had this, to a man of his temperament, powerful motive to action been wanting; for Lord Ellenborough, like Napoleon, seems to delight in passing armies in review; and when those whom armies are bound to obey once acquire this taste, there is an end to the chances of continued peace; that is, supposing the means of converting sham into real warfare be accessible by them. Be this, however, as it may, Lord Ellenborough no sooner found himself freed from the embarrassment of the Affghan war than he seems to have come to the determination of satisfying the world that he acted with moderation, not because the power of retaining his conquests was wanting, but because it did not fall in with the scope of his policy to extend the dominion of England beyond the Indus; wherefore all that lay within the Indus was regarded as fair game, and the results are before us.

How the quarrel with the Ameers of Scinde began, and on what plea our right of conquest over their country is founded, has never yet, according to our view of these matters, been satisfactorily explained. Something we have, indeed, heard about meditated treachery while the British armies were entangled in the Affghan passes; for letters, we believe, were intercepted and read, which shewed that the Ameers were willing to be guided by circumstances; in other words, that they entertained

no disinclination to turn against us, in the event of a reverse; and that at all events they wished well to the people with whom we were carrying on hostilities. Now, granting all this to be the fact, admitting that such letters were genuine, and that they described the real sentiments of those from whom they came, will it be said that we have here a just and proper cause of war? Is nation to rise up against nation, as often as the chiefs or leading men in one, express themselves in their correspondence with some third party disrespectfully, or even hostilely, towards the other? We should like to know how long, if this principle were rigidly acted upon, the peace of Europe could be preserved? Suppose Louis Philippe's letters to the President of the United States had been intercepted during the rebellion in Canada, or those of M. Thiers to the Russian government when our fleet, in conjunction with that of Austria, was bombarding Acre, does any one imagine that they would have been found to contain only expressions of the esteem and respect of the writers for Great Britain? And supposing, further, that Lord Palmerston, offended at the terms in which he found himself described, had given orders for laying an embargo on all French vessels in English ports, and directed Sir Robert Stopford to seek out the French squadron in the Mediterranean and destroy it. Will any body pretend to argue that the proceeding would have been justifiable, or the cause of rupture between two great nations adequate? Yet how much better was Lord Ellenborough's case?

The Ameers of Scinde we admit to be a conquering race. Their sovereignty over the country which we have just taken from them dates from about fifty years ago; that is to say, thirty-five short of our dominion over Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. Like the Rohillas whom Warren Hastings helped to expel, and for the expulsion of whom he became the object of much unmerited obloquy, they are a race of robbers, emigrants from behind the hills, and lords of the territory adjoining to the Indus, only by virtue of their personal prowess. With us, however, they have never come into

angry collision. Until of late, indeed, our intercourse with them has been very limited, seldom going beyond a diplomatic communication, which was not always satisfactory to either party; yet we have found them for the most part true to their word, and not ungrateful for such kindness as might have been bestowed upon them. Mr. Elphinstone in 1808, and Dr. Burnes, the brother of Sir Alexander Burnes, in 1828, spent each some months at their court, and both report favourably of their intelligence, as well as of the hospitality with which themselves were treated. As to their mode of governing their own subjects, we really do not see what right other people have to interfere with it. They might not make the most of their own resources. They seem to have preferred field-sports to agriculture, and wasted much of their fertile territory by converting it into preserves for wild hogs and suchlike. This was extremely unwise in them, and probably not very satisfactory to the people, the great body of whom are Hindoos, and therefore more inclined to take pleasure in the cultivation of rice than in the nurturing of wild boars. Moreover, they do not seem to have relished the idea of throwing open to us the free navigation of the Indus; that is to say, of a river which, running through the heart of their country, was as much their own as the Thames is ours. Once again, they may have judged unwisely in this matter. Commerce fertilises without devastating wherever its tide sets in; and had they only consented to make the experiment, even the Ameers of Scinde might have found it so. But their heads were full of traditions, all of which told against us; and imagining that it was our custom to send traders first into all lands, and by and by soldiers, they set themselves resolutely and doggedly against the proposed measure for free navigation. We are far from justifying a course of conduct so unwise, as well as illiberal; but seeing that the Indus was their river and not ours, and that they were likely to suffer more than we from their own obstinacy, we really cannot discover in the exercise of an undoubted right any just cause of war, or even of angry feeling.

The Ameers of Scinde are, or rather were, the descendants of four brothers, who, having driven out the king of the country, and forced him to seek shelter under Timour Shah, established there a species of aristocracy by sharing the supreme power among them. They are by lineage of the Belooches tribe; and used, while yet the kingdom of Cabul was in its strength, to pay an annual tribute to the reigning monarch. But the intestine struggles which broke the might of the Dooranee empire gave them an opportunity of asserting their independence, and they withdrew a tribute which the lord paramount was no longer able to enforce. At the same time they do not appear to have broken off their friendly relations with tribes and families whose blood was in their veins. There was commerce and friendly intercourse between Scinde and the countries of Central Asia, not unmixed, as in such a state of society it usually is, with mutual distrust; for the one party knew that the claim of the other to supremacy was only suspended for the lack of power, not of will, to re-establish it.

Such was the state of affairs, as regarded British India, Scinde, and Afghanistan, when, in an evil hour, Lord Auckland was persuaded to espouse the cause of Shoojah Dowlah, and carry him back to Cabul. He was a miserable pageant in our hands, altogether unfit for the position to which he aspired; a weak, vain, foolish lover of pomp, who, more through his inaccessibility than because of his vices, had made himself odious to the chiefs, and, of course, to the people. Like the elder branch of the Bourbons, he had neither learned nor forgotten any thing in exile, and resumed, on his return to Cabul, all that state and reserve which the heads of clans in Central Asia can no more tolerate in their sovereign than the gentlemen of our own Highland clans, when clanship was in its height, could tolerate in their chiefs. It was this unhappy propensity, not discouraged, we are afraid, by Sir Charles M'Naghten, that raised the storm against him, amid the fury of which the English arms suffered a momentary tarnish; and if the Ameers did communicate with Akbar at this time, or did express themselves not

dissatisfied with the issue, some allowance ought surely to have been made for a proceeding which, in their case, was, to say the most of it, not unnatural; but that the Ameers had ever entered into a conspiracy against us, we do not believe. They offered us a free passage through their country, as well when our troops moved forward with Shoojah Dowlah as when it became necessary to collect stores and furnish supplies to the remnant that survived a defeat. And never once, as far as has come at least to our knowledge, did they offer to the weakest convoy either wrong or insult.

The second campaign began and ended as we have already described. The Ameers certainly took no part in it; but they maintained a strict neutrality, and suffered us to purchase among their subjects, wherever we could, both corn and animals to transport it. The army returned in triumph, and Lord Ellenborough, inflamed all at once with the ambition to do great things, opened once more a treaty for the free navigation of the Indus, and carried his point. But there is a class of mind which success, instead of satisfying, appears to stimulate only to fresh enterprise. Lord Ellenborough now desired to have stations along the banks of the river for English steamers; and modestly demanded that the Ameers would permit their woods to be felled, in order that the steamers might be supplied with fuel as they needed it. Now the woods thus doomed to destruction happened to be the Ameers' preserves—their shooting-grounds, whither they were accustomed to repair to recruit their health, as they themselves expressed it, and renovate their minds after the fatigues of government. With Lord Ellenborough's personal habits we do not profess to be acquainted. He may have no taste for field-sports; and, in this case, we can understand that the obstinacy of these venatic nobles in standing out for their own covers and refusing wood to foreign steamboats would greatly annoy him. But we should really like to know whether he supposes that a similar demand, if it were made to-morrow on any of our game-preserving nobles or squires here in England, would be received in a different

spirit. However, his lordship, when he takes a crotchet into his head, is not to be diverted from it. The more the Ameers gave in, the more they were requested to yield; till at last even this concession, than which the surrender of their first-born sons would have been less grievous, was forced out of them. How far they may have flattered themselves into a belief that the execution of the treaty would never be pressed, we cannot say; but if they did, they were soon taught the difference. A British army under General Napier marched against them, defeated them in two great battles, and took possession of their capital.

Scinde is now a province of the British empire in India. That it has been honourably won as far as the troops are concerned no one can deny. They, with their gallant leader, have well sustained the honour of the British name, and glory attends them, and ought to attend them, every where. But the morality of the question is quite another matter, and even its policy may admit of a doubt. We cannot stop short at Scinde, the Punjaub is alarmed, and the frightful atrocities which have occurred there justify us in drawing towards the frontier our army of observation. But a British army of observation on the frontier of a native power, sooner or later, becomes an invading army, and so we suppose, that in course of a mail or two, we shall be informed of some great victories in that quarter. Where is all this to end? and to what will it lead? The Punjaub is a wretched country, not worth possessing. Even Scinde, though fertile where the waters of the Indus irrigate its fields, besides that its climate seems to be peculiarly unfavourable to the European constitution, will never pay the costs of its government. And as to the tribes beyond the Indus, it appears to us that if it were our policy to get entangled in all their cabals and intrigues, we could not have taken a readier method of doing so, than by pushing forward our frontiers to the river.

So much for the conquest of Scinde, and the honour and the advantages arising out of it. Now let us turn our eyes for a brief space elsewhere,

and ascertain, if we can, what it is that has gained for us the military triumphs which Generals Gough and Grey share between them.

Our readers are probably aware that the young prince who now reigns in Gwalior, with diminished resources, and, perhaps, little more than the shadow of kingly power, is the representative, though not the descendant, of that Dowlat Row Scindia who, fifty years ago, played no insignificant part on the stage of Indian politics. In the veins of this youth not a drop of the old lion's blood circulates, for he, like his immediate predecessor, is an adopted child. But this circumstance, as it affects his title to the throne in no degree, so it places him towards us in the very same situation that would have held good had he been, what he is not, the Maharaja's son or grandson. Indeed, Lord Ellenborough has taken care to satisfy the world of this fact. For it is on the strength of a treaty entered into with Scindia, and, as his lordship says, violated by the reigning prince, or his minister, that the late march upon Gwalior was undertaken, and that we have shed blood, our own and that of the Mahrattas, with great profusion, though, as it seems to us, without any object to be gained that was worth the sacrifice. In order that our readers may be able to judge how far his lordship reasons correctly, we must, with a rapid hand, sketch for them an outline of the past history of our relations with this branch of the Mahratta family.

Lord Ellenborough asserts that the English are bound by treaty to furnish to the Rajah of Gwalior a corps of troops for his defence, and that he is forced by the same treaty to maintain them. His lordship moreover alleges that there has existed for some time a conspiracy in Gwalior against the reigning sovereign, and in hostility to the English. At the head of this conspiracy was the minister, whom the prince either could not or would not remove; and, through the management of this unfriendly person, the Rajah has been prevented from availing himself of the subsidiary corps which the governor-general offered, and, indeed, pressed upon his acceptance. The minister, and, till of late, the prince,

have distinctly denied that there is any treaty in existence which saddles their country with the cost of a British brigade, or authorises such brigade to take up its quarters among them. And it was in consequence of their adherence to this opinion, that his lordship became confirmed in his suspicions of bad faith, and rendered it expedient to adopt the steps which led to the battles of Maharajpore and Punniar.

The connexion between British India and the Mahratta chiefs became, for the first time, intimate when the strength of the former power was directed against Hyder Ali. It was renewed in 1800, when the son of Hyder had become an object of jealousy to us; and, as far as the Peshwa, or ostensible head of the Mahratta confederation, was concerned, it was renewed in perfect sincerity. But the two great chiefs, Holkar and Scindia, both regarded us with jealousy; and the latter, whose influence at the court of the Peshwa was very great, seemed more disposed to take part with Tippoo than against him. It were tedious to describe in how many different ways this jealous feeling displayed itself. But its effects were seriously to embarrass the plans which Lord Wellesley had arranged, and to excite much uneasiness in a quarter whence no feeling of the sort ought to have emanated.

The province of Poonah, where the Peshwa held his court, had been the theatre of many wars; and, in 1800, though Scindia occupied it with a large army, was overrun by swarms of disbanded soldiers, who lived by marauding. It is not quite clear that of these marauders Scindia was not, in some sort, the protector; but, be this as it may, the presence of Scindia operated but little to the benefit of the Peshwa, who complained to Lord Wellesley, and was heard attentively. One concession, however, Lord Wellesley made it a point of requiring as the price of his protection, and that of the English government, namely, that the Peshwa would dismiss the French officers by whom his troops were disciplined, and who had for some years been in his service. And Lord Wellesley only confirmed the claims which he had already established to the character of

a far-sighted and able statesman, when, in spite of the peace of Amiens, he adhered to this requisition; and, at length, though with some difficulty, carried his point. But this arrangement, however satisfactory it might be to others, gave great offence to Scindia. He withdrew his troops from Poonah in 1802, and left the Peshwa to shift for himself as he best could.

With the rupture that occurred between Scindia and Holkar, and the defeat of the former, though supported by the Peshwa, we have no further concern, than as the circumstance led to the advance of the Duke of Wellington's army upon Poonah. It was much needed there, for the Peshwa lay open, not only to attacks from without, but to seditious movements among his own people. Nevertheless, it gave great offence to the whole Mahratta nation. Holkar, who was advancing towards the capital, retreated, but it was only to compose his differences with Scindia, and to take counsel with that prince, as well as with the Rajah of Berar, how they might most effectually put a stop to the growing influence of the English. The results were that first Mahratta war which gave occasion to the great victories of Delhi, Laswarre, Assye, and Arghaum, and led to the reduction of the strongholds of Ally-Ghur, Agra, Gwalior, Ahmednuggar, with many more, which it is not worth while to particularise. Then was Scindia completely at our mercy. A fine corps of 40,000 men, which he had raised at great expense, and given over to the command of French officers, was dismissed. He yielded up all his rights over every inch of territory, except some small provinces and villages that were hereditary in his family; and consented to accept the aid of six battalions of Sepoys, should his exigencies require him at any time to apply for them. But it is worthy of remark that he peremptorily declined to sanction the entrance of a single English soldier within his country. He consented that the six battalions should occupy quarters as near to his frontiers as the English government chose, and that they should be supported out of the revenues of the provinces which he had surrendered. But he would not consent to accept

them as guards over his own person, nor admit them into one of his villages, nor take them directly into his pay. This treaty was ratified on the 30th of December, 1803; and if there be any ground at all for Lord Ellenborough's recent interference in the affairs of Gwalior, and his talk about a subsidiary alliance, it is in this treaty that we must look for it.

So far from consenting to keep an English force about him, or giving authority to the English to march such force upon his capital at their pleasure, Scindia appears to us to have guarded with particular care, even in the treaty of 1803, against all such interference on our parts. But is the treaty of 1803 still in existence? Has it not rather been superseded by other treaties, in neither of which, for there are two of them, can a word be found which will justify Lord Ellenborough in the tone which he has assumed? There can be no doubt of the fact. The treaty of 1803 is as much a dead letter at this moment, as if it had never been drawn up or signed at all; and in the treaties which have come in the room of it, no mention whatever is made of subsidiary alliances in one shape or another. Let us explain ourselves.

Lord Wellesley, as all the world knows, after having saved India by his vigour, returned to reap the reward which his eminent services had earned, but which, to say the truth, was but sparingly dispensed. His successor was Lord Cornwallis, an excellent man and an able, but never possessed, even in his best days, of sufficient grasp of mind to take in Lord Wellesley's views, and now enfeebled by old age and infirmities, under which he soon sank. Lord Cornwallis adopted the persuasion that his predecessor had been too severe upon Scindia; and, in the face of a strong protest from Lord Lake, he proceeded to undo, in part, the work which had been done. He directed that Gwalior, Gohud, and a variety of provinces besides, should be restored to the Maha Rajah; and though he did not live to see his will in this respect executed, Sir George Barlow, on whom the government devolved, carried it out to the letter. A new treaty was, in consequence, drawn up, signed, sealed, and ratified,

which contained some wise, and many foolish provisions, but which took no notice whatever of the keeping up of a subsidiary force, either within or without the border line of the Maha Rajah's dominions.

The results of this treaty were not different from what Lord Lake had foretold. Scindia became once more the head of a formidable confederation of Mahratta chiefs, and almost undisguisedly the protector of Pindarees. The latter, a race of mere freebooters, made up of men of all creeds and nations, whom the want of other employment, and the breaking up of the native principalities, had driven to plunder, owed little real allegiance to him, or to any body else. They had their dwelling-places among the fastnesses of Guzerat, Malwa, the northern Konkan, Koossegul, and Durwar; whence, as the crops became ripe, and the seasons favoured them, they sallied forth upon the open country, sweeping, like a cloud of locusts, over field and village, and leaving traces of their course every where in the bodies of slaughtered people, and the blackened ruins of the houses which they had burned. It was, of course, impossible for them to exercise their frightful calling unless they found somewhere patrons to protect them, and in the persons of the Mahratta chiefs they naturally looked for them. These levied from the freebooters a sort of tithe upon their plunder. They exacted from them, besides, a pledge that their own provinces should sustain no hurt, and gave, in return, free passage through their territories, as well as shelter to individuals, whenever they were hard pressed. Hence, without the appearance of hostility, Scindia became once more a thorn in the side of the English, whom he cordially hated, both on account of past matters, and because his prophetic mind looked forward to the time when they would set him and his sovereignty altogether aside.

Under the government of Lord Minto our relations with Scindia suffered no ostensible change. His lordship, though driven in the end to draw the sword, laboured long to establish what is called at home "a balance of power in India,"—a form of speech which is not always in-

telligible when used in reference to European states, but which, when applied to other nations of the earth, has no meaning at all. His armaments, however, brought him not, in any instance, into collision with Scindia. That able chief, without ceasing to harbour the Pindarees, contrived to keep himself so completely out of sight, that a governor-general, anxious not to increase the number of his enemies, paid no particular regard to him. Moreover, his lordship's attention was much engrossed by matters which seemed to be of far greater importance. It was then that an invasion of India from France was either seriously meditated or pretended. Lord Minto, to provide against this, opened a communication with Cabul, sent an embassy to Persia, overawed Runjeet Singh, who was aiming at sovereign power over the Seikhs, and began to prepare for that struggle with the Ghoorkas, which it was reserved for his successor to carry through. But with Scindia, as we have just stated, he entered into no fresh negotiations; so that the treaty, as it had been completed by Sir George Barlow, on the basis of Lord Cornwallis's arrangements, still remained in force.

Time passed, and in 1814, the Marquess of Hastings being at the head of the supreme government, the war with Nepaul began. It proved, at the first, a more serious contest than any in which our Sepoys had as yet been engaged, and more than once we suffered a reverse. This was quite enough to raise the hopes of the many native princes who exercised, in those days, sovereign power over portions of what now constitutes the great English empire. Among others Scindia began to arm, and, on the pretext of our having done him wrong, by dealing with one of his tributaries, the Vizier Mahomed, Nabob of Bhopaul, as if he were an independent prince, he put on an attitude of something like defiance. Now there was no truth in this complaint. The Nabob of Bhopaul had never been tributary to Scindia. Like other petty princes, unable to protect themselves, he had consented to pay to that chief a yearly stipend, as the price of his country's exemption from the periodical visits of the Pindarees: but

he was not, in any sense of the word, a tributary, and this the English government knew. But there was no time to argue the point, for Runjeet Singh was again moving towards the Sutledge, and was understood to be in secret communication, not only with Scindia, but with the Peshwa, and many other chiefs besides.

General Ochterlonie's marked successes in Nepal put a stop to this confederacy. The hopes of the chiefs died out, and their armies, being disbanded, betook themselves to the forests, where they swelled the number of the Pindarees to an almost incredible amount. It was to no purpose that Lord Hastings protested against the system of connivance to which the Mahratta chiefs lent themselves. He was driven, at last, to put forth the strength of the British empire, and the Mahratta, or Pindaric war, of 1816, 17, 18, 19, was the consequence.

It would carry us far beyond the limits which are necessary to a paper like this, were we to enter at all into the details of those military operations which put down, at least for a season, the predatory hordes by which Central India had so long been scourged. Enough is done when we state that Scindia was never able to take the field,—that, after increasing his army to a large amount, and preparing to move upon the Sutledge, he found himself, through the skilful dispositions of Lord Hastings and Sir Rufin Donkin's corps, completely checkmated. In fact, there seemed for him no alternative between total destruction and unconditional submission, and, like a prudent man as he was, he chose the latter. Once more, therefore, a specific treaty was entered into with him; of which the tone and tendency cannot be better described than in the following extract from Sir John Malcolm's instructions to officers acting under his orders in Central India in 1821:—

“With the government of Dowlat Row Scindia,” says this document, “(a great part of whose possessions are intermixed with those of our dependent allies in this quarter), we have only general relations of amity; and, however virtually dependent events may have rendered that prince, we can (except by insisting upon the exact performance of

ated between him, or his delegated officers, and some of his tributaries) claim no right of interference in any part of his internal administration; nor should there, unless in cases of unexpected emergency, which threatened the general peace of the country, be any disposition shewn to interference, except on specific requisition from the resident at Gwalior.”

The truth is, that the new treaty into which Lord Hastings entered with this chief bound him only to withdraw all protection from robbers and plunderers, set limits to the number of troops which he should retain in his pay, and made him otherwise sensible both of our power and our clemency. But of subsidiary corps not a word was spoken. There was no agreement for their maintenance either at Gwalior or elsewhere.

From that time Scindia ceased to harbour any serious thought hostile to the English. He was convinced at last that our expulsion from India was visionary, and came to the wise conclusion that it would be better to make friends than enemies of his powerful neighbours. He accordingly lived with the English minister on terms of the most intimate footing, inasmuch that he constituted Mr. Stuart, our resident at Gwalior, his sole executor on his death-bed. The truth is that Scindia had latterly become a mild, domestic, and most unambitious man. He had no children by either of his wives, for he had two, but to the younger, whom he married late in life, he was greatly attached, he committed her with almost his last breath to the care of the English resident. “I have no apprehension as to the stability of my house,” said he to Mr. Stuart when he was dying. “You will take care of it; and remember that I leave all my treasures, my jewels, and the conduct of my government, to my widow.”

“Which widow?” was the natural reply.

“Oh!” answered the dying chief, with a wave of his hand, “you know which. There is but one who merits this from me.”

It is curious enough that beyond this the Maha Rajah could never be persuaded to go. And hence it came about that when the young widow was advanced to the power

and honour which Mr. Stuart secured for her, she owed her elevation rather to the sense in which he took up her deceased husband's declarations, than to any positive will, spoken or written, by that chief ere he died.

The grief of the young widow was at first intense. She professed, indeed, her determination to become a suttee, but from this project Mr. Stuart dissuaded her, and at the end of four-and-twenty hours she became calm. She ascended the throne, and for many years conducted the affairs of government with equal prudence and vigour. But a Hindoo woman, if she have no son, must needs adopt one, and the widow of Scindia took to her bosom the child of an utter stranger. The youth grew and thrived, and throughout the whole of his pupillage proved to be a very dutiful child to his adopting mother; but no sooner did he come of age than the lust of dominion got the better of him, and a fierce contest for power arose between him and the widow. In this the young man prevailed, and rightly too, for the Hindoo law, while it sanctions adoption, places the adopted son in every respect where the true son would have been, had such been born to the party adopting. And, therefore, this lad, when he attained to the years of discretion had right (we say nothing of generosity) on his side when he claimed the throne. But the woman who had so long and so ably filled it was not at first willing to make way for him, and she yielded at last only on the recommendation of the British resident. An asylum was subsequently afforded her within the British territories, where, on a pension of 40,000*l.* a-year, she spent the residue of her days in peace.

The youth, thus brought in, married; but he, like Scindia, died childless, and he also bequeathed the government to his widow, thus opening the door to a fresh adoption. It took place accordingly, and now the throne is nominally filled by a boy, who, without being able to claim the smallest relationship to Scindia has become the heir of his state and of his rights. What are these rights? As far as we can make out, they imply the privilege of self-government for his principality in the fullest sense of that term. He is not more

pledged than either of his predecessors to admit an English garrison into his capital, nor yet to consult the English government as to the best method of administering law and justice to his subjects. And, unless it shall appear that he has been plotting against us in some way or another; unless, which is extremely improbable, the charge can be brought home to him of contracting alliances for the avowed purpose of expelling us from India, we are bound to declare that, in our humble opinion, he has been treated with extreme injustice.

The new treaty which Lord Ellenborough has forced upon this province is now before the public, and we must say that a more bare-faced outrage upon common sense as well as common equity never took its place among the state papers of any nation. Besides that it proceeds throughout upon wrong principles, the object avowedly secured by it is so worthless that we are surprised how any man in Lord Ellenborough's situation could put his hand to the document. Had he insisted, on the surrender of Gwalior and the provinces adjacent—or, better still, had he set aside the Rajah altogether and annexed the whole of his dominions to those of the British empire in the East, we could have understood him. The arrangement would have been most unjust certainly; but there would have been the show of policy in it. We should have gained in extent of territory, probably in revenue—certainly in a very equivocal sort of renown. But now all that is accomplished, all that has been purchased by an expensive armament and two hard-fought battles, is that the poor Rajah is constrained to regulate his future dealings towards us in the spirit of the treaty of 1803, which was very much modified by the treaty of 1805, and ultimately set aside by that of 1817. Indeed, we are not sure but that, in speaking of the treaty of 1803, as we have hitherto done, much more has been conceded in Lord Ellenborough's favour than was fitting. The treaty in question makes no provision for the maintenance by the Maha Rajah of a permanent subsidiary force. All that is stipulated for is this, that *in case Scindia shall hereafter enter into a*

defensive treaty with the British government, the pay of any English corps attached to his service shall be defrayed from the revenues of the territories ceded in the treaty of peace. And, indeed, we do not understand wherein the ground of Lord Ellenborough's present quarrel lies, if it be not in the refusal of the Rajah and his minister to receive into Gwalior a corps of the British army, and to maintain it there at the expense of the state.

With respect, again, to the military movements, which, whether justly or unjustly, have placed Gwalior at our feet, the less that is said about them the better. Sir Hugh Gough has won two battles. Good. And Lord Ellenborough, with the ladies of Sir Hugh's family, were at hand to see one of these battles begin. There is not much to object to in this, neither, unless indeed it be that the governor-general, having brought himself rashly under fire, was, perhaps, too complaisant in attending to the suggestions of those who entreated him to withdraw from it. We remember that when General Ross's army marched upon Washington, the president of the United States, Mr. Madison, became the subject of a good deal of jeering because, being on the field of Bladensburg, he stood there only till the British troops came in sight, and then, after exhorting the Americans to do their duty, rode away. Now Lord Ellenborough seems to us to have placed himself in a position not much more dignified. He, accompanying Sir Hugh Gough on his advance, and chatting, we have no doubt, most pleasantly from his elephant all the while, is astonished all at once by finding cannon-balls splashing round him, and then, with the ladies in his train, bids the troops God speed, and hobbles off. Probably he had no business where he was at all. Unquestionably he would have been perfectly useless in the fight, either to counsel or to lead; but, somehow or another, the world is apt to fancy that kings, and governors, and presidents, if they do happen to find themselves with their armies before the enemy, ought, for the sake of example, to keep beside them till their enemies are broken. However his lordship's share in the concern was a very trifling one. But

what are we to think of the general and his staff? Why, that they were completely foiled in all their arrangements; that they were attacked upon their march when they least expected it; that they were forced to fight, and did fight, before any rational combinations could be made; and that the bull-dog courage of the troops was all that saved them. We scarcely remember in military history a more scrambling or unscientific affair than the fight of Maharajpore. There were guns enough, and cavalry enough, with the army to effect any thing, and had the provoking Mahrattas sat still where Sir Hugh Gough expected to find them, guns and cavalry would, without doubt, have been brought into play. But the Mahrattas, having moved, having taken up a strong position just upon the English line of march, having been permitted to do so, likewise, without a hint of the arrangement being conveyed to the English head-quarters, it was they, not we, who began the battle, and we had no alternative but to fight it out. Hence infantry were sent across an open plain to storm batteries of cannon before their fire had been answered or the troops which supported them shaken by a single round from the English artillery. Hence infantry were left to do with the bayonet what the cavalry, had it been brought up, would have accomplished without loss, by turning the flanks of the Mahratta lines, and falling upon the rear of the battalions. Let any military man, just for curiosity's sake, compare General Napier's arrangements for his combats in Scinde with those of Sir Hugh Gough in Gwalior. The former wielded all his weapons like one who is master of them. His guns made way for his infantry, his infantry were aided by the flank movement of his horse, and three thousand men thus contrived, at a comparatively small sacrifice, to overthrow and put to the rout twenty thousand. Whereas the latter, hurrying his battalions helter-skelter into fire, barely managed, with nine or ten thousand good troops, to defeat fourteen thousand. So much for both policy and war in India conducted under the immediate auspices of the new governor-general.

Are we, then, among the number

of those who would vote for the restoration of the Ameers of Scinde? or would we advise an abandonment of the treaty into which the Indian government has just entered with Gwalior? By no means. It is the peculiar curse of such a dominion as that which we have established in the East, that, be the causes of a movement in advance what they may, we dare not withdraw from it. You may stand still, though even that we admit to be difficult; but you cannot fall back,—no, not even from a province so unjustly occupied as Scinde, nor from an engagement so worthless in itself, and so uncandidly pressed on as that into which we have entered with the Maha Rajah. Moreover, there is this ground of consolation left, even to such as see the iniquity of every proceeding of the sort, that the great body of the inhabitants of the districts brought under our rule, will be gainers by it. We bring with us wherever we come as conquerors, just laws, the seeds of higher civilisation, protection for life and property to the great body of the people. Princes and nobles disappear before us, and the consequence is, that to what may be called the aristocracy of India we are objects of universal abhorrence. But

the poor ryot, the cultivator of the soil and the fabricator of such stuffs as the manufacturers of Glasgow or Manchester will permit to be woven in India, look upon us as their best friends, and having no feeling of patriotism about them, readily accommodate themselves to our rule. That the same results will follow in Gwalior and in the Punjaub also, as soon as the pugnacious representative of England's majesty shall have annexed both to England's empire, we verily believe. But can we justify the means that are adopted towards the attainment of this end? Have we any moral right to set aside princes who never wronged us in order that we may force our stronger and better government on their subjects?

And now we must have done. We end, too, as we began by professing our unqualified belief that Lord Ellenborough is as little fitted to fill the office which he now holds as any man in the queen's dominions. He has talent enough for most things, plenty of information, and no lack of self-confidence; but he is crotchety and vain, and his crotchet being for the present in favour of military glory, we can see no end to our Indian wars short of universal dominion.

A DANISH LEGEND.

THERE is a tale of sorrow,
 Of wonder, and of wrong,
 By northern minstrels chanted
 In a sad and ancient song ;
 Yet, like a thread of silver
 Through a mournful web inwrought,
 With its sadness interwoven
 Is a sweet, consoling thought.
 Through shadows dull and gloomy
 Of grief and broken faith,
 Shines out the thought of comfort,
 That love may conquer death !

There dwelt a lovely lady
 Beside the Northern Sea,
 Of stately form and feature,
 And born of high degree.
 Among the host of lovers
 That were ever in her train,
 Was one whose heart grew bitter
 Because he wooed in vain ;
 And though her voice was gentle,
 And her words were kind and gay,
 Yet he vowed a cruel vengeance
 From the hour she said him nay.

He muttered spells of darkness,
 He called the pow'rs of ill ;
 In secret and in silence
 They wrought his wicked will.
 Her pure young heart soon yielded
 To the might of magic spell,
 And he mocked her in his triumph
 When he saw she loved him well.
 " Proud heart," he said, " that scorn'd me,
 Thy love is nought to me,
 The heartless scorn thou gavest
 I give again to thee !"

He left her in her anguish—
 He left his native land,
 And she watch'd the parting vessel
 As she paced the lonely strand ;
 It sped across the waters
 Like a sea-bird free and light,
 Its snowy wings grew fainter,
 Then faded from her sight.
 They sought that high-born lady
 At eve along the shore,
 Her lips were wan and silent,
 Her dreary life was o'er !

They laid her by the waters,
 In a fair and costly tomb,
 While the cruel one passed onward
 All heedless of her doom.
 " Her heart may break !" he muttered ;
 " She shall rue her early pride ;
 In the merry world there beateth
 Full many a heart beside :

In the merry world there shineth
Full many a face as fair :
Farewell, once scornful lady,
I leave thee to despair !”

They laid her by the waters,
But her spirit could not rest ;
And she tracked her faithless lover
Across the sea’s dark breast.
To him, where’er he wandered,
Invisibly she clung,
And spells of hidden power
About his steps she flung.
From land to land she led him,
Where gold and beauty shone,
But his soul was dark within him,
And the charm of life was gone.

From land to land she led him,
Till he saw how poor and vain
To one with sin o’erladen
Were pride, and mirth, and gain.
From land to land she led him,
Till his heart grew weak and mild ;
And his haughty soul was humbled
To the meekness of a child,—
Till tears of shame and sorrow
He wept by night and day ;
Then homeward o’er the waters
Once more he bent his way.

He neared the land, beholding
The costly tomb that bore
The corpse of her whose spirit
Had led him to the shore.
“ *The tomb of the Forsaken !*”
He knew it must be hers,—
Her love, her faith, her sorrow,
He owned them conquerors.
“ Oh ! that thy soul might bless me —”
He murmur’d, kneeling there,
“ Might see my deep repentance,
And hear my hopeless prayer !”

For one brief moment round him
A radiant light was shed,
And beside him, in her beauty,
Stood the shadow of the dead !
It passed,—he bow’d in silence,
For he knew the blessed sign
Was a promise of forgiveness
Revealed by love divine :
He bow’d him down in silence,
For he knew his hour was nigh,
And ere the daylight faded
He breathed his last calm sigh !

MILITARY TABLEAUX; OR, SCENES FROM THE WARS OF NAPOLEON,
SKETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABBETASH.

No. IV.

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.

It is the year 1809, a year that rose with the most brilliant hopes, to set, like so many of its predecessors, in sadness and sorrow. The sudden rising in Spain had cast a ray of vivid light over Europe; the spell of French invincibility had been broken at Bayleu and Vimeira; oppressed nations began to cherish almost forgotten hopes; the spirit of Germany awoke from the stunning efforts of adversity, and Austria, taking the lead in the patriot cause, marshalled all the remaining resources of her gallant people to strike one more blow for her own and the world's freedom.

The most numerous and best-equipped German army which had ever taken the field, was assembled, and placed under the orders of the Archduke Charles, a prince distinguished by his early victories, and possessing, in the highest degree, the love and confidence of the troops. Like Wallenstein, the saviour of the Austrian monarchy in the seventeenth century, the new generalissimo was intrusted with absolute power, and relieved from the baneful control of the Aulic council. And, if talents and heroism deserved to be intrusted with such absolute authority, it could not have been more worthily bestowed than on his imperial highness; for none doubted his abilities, and his personal heroism was conspicuously displayed in every action in which he commanded. But there were drawbacks to such high qualities, and they were, unfortunately, of a nature to render them totally unavailing. Personally the bravest of the brave, his imperial highness was altogether destitute of that mental courage which can alone give effect to the genius of a commander and to the bravery of the troops. This was known before the breaking out of the war, for men of observation had perceived it, even in the prince's early campaigns; but the love entertained for him by the

soldiers, his high station, and the hopes that the enthusiasm of the army and the nation would extend even to its chief, and give him that confidence in himself and his followers, so essential to victory, placed him in a situation which, as the wise foretold, and the result proved, he was unable to fill.

But no doubts checked the ardour of the Austrian troops, and, in April 1809, more than 150,000 men crossed the frontier in the full hope of victory and conquest.

But Austria, weakened by so many previous disasters, had required more time to perfect her military arrangements than was at first anticipated; and the French were already in posture to meet the onset before a single blow could be dealt. Napoleon received the news that Austria was arming at the very time when he was engaged in pursuing Sir John Moore's army towards Corunna, and seems to have made the information an excuse for avoiding a personal contest with the British; for he had hardly come up with their rear-guard, and witnessed the defeat of the chasseurs of his guard, overthrown, near Benevento, by Lord Paget, now Marquess of Anglesea, at the head of the 10th Hussars, than he resigned the command of the army to Marshal Soult, and retired to Valladolid, whence, after some stay, he returned to Paris. Here preparations were rapidly made for assembling the forces of his vast empire; from all parts of France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, troops were hurried towards the theatre of war. When all was ready, the emperor himself insulted the Austrian ambassador at a public levee, even as he had before insulted Lord Wiltshire, ordered him to be conducted by *gens d'armes*, as a common prisoner, beyond the frontier, and then set out for Germany to assume the command of the mighty army already assembled on the Danube.

He arrived at an important moment. The Austrians, after much delay, were already in the field, and advancing with five corps on the south, and two on the north, of the river; they were in great force, but were still, contrary to the assertions of Scott, and Alison, and others, who have followed only Pelet and French authorities, outnumbered at the very outset of the campaign. Davoust, stationed with a single corps at Ratisbon, was in danger of being overwhelmed, when the rapid advance of the whole French army, and the tardy movements of the Archduke, extricated him from his perilous situation. Fighting fiercely, displaying great skill and gallantry, he fell back to form the left wing of the grand army, while its right wing and centre were advancing with the confidence and rapidity of troops long accustomed to victory. The Austrians paused and hesitated, and while their right was still pressing Davoust's corps, Napoleon broke through their centre, and separated the main body from the left wing. The victor having pursued the defeated troops across the Inn, counter-marched, and turned against the Archduke Charles, who had profited little by the absence of his formidable adversary. An action took place near Eckmühl, and another in front of Ratisbon, which the Austrians had taken; but as they were only fought to cover the retreat of the Austrian army, which was duly effected, they led to no very decisive results. But though the combats had not been very sanguinary, the consequences were extremely unfavourable to the vanquished. The confidence and enthusiasm with which they had taken the field were greatly depressed; and numbers of men, dispersed during the actions, fought mostly in woods and forests, and who would, in ordinary cases, have regained their regiments, were cut off and made prisoners, being unable to follow their comrades across the Danube, Ratisbon having again fallen into the hands of the French.

The Archduke was no sooner across the river, than he already made proposals of peace to Napoleon, who did not deign to answer his letter, but pushed on towards Vienna by the south bank of the river, the

Austrian army marching on the same point by the north bank. The French, though they had stubborn actions to fight, especially at Ebersberg, gained the lead on their adversaries, and entered the old and time-honoured imperial capital, before it could be relieved by the archduke's army. This second disaster augmented the gloom occasioned by the first operation of the campaign, and tended greatly to depress the patriotic spirit that was rapidly rising in Germany.

But, for a moment, Fortune seemed here disposed to forsake her spoil and favoured child. The Austrians had destroyed the bridge of Vienna, and the French, having effected the passage of the Danube at Aspern, were attacked by the Archduke on the 20th of May, before their whole army had crossed the river. The battle that followed was sanguinary in the extreme,—was the most obstinately contested, indeed, of any that had been fought during the great Revolution war. Darkness, on the first day, terminated the carnage, without giving victory to either party; but, on the second, the French were forced to leave the field, and retire into the isle of Lobau, the rising of the Danube having carried away the principal bridge which joined that island to the right branch of the stream, and thus prevented the advance of their reserves and reinforcements. On both sides the loss was enormous; the Austrians having lost 17,000, the French nearly 30,000 men.

This brave deed of arms again awakened the hopes which the first disasters of the campaign had clouded. Schill and Dornburg rose in the north of Germany, the Tyrolese carried on a successful war against the French; and from all parts of the Austrian monarchy, recruits were hastening forward to join the victorious army on the Danube. An English expedition was hourly expected to arrive in the north of Germany; and had such a force appeared, it is certain that the whole country would have risen against the oppressors. But during the greatest part of this long and sanguinary war, Britain might, in truth, have been termed the *unready*; for military science and the real nature of mil-

any operations were so little understood, no blow capable of producing great results was ever aimed at the enemy till the last years of the contest, and when the cause of European independence seemed almost hopeless, if not lost; as it probably would have been had not the arrogant oppressor of nations been blinded by success and by a vain belief in the infallibility of his power and genius.

For a time all was still by the dark-rolling Danube." Weakened by the losses sustained in the battles of Aspern, both parties rested to gather strength for renewed efforts. The Austrians embodied Landwehr, and called in their reserves; but the power of a single state, so much reduced by former contests, was unable to make head against the forces of France, Italy, Holland, and the Confederation of the Rhine, which now obeyed the sceptre of Napoleon. From all quarters of his extensive dominions troops were now marching to his aid; and 150,000 men having been assembled by the 1st of July, preparations were made to hurl them against the Austrians, who, to the number of about 100,000 men, stood ready waiting the onset.

As we followed a Prussian Hussar to Moscow, we shall here follow a Saxon cavalry officer to the field of Wagram, adding to his account occasional extracts from other authentic documents now before us.

"After a long march we passed through Kaiser Ebersdorf on the 1st of July in order to cross over into the isle of Lobau, but halted and dismounted before we reached the principal bridge. In the village lay Portuguese and Neufchatel troops, the former dressed in brown, the latter in yellow or sulphur-coloured uniforms, both assuredly more singular than martial.

"In company with a French officer obtained permission to ride over to the island and had thus an opportunity of carefully examining the principal bridge, which was built on piles and constructed with great solidity; and being painted and provided with lamps, might, in reality, be termed elegant. Though it was against orders to pass over to the left bank of the river, where General Becker was stationed on advanced post with his division, my companion

contrived to overcome the difficulty, so that we reached the very videttes and had an opportunity of casting a glance at the fields which had only a few weeks before been dewed with blood, and were now about to be drenched with it. Close as the hostile parties were to each other, not a single shot was fired during the hour we were on the line; but piquets and supports were all,—the cavalry mounted, the infantry under arms.

"When I rejoined the brigade, I found them preparing to take up cantonments at Laxenburg, an arrangement that was especially agreeable to all of us; for, since the 16th of May, we had hardly been under roof.

"During the 2d and 3d we remained in these good cantonments, which we found doubly agreeable after having been so long accustomed to bivouacks, exposed alternately to drenching rains or to the burning rays of the sun.

"Early on the morning of the 4th we were suddenly ordered to the isle of Lobau, and having crossed the bridge about noon, advanced to the small arm of the Danube which still separates the island from the Marchfeld. Our whole corps, as well as many others, was assembled here, and before night we had at least 80,000 men pressed together on this narrow spot. We had hardly taken possession of our narrow bivouack before Napoleon appeared among us; he was perfectly unattended, and having ordered the troops to assemble round him, exactly as they were and without any preparation, and desired the general to act as interpreter, addressed them in the following words, 'To-morrow there will be a battle! I depend upon you, and in four weeks I will lead you back to your own country.' This short harangue, delivered while the emperor was holding the reins with his right hand and waving his left, was received and followed with the usual cheers of the troops.

"The general, his aides-de-camp, and myself, had appropriated to ourselves a miserable hut that was dug half into the ground, which proved essentially valuable; for towards night the sky became overcast, heavy thunder-clouds gathered immediately above us, announcing a storm that

soon broke out with tremendous violence. Peals of thunder joined the roar of artillery which now commenced; for our batteries had opened, and were vigorously replied to by those of the enemy. Thousands of shot striking within the narrow circumference of the island, ploughed the ground and killed and wounded a number of men and horses. Shells and grenades, filling the air with their fiery traces, formed a flaming vault above us as they took their lofty flight through the darkness of night: it was a scene of fearful grandeur and beauty. Our bivouack happened to be so near the bank of the river, that most of the shot passed harmlessly over our heads; nor did the roar of artillery and of the elements long deprive us of our repose, for we soon fell asleep, and only awakened by the full light of day.

"The 5th July saw the whole army across the last arm of the Danube, and drawn up in three lines on the wide and open plain of the Marchfeld, the scene of so many sanguinary battles. Napoleon, as he galloped along the front was saluted by loud cheers of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' uttered in as many strange tongues as dialects. In his suite rode an old peasant without hat or coat, whose long grey hair streamed wildly round his aged and time-worn face, and whose appearance presented a singular contrast to the brilliant staff by which the emperor was surrounded. The old man had probably been seized upon to act as guide, or give information regarding the country, for he was attended by a *gendarme*, who led the reins of his horse."

The invaders moved slowly into the plain. For reasons which he explains in his letter to the Archduke John, but which this is not the place to examine, the Archduke Charles had determined not to advance to the banks of the river and oppose the passage of the French. Parties of light troops only, supported by horse artillery, impeded their progress; but the shot plunging into the midst of the crowded columns, occasioned, as the Saxon officer allows, a heavy loss of men and horses.

The Austrian army was drawn up on gently rising ground, in a line extending from Neusiedel to beyond Aderklaa. A small rivulet called

the Rusbach, passable at every point, covered their front; but lent no strength to the position, which was perfectly open to attack, giving the defenders no advantage over the assailants, beyond what they derived from the village of Wagram and two small hamlets which lay in their front line. It was a fair, open, almost level battle-field, on which all the arms of both parties could act with nearly equal advantage.

As soon as it had become evident that the French were resolved to force the passage of the Danube, orders were sent to the Archduke John, who commanded an army at Presburg, to assemble his troops and advance with all speed to the Marchfeld and take the right wing of the French in reverse while engaged in front by the main Austrian army. These orders were received, and though they came in sufficient time, delays, which have never been explained in a satisfactory manner, retarded the march of the prince, who only arrived on the field after the fate of the battle had turned against his brother and his countrymen. With this explanation we turn to our Saxon guide.

"Advancing slowly under this cannonade, we passed Rashdorf, and moved in the direction of Aderklaa, near which the cavalry of our corps halted at the distance of 400 yards from a line of Austrian cuirassiers. Partial actions immediately took place, commanding officers leading their regiments out to engage those of the enemy that advanced against them. Major Lenb, who commanded our regiment, declined to join in these actions, and only advanced to take up the troops that retired. An order was soon, indeed, received to put an end to such useless proceedings and to send out the skirmishers of the whole line. My squadron gave the officer for our regiment, and Lieutenant Wagner volunteered his services to command them. We were so near to our adversaries that it was easy for us to perceive the excellent condition of their horses, while ours were reduced by hardships, bivouacking, and want of forage, to absolute skeletons, a circumstance not calculated to make us anticipate any brilliant result from a close encounter with them.

"But fortune was to be tried, nevertheless, for Colonel Gerard, first aide-de-camp to the Prince of Ponte Corvo, brought us the order to attack; the charge sounded, and we rode forward. About half-way to the enemy, who awaited the onset, we received the fire of a battalion of infantry, posted in a hollow, and which we had not observed. It did not arrest our progress. Captain Linden, who commanded the right squadron, wheeled to the right, attacked and broke the infantry, and took, not only a number of prisoners, but their colours also. The rest of the line stood on and completely broke and pursued the enemy.

"As so often happens in war, the unaccountable also happened here. A second line of Austrian cavalry, drawn up in rear of those we had defeated, made not the slightest attempt to turn the tables upon us; though certain of success, they made no attempt to charge us, for our people, disordered by their onset, and dispersed in collecting horses and prisoners, could not possibly have been assembled in time to offer effectual resistance: the weakest moment of the cavalry being always that which immediately follows on a successful charge. Fortunately for us, Count Gersdorf brought half a brigade of twelve-pounders to our aid, and their fire made the enemy withdraw, and allowed us to gather in the fruits of our victory without further apprehension. The corps of cavalry was now divided, and our brigade moved to the right so as nearly to have Wagram in our right flank. Here we had the mortification to see our infantry driven with great loss from the village, and were ourselves saluted with a number of shot from the same direction. It was growing dark, and we could not discern objects at the distance of a hundred yards, when we suddenly heard the tramp of horses advancing towards us. As we were exposed at the moment to a fire of howitzers, we concluded that they were enemies and prepared to meet them; but fortunately discovered, before any conflict took place, that they were the very comrades from whom we had so lately parted! How we thus came to meet, front to front, in the dark, no one could well understand.

"The battle now ceased along the whole line, and we, for our part, bivouacked near Aderklaa, but we, unfortunately, left the village, which had been in our possession during the whole of the action, totally unoccupied. The night passed tranquilly and was only interrupted for a moment by an officer of Austrian Hussars, who lost his road and found his way into captivity, instead of finding his way back to his countrymen. A similar misfortune nearly befell our general. He was sent for by the Prince of Ponte Corvo, and in the darkness of the night rode right into the midst of an enemy's piquet, and would certainly have shared the fate of the Austrian officer had he not preserved his presence of mind and addressed the sergeant in the Austrian dialect, making use of a few Hungarian words that he happened to know. It is probable that the white cloak of his orderly dragoon also helped to extricate him from his perilous situation. The wearied troops, exhausted by the sanguinary efforts of the day, had established their bivouacks almost on the very ground on which they had fought, and were, consequently, on many points much nearer to each other than they suspected, so that various untoward accidents of this nature happened to persons of both parties; but close as these mighty hosts lay front to front, not the slightest act of hostility took place during the night; the carnage of the day had satisfied the most combative propensity, and even Moloch had been gorged to satiety with blood."

There is some reason for believing that Napoleon, shaken by the repulse sustained in the first day's action at Wagram, and the great loss by which it was accompanied, recollecting also what had happened at Aspern, would not willingly have renewed the action on the following morning, could it have been avoided, for he actually withdrew his troops from their advanced position before daybreak, and concentrated them a little to the rear, a very unusual movement with him, and one that, coupled with the stubborn resistance offered by the Austrians during the campaign, made rather an unfavourable impression on the minds of the soldiers. And yet it is possible that this very move-

ment led to the gain of the battle. The Austrians expected the Archduke John to arrive with his army from Presburg and join their left wing, and it might have been considered good policy to wait for this junction, and not to hasten the decision till the prince could aid in giving it a favourable turn. It is not likely that the Duke of Wellington, if left unassailed at Waterloo, would have attacked the French before Blücher was ready to strike in with him; and the case was exactly similar at Wagram, except that the Archduke John led a small army to the aid of his brother, and the Prussian marshal a large one to the aid of the British.

Judging after the event, however, but with the knowledge that time and events have brought to light, and which the adverse commanders could not then have possessed, we certainly think the best policy the Austrians could have pursued was to remain on the defensive till the arrival of the Archduke John, or as long, at least, as the French left them unmolested. But they followed a different plan, and no sooner had the full light of day displayed the retrograde, or concentrative, movement of the French, than encouraged by their previous success, they immediately assumed the offensive. The action commenced about six o'clock by a premature attack on the French right wing, and soon extended along the whole line.

We now return to our Saxon Dragoon, who is speaking only of his own division:—

"We were so fiercely attacked that we were obliged to fall back to Susenbrunn, where we joined Massena's corps, and again resumed the offensive, though with little success. Till about nine o'clock we had partial cavalry actions, but were principally employed in protecting the infantry, vainly engaged in attempting to recover the village of Aderklaa, which we had so unfortunately abandoned. The infantry suffered severely in these attacks, nor did we fare much better, for the Austrian guns were of heavy calibre, and every shot they fired came, whether it hit or missed the infantry, bounding over our heads, or dashed ruinously through our ranks. The loss sustained by our regiment was so terrible that we were now, to save us from being

entirely destroyed, sent to a post of less danger, though of greater importance, perhaps.

"Our destination was the hill, or rising piece of ground rather, that overlooks the whole plain of the Marchfeld, and on which the emperor had established himself; and where, with the exception of two short excursions—the one to Davoust's, the other to Massena's corps—he remained during the whole of the action. As the feeble remnant of our regiment was formed in line, only fifteen yards behind where he had stationed himself, I was for several hours enabled to observe the man who then wielded the destinies of Europe in his own grasp.

"He was surrounded by a numerous staff, and attended by ten or twelve orderly officers; who, drawn up in line, stood motionless within reach of his voice. On the right were the Guards in close column, and with ordered arms: their artillery was on their right. As we were nearest the emperor, we looked upon ourselves as his personal guard on this occasion. He wore, as usual, his grey great-coat over the plain uniform of the chasseurs of his guard; rode a small white Arabian, and held a light riding-whip in his hand. His face, while we could observe him, betrayed none of the emotions he might be supposed to feel at such a time, but seemed perfectly calm and collected. He listened quietly and attentively to the reports brought him, and issued all his directions in a similar manner. If he had an order to send, he called loudly, '*Officier d'ordonnance*;' when the orderly officer, who happened to be on the right of the line, instantly came forward as first for duty. Having given his order in a slow and deliberate manner, the emperor added, "*Repetez*." If the officer had not seized the exact meaning of the words, he repeated them over again, adding, as before, "*Repetez*;" if satisfied that their import was fully understood, he briefly said, "*Aller*," and the officer instantly started off at the best speed he could command. That under the empire French horsemanship was as indifferent as ungraceful is sufficiently well known to all who recollect the French cavalry of the period.

"By degrees our station ceased to be secure: from the first, and as long as the battle, though raging fiercely along the whole line, had remained stationary, we had received an occasional shot from the batteries near Wagram, which lay exactly in our front. The success of the Austrian right wing, however, brought us shot from the left; and they continued to advance, even from the very rear. Several shot struck among the guard and round the ground on which the emperor was stationed; but he never moved from a post whence he had the whole battle-scene spread out like a panorama before him. He was, indeed, as little disturbed by the reports from his marshals as by the shot of the enemy: the news that 'the Austrians had turned the left wing of the army,' that they 'had defeated the corps stationed to protect the bridges,' seemed to make little impression on him; though it greatly disquieted the officers of his staff. Only once I observed a striking change in his manner. He had deigned an orderly officer to 'bring up the sixty pieces of light artillery of the guard, and the forty extra pieces attached to the same corps;' and as they did not immediately arrive, he rode impatiently along our front, striking his boot with the riding-whip, and repeatedly taking snuff.

"The advance in two columns of this formidable train of artillery, followed as they were by six or seven regiments of cuirassiers, formed an imposing spectacle. When the guns passed before the guard, the soldiers exclaimed, 'There go the flageolets; the music will soon be complete.' The cuirassiers were greeted with a loud and general cheer of 'Bravo!' 'There are our brave cuirassiers; the battle will soon be finished.' These horsemen, always held in the highest estimation in the French army, had attained the very pinnacle of fame by their conduct at the battle of Aspern, where their chivalrous devotion alone saved the army, and enabled the defeated troops to effect a retreat into the isle of Lobau. Though the French do nothing for the preservation of the cavalry, who are absolutely squandered away, so to express it,—always ill supplied, or left

without any supplies rather, and constantly exposed to bivouacks,—the case is different with the cuirassiers, who form part of the guard, are extremely well cared for, and mostly placed in good quarters. They are reserved for general actions, in which they always appear in full dress, powdered and polished. Their pride is boundless therefore; and if a cuirassier can find no other place for his horse, he does not hesitate to take possession of an officer's stable, and to turn out even a general's horse to make room for his own, well knowing that such conduct will be overlooked. We appeared, in comparison to these troops, no better than a band of gipsies mounted upon garrons.

"The artillery and cuirassiers, though many guns were dismounted, moved rapidly towards Aderklaa; and before they could unlimber, the fire of the rest, where they did open, was so tremendous as to mow down whole ranks of the enemy. The cuirassiers, also, following up the havoc made by the iron hail thus poured upon the Austrians, made several successful charges, and enabled the infantry to take the village; but the result was not so satisfactory as was at first expected, for the enemy soon gathered strength, and recovered the lost ground, and struck so hard in return, that several of Massena's regiments were completely broken, and driven in disorder across the plain.

"Still this terrible battery, supported by so large a force of cavalry, though it failed to produce a decisive result, had the effect of checking the farther progress of the Austrians on that point, and on the extreme left also, where their success had been more marked. Except on the extreme right, the battle was now reduced to a cannonade maintained with great fierceness. Along the front, the enemy were in possession of all the villages contended for, now reduced to mere masses of burning ruins, encumbered with the blackened and mangled corpses of the slain. Against our left and centre they had gained much ground, and many advantages, and the army was half encircled by a line of hostile fire.

"But the tide was about to turn; and towards two o'clock our right wing was seen to advance. The

tower of Neusiedel, on which rested the extreme left of the Austrians, was captured by Davoust, who pressed his success with great resolution. The enemy now began to give way, but in great order, and disputing every foot of ground. The retreat thus commenced gradually communicated itself to the whole army, who withdrew unbroken from the field,—the French only following, but making no attempt to press the retiring enemy. As soon as the retrograde movement of the Austrians became evident, the emperor left the hill, and we rejoined the rest of our corps, and marched to Leopoldau, where we counted our loss, which had been severe indeed. Among the slain was Lieutenant Wagner, whose fate was almost such as again to fix long-exploded superstitious feelings on the mind. While stationed at Laxenberg, the day before we marched into the isle of Lobau, a party of officers dined with the general; who, observing that we were thirteen at table, said, jestingly, to our colonel, that it was a bad omen for him, as it seemed to indicate that one of the party would be killed in the next day's battle; 'a duty,' he added, 'that must necessarily fall to you, as the senior regimental officer.' 'Not so,' replied the latter; 'to fill graves is evidently a fatiguing duty, and commences with the junior.' 'Then it must fall to my share,' said Lieutenant Wagner; and so, indeed, it proved. He volunteered to command the skirmishers in the first day's action, and fell fighting in the foremost rank!"

The description of the campaign and its termination belongs to history, and not to our subject; but, as our historical writers have done little more than copy French extravagances, advanced for the purpose of deifying Napoleon, we shall here say a few words explanatory of the causes which, in the opinion of distinguished military men, led to the fatal termination of the gigantic struggle.

The Austrian army, though successful during the first day's battle of Wagram, and victorious on most points during the second, resigned the contest merely because the point of Neusiedel was lost; though it is not easy to see what rendered this post of vital importance. It is said

that the Archduke, though avowedly a prince of great talents, always mistook strategical points and lines for the objects of *contest rather than the means*, and thus resigned a battle as soon as one of these points was lost. That the case was by no means desperate seems certain; for the vanquished army retired unmolested and in perfect order from the field, carrying with them more trophies taken from the enemy than they had lost to the victors. The Archduke John was also, at the time the army retired, within a few hours' march of the very post, the loss of which caused the retrograde movement; and so little were the Austrians discouraged by the result of the combat, that men and officers all expected another battle, in which success was confidently anticipated.

But the commander-in-chief did not share these sanguine hopes, and he who in general opinion had shewn himself destitute of mental courage after the decisive victory of Aspern, so fatal to the French, could hardly feel very confident after the reverse of Wagram. Two opportunities for striking severe blows at the pursuing enemy were neglected by him, and when events brought about an action, near Zraim in Moravia, his imperial highness, in the midst of an undecided combat, sent to solicit an armistice, the terms of which brought the monarchy to the very brink of ruin. It remained for this unhappy prince, on whose genius and valour so many bright hopes had once been founded, to display a still greater want of firmness and moral courage; for, in the very crisis of fate, and while peace or war still hung suspended in the scale of destiny, *he resigned the command of the army*; and thus dispelled at a single blow every particle of that military enthusiasm which still animated the troops and formed the only support to the sinking fortunes of the empire. All parties united in praise of the heroism displayed by the prince during this unfortunate campaign. At Aspern his imperial highness seized the standard of the regiment of Zach and led the soldiers personally to the charge; though wounded in the first day's action at Wagram, he never left the field for an instant; and was so much exposed, so forward in the fray, that

Captain Weitenfeld, of the regiment of Vaglsang, actually cut down a French soldier who was in the very act of levelling a musket at him; and later still, a French officer was slain in the very attempt to take him prisoner, and while calling out to him to surrender. But all this personal courage in battle could not retrieve the want of moral courage and confidence, the want of which reduced a great, powerful, and time-honoured monarchy to the rank of second-rate power, and made Prince John of Lichtenstein, the Austrian plenipotentiary and the constant advocate of Napoleon in the Austrian cabinet, burst into tears when forced to sign the unfortunate treaty of Vienna.

The following are the principal causes to which military men of skill and experience generally ascribe the disastrous termination of the campaign.

1. The complete change in the plan of operation at the very moment the contest was about to commence. The whole army was assembled in Bohemia, and preparations had been made to cross the frontier of the kingdom and operate on the north bank of the Danube; but at the eleventh hour the main force, with all its baggage, train, and following, was moved to the south of the river, to enter upon a totally different field of action, an operation by which time and the best opportunity for striking the first decisive blow was unfortunately lost.

2. The deviation from the second line of operation when it was actually in progress. The whole force south of the Danube was marching on Neumark when the Archduke, learning that Davoust was still at Ratisbon, drew three of his fine corps to the right, and thus left an opening in the centre of his line at the very moment when Napoleon was about to strike the blow by which that weakened centre was broken. It has pleased French historians and their English followers to assert that Napoleon inspired the troops of the Rhenish Confederation with so much zeal in his cause, that, led by himself, they struck the first and principal blows on this occasion, and

fought as gallantly as the French. None will dispute the bravery of the Germans, but it happens, unfortunately for the credit of these historians, that the troops of the Confederation were but slightly engaged where we are told they effected such wonders.

3. The neglect of the Archduke to strike at the feeble corps that, after his retreat from Ratisbon, followed him across the Danube.

4. The inactivity of the army after the victory achieved at Aspern.

5. The impolitic and wretched inactivity of England.

6. The late arrival of the Archduke John, who, owing to causes never yet explained in a satisfactory manner, did not reach the field till two hours after the retreat of the main army, though there was not a single French picquet found to observe, and still less a force found to oppose, his progress. The same was the case when Blucher marched to the aid of the British at Waterloo, the passes of the *Bois de Paris* were totally unobserved and unguarded, a proof how negligent long success and the timidity of their enemies had rendered the French.

It has been said that the battle of Wagram would have been gained by the Austrians had Blucher and Suvoroff been in the place of *either* of the Archdukes. Neither of these determined soldiers would have been too late for the fray, nor would either of them have forsaken a battlefield on which the fortunes of the monarchy were contending for, merely because an unimportant hamlet had been lost.

At Waterloo the foreign troops in the Duke of Wellington's army lost the villages of La Haye and Papelotte, and the still more important post of La Haye Sainte, but these losses did not occasion the retreat of a single British battalion. His grace knew that he was fighting for the safety of Europe, and not for the protection of a few paltry hamlets, and held his ground with unyielding firmness, confident that the arrival of the Prussians would, sooner or later, place certain and decisive victory in his hands.

SOME PASSAGES, PRIVATE AND PROFESSIONAL, IN THE
LIFE OF HERR STAUDIGL.

BY MORGAN RATTLEB.

No foreign singer and actor, except, perhaps, the still lamented Malibran, was ever so popular with all classes of the British community, as the subject of this article. He was equally a favourite with the courtly circle at Buckingham Palace, the learned audiences at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, the regular frequenter of the pit, and the indigenous gods of the galleries, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Under his auspices, Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, were introduced into that lofty society, where they had hitherto been strangers, while the feeble Bellini and the noisy Donizetti were alone welcome; and John Bull, in his most unsophisticated state, was taught to admire and enjoy the rich and weirdly-woven harmonies, the deep and earnest melodies, and the lofty, soul-searching strains conceived by the genius, and brought forth by the consummate science, of the greatest masters of music the world, by the throes of its many centuries, has yet produced. In the person of Staudigl, too, the lovers of the lyric drama, after a brief acquaintance with his surpassing powers, recognised acquirements and gifts, physical and intellectual, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination." His voice, in extent of compass, flexibility, fervour, and purity of tone, was certainly never surpassed, perhaps, never equalled; and of all forms of that first of all instruments, the human voice, that which he possesses is the finest, and, in the pleasing sensations and emotions it communicates, gives the most complete satisfaction to the ear and heart of man. To some, who have been thrilled with rapture at the subtle and delicate warblings of a *tenor* like Rubini, or the soaring, lark-like warblings of a *soprano-fogato*, like Lutzer or Sontag, or the passionate gushes of song bursting out at the height of a *soprano*, like Grisi's, this proposition of ours may seem strange, if not unfounded; but we will take an example, and appeal to all such, whether, whilst hearing one passage developing the

powers, character, and quality of Staudigl's voice, they have not felt an enjoyment undisturbed by any touch of anxiety or uneasiness, and, *after* they had heard it, whether they have not experienced a sensation of fulness to satisfaction, and of that serene calm which follows the execution of a perfect work, leaving nothing to criticise, nothing to regret, nothing to hope for? The passage we allude to occurs in Mozart's wonderful opera, *The Magic Flute*, and is, of course, sung by Staudigl in the part of Sarastro. No other singer we have ever heard could sing it with the gradual, unbroken, smooth descent to the deep, deep D. We do not mean to say, be it understood, that Lablache and others might not be able to utter this particular note truly and satisfactorily, but not one of them would be able to get down to it note by note, through the phrase, in the fair, gradual descent, in due time and tune, fulfilling, by his execution, as Staudigl does indisputably, Mozart's own grand conception of the passage. Indeed, we happen to know that Staudigl himself is in the habit of testing the condition of his voice, when he has to perform, by singing this passage. It occurs in the sixteenth scene of the opera and expresses the following words:—

"Zur Liebe will ich dich nicht Zwingen
Doch geb ich dir die Freiheit nicht."

We will now proceed to lay before our readers the scale of this wonderful voice, of which we have before us accounts from two professors of the greatest eminence. One says, "the compass of his voice is from the deep E in the bass to the high B in the tenor; and I have heard him sing these two notes from his chest." Our other musical informant states that Staudigl's voice comprises almost two and a half octaves, from the deep E flat in the bass to the high G in tenor. He adds, all the registers of this splendid organ are developed in equal perfection, energetic or soft, as required for expression, but never either hard or

feminine. To govern this splendid organ he has a mind, taste, feelings, and inspirations of the highest order. It is observed, by the same authority,

Together with the best qualities of thinking and conscientious actor, he possesses a most extraordinary facility in learning the most difficult parts, in mastering the most complicated musical phrases, and such a nicety of ear that an uncertain intonation would be an impossibility to him. He enters into the spirit of the greatest masters of every school, as if he himself had created their works, and observes their peculiarities of style most faithfully." This is high praise, and all the higher coming, as it does, from one than whom no man is more competent in matters musical to deliver a correct judgment, but it confers no more than mere justice upon the vocal merits of Staudigl. As a lyric

actor he is equally great, and in every walk of the drama. Since the days of David Garrick we have had no actor on any stage whose repertory is so extensive, and whose versatility is so extraordinary. Taking the several departments of the lyric drama, as they respectively relate to tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and farce, he equally displays the master-spirit in all. A list of the characters he has sustained, in not one of which he ever failed, and, perhaps, in none of which was he ever surpassed, will tend more absolutely to establish this miraculous versatility of talent, as an actor and a vocalist, than the most eloquent words that could be called to use.

We give, in separate columns, the name of the composer, the name of the opera, and the name of the part sustained.

Mozart	Don Giovanni	Leporello.
Ditto	Il Flauto Magico	Sarastro.
Ditto	Figaro	Figaro.
Ditto	Coi fan Tutti	Dr. Alp.
Ditto	{ Belmont and Constance	{ Osmin.
	{ Die Entführung aus dem Serail ..	{
Beethoven	Fidelio	{ Pizarro.
		{ Rocco.
Gluck	Iphigenia	Thoas.
Spohr	Jessonda	Tristan.
Weber	Frieschütz	Caspar.
Ditto	Euryanthe	Lysiart.
Ditto	Oberon	Sherasmin.
Netzer	Mara	Torald.
Meyerbeer	The Huguenots	Marcel.
Ditto	Robert the Devil	Bertram.
Kreutzer	A Night in Granada	Prince Regent.
Halery	The Jewess	The Cardinal.
Spontini	The Vestal	The Pontifex Maximus.
Aubert	Masaniello	Pietro.
Ditto	Le Cheval de Bronze	Tehinkao.
Ditto	The Coiners	Audiot.
Ditto	Gustavus III.	Ankastrom.
Rossini	William Tell	Tell.
Ditto	La Gazza Ladra	Il Podesta.
Ditto	Othello	Brabantio.
Ditto	Semiramide	Assur.
Ditto	Siege of Coriath	Hieros.
Ditto	Mosé in Egitto	Mosé.
Bellini	Norma	Oroveso.
Ditto	Il Puritani	Giorgio.
Donizetti	Marino Faliero	Marino.
Ditto	Anna Bolena	Enrico.
Ditto	L'Elisir d'Amore	Dulcamara.
Linpainter	The Vampire	Amoir.
Handel	Acis and Galatea	Polyphemus.
Locke	Macbeth	Hecate.
Weigel	The Swiss Family	Richard.
Pacini	Sappho	Alcander.

This vast and various repertory speaks for itself. For the rest we may observe, as may be easily gathered from what has been already said, that Staudigl is a master of musical science, and that he is no less great in the performance of sacred music than he is in profane. In Rossini's *Stabat Mater* he sang all the music which in that sacred piece was, at the Italian theatre, allotted to Ronconi and Lablache; nor, in his sole presence, was the absence of either of those great artists to be lamented. The magnificent manner in which he delivered the *Pro peccatis* will not be easily forgotten by the lovers of sacred music who were fortunate enough to have heard it. As a choral singer he is peculiarly eminent, even in his native land, where choral music is most cultivated and best executed. However difficult the music may be he will sing it without preparation, and with as much precision as if he had attended a dozen rehearsals. Numerous instances of this have occurred, and the fact of this power being conferred on him by his fine ear and consummate knowledge of music as a science, is well known to all persons connected with the management of the theatres and concert-rooms of the metropolis. He is, moreover, himself a composer, and exceedingly fond of composition as an intellectual exercise. If what he does at a first effort please him not, he throws it aside, and continues his exertions in a new course until he has arrived at a result satisfactory to his taste and judgment. Up to this moment his principal compositions have been canons, ballads, and some peculiarly fine drinking songs. Of these a few, chiefly as gifts to friends, have been published, but many have not even been noted down. From the strength of his memory, however, he can always recall them upon occasion, and, in truth, is unfeignedly unwilling to publish, saying in answer to all encouragement or solicitation to come regularly before the world as a composer, "I will wait till I can produce something better."

But, in addition to his transcendent merits as an actor and singer, Staudigl possesses other qualities and properties which rarely are to be

found combined with histrionic and vocal success. He is an original thinker. The grasp of his intellect is large and vigorous. His powers of acquiring and of securing knowledge are of the highest order, and his facility of analysing subjects to their leading idea, or fundamental law, and his faculty of industry, are both alike admirable. In sooth, so fine is the temper of his mind, so enthusiastic his love of the true and beautiful, so lofty and so enduring the energy of his disposition, that, in the language of our catechism, there is no path of life into which it might have pleased God to call him, in which, with his grace, he must not have become a distinguished man. Unlike the majority of actors, and ninety-nine out of the hundred singers in all countries, and notably in our own, Staudigl had a good education, and not this merely, but a good classical education, of which he has well availed himself. If we look to most of the other great singers of Europe (indeed we know not the exception) we shall find that some accidental discovery of their possessing a fine organ, some passage in the drama of real life like that which forms the theme of the little opera of *Le Postillon de Longumeau*, has led to the "delights of Europe" being rescued from some mean or servile position and instructed in music, but in music only. If we look to one first-rate artist we shall be told he was a menial servant; if to another, that he was a common peasant; if to another, that he was an orange-boy; if to another, that he was a "duffer!" if to another, that he was a fifer; and so on, and on, and on, and that his native vocal powers, after they had been developed, struck some judge or other, through whose good offices he got to be instructed as a lyric actor, and was presented to the stage. But he was taught and he learned no more, not even, in all probability, of music itself as a science, of which accordingly, save in rare instances, he would be but the well-nigh mechanical vocal organ, except what he may have picked up in *les Couliisses* and their purlieus, which is not the grove of Academe; and of course of other matters which constitute that

knowledge which is not only pleasure but power—nothing. Staudigl, on the contrary, had an entrance into the classic languages, and had established an acquaintance with the great authors of antiquity before he commenced his career as a public singer; and this was not only a peculiarity in him as a professional musician, but a priceless advantage for one destined to fill the first rank on the lyric stage. Besides, he had, before he got into the hot-bed of a theatre, where the weeds are so prone to spring up and choke the virtues which might have been originally implanted in the breast, acquired those gentler qualities which so seldom are found to belong to the factitious children of clay, at whatever period of life Art may have kneaded them, and striven to cast them forth in her own mould. Thanks to this, in him the natural man predominates over the great artist. The simple, manly German nature is unbegrimed by the smoke of the lamps. Instead of the fretful, anxious, envious vanity of the mere creature of the sock and buskin, there is in him the quietude, the self-reliance, the toleration of a gentleman embarked as a leader in an avocation which, while he is determined he in the particular shall personally catch no taint from it, he is endeavouring in the general to raise.

Let it not, however, be supposed from what we have said, either that Staudigl represents himself, or that we would wish to represent him, as a prince in disguise; or as an individual of noble birth and large expectations reduced, by the political condition of his country, to win his bread by the exercise of those talents which in happier hours had been his amusement. England has often witnessed the sad reality of such things. We have seen those of divers foreign countries, whose fidelity ennobled them still more than the rich blood that bounded in their veins, submit to busy themselves in the humblest employments, rather than depend upon the alms of the bountiful. England too has often been made conscious of the imposture perpetrated by the candidates for histrionic or other the like fame, to throw a halo of interest round them, by pretending that they were, by the force of ad-

verse circumstances, compelled to engage in an unexpected and ungenial occupation. We have had paraded before us, *usque ad nauseam*, noble singers and noble dancers from all lands under the sun; and the imposture has been carried down, in more than one instance, even into the last season. But our honest German friend Staudigl, is far above resorting to any such base pretence, or we in countenancing it, when we give him credit for an ample store of the manners and acquirements proper to a gentleman. He is of humble parentage, and would be ready to proclaim, with Béranger, in a self-commending pride, as the artificer of his own fortunes, and the creator of his own rank,—

“Je suis vilain très-vilain.”

All of adventitious aid that he has received he owes to the affection of his father, a man of small means and lowly station; and to the practically liberal institutions of his despotic country. We will exhibit this in a brief memoir, upon the accuracy of which the most implicit reliance may be placed, and which we trust may be fraught with some degree of interest, even to those unacquainted with the man and the artist.

Joseph Staudigl, singer at the Imperial Royal Court Theatre, at the Kernthnerthor (such is the style), and also at the Imperial Royal Court Chapel of Vienna, was, on the 14th of April, 1807, born at Wöllersdorf, in Austria. His father, bearing likewise the name of Joseph, filled the place of Imperial Royal Huntsman (jäger). It was, it seems, at an early period his intention, if the child displayed early signs of talent, to have him educated with a view to his becoming a public teacher, or district schoolmaster under the state. To this purpose the elder Staudigl was led, by the fact of his having a cousin, Joseph Gross, who exercised this avocation at Vienna, we may presume in an honourable and prosperous condition. No doubt the requisite promise was exhibited by the boy, for we find the project was zealously entered upon while he was yet of tender age. At seven years old he was a student of music, an acquaintance with which, and, we believe, some degree of vocal power

in execution, is essentially necessary to an Austrian schoolmaster. All scholars are taught, at least, to join in chorus, and the finer voices are cultivated. It used to be so in our own country in the olden time, and there is still a remnant of the practice in the Blue Coat School. Young Staudigl not alone gave large promise, but made great progress in his musical studies, so that, on attaining his ninth year, he was admitted into the choir of the cathedral of Wiener Neustadt as a *soprano* singer. This included a gratuitous entry into the Gymnasium, or classical school, attached to this ecclesiastical institution. Here he spent six years. During this period, his progress as an instrumental performer, on either of the instruments selected for him, violin and pianoforte, was inconsiderable, and, to his masters, unsatisfactory. He, however, found much favour in the eyes of another professor. He displayed great talents for drawing; and he was employed as a draughtsman by the Imperial Royal Fortification Architect, Joseph Koch, and was thus enabled, by the remuneration he received, to complete, or, in our own phrase, "put in" the last year of his scholastic course in the Gymnasium. At the termination of it, through the patronage of this gentleman, a career was opened to him as an engineer; and Austria might have had a Carnot, while Europe lost, in the language of our play-bills, its renowned bass singer. But Staudigl's father, little, perhaps, understanding the advantages which, under Koch's auspices, might have awaited his son in the profession he would then have selected, was obstinately bent upon converting him into a schoolmaster. He was himself extremely averse to this ungrateful calling, and might, perhaps, have offered a more strenuous opposition to the enterprise of embracing it than he did, if his pride had not been piqued by an observation which escaped the musical director of the Neustadt Cathedral, to the effect, that Staudigl's knowledge of music was so slight that he would make but a bad schoolmaster. He resolved to shew this gentleman he was wrong. He renounced the notion of becoming an engineer, and betook himself to Piesting, where he

became usher to his cousin Gross, resumed his violin, and proceeded to qualify himself, by the requisite studies in all forms, to gratify his parents, by winning the position of schoolmaster. No sooner, however, had this departure from the scene of his studies and change of destination in life become known to Ferdinand Schojer, formerly the professor of the humanities, or of polite literature, at Neustadt, whose pupil Staudigl had been, than he, now Prior of the Chapter of Zwettl, interposed, with the desire of enabling the youth, whose abilities he had marked and appreciated, to enter upon a loftier career. He wrote, accordingly, to Staudigl's parents, frankly declaring his belief in the youth's capability of doing great things, if permitted to continue his studies in the course which leads to distinction and opens a broad road to fame, and made them, on his behalf, an offer, which is alike honourable to his heart, the merits of his pupil, and the genuine good nature of the Germans' fatherland. The offer was a home and the opportunity of prosecuting his studies at Krems. It might well be presumed this generous offer was accepted. Staudigl went to Krems, and was for two years employed in the study of philosophy. At the expiration of this time his high testimonials procured him an admission as a novice into the Chapter of the Benedictine order at Melk. This was on the 21st November, 1825. He remained there until the October of 1827. Whilst there, his vocal abilities were called into frequent exercise at the *soirées musicales*, that took place thrice a-week at the "Prelature." Here it was he formed his first acquaintance with Schubert's songs, and thereby his dormant musical enthusiasm was much roused. During this same period he learned to play upon the guitar and the hoboe, and became in each something of a proficient. No notion, however, had he, while thus sporting with voice and instruments, of ever turning any of them to use as bread-winners. The clerical profession now, like that of civil engineering at an earlier period, was within his reach; but if he had during his noviciate any clear, definite notions of embracing it, he did not adhere to them.

Once again,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream,"

and his fancy was to prosecute the study of physic, into which he had already made some entrance; and for which, by the way, up to this moment, he has continued to entertain a rational regard, as one of the noblest and most generous pursuits to which the human intellect can be directed. Behold, then, our renowned bass singer a student of medicine at Vienna. He seems, to use phrases familiar to ourselves, to have gone through the prescribed course of lectures, and to have qualified himself for examination; but he was unable to procure the money—"convention money," necessary to be paid to put himself in a condition to take his degree. This amounted to thirty florins; and his father's salary being only 300 florins per annum, he was unable, at this critical period, to supply the wants of his son. In these unfortunate circumstances his chance of obtaining a *testimonium* was destroyed, because the payment of this money was an indispensable precursor of the examination which could alone lead to it. The profession, therefore, of physician had glided from his grasp as already had that of civil engineer, not to speak of the asylum in the church from which he had turned aside. Here was an accumulation of broken hopes and blighted prospects; and, to crown all, the demand upon a man's energies and resources to provide the present means of existence. What was he to do? Why, betake himself to those heretofore slighted vocal powers and musical science; and this he did. The death of a bass singer called Weinmüller had made a vacancy in the Imperial Royal Court Chapel. Staudigl applied for it. He was admitted as a candidate in the trial, but was unsuccessful.

The voice was pronounced to be naturally splendid, but not sufficiently cultivated, and in the Report of the Examination he was placed below two persons named Borschützky and Riehling. The disappointment, in his straitened circumstances, was sad, and he next betook himself to the recently established Imperial

Royal Court Opera. He solicited from Weinkopf, the leader of the chorus, a place in the chorus, and was accepted. The Count de Gallenberg was then manager of the Opera, and Staudigl entered into an engagement with him as a member of the chorus, and also, in our theatric phrase, to "go on," if required, for small parts. His salary was 200 florins a-year. This agreement bore date January 1, 1829. Duport, in August 1830, succeeded to the management, and Staudigl remained on the same terms, but under a more intelligent master. The clause about the small parts proved propitious to the poor chorus singer, on whom Duport already had his eye. On November 14th in the same year, Staudigl, on presenting himself at the office of the Theatre at eight o'clock in the morning, was asked by Demmer, the stage-manager, if he thought it were in his power to get up the part of Pietro, in *Masaniello*, so as to play it that evening. Siebert, the possessor of the part, had declared himself hoarse, after an approved fashion amongst singers. Staudigl undertook the enterprise, and was ready. Siebert, however, appeared at his post, and claimed his character. He had it; but, as it happened, he was really hoarse. He sung himself still hoarser, and two nights after, when the piece had again to be played, he was so unequivocally hoarse that it was physically impossible for him to appear. Staudigl "went on;" his success was triumphant, and thenceforth he ceased to be a mere chorus-singer; he was one of the regular company. The manager, too, volunteered to give him a small increase of salary, which, however, was to rise yearly. Duport at the same time appreciating his visible talent and future promise, did more for him. In Gottank, Demmer, and above all, Cicimara, he gave him excellent masters. Under these he studied, and Duport's judicious patronage was still further extended in never bringing him out in a part wherein he was not well prepared. Of this, Staudigl entertains a most grateful recollection. In 1833, Mayerbeer's opera of *Robert the Devil* was produced at Vienna. The part of Bertram was confided to Staudigl, and so triumphant was his success, that

the flutterings of genius which had been exercised upon the confines of so many professions subsided, and Staudigl stooped, with a firm rest, upon the stage. The attraction of this opera, mainly through him, was very great. A large augmentation was at once made to his salary, on an engagement for six years, extending to the end of 1839. The establishment of an Italian Opera in Vienna, for the three months of April, May, and June, left him free to travel during this space of time in each year, and of this he availed himself. First, however, we should state, that the Imperial Royal Court Chapel remembered the rejected candidate of 1828, and in 1836 he was, by a decree of the Court, appointed to that institution for life. Availing himself of his liberty for the months we have indicated, in 1836 he performed, with great success, at Munich and Carlsruhe; in 1837 in Hamburgh and Prague; in 1838, at Gratz and Brunn; in 1839, at Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Wisbaden, Mainz, Darmstadt, and Mannheim; and in 1840, after having previously displayed his powers at Nuremberg and Mannheim, he joined the German Operatic Company at London.

It would be unpardonable to close this brief notice without adverting in direct terms to his munificent conduct at the close of the season of 1842, which proved a most unsuccessful speculation. The *Sun* newspaper, remarking upon the circumstance at the time as most creditable

to him as a man, made an appeal to the public on behalf of Staudigl, who was about to take a benefit, and stated the facts thus:—

“The German opera has proved a losing speculation. The management, in fact, have given it up. Staudigl has generously come forward, and on his own responsibility, continued it for the present week, in order to prevent the chorus-singers and the minor actors from being thrown out of employ in a foreign country. Conduct such as this merits the warmest praise, and we hope that the public on Saturday will prove that they know how to appreciate him.”

The public were not insensible to the call, and evinced by a crowded house their appreciation of the man and the musician. This benefit, he gratefully acknowledged, covered his previous losses out of pocket, and a portion, we believe, of the salary due to him. This was satisfactory, and, adds another newspaper:—

“Nor will it please his admirers less to hear that his munificent conduct towards the poorer of his fellow-countrymen has procured him a mark of their gratitude, which will represent much more than its intrinsic worth to his feelings. It consists of a silver cup, bearing this simple inscription:—

‘Die deutsche Oper
ihrem
JOS. STAUDIGL.
London, den 2 July, 1842.
Gedächtniss
an
gemeinsames Leid und Freud.
in der Fremde.’

“The cup will, we are sure, be one of the great singer’s choicest possessions.”

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ON RAILWAYS.

THERE are few subjects in which we are all more deeply and personally interested than railways, very few which come so frequently under our observation, and none on which so much nonsense is talked, and respecting which so little real information prevails. We hope that the committee of the House of Commons which is now sitting will, notwithstanding their first report, which, to say the truth, has rather disappointed us, yet be able to devise some practicable scheme for effectually developing the inherent powers of the system, and that we shall not much longer have to bear the reproach that, in this country, works of incalculable national importance are not controlled, directed, or encouraged by the government, but are handed over to any private speculator who may choose to undertake them, and so spring up into life like wild plants, thriving, indeed, and vigorous, but without regularity, unity, or arrangement, and far from yielding those rich and abundant fruits which would surely have been obtained by a careful and fostering system of cultivation. The railway committee is, on the whole, pretty fairly constituted, although we must regret the omission of Mr. Cardwell's name. There are very few members in the House whose services in this matter would have been so valuable. His very able speech, in seconding the address, marked him as a man of talent, his mental training in his profession qualifies him for eliciting information, and his practical acquaintance with the subject would have enabled him to select in the evidence

what was useful from what was merely curious. The great defect of previous committees has been that they had too little knowledge of the subject to direct their inquiries to the really important points; and they were not guided by any master-mind capable of quickly, and almost intuitively, perceiving the real difficulties of a novel and multifarious enterprise, and of judiciously applying to them fixed principles of commercial policy.

The speeches in the House shewed how absolutely necessary it was to remove the discussion to another arena. But the strangest notion of all was that of excluding from the committee every member connected with a railway. If the House and the country are to be enlightened by the committee, we humbly conceive that a little knowledge of the subject would be rather an advantage than otherwise in their deliberations, and that ignorance is not the most essential qualification of a guide. If this notable idea had been favourably entertained, Mr. Wallace must, undoubtedly, have been placed at the head of the committee. We really had hoped that the ambitious member for Greenock would have been contented with having proved, by many a long speech, and many a useless return, and many a foolish question, that he was thoroughly unacquainted with, and, perhaps, incompetent to understand, his two favourite hobbies of reforming the Post-office, and the Scotch criminal jurisprudence; he will, however, be neither heard by Lord Lonsdale, nor heeded by the lord-advocate. We

do think that a competing hobby was quite unnecessary for the amusement of the public.

As Mr. Wallace has been so unaccountably left out of the committee, we must put our trust in Mr. Gladstone. He, undoubtedly, is in a position, by his talents, his education, his connexions, his personal character, and his official situation, to have that influence with the committee which would lead them in the right direction. But even to Mr. Gladstone we have an objection. He has not time to attend to this matter. National and joint-stock banks, corn and currency, the tariffs, the commercial interests of the whole globe, are engrossing subjects; so that we should not wonder if, after all, this committee was of little service, except in putting the whole question off until he has time to attend to it, and when, of course, it will be too late to do any good.

While waiting for the real report of the committee—for we can only regard the report which has appeared in the light of a little silver-paper balloon, which is intended to shew the spectators the direction likely to be taken by the great oil-silk, aerial machine when the cords are cut—we must content ourselves with such discussion as is afforded by those anonymous volunteers, who are always ready to instruct the ignorant, and help the nation through its difficulties,—

“For every ache they have a plaster.”

But, first, we must turn aside, and discharge a debt which we think is justly due to the real author of the railway system, and whose name is not so much in people's mouths as those of many others whose pretensions have filled the public eye, though they do not possess a tithe of his deserts.

To the success of the “*Stockton and Darlington Railway*,” may be traced the rise of all the others. To the originator of this line is due the honour of being the founder of the railway system, a system most truly described as “the wellspring of intellectual, moral, and political benefits, beyond all measurement and all price; creating such a revolution in our internal trade and resources as no thinking man can contemplate

without being lost in wonder.” His fame was hardly earned, and will last long. To be a leader in the career of peaceful improvement shewed him worthy of the society to which he belongs; to be a leader in successful commercial enterprise is no slight thing, when British merchants are the competitors, *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. When success was proved, when the opening was made, and, by the light of his experience, a vista was illumined, whose long perspective pointed distinctly to wealth and eminence, crowds of bold speculators were ready to tread the path. But, great as their merit was, he was the leader; and we hope the time may never come when the millions at home and abroad, who enjoy the advantages of railways, shall have forgotten that they owe them all to Mr. Edward Pease, of Darlington. It would be idle to relate the endless opposition he received, the hostility of antagonists, the cold support of friends, the vexatious obstacles, the absurd objections, the doubt of some, the prejudice of others, the ignorance of all. These matters are now being forgotten. Confident in his judgment, ready in resource, undismayed by difficulty, with indomitable energy and perseverance, he gradually surmounted every thing; and it remains a striking instance of foresight that, without any experience, and with “all the world before him where to choose,” he selected what, to the ordinary observer, is an unpromising district, and made the *first* and the *most successful* railway. Perhaps, even more remarkable was the singular sagacity shewn in his choice of an engineer. At this day the names of George Stephenson, the celebrated railway engineer, and of his no less eminent son Robert, are known far and wide. But it may not be so well known that Mr. George Stephenson is a man of humble origin, and, at the time when the Stockton and Darlington railway was projected, unknown, untried, and inexperienced. It was Mr. Pease's discerning eye which detected the sterling metal beneath the rough exterior, the true genius which only wanted a fair opportunity and fitting occasion to reveal its gigantic power. He was drawn by Mr. Pease, like the precious ore, literally from the

mine, to construct the first railway; and well has he justified the choice. One success followed another in triumphant succession, until he can boast (and it is a boast of which any man might be proud) that he is the consulting engineer of, or has actually laid down, every railway between London and Edinburgh.

It was by slow degrees that the locomotive engine was brought to its present state of perfection. If a railway museum should be formed, we hope that some of the first engines will be preserved as curiosities; they will be considered with somewhat of the interest with which we regard the cannon used at the battle of Cressy, which were made of leather, or of staves, like those of a barrel hooped with iron. It was with one of these now antiquated machines that the first trial of speed took place between the locomotive engine and the horse-coach. They started from Stockton about the same time, and as the road runs close to the railway for a considerable distance, besides being good galloping ground, it was considered a well-selected course. Stockton is a sporting place in its way, and there was a vast concourse of people. The coach and engine ran neck and neck for two miles, the spectators and passengers cheering as if it had been the great St. Leger. The knowing ones betted variously, according as their opinions went, whether the horses would first lose their wind, or the engine its steam. Now the coachman double thonged, and the coach shot ahead, and now the engineman poked his fire, and the engine was the favourite. At last, some wonderful improvement in the boiler proved more than a match for the training of the cattle, and the engine, as if it also had heard the well-known story of the Duke of Queensberry and his jockey, "took the lead and kept it."

When next we heard of locomotive engines, they were running on the Liverpool and Manchester railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour, so wonderfully had the invention of the tubular boiler increased their power.

Engineers having been so successful, the public seemed to be smitten with a desire to try their hand at locomotive management. And when some accidents occurred the pro-

pensity became irresistible, and was uncontrolled even by that smallest of all knowledge, a perception of the difficulties to be overcome.

Village politicians are, in their own estimation, quite competent to direct Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and we cannot, therefore, be surprised if bagmen should suppose they could solve questions that puzzled Stephenson and Brunel. But the first delusion does not spread far beyond the worthy individuals themselves, and is rather discountenanced by the *Times*; whereas the latter was prevalent among the wise and great, and was much fostered by the press. The absurdities proposed were truly wonderful; the newspapers were full of improvements on railways, and directors were loudly abused for their shameless avarice and wanton cruelty in "not doing something." It is instructive to look over some of the evidence adduced before juries as to the causes of accidents. The evidence of those who were competent to form an opinion was quite disregarded; but if an engine-driver, a guard, or a porter, gave *his* opinion, the most incomprehensible value was attached to it. The natural result of this folly soon appeared. In defiance of all experience, juries patriotically condemned four-wheeled engines, and haberdashers were positive as to the necessity of scientific education in enginemen. Perhaps, the only curious thing, after all, was that neither the public nor the government suggested any one single improvement; they all originated with the railway people, for we must not take quite *au pied de la lettre* the complimentary epistles in which directors acknowledged and declared their readiness to adopt the "valuable suggestions" of Sir Frederic Smith. However, popular opinion carried every thing before it; the House of Commons and the government took up the matter, they promised to protect the public, like Frankenstein, from this monster of their own creating, and the Board of Trade was charged with the surveillance of railways. The public rejoiced that they would now have the protection of the strong arm of the government, and the railway companies rejoiced at being delivered from the hosts of their irra-

tional persecutors, and handed over to public men, open to conviction, and responsible for their advice.

We will, in common charity, pass over the melancholy incapacity exhibited by the officers of the Board of Trade at first. Most fortunately, the railway companies were strong enough to make their voice heard; and, to do the government justice, they very quickly recovered themselves from the false position into which their subordinates would have plunged them. There is no doubt that the organisation of a railway department connected with the executive government was an admirable measure; and nothing can be more lucid than the exposition given by Sir F. Smith as to the mode in which the duty ought to be carried into effect. His only failures were when he stepped beyond the line he traced. He had not that practical knowledge of railways which is absolutely essential to any one who originates a measure, the success of which depends upon the nice adaptation of details. So difficult did the various questions appear, when sifted by the various committees of the House of Commons, that, in almost all cases, they contented themselves with reporting the conflicting evidence to the House, and justified themselves by the consideration that it was better to leave matters alone for a time, until experience should point out more clearly the proper remedial measures, than to legislate prematurely. The great usefulness of a permanent railway department consisted in its being the focus into which might be collected the whole experience of the kingdom, and where the general result should be calmly considered. Its controlling power arose from its being the organ of public opinion; it was impossible for any railway company to adhere to any practice which the Board of Trade deliberately pronounced improper. It was, also, the means of checking the rage for improvements. Those who wrote boldly in the newspapers under anonymous signatures did not like the scrutiny of Sir F. Smith, and dreaded seeing their nonsense officially recorded. The projectors, however, turned from impracticable directors to government. To the directors the relief was inexpressible. The Board of Trade had for some

time tolerable employment in disposing of all the superfluous ingenuity that was directed to them; but to the inventors the railway department was fatal. It became to them,

"The great Serbonian bog
"Twixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

We must return from this long digression to notice two pamphlets which have lately appeared. One takes *Railway Reform*, and the other *Railway Legislation*, for its title.

Mr. Warburton has thought proper to bring the former ostentatiously forward in a formal notice in the House of Commons, as containing views and information by which the House should be guided in deciding on the alterations which should be made in the present railway system. It is needless to add that it is of the Whig-Radical school, and, like all the schemes which issue from that shop, its object is a grand centralisation measure, which, fortunately for us all, is impracticable enough to entitle it to the especial protection of Mr. Wallace. In all other respects a more unfair and mischievous publication has seldom been issued to mislead the public. The tendency of the whole argument, and of the arrangement of evidence, is to produce on the mind of the reader the impression that railway companies have inflicted a great evil upon the community, and are, as at present constituted, a grievance and a nuisance. They are represented as guilty of those moral wickednesses which, though not punishable by law, excite the hostility of the community, and make all men heartily approve of any measure which, without actually violating the law, will deprive the perpetrators of their ill-gotten gains, and draw down a merited punishment upon them. This is a hard accusation, but we will quote the passages. They are either the author's own words, or quoted by him from others with approbation.

The railway system is described as "a monopoly the most secure, the most extensive, the most lasting, and the most injurious that can be conceived to the public good;" "a sordid vehicle of gain;" by it "the entire community are put to great inconvenience and heavy loss," "are

placed completely at the mercy of individuals endued by no motive to action but their own selfishness, swayed by every gust of prejudice and passion, and too often as profoundly ignorant of even their own real interest as they are exclusively devoted to its advancement." The system inflicts on "the richer class a heavy tax, and the poor an equally heavy grievance." Directors are said to have an "unlimited right in fixing the charges." Then we have "the existence of the power of taxing the public *ad libitum* placed in the hands of irresponsible individuals." Charges on merchandise and live stock are "invariably very heavy," "enormously high," "to a great extent prohibitory." Third-class trains are described as "legalised nuisances," which no one will use except from the "direst necessity." The treatment of third-class passengers is spoken of as "the indignities to which this unfortunate class is exposed." Then is quoted that unhappy observation of the committee on railways, who, in this instance, shewed an inaptitude for the prophetic vocation, "The injurious effect of the railway system upon the poorer class of passengers will be more severely felt in proportion as other means of cheap travelling by stage-coaches, carriers' carts and wagons, are gradually superseded." After proving that a company is authorised by law to charge 35s., it is made a matter of complaint that they charge so little as 12s. 6d., from which the author draws the following most singular conclusion:—"From the foregoing it will be seen that the interference of the legislature, in respect to the tolls and fares of the companies, have been without any practical utility." Some alterations of the fares of the Blackwall Railway, the last being a reduction from 8d. to 6d., are mentioned to illustrate "the annoyance to which the public are continually exposed by this arbitrary system of taxation at will, or depriving the public of railway travelling." Then we hear that the public find the railways so superior in every point of view, that "the railways have turned the highroads into *deserted wastes*," which certainly seems very odd, and rather irreconcilable with the following assertions,

—"It is not the interest of railway companies to charge lower than the ordinary coach-fares," "the fares, in many instances, almost prohibitory;" "the exorbitantly high fares charged," compared with what is done in Belgium; "in the second-class fares there is an advance of fifty per cent on the old outside coach places;" "the fares by railway travelling throughout the country are, on an average, as high, and, in many cases, much higher, than formerly by the coaches;" "it costs as much to travel now as what it did twenty years ago."

If all this is true, it is a serious charge against the railway system; but, if all this is false, what shall we say of *Railway Reform*?

As to the superior economy of railway travelling, we really thought that there had been no doubt upon the matter. The author of *Railway Legislation*, however, gives us figures. After shewing that guards and coachmen cost the passenger, on an average, three-farthings per mile, he says:—

"As long as one can go from Liverpool to London for 1l. 7s., from Manchester to Darlington for 17s., from Leeds to Derby for 8s., from York to Hull for 2s. 6d., from London to Leeds daily for 1l. 5s. 6d., from London to Birmingham for 1l. 2s. 6d. and 14s., from London to Bristol for 20s. and 12s. 6d., from London to Folkestone for 17s. and 11s., and from Liverpool to Manchester for 4s. 6d., it will require something more than the assertion of a committee to persuade travellers that stage-coaches used to carry them cheaper than this, or that there is any injurious effect to the poorer classes in having one cheap mode of conveyance superseded by another far cheaper."

Another point in dispute is the treatment of third-class passengers. There is no one matter on which a greater display of pseudo-humanity is made than on this. Many persons do not like to confess that they travel in third-class coaches to save their money, and, moreover, they very naturally wish that third-class carriages should be made as comfortable as possible. Now if people, by manifesting great humanity to the poor, can, at the same time, save their own money, and make themselves more comfortable, the display of tenderness is likely to be abundant. Third-class carriages, which certainly are

more comfortable than outside seats on coaches, are called "pig-boxes," in order to teach the poor man that he is "insulted" by being told to get into one. Having carried his bundle a couple of miles (for poor people do not employ porters), he is "contemptuously treated" when desired to put it into the wagon. At one time there had been several accidents from trains being run into from behind, and practical men entertained conflicting opinions as to whether there was most danger to be apprehended from this source, or from the engine running off the rails. On those lines where the speed was very great and the gauge wide, accidents to slow trains from collision from behind seemed the most probable, and the passenger-carriage was, therefore, placed in the front of the train. This was represented as a scheme for preventing people using that carriage at all, and was called "a disgraceful and monstrous plan of intimidating the poorer class of passengers." If the directors had really wished to compel passengers to use the dear instead of the cheap carriage, they would have easily attained it by the very simple expedient of taking off the third-class carriage altogether. But, where authors are engaged in pandering to the passions of the multitude, they prefer imputing to individuals the most incredible and useless wickedness, rather than admit a commonplace explanation.

"The coaches between London and Bristol were fourteen hours on the road, the stage-wagons two and a-half days; the much-abused slow trains on the Great Western perform the same journey in nine and a half hours."

The injury and indignity shewn by the railway company to the poor consists, then, in enabling them to perform this journey in two-thirds of the time formerly required by the rich, and one-sixth of the time they themselves would have spent. Yet, in defiance of these facts, we hear those who had neither sense nor enterprise to forward these great undertakings now turning round on their benefactors, and describing as an insult and injury one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the poorer classes.

As to the outside of a coach in bad weather, that is, nine times out of ten, it was one of the most disagreeable modes of locomotion ever devised, an American stage over a corduroy road being the worst. After some winters spent in Sweden, Mr. Laing declared that he had never suffered so much from cold as when travelling in England on the tops of coaches. It is all very well for authors to describe in glowing terms the miseries and insults to which third-class passengers on railways are exposed. The reality is quite reverse. Otherwise how should we hear at railway-meetings the reiterated and piteous complaints of directors, that the rich *will* persist in going into these vehicles; merchants, bankers, dignitaries of the Church, members of parliament, gentlemen who have no predilection for being miserable, and no notion at all of exposing themselves to insult, button up their coats (and pockets), and ask for third-class tickets. There is nothing more impossible than to provide for the poor those comforts which the wealth of the rich enables them to command: there is a higher agency concerned in this than even railway-directors. There are some gentlemen who advocate very strongly the propriety of covering over third-class carriages, and others who comment pretty severely on the inhumanity of directors in exposing the poor to the merciless severity of the blast of winter. If this reasoning is sound, why is it not applied to the proprietors of stage-coaches? Is Mr. Purcell a wretch, because he does not provide a covering for his outside passengers? or is Mr. Croal a brute, because he does not find inside places for those who pay outside fares? Deck passengers in a steamer in a rough night are worse off than third-class passengers on a railway. They are never invited into the cabin, with cabin passengers, and yet the St. George steam-packet company divide their gains without fearing a leading-article in *The Times*. There is nothing on railways different from this, that all the rules of trading should be reversed, and that people should argue that the poor man who pays 2s. 6d. should receive the same accommodation as the richer man who pays 3s. 6d. For civility, punctuality,

and general regularity, the railway system is far beyond any thing ever known. All the cheaper modes of conveyance were irregular and uncertain, to say nothing of the provoking detentions because there was no room inside or out. Even civility had to be purchased at every step. The rich could afford to pay for this, and a heavy tax it was, but the poor could not; and those who know any thing of the real annoyance that this was to them will think it not the worst feature in the railway system.

A "very able writer" in the *Edinburgh Review*, departing from the beaten track of monopoly, despotism, and selfishness of railway-directors, had the courage to declare that the railways had "turned the highroads into deserted wastes." We rather wonder at seeing such nonsense quoted with approbation, and regret when "able writers" imitate the example of Lady Dufferin's *Charming Women* :—

"'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things which they don't understand."

Mr. Laing refutes this assertion (we mean the able writer's, not Lady Dufferin's) as follows :—

"In 1834, when, excepting the Liverpool and Manchester, there was scarcely a passenger line in operation in Great Britain, the revenue of all the turnpike trusts in England and Wales amounted to £1,431,609

In 1839, when most of the principal railways had been opened, it amounted to 1,532,956

£ 101,347

"Instead, therefore, of turnpike trusts declining as railways came into operation, their revenue increased about seven per cent; and what renders this result still more remarkable is, that the largest increase occurred in the counties most intersected by railways, viz.

Stafford £48,553 £54,648

Lancaster .. 123,126 142,653

York 147,569 171,522

and the turnpike revenue of Lancashire during the period between the opening of the Liverpool Railway and the year 1838 increased about fifteen per cent."

Had not facts proved it, we should have had some difficulty in imagining the extreme blindness to their pecuniary interest produced among

the public by the sedulous misrepresentations of the motives and policy of railway directors. We should have thought that when people were so furious about "monopoly" they would have been charmed when competition was introduced. However, prejudice was too strong for common sense, they were determined to be dissatisfied, and, when they detected competition and cheap fares, this was adding insult to injury, and some private individuals, whom *Railway Reform* gravely terms "patriotic," had the incredible folly to spend their money in putting a stop to competition and cheap travelling. We will give an outline of the circumstances, as we are really afraid our readers will think we are imposing on their credulity.

A passenger from London to Derby may quit the London and Birmingham line at Rugby, and go by the Midland Counties, or turn off at Hampton, and go by the Birmingham and Derby line. These two railways began a violent competition for the long or "through" passengers, and gradually reduced the rates charged to these passengers, while the fares to the intermediate stations, in which there was no competition, as, for instance, from Derby to Leicester, remained, of course, unaltered. At last, in May 1843, the rate for a "through" passenger between London and Derby was reduced to one shilling for the whole length of the Midland Counties Railway, which, reckoning from Derby to Rugby, is forty-nine miles. Here was competition at last, here was cheap travelling. When a quarrel between two companies produced such a result as this, he must have been a zealous peacemaker indeed who interfered to make it up. It was a very pretty quarrel as it stood, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger's sentiments would have been in this instance much to be commended. Nevertheless, the public were ten times more angry than before, such a grievance and insult as this was never before attempted, even by a railway company. People found out that the fare from Derby to Rugby was, from this excessive reduction, actually less than that charged for the shorter intermediate distance from Derby to Leicester. Flesh and blood could not stand this.

There was some intensely bitter sarcasm about "a part being more than the whole," and some arithmetically witty reasoning of this nature, "if the company charge four times the whole fare for half the distance, they ought to charge eight times the whole fare for a quarter of the distance." It never occurred to the complainants that their exertions could not possibly reduce the fare between Derby and Leicester, but might possibly, by stopping the competition, raise that between Derby and Rugby. With a zeal surpassing that of the illustrious Cocker, they nobly resolved that the Midland Counties Railway Company should not any longer violate that great rule of right, the rule of three, although the poor traveller received ten or eleven shillings every time they did so. The force of folly at last revealed itself. *Railway Reform* tells us, "The right of the company to make the charge has been brought before the court of Queen's Bench by a patriotic individual, who will possibly have to pay a couple of hundred pounds or so in order to ascertain whether or not the company overcharged him half-a-crown."

Serve him right, we say, as often as we travel that road: there is no competition now!

If there could be any thing more extraordinary than this, it would be to find such conduct defended by persons who, in the next breath, condemn the railway system for being a monopoly. The habit of misrepresentation is one of those which grows by indulgence, and the author at last arrives at the startling conclusion, that by the railway system "the entire community, but especially the mercantile and humble classes, are put to great inconvenience and suffer a heavy loss." If there is any meaning in language, this implies that, by the introduction of railways, the community is placed in a worse condition than it was before. It is a waste of time to refute such a monstrous misrepresentation as this. To say that people suffer a loss by the introduction of a means of conveyance, the principal feature of which is, that travellers prefer it to every thing else, is so discreditable and palpable a perversion of language, that no one would

resort to it, unless he intended to appeal to prejudice and ignorance, and set truth, reason, and justice, aside.

The author of *Railway Reform*, to prove that the community suffers a loss, and to illustrate the evils of the railway system, gives what he calls a hypothetical case:—

"Suppose that government, in the article of tea, was to make an entire change, not only in the amount of duty charged, but the principle on which it should be levied and the mode of collection; that in every town in the kingdom the duty was different, so much so, that in most of the great towns the duty would be so high as to render in effect the drinking of tea prohibitory to the humbler classes, government having found that the habits of the richer classes had made it such an article of necessity that they paid the high price. Suppose that, in order still further to increase their profit, a villanous compound, made up of aloes-leaves and the lowest price congou, was administered to that portion of the poor as tea whose necessities compelled them to have recourse to it medicinally; the duty to be so variable, that whilst in most of the great towns this vile trash would be sold at the exorbitant price of 10s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. (the finest gunpowder being 29s.), a much better commodity is sold to the poor in one town (at Greenock) out of the fifty at 2s. 3d. per pound, government having happened to discover that a greater revenue could be raised when the duty was so low that the article could be sold at that price than any other which they might put on. Could such an abuse of power last in this country for a single month?"

It is impossible to conceive an illustration more inapplicable in every point. The old tea represents stage-coaches, and the new tea, railways. The simile supposes that the use of the new tea is compulsory, whereas the use of railways instead of stage-coaches was voluntary. The new tea is represented as much worse and much dearer than the old, and, of course, the introduction of it and the compulsory removal of the other would be a great abuse, and entail on the community a "heavy loss." But the railways are not dearer and not worse than the old coaches. If they are, how came the public to abandon the coaches and take to the railways? The true illustration would have been to represent government or an individual monopolist introducing a

new tea so much cheaper, and better than the old tea as to drive it at once out of consumption. Only if the author had told the truth thus broadly, and had then affirmed that by this new tea-monopoly the community "had suffered a heavy loss," he would have been laughed at by every old woman in the kingdom, instead of being held up by Mr. Warburton as a *Railway Guide* in St. Stephen's Chapel.

Though it may sound paradoxical, it is nevertheless consonant to experience that a moderate advantage may be appreciated and gratefully received, while an overwhelming benefit may be the cause of discontent. The wealth of some companies was so great, the success of some so striking, and their operations so magnificent, that the public forgot that these were only private speculations. The public comfort was so studied, that the travelling public forgot that they had no right, strictly speaking, to much of what was provided for them. They looked upon railways as a Parisian regards the Louvre, as a national work which he has a right to enjoy without being under obligation to any one. Many shops have plate-glass windows, carpets, and stoves, to make customers more comfortable, and so attract them; but no one will say that the customers have a right to these things. Some railway companies may close up their second-class carriages, and put plate-glass in the windows, lamps in the roof, and cushions on the seats; but to argue from that, that passengers have a right to these things, is not only to argue illogically, but to betray a want of knowledge of the meaning of words. Some affirm that third-class carriages ought to be covered in, and that the poorer passengers have a right to be protected from the inclemency of the weather. If a poor man breaks his leg, he may have a right to require the parish to provide a surgeon for him, but he has no right to have the advice of Sir Benjamin Brodie unless he can pay for it.

It is no answer to this reasoning to say that it does not apply, inasmuch as there is no competition among or against railways. Because, in the first place, if people wished to do so, they might obtain powers to

make competing lines, there is no monopoly as to the power of making railways; and, in the second place, the fact of there being no competition against railways arises solely from their being so much preferred by the travelling public. If there was any point in which any conveyance excelled them, there would be found a class in our great community to prefer that conveyance, and if there was a demand, the supply would follow. If any thing more comfortable could be found, the rich would use it; if more safe, the timid; if more rapid, the busy; if more economical, the poor and the frugal of all ranks.

The same erroneous views prevail in other matters, as in the comforts provided by railway companies. The public got so much more than they bargained for or expected, that they forgot it was a matter of bargain, that it was a question of buying and selling, and that there was any necessary connexion between what they paid and what they got. The inevitable and immediate consequence was, that they considered they had a right to every thing that was possible to be supplied, and that no limit ought to be placed to their demands but the physical inability of the railway-companies to satisfy them. The cost of production was nothing to them; the railway companies were rich and greedy monopolists, and when they could not escape the inexorable tyranny of facts, which proved that the gratification of the public wishes would decrease the railway revenue (which only paid on an average legal interest on the money expended), and so ruin thousands, writers sprang up like mushrooms, ready to prove to a favourable audience, and stake such credit as they had upon the assertion (their money, however, they did not stake), that the railway companies were totally ignorant of their own business, that their attempts to provide still cheaper travelling than the present only failed because they did not go far enough, that the road to ruin should have been trod with more rapidity and perseverance. If it was shewn that a reduction of ten per cent had proved a loss, the ready answer was, try twenty; if that fails, try forty; if that will not do, try

sixty; but if you really wish to succeed, strike off eighty per cent at once from your fares. One is reminded of the ingenious Mr. Morrison and his pills. "Are you ill? take ten; if worse, take thirty. No improvement now? take 100." It is in evidence before a coroner's inquest, that a man died when taking 300 pills a-day, and when the Galen who was then reforming our medical practice was urging him to increase the dose, and assuring him that his death would be attributable solely to his own infatuated obstinacy in not taking enough physic. We are informed that the coach-fares between Liverpool and Manchester were 10s. and 6s.; add to this coachman and guard 2s., making 12s. and 8s. The railway charges are 6s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., a gain to the traveller of nearly one half. In the face of this evidence it is asserted that the expense of travelling has not diminished, and the Liverpool and Manchester railway company is held up for execration, as a body who are "unaware officially that there exist any poorer classes at all, or at least refuse to recognise them as belonging to the community," as having established "a law which forbids any poor man from travelling." Such sentiments produce their legitimate result in the shape of recommendations. A reduction of fares, the author maintains, would considerably improve their affairs. Like the sick man, the railway company replies, "We *did* reduce them; we charged at one time 3s. 6d., but we got less money, our corporate purse grew thinner;" the rejoinder is, "Reduce still more — take more pills." "I doubt very much if there would be any loss incurred by changing the fares to 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., and adding a third-class train at 1s."

One would naturally suppose, when people are conveyed cheaper, quicker, safer, and more comfortable than they were before, that this is an advantage, and that the author of the change has conferred a benefit upon the community; but, by a strange perversion of reasoning, it is now deliberately contended, at least this is the impression intended to be made, that in reality he has inflicted an injury. This conclusion is arrived at by comparing existing circumstances, not with what they were,

but with what they might be, if something had taken place which did not, and could not take place. If railways had cost half what they did, or if the nation confiscated the whole or any part of the profits of the railway proprietors, passengers might be carried much cheaper and in greater comfort than they now are; and, because this is not done, the benefit already gained is turned into an injury. Some private speculators, for their own profit, have given the nation a cheaper and better mode of communication than it had before; and now because they will not sacrifice the profit, to gain which was their only object in setting the whole machinery in motion, because they will not sacrifice this to make travelling still cheaper and better, they are held up to odium. The public are told they are insulted and injured. They have got more than they agreed for, far more than they expected. Dazzled by the success already attained, their expectations outstrip all sober calculations, and acknowledge no limit but impossibility. They do not get what was never promised or expected, and therefore they are injured; and alchemists are not wanting to prepare the popular magic which turns hopes into claims, founds a debt upon a disappointed expectation, and would willingly support the demand by the strong hand of power.

We once heard an anecdote of a Quaker of the ancient city of N—. His wealth is incredible, and the liberality which dispenses it not less so. He received one day a letter from America, from a gentleman of whom he had never heard, requesting a loan of 1000*l*. The writer stated that he also was a member of the Society of Friends, that he intended with this money to enter into a commercial speculation in which he was confident of success, and that, knowing Mr. —'s great wealth, he had determined on applying to him. Struck with the singularity of this extraordinary request, and no doubt influenced by the ties of sect which prevail so strongly in that society, Mr. — allowed his liberality so far to prevail over his habits of business as to grant half the request,

"The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."

He authorised the applicant to draw upon him for 500*l.* The draft was paid, and nothing more passed for three years. At the end of that time Mr. — thought he would ask after his money. He wrote to America, reminding the other of the debt, hoped his speculation had been successful, and trusted that he would find it convenient to repay the 500*l.* The answer was worthy of the first request. The American acknowledged the loan, and said that his speculation had been perfectly successful, and that by this 500*l.* he had realised 1500*l.* He then begged to remind Mr. — that the loan he had applied for was 1000*l.*, that he had only received 500*l.*, and, consequently, had entered into the speculation to only half the extent which he had proposed; that Mr. —'s conduct had, therefore, injured him to the amount of 1500*l.*, that being the profit which Mr. — had prevented him from making; he must, therefore, consider Mr. — his debtor for that sum, and requested him to remit the balance due as soon as convenient.

We heard this anecdote from good authority long before the events occurred which have induced us to record it; and we may add, for the comfort of those who think that such demands ought to be resisted, that Mr. — recovered his 500*l.* after all.

There are many people in this country reiterating with much industry the ingenious argument of the "smart" American. The public mind is abused and misled by the constant repetition of hollow reasonings and inaccurate statements which, from being addressed to their ignorance and to their private interests, become "confirmation strong as proofs from Holy Writ." The member for Bath does not dispute that to provide third-class accommodation between London and Bath such as he demands would be a loss to the Great Western Railway Company; still he "has no hesitation in saying that parliament should compel them to accommodate the poor man." Who is to pay the expense of providing this cheap accommodation? The railway shareholder says he will not. Mr. Roebuck's answer is decided, "I am a member of parliament, and I will compel you."

Let us examine this a little.

Suppose the member for Bath wishes to go and see a constituent, or the constituent from Bath wishes to see the member in London. Neither of them like getting up at four in the morning, both think it would be a very nice arrangement if they could go comfortably about ten o'clock, and pay 12*s.* 6*d.* instead of 20*s.*, and be four hours on the road instead of nine and a half. Both forget that it is owing to the hope existing in the breasts of the Great Western Railway shareholders of making eight or ten per cent on their money, that they are not now obliged to travel by the coach, paying 25*s.* exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather without any shelter, even at their sides, except their own great-coats, and being fourteen hours on the road. In wishes and failure of memory, the member and his constituent are exceedingly well agreed. The voter goes home, the member goes to the House, and does his *petit possible* to induce the legislature to compel the railway company to carry him and his poor friends as comfortably and quickly from London to Bath for 12*s.* 6*d.* as they do for 20*s.*, allowing the carriage to be still called a third-class carriage. The Great Western shareholder, however, remonstrates. He tells the House that though some of his fellow-proprietors may be rich, he is poor; that, after having saved some money, he invested half of it in Pennsylvanian bonds, and with the other half he took ten Great Western shares; that the dividend from the latter is five and a half per cent, or 5*l.* a-year, which is all he has to support him; that every penny saved in travelling by the poor man at Bath who had complained to the gentleman who had just spoken, and the other poor man that Mr. Wallace spoke of, must come out of his pocket, and he really cannot afford it. That those rascally Pennsylvanians have cheated him of one half his little income, and he trusts the honourable gentlemen will not deprive him of any part of the remainder. That if third-class carriages were to be covered over, and to run with the ordinary trains, the cheapest way of accomplishing this would be to take the present second-class carriages and paint "third-class" upon the doors.

That if the House meant to do all this, and he thought it would reduce his income to 45*l.* a-year, they ought to have told him so when the act was applied for, and then he would have been more careful, and kept his money in the bank, and not thrown it away upon a railway. That he is sure the rich Mr. Russell, who always promised him 8 per cent, and who he believes would get it for him yet, if they would only let him alone, will never allow this. And at last the poor man, forgetting in his anger what is due to the dignity of the senate of England, and to the undeniable personal honour of its members, roundly tells the House, that they have no right to do this; that if they are determined to rob him of ten, or even five pounds a-year, ay, or even five pence, to put it into the pockets of Mr. Anybody, or his constituents either, he never will consent to it, and will always call it a shame and a robbery if they put him in prison for saying so; and, in a word, he will not do it. Suppose, however, that the good of the nation, and of the poor travellers from Bath, are of more consequence in the judgment of the House than any such arguments, and members pass a compulsory act, what should we call it? British justice, or Spartan rigour, or Pennsylvanian honesty?

In speaking of railway companies, people are apt to consider them as abstract existences, or rather as public departments, like the Treasury or Post-office, whose poverty or affluence is of no consequence to any particular individual; whereas, in truth, they consist of living, breathing Englishmen, with wives to support and children to clothe. When members cut down the navy estimates, and recommend railway companies to run third-class carriages, they forget the difference. In one case, they are recommending government to build two war-steamers instead of three; in the other, they may be recommending some poor shareholder to extinguish the fire on his hearth, and send his children supperless to bed. A member has no hesitation in saying, railway companies ought to be made to carry the poor cheaply; but he would see the injustice of saying to his next-door neighbour, "Oh! Russell, there is a poor man going on

the top of the coach to Bath; he has very little money, and the night is cold and wet: you really ought to pay for an inside place for him." And no one would blame Russell for replying, "Roebuck, my dear fellow, I really cannot afford to take inside places for poor people whom I know nothing about: I always travel outside myself; but if you are interested about this man, and wish to do a kind thing, why don't *you* pay for his seat?"

The practical effect of running third-class carriages is easy to be understood. It makes the railway shareholder pay the difference between a second and third-class ticket to every traveller who on such terms will consent to go into the third-class carriage. There is no conceivable reason why the railway shareholder should pay this money to the traveller any more than any other individual in the community. It was no part of the bargain when the railway was to be made; on the contrary, the concession to the shareholder of power to charge, if he pleased, *first-class* fares to every traveller, necessarily implied that he was under no legal or moral obligation to do otherwise.

The letter on *Railway Legislation* is of a very different character from that to which Mr. Warburton stands foster-father. Not having a seat in the House, we cannot hold it up as "the members' guide;" but we confess that we are glad that some one has at last ventured to affirm, that honesty and fair dealing is a more suitable national policy than for us to call railway directors hard names, to pretend a dislike to confiscation, and yet to suggest no practicable measure except confiscation for the attainment of our desires. We have heard so much of late of the cant of humanity, and liberality, and all sorts of absurdity under the name of the good of the poor, that we turn with satisfaction to any author who in these days of marble-hearted "*sensiblerie*" avows, that he takes for his rule the good old-fashioned maxims, that "what is unjust cannot be expedient," and that "what is worth having is worth paying for."

In the letter on *Railway Legislation*, the author maintains that the whole operation of railways is based

upon a specific and solemn contract between the railway proprietors and the nation, through its constitutional organs the three estates of the realm. In consideration of being authorised to charge first-class fares if they pleased, the railway proprietors undertook to make their lines. He goes on to say,—

“How has the contract been fulfilled?

“Private property has been purchased at far more than its real value. Passengers are carried at lower fares, at greater speed, in greater comfort, with greater certainty, with greater punctuality and greater safety, than ever was proposed or expected. The railway companies have fulfilled their part, not only to the letter, but to the spirit, and gone beyond both. What have they got by it? Care, anxiety, responsibility, unmeasured abuse. What profit have they made? On an average, they do not receive the legal interest of their money.”

Under such circumstances, is it not monstrous that efforts should be made to rob them even of this; that they should be held up to public execration as avaricious, unfeeling, dishonest monopolists, grinding the poor, oppressing the rich, weighing down like an incubus the energies of the kingdom, an annoyance to the public, “taxing the nation *ad libitum* for the mere purpose of private gain,” “holding the community completely at their mercy,” “induced by no motive of action but their own selfishness, swayed by every gust of prejudice and passion, and too often as profoundly ignorant of their own real interests as they are exclusively devoted to its advancement?” This outrageous abuse is not without its object; nor are its effects neutralised by the usual phrases about due regard to the rights of property; and that railway companies have, of course, a right to make as much money as they can. He who really thinks so will not load them with contumely for doing so. The mud is thrown plentifully, in the hope that some of it will stick, and hide the scrap of gilding that is thrown with it; the dog is given a bad name, in the hope that the mob will hang him without any very exact inquiry into his sanity. If the public are once excited to a proper degree of indignation, and their selfishness thoroughly awakened, the mere colour of justice will suffice to quiet their consciences in the pursuit of the

public good, private property will not be “tenderly dealt with,” and corporate property will be seized and confiscated without a blush.

We must now give an outline of the measures proposed in the letter on *Railway Legislation*, and we strongly recommend the letter itself to the notice of such of our readers as are interested in these matters.

After sketching slightly the progress of railways, the writer traces the great expense of construction of railways to the extensive prejudices which generally prevailed, and which, affecting the laws passed at that time, rendered them unnecessarily disadvantageous to the railway companies. The interest of this extra expense being paid out of the revenue of the company, a permanent charge has been fastened upon our internal communications from which we never can be relieved; and this holds good, whether we adhere to our own or resort to the continental system. He proposes, for the future, that an opposite course should be taken; that every assistance which government can give should be afforded to new railways, in return for which he considers the company should consent to the introduction of very low fares; low fares on a cheap line being supposed to return as great a profit as higher fares on a dearer line.

“The first object is to develop to the utmost the power and spirit of the capitalist, and create numerous railways by cheapening the cost of construction. The second is to obtain cheap travelling by making that the price for which government shall sell its assistance.”

With regard to existing railways, he sets out with a similar principle, viz. that the negotiation between the government and the companies should proceed on the consideration of what is the pecuniary value of the assistance which the government can now give them in working their lines, and that, in return for this assistance, the companies should make a corresponding reduction in their fares. He suggests that railways may be exempted from general and parochial taxation, that “half the maintenance of way” should be paid by the country, and that the borrowed capital of the companies should be raised on the security of the government. From an analysis of the expenditure of ten companies he estimates these ad-

vantages as equal to nine per cent upon their gross receipts. Besides which, the railway company would then be entitled to be protected from a competing line. He thinks that, in return for this assistance, the railway companies would consent to run third-class carriages with every train at a maximum fare of three farthings per mile, and that thus cheap travelling would be obtained. He would leave undisturbed the present power, management, and responsibility of the board of directors.

One very important suggestion is based upon the fact that the traffic of the country, and consequently the revenue of the railways, is progressively increasing from year to year. He proposes, therefore, that, when the dividend of any company exceeds seven per cent (which he calls the maximum dividend), periodical revisions of the fares shall take place every five years, and such reduction made in them as shall reduce the dividend to seven per cent again.

"The result of the whole is contained in the stipulation, that all who choose it may travel by every passenger-train at the rate of three farthings per mile, and that periodical revisions of this rate shall take place so as to appropriate to its further reduction all profit in excess of seven per cent.

"The consequences of this stipulation will be more extensive than they, perhaps, appear at first sight. The third-class carriage with every train necessarily regulates the second-class fare, and that, the first-class fare. The millions travel by the third-class, and economy *there* is the national benefit to the attainment of which all our efforts should be directed. The other fares will be adjusted on the most paying scale; and as this profit is extracted from the rich, and, after fructifying five years in the possession of the railway proprietors and stimulating him to new efforts, is ultimately devoted to a still further development of the principle of cheap travelling, it serves to connect in indissoluble harmony the profit of the private speculator with that of the great mass of the community, or rather to amalgamate and identify them."

It appears, at first sight, that no company whose dividends amount to ten per cent would voluntarily accept any proposal, the effect of which would be to reduce this dividend to seven per cent. But the writer contends, that wherever a costly railway can make ten per cent, a new and cheap line will sooner or later be

made in direct competition with it; the cheap line would accept the government assistance, and thus make a good profit from fares which would ruin the expensive line.

"If railways, by the mere course of events, the improvements of legislation, and the progress of science, can be produced more cheaply than they once could, the value of the old ones must be reduced in proportion, wherever they come into competition. Wherever a dear line can exist, a cheap line will flourish, and ruin its neighbour. Nothing can prevent the old lines from sinking under the pressure, unless with a wise foresight they anticipate the evil day, and take shelter under the shield of government; unless they consent to pay the price of being constituted real monopolies, even if that price should be 'cheap travelling for the working-classes.'"

The letter concludes as follows:—

"Unless some decided steps are now taken, there is no chance of any diminution in the present rates of travelling. If railway 100*l.* shares rose to be worth 600*l.* as has happened with canal-shares, we should have to pay threepence a mile. It cannot be a wise policy to perpetuate this. My object is to recommend the adoption of some progressing, self-adjusting principle. Whether the maximum dividend shall be seven per cent, and the maximum third-class fare three farthings per mile, is not of so much consequence as the attainment of a maximum dividend, and periodical revision and reduction of fares. This undoubtedly might be accomplished by the nation buying up all the railways, and placing the whole management of them in the hands of a branch of the executive, as is done with regard to the Post-office. But I apprehend that it is a sound rule of policy, that government should not undertake any business of this commercial nature, if it can be carried on through the agency of private individuals. The last resource should not be applied to until it is ascertained that no other scheme is practicable. Next to doing nothing at all, delay is most to be deprecated. If the railway income, or any proportion of it, is to be confiscated for the national good, it ought to be confiscated while it is only three millions a-year. If it is to be purchased, the price should be fixed before it increases in value. In the last twelve months the value of railway shares has increased six or eight millions. Even the British nation cannot afford to indulge in procrastination which costs them half a million monthly. In this instance

'Procrastination is the thief of time,' and of the national wealth also."

LITTLE TRAVELS AND ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES.

BY TITMARSH.

FROM RICHMOND IN SURREY TO BRUSSELS IN BELGIUM.

* * I QUITTED the Rose Cottage Hotel at Richmond, one of the comfortablest, quietest, cheapest, neatest, little inns in England, and a thousand times preferable, in my opinion, to the Star and Garter, whither, if you go alone, a sneering waiter, with his hair curled, frightens you off the premises; and where, if you are bold enough to brave the sneering waiter, you have to pay ten shillings for a bottle of claret; and whence, if you look out of the window, you gaze on a view which is so rich that it seems to knock you down with its splendour—a view that has its hair curled like the swaggering waiter: I say, I quitted the Rose Cottage Hotel with deep regret, believing that I should see nothing so pleasant as its gardens, and its veal-cutlets, and its dear little bowling-green, elsewhere. But the time comes when people must go out of town, and so I got on the top of the omnibus, and the carpet-bag was put inside.

If I were a great prince and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannahs in my pocket—not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in his circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back and asked for a light. He was a footman, or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind-instrument, which he called a "kinopium," a sort of trumpet, on which

he shewed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the "kinopium" a most abominable air, which he said was the "Duke's March." It was played by particular request of one of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

The noise was so abominable that even the coachman objected (although my friend's brother footmen were ravished with it), and said that it was not allowed to play toons on *his* bus. "Very well," said the valet, "*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment, THAT 'S ALL.*" The coachman could not resist that appeal to his fashionable feelings. The valet was allowed to play his infernal kinopium, and the poor fellow (the coachman), who had lived in some private families, was quite anxious to conciliate the footmen of the Duke of Buccleuch's establishment, that's all, and told several stories of his having been groom in Captain Hoskins's family, *nephew of Governor Hoskins*, which stories the footmen received with great contempt.

The footmen were like the rest of the fashionable world in this respect. I felt for my part that I respected them. They were in daily communication with a duke! They were not the rose, but they had lived beside it. There is an odour in the English aristocracy which intoxicates plebeians. I am sure that any commoner in England, though he would die rather than confess it, would have a respect for those great, big, hulking duke's footmen.

The day before, her grace the duchess had passed us alone in a chariot-and-four with two out-riders. What better mark of innate superiority could man want? Here was a slim lady who required four—six horses to herself, and four servants (kinopium was, no doubt, one of the number) to guard her.

We were sixteen inside and out, and had consequently an eighth of a horse-a-piece.

A duchess = 6, a commoner = $\frac{1}{6}$, that is to say,

1 duchess = 48 commoners.

If I were a duchess of the present day, I would say to the duke, my noble husband, "My dearest grace, I think, when I travel alone in my chariot from Hammersmith to London, I will not care for the outriders. In these days, when there is so much poverty and so much disaffection in the country, we should not *éclabousser* the *canaille* with the sight of our preposterous prosperity."

But this is very likely only plebeian envy, and I dare say, if I were a lovely duchess of the realm, I would ride in a coach-and-six, with a coronet on the top of my bonnet and a robe of velvet and ermine even in the dog-days.

Alas! these are the dog-days. Many dogs are abroad—snarling dogs, biting dogs, envious dogs, mad dogs; beware of exciting the fury of such with your flaming red velvet and dazzling ermine. It makes ragged Lazarus doubly hungry to see Dives feasting in cloth of gold; and so if I were a beauteous duchess * * * Silence, vain man, can the queen herself make you a duchess? Be content, then, nor gibe at thy betters of "the Duke of B——'s establishment—that's all."

*On board the Antwerpen,
off every where.*

We have bidden adieu to Billingsgate, we have passed the Thames Tunnel; it is one o'clock, and of course people are thinking of being hungry. What a merry place a steamer is on a calm sunny summer forenoon, and what an appetite every one seems to have! We are, I assure you, no less than 170 noblemen and gentlemen together pacing up and down under the awning, or lolling on the sofas in the cabin, and hardly have we passed Greenwich when the feeding begins. The company was at the brandy and soda-water in an instant (there is a sort of legend that the beverage is a preservative against sea-sickness), and I admired the penetration of gentlemen who partook of the drink. In the first place, the steward *will* put so much brandy into the tumbler that it is fit to choke you; and, secondly, the soda-water, being kept as near as possible to the boiler of the

engine, is of a fine wholesome heat when presented to the hot and thirsty traveller. Thus he is prevented from catching any sudden cold which might be dangerous to him.

The forepart of the vessel is crowded to the full as much as the genteeler quarter. There are four carriages, each with piles of imperials and aristocratic gimcracks of travel, under the wheels of which those personages have to clamber who have a mind to look at the bowsprit, and perhaps to smoke a cigar at ease. The carriages overcome, you find yourself confronted by a huge penful of Durham oxen, lying on hay and surrounded by a barricade of oars. Fifteen of these horned monsters maintain an incessant mooing and bellowing. Beyond the cows come a heap of cotton-bags, beyond the cotton-bags more carriages, more pyramids of travelling trunks, and valets and couriers bustling and swearing round about them. And already, and in various corners and niches, lying on coils of rope, black tar cloths, ragged cloaks, or hay, you see a score of those dubious fore-cabin passengers, who are never shaved, who always look unhappy, and appear getting ready to be sick.

At one, dinner begins in the after-cabin—boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, and parboiled wine for any gentlemen who like it, and two roast ducks between seventy. After this, knobs of cheese are handed round on a plate and there is a talk of a tart somewhere at some end of the table. All this I saw peeping through a sort of meat-safe which ventilates the top of the cabin, and very happy and hot did the people seem below.

"How the deuce can people dine at such an hour?" say several genteel fellows who are watching the manoeuvres. "I can't touch a morsel before seven."

But somehow at half-past three o'clock we had dropped a long way down the river. The air was delightfully fresh, the sky of a faultless cobalt, the river shining and flashing like quicksilver, and at this period steward runs against me bearing two great smoking dishes covered by two great glistening hemispheres of tin. "Fellow," says I, "what's that?"

He lifted up the cover, it was ducks and green peas, by jingo!

"What, haven't they done *yet*, the greedy creatures?" I asked. "Have the people been feeding for three hours?"

"Law bless you, sir, it's the second dinner. Make haste, or you won't get a place;" at which words a genteel party, with whom I had been conversing, instantly tumbled down the hatchway, and I find myself one of the second relay of seventy who are attacking the boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled cabbage, &c. As for the ducks, I certainly had some peas, very fine yellow stiff peas, that ought to have been split before they were boiled; but, with regard to the ducks, I saw the animals gobbled up before my eyes by an old widow lady and her party just as I was shrieking to the steward to bring a knife and fork to carve them. The fellow (I mean the widow lady's whiskered companion)! I saw him eat peas with the very knife with which he had dissected the duck!

After dinner (as I need not tell the keen observer of human nature who peruses this) the human mind, if the body be in a decent state, expands into gaiety and benevolence, and the intellect longs to measure itself in friendly converse with the divers intelligences around it. We ascend upon deck, and after eyeing each other for a brief space and with a friendly modest hesitation, we begin anon to converse about the weather and other profound and delightful themes of English discourse. We confide to each other our respective opinions of the ladies round about us. Look at that charming creature in a pink bonnet and a dress of the pattern of a Kil-marnock snuff-box; a stalwart Irish gentleman in a green coat and bushy red whiskers is whispering something very agreeable into her ear, as is the wont of gentlemen of his nation; for her dark eyes kindle, her red lips open and give an opportunity to a dozen beautiful pearly teeth to display themselves, and glance brightly in the sun, while round the teeth and the lips a number of lovely dimples make their appearance, and her whole countenance assumes a look of perfect health and happiness. See her companion in shot silk and a dove-coloured parasol; in what a graceful Watteau-like attitude she reclines. The tall courier who has

been bouncing about the deck in attendance upon these ladies (it is his first day of service, and he is eager to make a favourable impression on them and the lady's-maids too) has just brought them from the carriage a small paper of sweet cakes (nothing is prettier than to see a pretty woman eating sweet biscuits,) and a bottle that evidently contains Malmsey madeira. How daintily they sip it; how happy they seem, how that lucky rogue of an Irishman prattles away! Yonder is a noble group indeed; an English gentleman and his family. Children, mother, grandmother, grown-up daughters, father, and domestics, twenty-two in all. They have a table to themselves on the deck, and the consumption of eatables among them is really endless. The nurses have been bustling to and fro and bringing first, slices of cake; then dinner; then tea with huge family jugs of milk; and the little people have been playing hide-and-seek round the deck, coquetting with the other children, and making friends of every soul on board. I love to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching them as they gambol about; a female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children, becomes celestial almost, and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking on at such sights. "Ah, sir!" says a great big man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, "I have a couple of those little things at home;" and he stops and heaves a great big sigh and swallows down a half tumbler of cold something and water. We know what the honest fellow means well enough. He is saying to himself "God bless my girls and their mother!" but, being a Briton, is too manly to speak out in a more intelligible way. Perhaps it is as well for him to be quiet, and not chatter and gesticulate like those Frenchmen a few yards from him, who are chirping over a bottle of champagne.

There is, as you may fancy, a number of such groups on the deck, and a pleasant occupation it is for a lonely man to watch them and build theories upon them, and examine those two personages seated cheek by jowl. One is an English youth, travelling for the first time, who has been hard at his

Guide-book during the whole journey. He has a *Manuel du Voyageur* in his pocket; a very pretty, amusing little oblong work it is too, and might be very useful, if the foreign people in three languages, among whom you travel, would but give the answers set down in the book, or understand the questions you put to them out of it. The other honest gentleman in the fur cap, what can his occupation be? We know him at once for what he is. "Sir," says he, in a fine German accent, "I am a professor of languages, and will gif you lessons in Danish, Swedish, English, Bortuguese, Spanish and Bersian." Thus occupied in meditations, the rapid hours and the rapid steamer pass quickly on. The sun is sinking, and, as he drops, the ingenious luminary sets the Thames on fire: several worthy gentlemen, watch in hand, are eagerly examining the phenomena attending his disappearance,—rich clouds of purple and gold, that form the curtains of his bed,—little barks that pass black across his disk, his disk every instant dropping nearer and nearer into the water. "There he goes!" says one sagacious observer. "No he doesn't," cries another. Now he is gone, and the steward is already threading the deck, asking the passengers, right and left, if they will take a little supper. What a grand object is a sunset, and what a wonder is an appetite at sea! Lo! the horned moon shines pale over Margate, and the red beacon is gleaming from distant Ramsgate pier.

A great rush is speedily made for the mattresses that lie in the boat at the ship's side; and, as the night is delightfully calm, many fair ladies and worthy men determine to couch on deck for the night. The proceedings of the former, especially if they be young and pretty, the philosopher watches with indescribable emotion and interest. What a number of pretty coquetries do the ladies perform, and into what pretty attitudes do they take care to fall! All the little children have been gathered up by the nursery-maids, and are taken down to roost below. Balmy sleep seals the eyes of many tired wayfarers, as you see in the case

of the Russian nobleman asleep among the portmanteaus; and Titmarsh, who has been walking the deck for some time with a great mattress on his shoulders, knowing full well, that were he to relinquish it for an instant, some other person would seize on it; now stretches his bed upon the deck, wraps his cloak about his knees, draws his white cotton nightcap tight over his head and ears; and, as the smoke of his cigar rises calmly upwards to the deep sky and the cheerful twinkling stars, he feels himself exquisitely happy, and thinks of thee, my Juliana!

Why people, because they are in a steam-boat, should get up so deucedly early I cannot understand. Gentlemen have been walking over my legs ever since three o'clock this morning, and, no doubt, have been indulging in personalities (which I hate) regarding my appearance and manner of sleeping, lying, snoring. Let the wags laugh on; but a far pleasanter occupation is to sleep until breakfast-time, or near it.

The tea, and ham, and eggs, which, with a beef-steak or two, and three or four rounds of toast, form the component parts of the above-named elegant meal, are taken in the river Scheldt. Little, neat, plump-looking churches and villages are rising here and there among tufts of trees and pastures that are wonderfully green. To the right, as the Guide-book says, is Walcheren; and on the left Cadsand, memorable for the English expedition of 1809, when Lord Chatham, Sir Walter Manny, and Henry Earl of Derby, at the head of the English, gained a great victory over the Flemish mercenaries in the pay of Philippe of Valois. The cloth-yard shafts of the English archers did great execution. Flushing was taken, and Lord Chatham returned to England, where he distinguished himself greatly in the debates on the American war, which he called the brightest jewel of the British crown. You see, my love, that, though an artist by profession, my education has by no means been neglected; and what, indeed, would be the pleasure of travel, unless these charming, historical recollections were brought to bear upon it?

Antwerp.

As many hundreds of thousands of English visit this city (I have met at least a hundred of them in this half-hour walking the streets, Guide-book in hand), and as the ubiquitous Murray has already depicted the place, there is no need to enter into a long description of it, its neatness, its beauty, and its stiff antique splendour. The tall, pale houses have many of them crimped gables, that look like Queen Elizabeth's ruffs. There are as many people in the streets as in London at three o'clock in the morning; the market-women wear bonnets of a flower-pot shape, and have shining brazen milk-pots, which are delightful to the eyes of a painter. Along the quays of the lazy Scheldt are innumerable good-natured groups of beer-drinkers (small-beer is the most good-natured drink in the world); along the barriers outside of the town, and by the glistening canals, are more beer-shops and more beer-drinkers. The city is defended by the queerest fat military. The chief traffic is between the hotels and the railroad. The hotels give wonderful good dinners, and especially at the Grand Laboureur may be mentioned a peculiar tart, which is the best of all tarts that ever a man ate since he was ten years old. A moonlight walk is delightful. At ten o'clock the whole city is quiet; and so little changed does it seem to be, that you may walk back three hundred years into time, and fancy yourself a majestic Spaniard, or an oppressed and patriotic Dutchman at your leisure. You enter the inn, and the old Quentin Durward courtyard, in which the old towers look down. There is a sound of singing—singing at midnight. Is it Don Sombbrero, who is singing an Andalusian seguidilla under the window of the Flemish burgomaster's daughter? Ah, no! it is a fat Englishman in a zephyr coat; he is drinking cold gin-and-water in the moonlight, and warbling softly,

"Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
N—ix my dolly, pals, fake a—a—way."

I wish the good people would knock off the top part of Antwerp Cathedral spire. Nothing can be more gracious and elegant than the

lines of the first two compartments; but near the top there bulges out a little round, ugly, vulgar, Dutch monstrosity (for which the architects have, no doubt, a name) which offends the eye cruelly. Take the Apollo, and set upon him a bob-wig and a little cocked hat; imagine God save the King ending with a jig; fancy a polonaise, or procession of slim, stately, elegant court beauties, headed by a buffoon dancing a hornpipe. Marshal Gérard should have discharged a bomb-shell at that abomination, and have given the noble steeple a chance to be finished in the grand style of the early fifteenth century, in which it was begun.

This style of criticism is base and mean, and quite contrary to the orders of the immortal Goethe, who was only for allowing the eye to recognise the beauties of a great work, but would have its defects passed over. It is an unhappy, luckless organisation which will be perpetually fault-finding, and in the midst of a grand concert of music will persist only in hearing that unfortunate fiddle out of tune.

Within—except where the rococo architects have introduced their ornaments (here is the fiddle out of tune again)—the cathedral is noble. A rich, tender sunshine is streaming in through the windows, and gilding the stately edifice with the purest light. The admirable stained glass windows are not too brilliant in their colours. The organ is playing a rich, solemn music; some two hundred of people are listening to the service; and there is scarce one of the women kneeling on her chair, enveloped in her full, majestic, black drapery, but is not a fine study for a painter. These large black mantles of heavy silk brought over the heads of the women, and covering their persons, fall into such fine folds of drapery, that they cannot help being picturesque and noble. See, kneeling by the side of two of those fine devout-looking figures, is a lady in a little twiddling Parisian hat and feather, in a little lace mantelet, in a tight gown and a bustle. She is almost as monstrous as yonder figure of the Virgin, in a hoop, and with a huge crown and a ball and a sceptre; and a bambino dressed in a little hoop,

and in a little crown, round which are clustered flowers and pots of orange-trees, and before which many of the faithful are at prayer. Gentle clouds of incense come wafting through the vast edifice; and in the lulls of the music you hear the faint chant of the priest, and the silver tinkle of the bell.

Six Englishmen, with the Commissioners and the Murray's guide-books in their hands, are looking at the "Descent from the Cross." Of this picture the Guide-book gives you orders how to judge. If it is the end of religious painting to express the religious sentiment, a hundred of inferior pictures must rank before Rubens. Who was ever piously affected by any picture of the master? He can depict a livid thief writhing upon the cross, sometimes a blonde Magdalen weeping below it; but it is a Magdalen a very short time indeed after her repentance; her yellow brocades and flaring satins are still those which she wore when she was of the world; her body has not yet lost the marks of the feasting and voluptuousness in which she used to indulge, according to the legend. Not one of the Rubens' pictures, among all the scores that decorate chapels and churches here, has the least tendency to purify, to touch the affections, or to awaken the feelings of religious respect and wonder. The "Descent from the Cross" is vast, gloomy, and awful; but the awe inspired by it is, as I take it, altogether material. He might have painted a picture of any criminal broken on the wheel, and the sensation inspired by it would have been precisely similar. Nor in a religious picture do you want the *savoir-faire* of the master to be always protruding itself; it detracts from the feeling of reverence, just as the thumping of cushion and the spouting of tawdry oratory does from a sermon. Meek religion disappears, shouldered out of the desk by the pompous, stalwart, big-chested, fresh-coloured, bushy-whiskered pulpiteer. Rubens' piety has always struck us as of this sort. If he takes a pious subject, it is to shew you in what a fine way he, Peter Paul Rubens, can treat it. He never seems to doubt but that he is doing it a great honour. His "Descent from the Cross," and its

accompanying wings and cover, are a set of puns upon the word Christopher, of which the taste is more odious than that of the hooped-petticoated Virgin yonder, with her artificial flowers, and her rings and brooches. The people who made an offering of that hooped-petticoat did their best, at any rate; they knew no better. There is humility in that simple, quaint present; trustfulness and kind intention. Looking about at other altars, you see (much to the horror of our pious) all sorts of queer little emblems hanging up under little pyramids of penny candles that are sputtering and flaring there. Here you have a silver arm, or a little gold toe, or a wax leg, or a gilt eye, signifying and commemorating cures that have been performed by the supposed intercession of the saint over whose chapel they hang. Well, although they are abominable superstitions, yet these queer little offerings seem to me to be a great deal more pious than Rubens' big pictures; just as is the widow with her poor little mite compared to the swelling Pharisee who flings his purse of gold into the plate.

A couple of days of Rubens and his church pictures makes one thoroughly and entirely sick of him. His very genius and splendour palls upon one, even taking the pictures as worldly pictures. One grows weary of being perpetually feasted with this rich, coarse, steaming food. Considering them as church pictures, I don't want to go to church to hear, however splendid, an organ play the "British Grenadiers."

The Antwerpians have set up a clumsy bronze statue of their divinity in a square of the town; and those who have not enough of Rubens in the churches may study him, and indeed to much greater advantage, in a good, well-lighted museum. Here, there is one picture, a dying saint taking the communion, a large piece ten or eleven feet high, and painted in an incredibly short space of time, which is extremely curious indeed for the painter's study. The picture is scarcely more than an immense magnificent sketch; but it tells the secret of the artist's manner, which, in the midst of its dash and splendour, is curiously methodical. Where

the shadows are warm the lights are cold, and *vice versa*; and the picture has been so rapidly painted, that the tints lie raw by the side of one another, the artist not having taken the trouble to blend them.

There are two exquisite Vandykes (whatever Sir Joshua may say of them), and in which the very management of the grey tones which the president abuses forms the principal excellence and charm. Why, after all, are we not to have our opinion? Sir Joshua is not the Pope. The colour of one of those Vandyke's is as fine as *fine* Paul Veronese, and the sentiment beautifully tender and graceful.

I saw, too, an exhibition of the modern Belgian artists (1843), the remembrance of whose pictures after a month's absence has almost entirely vanished. Wapper's hand, as I thought, seemed to have grown old and feeble, Verboeckhoven's cattle-pieces are almost as good as Paul Potter's, and Keyser has dwindled down into namby-pamby prettiness, pitiful to see in the gallant young painter who astonished the Louvre artists ten years ago by a hand almost as dashing and ready as that of Rubens himself. There were besides many caricatures of the new German school, which are in themselves caricatures of the masters before Raphael.

An instance of honesty may be mentioned here with applause. The writer lost a pocket-book containing a passport and a couple of modest ten-pound notes. The person who found the portfolio ingeniously put it into the box of the post-office, and it was faithfully restored to the owner; but somehow the two ten-pound notes were absent. It was, however, a great comfort to get the passport, and the pocket-book, which must be worth about ninepence.

Brussels.

It was night when we arrived by the railroad from Antwerp at Brussels; the route is very pretty and interesting, and the flat countries through which the road passes in the highest state of peaceful, smiling cultivation. The fields by the road-side are inclosed by hedges as in England,

the harvest was in part down, and an English country gentleman who was of our party pronounced the crops to be as fine as any he had ever seen. Of this matter a Cockney cannot judge accurately, but any man can see with what extraordinary neatness and care all these little plots of ground are tilled, and admire the richness and brilliancy of the vegetation. Outside of the moat of Antwerp, and at every village by which we passed, it was pleasant to see the happy congregations of well-clad people that basked in the evening sunshine, and soberly smoked their pipes and drank their Flemish beer. Men who love this drink must, as I fancy, have something essentially peaceful in their composition, and must be more easily satisfied than folks on our side of the water. The excitement of Flemish beer is, indeed, not great. I have tried both the white beer and the brown; they are both of the kind which schoolboys denominate "swipes," very sour and thin to the taste, but served, to be sure, in quaint Flemish jugs that do not seem to have changed their form since the days of Rubens, and must please the lovers of antiquarian knick-knacks. Numbers of comfortable-looking women and children sat beside the head of the family upon the tavern-benches, and it was amusing to see one little fellow of eight years old smoking, with much gravity, his father's cigar. How the worship of the sacred plant of tobacco has spread through all Europe! I am sure that the persons who cry out against the use of it are guilty of superstition and unreason, and that it would be a proper and easy task for scientific persons to write an encomium upon the weed. In solitude it is the pleasantest companion possible, and in company never *de trop*. To a student it suggests all sorts of agreeable thoughts, it refreshes the brain when weary, and every sedentary cigar-smoker will tell you how much good he has had from it, and how he has been able to return to his labour, after a quarter of an hour's mild interval of the delightful leaf of Havannah. Drinking has gone from among us since smoking came in. It is a wicked error to say that smokers are drunkards; drink they do, but of gentle diluents mostly, for

fierce stimulants of wine or strong liquors are abhorrent to the real lover of the Indian weed. Ah! my Juliana, join not in the vulgar cry that is raised against us. Cigars and cool drinks beget quiet conversations, good-humour, meditation; not hot blood such as mounts into the head of drinkers of apoplectic port or dangerous claret. Are we not more moral and reasonable than our forefathers? Indeed I think so somewhat; and many improvements of social life and converse must date with the introduction of the pipe.

We were a dozen tobacco-consumers in the wagon of the train that brought us from Antwerp; nor did the women of the party (sensible women!) make a single objection to the fumigation. But enough of this; only let me add, in conclusion, that an excellent Israelitish gentleman, Mr. Hartog of Antwerp, supplies cigars for a penny a-piece, such as are not to be procured in London for four times the sum.

Through smiling corn-fields, then, and by little woods from which rose here and there the quaint peaked towers of some old-fashioned *châteaux*, our train went smoking along at thirty miles an hour. We caught a glimpse of Mechlin steeple, at first dark against the sunset, and afterwards bright as we came to the other side of it, and admired long glistening canals or moats that surrounded the queer old town, and were lighted up in that wonderful way which the sun only understands, and not even Mr. Turner, with all his vermilion and gamboge, can put down on canvass. The verdure was every where astonishing, and we fancied we saw many golden Cuyps as we passed by these quiet pastures.

Steam-engines and their accompaniments, blazing forges, gaunt manufactories, with numberless windows and long black chimneys, of course take away from the romance of the place; but, as we whirled into Brussels, even these engines had a fine appearance. Three or four of the snorting, galloping monsters had just finished their journey, and there was a quantity of flaming ashes lying under the brazen bellies of each that looked properly lurid and demoniacal. The men at the station came out with flaming torches — awful-

looking fellows, indeed! Presently the different baggage was handed out, and in the very worst vehicle I ever entered, and at the very slowest pace, we were borne to the *Hôtel de Suède*, from which house of entertainment this letter is written.

We strolled into the town, but, though the night was excessively fine and it was not yet eleven o'clock, the streets of the little capital were deserted, and the handsome blazing *cafés* round about the theatres contained no inmates. Ah, what a pretty sight is the Parisian Boulevard on a night like this! how many pleasant hours has one passed in watching the lights, and the hum, and the stir, and the laughter of those happy, idle people! There was none of this gaiety here; nor was there a person to be found, except a skulking commissioner or two (whose real name in French is that of a fish that is eaten with fennel-sauce), and who offered to conduct us to certain curiosities in the town. What must we English not have done, that in every town in Europe we are to be fixed upon by scoundrels of this sort; and what a pretty reflection it is on our country that such rascals find the means of living on us!

Early the next morning we walked through a number of streets in the place, and saw certain sights. The Park is very pretty, and all the buildings round about it have an air of neatness — almost of stateliness. The houses are tall, the streets spacious, and the roads extremely clean. In the Park is a little theatre, a *café* somewhat ruinous, a little palace for the king of this little kingdom, some smart public buildings (with S. P. Q. B. emblazoned on them, at which pompous inscription one cannot help laughing), and other rows of houses somewhat resembling a little Rue de Rivoli. Whether from my own natural greatness and magnanimity, or from that handsome share of national conceit that every Englishman possesses, my impressions of this city are certainly any thing but respectful. It has an absurd kind of Lilliput look with it. There are soldiers, just as in Paris, better dressed, and doing a vast deal of drumming and bustle; and yet, somehow, far from being frightened

at them, I feel inclined to laugh in their faces. There are little ministers, who work at their little bureaux, and to read the journals, how fierce they are! A great thundering *Times* could hardly talk more big. One reads about the rascally ministers, the miserable opposition, the designs of tyrants, the eyes of Europe, &c. just as one would in real journals. The *Moniteur* of Ghent belabours the *Independent* of Brussels; the *Independent* falls foul of the *Lynx*; and really it is difficult not to suppose sometimes that these working people are in earnest. And yet how happy were they *sua si bona norint*! Think what a comfort it would be to belong to a little state like this; not to abuse their privilege, but philosophically to use it. If I were a Belgian, I would not care one single fig about politics. I would not read thundering leading articles. I would not have an opinion. What's the use of an opinion here? Happy fellows! do not the French, the English, and the Prussians, spare them the trouble of thinking, and make all their opinions for them? Think of living in a country free, easy, respectable, wealthy, and with the nuisance of talking politics removed from out of it. All this might the Belgians have, and a part do they enjoy, but not the best part; no, these people will be brawling and by the ears, and parties run as high here as at Stoke Pogis or little Pedlington.

These sentiments were elicited by the reading of a paper at the *café* in the Park, where we sat under the trees for awhile and sipped our cool lemonade. Numbers of statues decorate the place, the very worst I ever saw. These Cupids must have been erected in the time of the Dutch dynasty, as I judge from the immense posterior developements. Indeed the arts of the country are very low. The statues here, and the lions before the Prince of Orange's palace, would disgrace almost the figure-head of a ship.

Of course we paid our visit to this little lion of Brussels (the prince's palace, I mean). The architecture of the building is admirably simple and firm; and you remark about it, and all other works here, a high finish in doors, wood-works, paintings, &c. that one does not see in France, where the buildings are often rather

sketched than completed, and the artist seems to neglect the limbs, as it were, and extremities of his figures.

The finish of this little place is exquisite. We went through some dozen of state-rooms, paddling along over the slippery floors of inlaid woods in great slippers, without which we must have come to the ground. How did his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange manage when he lived here, and her Imperial Highness the Princess, and their excellencies the chamberlains, and the footmen? They must have been on their tails many times a-day, that's certain, and must have cut queer figures.

The ball-room is beautiful—all marble, and yet with a comfortable, cheerful look; the other apartments are not less agreeable, and the people looked with intense satisfaction at some great lapis-lazuli tables, which the guide informed us were worth four millions, more or less; adding, with a very knowing look, that they were *un peu plus cher que l'or*. This speech has a tremendous effect on visitors, and when we met some of our steam-boat companions in the Park or elsewhere—in so small a place as this one falls in with them a dozen times a-day—"Have you seen the tables?" was the general question. Prodigious tables are they, indeed! Fancy a table, my dear—a table four feet wide—a table with legs. Ye Heavens! the mind can hardly picture to itself any thing so beautiful and so tremendous!

There are some good pictures in the palace, too, but not so extraordinarily good as the guide-books and the guide would have us to think. The latter, like most men of his class, is an ignoramus, who shewed us an Andrea del Sarto (copy or original), and called it a Correggio, and made other blunders of a like nature. As is the case in England, you are hurried through the rooms without being allowed time to look at the pictures, and, consequently, to pronounce a satisfactory judgment on them.

In the museum more time was granted me, and I spent some hours with pleasure there. It is an absurd little gallery, absurdly imitating the Louvre, with just such compartments and pillars as you see in the noble Paris gallery; only here the pillars

and capitals are stucco and white in place of marble and gold, and plaster of Paris busts of great Belgians are placed between the pillars. An artist of the country has made a portrait containing them, and you will be ashamed of your ignorance when you hear many of their names. Old Tilly of Magdeburg figures in one corner; Rubens, the endless Rubens, stands in the midst. What a noble countenance it is, and what a manly, swaggering consciousness of power!

The picture to see here is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governesses of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length, but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendour, such a simplicity about it! The woman is in a stiff, black dress, with a ruff and a few pearls, a yellow curtain is behind her—the simplest arrangement that can be conceived; but this great man knew how to rise to his occasion; and no better proof can be shewn of what a fine gentleman he was than this his homage to the vice-queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our queen has been painted by—but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her every-day working-dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it.

Many more pictures are there here by Rubens, or rather from Rubens' manufactory,—odious and vulgar most of them are; fat Magdalens, coarse Saints, vulgar Virgins, with the scene-painter's tricks far too evident upon the canvass. By the side of one of the most astonishing colour-pieces in the world, the "Worshipping of the Magi," is a famous picture of Paul Veronese that cannot be too much admired. As Rubens sought in the first picture to dazzle and astonish by gorgeous variety, Paul in his seems to wish to get his effect by simplicity, and has produced the most noble harmony that can be conceived. Many more works are there that merit notice,—a singularly clever,

brilliant, and odious Jordeana, for example; some curious costume-pieces; one or two works by the Belgian Raphael, who was a very Belgian Raphael, indeed; and a long gallery of pictures of the very oldest school, that, doubtless, afford much pleasure to the amateurs of ancient art. I confess that I am inclined to believe in very little that existed before the time of Raphael. There is, for instance, the Prince of Orange's picture by Ferrugino, very pretty, indeed, up to a certain point, but all the heads are repeated, all the drawing is bad and affected; and this very badness and affectation is what the so-called Catholic school is always anxious to imitate. Nothing can be more juvenile or paltry than the works of the native Belgians here exhibited. Tin crowns are suspended over many of them, shewing that the pictures are prize compositions, and pretty things, indeed, they are! Have you ever read an Oxford prize-poem? Well, these pictures are worse even than the Oxford poems—an awful assertion to make.

In the matter of eating, dear sir, which is the next subject of the fine arts, a subject that, after many hours' walking, attracts a gentleman very much, let me attempt to recall the transactions of this very day at the *table-d'hôte*. 1, green pea-soup; 2, boiled salmon; 3, muscles; 4, crimped skate; 5, roast meat; 6, pat-ties; 7, melon; 8, carp, stewed with mushrooms and onions; 9, roast turkey; 10, cauliflower and butter; 11, fillets of venison *piqués*, with *assa-fœtida* sauce; 12, stewed calf's-ear; 13, roast veal; 14, roast lamb; 15, stewed cherries; 16, rice pudding; 17, Gruyère cheese, and about twenty-four cakes of different kinds, Except 5, 13, and 14, I give you my word I ate of all written down here, with three rolls of bread, and a score of potatoes. What is the meaning of it? How is the stomach of man brought to desire and to receive all this quantity? Do not gastronomists complain of heaviness in London after eating a couple of mutton-chops? Do not respectable gentlemen fall asleep in their arm-chairs? Are they fit for mental labour? Far from it. But look at the difference here; after dinner here one is as light as a goosamer. One walks with

pleasure, reads with pleasure, writes with pleasure—nay, there is the supper-bell going at ten o'clock, and plenty of eaters, too. Let lord-mayors and aldermen look to it, this fact of the extraordinary increase of appetite in Belgium, and, instead of steaming to Blackwall, come a little farther to Antwerp.

Of ancient architectures in the place, there is a fine old Port de Halle, which has a tall, gloomy, bastille look; a most magnificent town-hall, that has been sketched a thousand of times, and, opposite it, a building that I think would be the very model for a Conservative club-house in London. Oh! how charming it would be to be a great painter, and give the character of the building, and the numberless groups round about it. The booths lighted up by the sun, the market-women in their gowns of brilliant hue, each group having a character, and telling its little story, the troops of men lolling in all sorts of admirable attitudes of ease round the great lamp. Half-a-dozen light blue dragoons are lounging about, and peeping over the artist as the drawing is made, and the sky is more bright and blue than one sees it in an hundred years in London.

The priests of the country are a remarkably well-fed and respectable race, without that scowling, hang-dog look which one has remarked among reverend gentlemen in the neighbouring country of France. Their reverences wear buckles to their shoes, light blue neckcloths, and huge three-cornered hats in good condition. To-day, strolling by the cathedral, I heard the tinkling of a bell in the street, and beheld certain persons, male and female, suddenly plump down on their knees before a little procession that was passing. Two men in black held a tawdry red canopy, a priest walked beneath it holding the sacrament covered with a cloth, and before him marched a couple of little altar-boys in short white surplices, such as you see in Rubens, and holding lacquered-lamps. A small train of street-boys followed the procession, cap in hand, and the clergyman finally entered a hospital for old women, near the church, the canopy and the lamp-bearers remaining without.

It was a touching scene, and, as I stayed to watch it, I could not but think of the poor old soul who was dying within, listening to the last words of prayer, led by the hand of the priest to the brink of the black, fathomless grave. How bright the sun was shining without all the time, and how happy and careless every thing around us looked!

The Duke d'Arenberg has a picture-gallery worthy of his princely house. It does not contain great pieces, but tit-bits of pictures, such as suit an aristocratic epicure. For such persons a great huge canvass is too much, it is like sitting down alone to a roasted ox; and they do wisely, I think, to patronise small, high-flavoured, delicate *morceaux*, such as the duke has here.

Among them may be mentioned, with special praise, a magnificent small Rembrandt, a Paul Potter of exceeding minuteness and beauty, an Ostade, which reminds one of Wilkie's early performances, and a Dusart quite as good as Ostade. There is a Bergham, much more unaffected than that artist's works generally are; and, what is more, precious in the eyes of many ladies as an object of art, there is, in one of the grand saloons, some needlework done by the duke's own grandmother, which is looked at with awe by those admitted to see the palace.

The chief curiosity, if not the chief ornament of a very elegant library, filled with vases and bronzes, is a marble head, supposed to be the original head of the Laocoon. It is, unquestionably, a finer head than that which at present figures upon the shoulders of the famous statue. The expression of woe is more manly and intense; in the group, as we know it, the head of the principal figure has always seemed to me to be a grimace of grief, as are the two accompanying young gentlemen, with their pretty attitudes, and their little, silly, open-mouthed despondency. It has always had upon me the effect of a trick, that statue, and not of a piece of true art. It would look well in the vista of a garden; it is not august enough for a temple, with all its jerks, and twirls, and polite convulsions. But who knows what susceptibilities such

a confession may offend? Let us say no more about the Laocoon, nor its head, nor its tail. The duke was offered its weight in gold, they say, for this head, and refused. It would be a shame to speak ill of such a treasure, but I have my opinion of the man who made the offer.

In the matter of sculpture almost all the Brussels churches are decorated with the most laborious wooden pulpits, which may be worth their weight in gold, too, for what I know, including his reverence preaching inside. At St. Gudule the preacher mounts into no less a place than the garden of Eden, being supported by Adam and Eve, by Sin and Death, and numberless other animals; he walks up to his desk by a rustic railing of flowers, fruits and vegetables, with wooden peacocks, parroquets, monkeys biting apples, and many more of the birds and

beasts of the field. In another church the clergyman speaks from out a hermitage; in a third from a carved palm-tree, which supports a set of oak clouds that form the canopy of the pulpit, and are, indeed, not much heavier in appearance than so many huge sponges. A priest, however tall or stout, must be lost in the midst of all these queer gimcracks; in order to be consistent, they ought to dress him up, too, in some odd fantastical suit. I can fancy the curé of Meudon preaching out of such a place, or the Rev. Sydney Smith, or that famous clergyman of the time of the League, who brought all Paris to laugh and listen to him.

But let us not be too supercilious and ready to sneer. It is only bad taste. It may have been very true devotion which erected these strange edifices.

ON EMOTIONAL CULTURE.

ANY one who chooses to think what effect civilisation, particularly as consisting in the congregating of men into large towns, must have had in modifying the circumstances in the midst of which human beings grow up, will be struck with this fact, that the present constitution of society renders it impossible for a man, except by a sort of violent effort, a voluntary resolution as it were, to make a practice of now and then going out of his own sphere, and throwing himself in the way of other kinds of experiences than those which would occur spontaneously, to give himself a complete education,—meaning by *education* not a training suitable for this or that trade or profession, but a perfect self-tillage, a working of one's self up into the capacity of the greatest possible variety of feelings and pleasures, a developement of one's own nature in every possible direction, and to the utmost attainable limits. No single situation can be named or imagined containing within itself all the opportunities for such a perfect education. The experiences of the most splendidly situated individual are limited and insufficient;

and, if it is his wish to attain to any thing like universality of feeling, he must make a point of occasionally quitting his own proper walk of life, for the purpose of diversifying its experiences as well as he can with those of other walks. Now, although for all common intents and purposes it may just be as well that people in general should put up with conceiving education as being a mere preparatory training for a particular art or profession, including whatever extent of general cultivation may be compatible therewith, it is at least desirable that the few who give the age its tone—thinkers, literary men, and solitary enthusiasts—should resolutely keep in view that other and grander idea of education which we have been describing, and, almost sinking the duty of doing immediate good in that of enlarging and ennobling their own nature, should gaze abroad, Goethe-like, upon all the objects of vision, and all the phenomena of life, as upon a universe from which their own souls were to derive strength, sustenance, and pleasure, no less freely than if it had been expressly equipped and beauti-

fied for that single end. It ought to be the object of him who chooses to be described as a thinker, to contract as far as possible a personal acquaintance with all the varieties of sensation and emotion of which the human mind is susceptible; and though it would be ridiculous to put the matter in the shape of a grave advice to literary men to go in actual quest of sensations and emotions as tourists do, yet, if it is true that the inevitable effect of civilisation has been to limit the range of one's sensations and emotions, to make one's experienced feelings fewer or weaker, — to remove, in fact, the possibility of one's ever becoming familiar with certain kinds of feeling of which there are traditional accounts, there is at least no doubt that the knowing of this fact would set men a scheming with the view of compensating artificially, each for the defects of his own position. That the fact is as we have stated it to be a moment's reflection will shew. Perhaps the best way of illustrating it is for each man to take himself as an instance, comparing the number of kinds of emotion he is himself experimentally acquainted with, with the number which, if he is to believe testimony and tradition, represents those known to be incident to human nature. Whoever does so will find that the varieties of sensation which the course of his own life has afforded him opportunities of experiencing himself, bear but a small proportion to those the existence of which he knows only by hearsay; that thousands of feelings are registered as existing which the constitution of modern society in general, and his own position and manner of life in particular, have kept him ignorant of; and that of these unknown, and perhaps non-existent, feelings, many, judging from the descriptions of them given by competent persons, or from observation of their effects, or from experience of feelings supposed to be analogous, are of a noble, useful, and pleasurable kind, — feelings, the ignorance of which is a positive calamity to himself, the obsolescence of which would be a positive calamity to the age. We may mention one or two instances out of a thousand of partial or extinct feelings, leaving every one to say for himself, whether in the

cases we mention the being ignorant of the one, or the entire extinction of the other, is to be accounted a misfortune or a blessing. A large part, for instance, of the ordinary human beings of the present day are ignorant of the sensations which attend the practice of smoking. Whether this ignorance be bliss, or the contrary, it is at least sufficient to constitute a ground of mental and moral, as well as of physical, difference between one class of human beings and another. Apart altogether from the fact of their having an appetite less, it is something that the non-smoking part of the community are ignorant of the peculiar sensations which accompany the act of smoking, know nothing of the contemplative lassitude said to be induced by long-continued inhalations, nor of the pursuing of the phantasmagories and wild German heavens, that flit and revel, we are told, in the up-curling fumes of the shag. The instance of smoking suggests to us that of opium-eating. Though druggists assure us that the practice of opium-eating is increasing fast in this country, and apparently in some unassignable proportion to the decrease of drinking, still the sensations which attend the practice of opium-eating — sensations, by all accounts, the most quaint and horrific that are known — are confined to an exceedingly small class, the objects of general commiseration. So unique is this condemned class of sensations, that real or fictitious confessions of opium-eaters who record, or pretend to record, in words the harrowing and hellish tale of their own frenzies under opium, are most interesting and popular writings, and that because of the quantity of original and surprising emotion which they develope, and make their readers aware of. As another class of important sensations only partially known, we may instance those attending the witnessing of theatrical representations, — a class of sensations from which a considerable part of the population are debarred, either by religious scruples or by want of opportunity. And another instance, as good as any, is the readily occurring one of the inhabitant of an inland district who, taught only by Fire, Air, Earth, and Sky, has yet to have his mind revolutionised, and his ele-

mentary education completed, by the strange sight of the Sea; has yet to stand on the beach, and tracking with his eye the ocean billows from the horizon line, till where they break into spray, and hiss up among the shingle at his feet, to rise, as he gazes to new ideas of power, vastness, and glory, then first compassing the text, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." How many feelings, again, of an interesting kind, and of unquestionable effect in the formation of character, are the inhabitants of this country shut out, or rather shut in, from, by their insular position; all those feelings, for instance, so common, even lately, among the inhabitants of Continental countries, originating in the sense, that their country was liable to be turned into a battle-field at any time, and their corn-fields to be laid waste by the marchings and counter-marchings of troops. Having fallen upon the mention of war, we need not go far for an instance of an *extinct* class of feelings. With the ceasing of feudal and domestic wars in this country there went away a large section of very influential feeling; and nowadays our sources of character are made fewer by the absence of that strong recognition of the danger of a violent death by the hands of men, which, we have evidence in the moats, and portcullises, and loopholes of old castles, was a real feeling with our ancestors; and one which, though habitual, was not less intense and influential than in the present day, is the terror of being killed, which a man of weak nerves feels in walking home from supper in a blustering, stormy night, when tiles, torn off by the wind from the roofs of houses, are falling near him on the pavement. In like manner the going out of highway-robbery took away a class of feelings once very common and by no means weak.

It appears, then, that many varieties of sensation which we know to have existed in former ages of the world are now extinct or nearly so, and that because the causes which excited them have ceased to exist; that there are many varieties of sensation of which our own ancestors have left us traditional and even monumental evidence, but which the progress of

society has antiquated; that there are many varieties of sensation actually constituting part of the existence of our contemporaries of mankind which the geographical position of the country we live in makes it impossible for us to share; that there are thousands of feelings forming, ennobling, tearing, wearing thousands of our fellow-countrymen which our position in society not only shuts us out from sympathy with, but denies us also the pain or privilege of ever being aware of; and that there are worlds of soul-enriching emotion at our very doors which a happy accident, or, what is better, a Goethe-like zeal in purveying material for our own genius, would discover, and open up for us to gambol in.

This brings us back to the point from which we have been wandering for the sake of an extended illustration. The literary man, he who affects the name of a thinker, the enthusiast in the care and cultivation of his own soul, is bound to avail himself of every region of legitimate emotion to which he can find access, and to accept of every hint of a way of adding to his experience a new class of sensations. To be sure it may be said that this system of subordinating all things to the use of self, this passion for enlarging and improving one's own nature, is both ugly in itself and incompatible with the true end of man's being, which is the filling of a place in society and the filling it well; but besides that there is no proof that even the pure ideal form (never yet realised) of the high epicureanism we have been describing, is incompatible with philanthropy, we insist that the maxim we have been laying down is not less applicable in the case of those who, being practical philanthropists, cultivate their souls principally as *instruments*, than it is in the case of those who, being pure epicureans, cultivate their souls absolutely for themselves; for it will be found that it is the men of the greatest diversity of sensation, of the nearest approach to universality of feeling who have struck out the highest walks in philanthropy, and that, on the other hand, the men who have scouted at all general education and argued for boring away at the business on hand,

have always been subordinates even in the art of being instruments. Let each man, however, choose for himself. That writer whose aspirations are after universality of feeling, we call a literary man in the highest sense. Whoever aims at this great distinction should have no antipathies, should avoid nothing, despise nothing. The literary man must go out into all regions of human feeling, must lay all assemblages, all cliques, all sights, all sources of character, under contribution. He must drink at all wells. He must go down into the secret places where strange and condemned emotion lurks and become acquainted with what is felt there. He must throw himself into the maddest vortices of city society, and become acquainted with what is felt there. He must walk out into the wilderness, where Nature, having him all to herself, may play her own music on his soul, and become acquainted with what is felt there. All the rays of feeling that can stream in through his senses from the innumerable surrounding surfaces of things, counting from the sensation from a bank of blue violets up to that which accompanies the imagination into which a poetical mind casts all astronomy when it fancies the earth as a ball of glass, from the centre of which a man looking upward would see the stars of one heaven, downward, those of another; all the feelings which originate in contact or collision with other thinking beings, whether individually or in masses; all the feelings that are evolved by the tossings of the mind within itself—all must be to him known and familiar things. His sympathies must seize hold of the the personal and the small, as well as of the general and the great. He must vibrate equally to the tale of individual sorrow, as to the story of national wrongs; to the shrill street-music of a squalid mother and her hungry little ones, as to the cannon of a citadel thundering victory or revolution. His knowledge, stretching from horror to ecstasy, must enter Tartarus on this side, Elysium on that.

As we have in effect said, the only condition that can come in to limit the maxim we have been laying down in its absolute form, and to act

as a check upon those who are for putting it in literal execution, is that of the *legitimacy* of the premeditated sensations. *Premeditated*, of course, bears here a sense rather different from that which it usually bears. The immediate premeditation of a feeling would destroy the mental conditions requisite to its rising. To go in quest of a feeling, to subject one's self to the circumstances that excite a feeling with the determination existing at that moment to obtain the feeling, would be to obtain not the feeling wanted, but a different one. To premeditate a feeling in this sense would be to prevent it—to vitiate it. In this paper, therefore, such phrases as premeditating a feeling, going in quest of a feeling, mean the exercising of the volition at the smallest distance sufficient to preserve the genuineness of the feeling; in other words, the putting forth of the power which the will has in determining the habits. The legitimacy of the premeditated feelings is the limitation of the maxim we have been laying down. Aha! a huge limitation this—a limitation with a vengeance! will be the exclamation of a thousand tongues. Pray could you not save the necessity of making the exception by just blotting out the rule? Why, if you first prescribe in sweeping terms the availing one's self of all regions of emotion, the accepting of every hint of a way of adding to one's experience a new class of sensations, the aspiring after universality of feeling, the having no antipathies, the laying of all sources of character under contribution, the drinking at all wells, and then after that come in with the timid, sneaking, fatal exception of legitimacy; what is this but just demolishing your house of cards, smashing the glass bubble you have been busy blowing, reducing your elaborate maxim to the ordinary practice of all the well-behaved people in the world, robbing it of all novelty, point, and utility? If you first make out a catalogue of all possible human sensations, and then go over it for the purpose of placing an asterisk before all the legitimate ones, we shrewdly suspect you will find their number small in proportion. What is the use, then, of spending your strength in urging a person to cultivate *all* sorts of feeling, to put

himself in the way of all sorts of sensations, when, just as he is full of fire and enthusiasm for going away and commencing the tempting career with the imagination of which you have been buoying him up, you are to clap an arresting hand upon his shoulder, and tell the dumfounded individual to stop till you have gone over the catalogue of sensations with him, and marked the legitimate ones with an asterisk? Come, stand to your text. *Litera scripta maneat*. None of your after-thoughts. Do not try the trick of first stating the general proposition you are anxious about, strongly, and then the exception you are *not* anxious about, weakly, thus at once effecting your purpose, and avoiding giving offence. We are for no distinctions between the esoteric and the exoteric. Be open and above-board. Face this consideration of legitimacy. Prove the utility of your maxim to be consistent with the necessity of your limitation.

To all which we reply, "*Favete linguis*." We have yet, to *define* legitimacy, to say in what it consists. You are forgetting that your criterion of legitimacy, or that which you adopt as being the general one, may be one not to be applied here, and it is this that makes you break out in such a way. Now, in the very threshold of our search for the true criterion of legitimacy in the case of feelings, we are met by two criteria, both of which we reject on the spot. These are, 1st, the criterion of theological accuracy; 2d, the criterion of pleasantness.

1st, Of the criterion of theological accuracy. The subjecting of human emotion to the condition of its always admitting of theological accuracy in the expression, would be robbing man of his strength, and leaving his mind a poor shrunken thing. And yet the emotions of a large portion of mankind will be found to be mere functions of an assignable number of theological propositions. Is it not the fact that the greater part of the human beings we fall in with exhibit infinitely fewer emotions, and those infinitely less intense and energetic than what we conceive as constituting a model human being; that the swing of human feeling in the present state of society is not only narrower than we know it to have

been in former ages, and at periods of strong interest, but narrower even than is necessary to keep up the credit of human nature; and that a comparison of an average man of our day with an average man of a more ancient era, shews in the former a vast defalcation of heart or moral force? Nor does this degeneracy appear to be entirely the result of variation of material circumstances. It seems, in part, at least, to be caused by the operating of an acquired idea of right, justifying certain kinds of feeling, and proscribing other kinds, and setting bounds even to those which it allows. We think it may be observed that this acquired idea of right consists mainly in respect for certain fixed theological forms into which religious truths have been cast. Feeling follows thought, and so the habitual presence of the sense of the necessity of being orthodox, by always suggesting to a person what he ought to think next, marks out, also, the line in which his feelings should go. Free emotion subjects a man to calumny and misrepresentation as certainly as free thought does. Liberty of feeling is as rare as liberty of thought. The desire of not offending compels men to do violence to their constitution by laying checks on their feelings. This repressing influence of theological opinion over emotion is not always seen, however, in one's suppressing, by an effort of will, what he feels at the moment, on the score of its being unlawful, either in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others; the repressing influence begins earlier, and inflicts a more irrevocable mischief, by stopping the supply of emotion altogether, destroying the very fountains of feeling; for we find that the theological training, which every one more or less receives, has the effect of always fixing his emotional habits, recommending some kinds of feeling to be cultivated assiduously, and proscribing others as heterodox. Seeing that this is the case with respect to the laity, we should expect to find the same thing more strikingly exemplified in those whose theological education has been more regular and formal, that is, the clergy. And so we do. The turn which the current of a clergyman's feelings will take on any occasion can generally be pre-

dicted by thinking what turn of feeling would be theologically right at that time and place; that is, what common doctrine would claim the right of suggesting itself to his mind as the one acknowledged to be then and there appropriate. His theological drilling, by determining the sequences of his thoughts, has determined, also, the sequences of his feelings. We mean not that being versed in theology necessarily prevents or represses noble trains of feeling, for this would be both against known fact and against the nature of the thing; theology, more than any other study, lifting the mind into the track of sublime contemplations, but only that the influence of theological education has been, first, to establish certain sequences of feeling, the invariableness of which in any mind is a positive defect; and, second, to make common minds set up an arbitrary standard of legitimacy, that which calls feelings innocent or guilty, according as they admit or not of being expressed in terms agreeing with those in which certain doctrines are usually propounded. How often do the most eloquent, ay, and the most legitimate bursts of feeling consist in the excited mind running smack through what weak, good men, with no faith in their instincts, would scarcely hesitate in pronouncing a profanity.

2d, Of the criterion of pleasantness. Every man, it is said, will naturally cultivate pleasant sensations, and eschew unpleasant ones, whatever theory he take up. He will be as much as he can in Elysium, and as little as he can in Tartarus. Why, it is asked, should a man put himself in the way of what is painful or horrible, as you seem to have been arguing that he must; why should he descend into the lurking places of condemned emotion; why should he perform these hazardous experiments on his own nature; why should he not rather study to protect himself against the intrusion of every thing hurtful or annoying? Enough of what is painful, God knows, comes to every body in this world without being sought for. Why should not this suffice; nay, why should not every expedient be invented for making this allotted quantity of misery less? The cultivation of none but the pleasant emotions is legiti-

mate. They alone are safe. Let the river of life run equably and smoothly. Avoid extreme courses. Moments of ecstasy bring hours of anguish. Avoid both, my son. Vibrate in a small arc. Range and variety of feeling are killing things. Whoever undergoes the tear and wear of violent feelings cannot expect to be a long liver. The golden mean is best. What! is a man to play fantastic tricks with his own nature, raising storms of emotion within his frail tabernacle of flesh, making his heart to beat quick, and his brain to throb, gathering the skin of his face into wrinkles and furrows by frequent frowns, wearing his strength out in freaks and phantasies, inducing on himself eccentricities and unhappy peculiarities of character, toying, as it were, with devils, running the risk of ending in being a maniac? No—no, we are for trying no such dangerous experiments; nor do we think that even the man who is incessant in his jargon about cultivating all varieties of emotion, and aspiring after universality of feeling, is actuated in the daily movements of his life by any other instinct than that of feeling after what is agreeable. Tastes, of course, differ; and, just as a Greenlander has a passion for sawdust and tallow-candles, so there may be individuals who are constitutionally qualified for luxuriating in what would be unmitigated horror to most people. But, even in these anomalous cases, it is the craving for what is found pleasant that is the guiding thing; and no enthusiastic declamation about the function of the literary man, dipping, as you are fond of saying, into all wells, ranging at large through heaven and hell, wallowing perennially in the Infinite,—no pouring of affected contempt upon plain matter-of-fact, or, as you call them, grovelling motives,—no mystical phrasing about the human soul, universality of feeling, and all that sort of thing, will ever supplant this homely, pain-shunning instinct.

Now to all this murmuring the proper reply is a burst of indignation. That form of it which manifests itself in an affectionate, mother-like anxiety lest the young enthusiast after knowledge should snap the cord of sanity in playing these mad pranks, is of course a thing to be treated with

respect and humoured; but that other form of it which comes out in a theory of human nature such as that which we have been upholding in the name of others, should be silenced by a shower of coarse adjectives. Some deference is due by the student to those remonstrances against excessive revelling in feeling which proceed on the danger he incurs by so doing of upsetting reason; but he ought with all sternness to contradict, and with all spite to act in the teeth of that advice respecting the conduct of his mind, which founds itself on a theory of human nature defining the will, the mystic thread on which a man's actions are strung, the tie connecting the thing a man is doing now with the thing he will infallibly do next, to be a mere craving for the nearest pleasurable sensation. The criterion of pleasantness must not be that of the literary man. To him it must be of no moment in the determining of his next step, whether there is an agreeable sensation before him or no; that is not what he is to regard as being at all the thing he ought to ask any questions about. What! shall the man whose part it is to fight the battles of the spiritual against the gross and the material, the man who represents all that is noble and god-like in a vile world, the man who walks erect among his fellows prophesying and saying, "Lo, I have a soul in me, and it thrills when the wind whistles," shall *he*, too, have no rule to lay down for this life but that of picking one's steps by a pleasure-scenting instinct, so that he may be able to congratulate himself as he tumbles off from life's stage at last, disappearing sternwise into the abyss, "Well, it is all over now, but I can't complain; I have had a pleasant time of it?" shall *he*, too, insist that the question—Will it make me happy or unhappy? is the consideration which should be uppermost or even present at all in a man's mind, when he is deciding with himself, Shall I do this or shall I not? "Begone you and your heavens together" ought to be the salutation of the literary man to those who go hawking about the doctrine, Do this and you will get to heaven. The thing to be done is not the same as the thing which it would

be pleasant to do. Therefore, those who remonstrate against indulging in painful, exhausting, and horrifying trains of feeling must procure a better reason than that doing so is storing up unhappiness for one's self. Doing that which will make the doer unhappy may or may not be doing evil. Evil does not consist in the bringing home of sorrow. So that if all the bad consequence of eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil now be the bringing of sorrow to the eater, this is no reason why the tree should be forbidden, or why a man should not pluck and eat. This was not the reason why the tree was forbidden that grew in Eden. Man is obliged to know; he is not obliged to be happy. Nay, but if you will have it that the literary man does obey a pleasure-seeking instinct, say, at least, that it is the great pleasure of the quest of knowledge—a pleasure the parent both of pleasures and pains—that sense of pleasure which the devil in Milton describes as having been awakened in him by the sight of the forbidden tree.

"A goodly tree far distant I beheld
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze,
When from the boughs a savoury odour
blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my
sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the
teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at
even
Unus'd by lamb or kid that tend their
play."

What, then, is the criterion of legitimacy? We say, that of proportion or utility. All kinds of sensations are legitimate in certain mutual proportions; all kinds of sensation are legitimate according to their effect in forming a human agent of the greatest power. Both ways of stating the thing are at bottom the same, but the one is more suitable when addressing that class of minds which is in the habit of thinking of a great man as he is in himself—a splendid product, a piece of finished work, a statue fresh from the chisel; the other is more suitable when addressing that class of minds which is in the habit of thinking of a great man as he manifests himself by effects

—a powerful instrument, a man who leaves his mark wherever he goes, a hero fighting, struggling, demolishing, crashing, defending, building up. The one class of minds applying the principles of beauty to the human being as a piece of art, finds the definition of proportion intelligible, and proclaims the legitimacy of all sensations in that proportion in which their combined effect will be perfect symmetry; the other class of minds finds the definition of utility far more intelligible and far more capable of being translated into a theory of education, and proclaims the legitimacy of all sensations essential in constituting a vigorous human agent. Both forms of stating the thing are vague, but this vagueness is an advantage where the object is not to restrain men from what they have a tendency to, but to set them on a new career. The terms of an advice intended to have this effect ought to be as little clogged as possible with parentheses. Where the object is to point out how human nature is becoming deteriorated by the going out of noble and useful emotions, and to urge men to see whether there is no way of compensating for this unfortunate accident in civilisation, the defining of legitimacy as consisting in proportion or utility, though not so precise a restriction as it might be, is at least as precise as it needs be. The defining of legitimacy by utility (which, we said, is the mode of stating the thing to be employed in addressing that class of minds which is in the habit of thinking of greatness as it manifests itself in effects) has this advantage, that it allows reference to be made in practice to the special necessities of time and place, and therefore points out certain trains of feel-

ing as more deserving of being encouraged in given circumstances than other trains of feeling, for the sake of forming what will be an effective character then and there; on which account it will please active men and philanthropists better than the other form of the definition which, having in view the building up of an ideal man, makes no account of differences in the state of society and affirms all deviations from the model to be imperfections. Essentially, however, we repeat, the two modes of defining the thing are the same. For it is only a mind of gross taste whose method of increasing power would consist in deviating from the model of beauty. Viewed by Socratic minds, the supremely useful man and the artistic ideal of a human being are one and the same thing. There is no discord between the useful and the beautiful. There, that statue standing quiescent on its pedestal, with no appearance of life, so beautiful, so spiritual, so calm, so just in its proportions, that thou couldst gaze on it for ever unagitated and unalarmed; a sound is heard as of human wailing faint and far away, and lo! at that sound the statue, as if roused, stalks from its corner, the white marble changes into living flesh, the face flushes with passion, the eyes flash fire, the blue veins bulge up on the forehead, the arm is uplifted to strike, repose forsakes the limbs, every fibre becomes instinct with lion energy, strength appears in all its muscular manifestations, and, as the colossus follows the sound that awoke it, you see the purpose and the power of vengeance, and stand aside in terror to let it pass. The Statue has become a living Man.

AN EPISODE OF THE TIMES OF PHILIP V. OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

ON the day of the festival of the blessed St. Michael, two travellers were plodding their weary way along the highroad that leads from Madrid to the solemn and royal monastery of the Escorial. One was small of stature, high-shouldered, with features bordering upon ugliness, and somewhat limping in his gait; but his ever-roving eye and the buoyancy of his conversation, interrupted ever and anon, by a hearty laugh, shewed that nature had made him a merry mortal who heeded not one doit all the combined cares of the world. He carried the whole of his wardrobe on his back, and the different articles had not only been worn threadbare, but patched in every direction with truly surprising ingenuity. His companion was altogether of a different mould and form. He was tall, and with a figure admirably proportioned; his thick auburn air, so uncommon and so much admired in every southern clime, had escaped from his ample *hidalgo* hat, and fallen in rich clusters upon the collar of his closely buttoned doublet. A large capa of coarse grey cloth was folded around him with the inimitable grace so peculiar to Spaniards, whose art can at once impart to a time-honoured mantle the semblance of a noble and elegant attire. In short he was a man who even in rags could not have failed to appear the high-born gentleman. His complexion differed altogether from the type so common throughout the Peninsula, for he carried every characteristic trait of the Asturian race, whose stalwart valour had defended the northern mountains from Saracenic invasion, and disdained to allow intermixture with the blood of the Mussulman conquerors of Spain.

The road cut right through the endless rugged stony plains of New Castille, covered here and there with miserable patches of stunted bushes; and not a single spot of verdure or any cool sheltered retreat was in sight, while the ground under

their feet seemed covered with a coating of red-hot lava, the meridian sun darted its flames of living fire upon their heads, and the ardent brightness of the cloudless sky so dazzled their eyes as almost to bereave them of the power of vision. Now and then some caballero trotted past amid a thick cloud of dust, and at rare intervals some heavy carriage, such as those described in the *Memoirs of Gil Blas de Santillane*, came lumbering by with its two brace of mules, plump, mettlesome, gaily caparisoned and petulantly tossing aloft the waving plumes of feathers with which their heads were adorned.

"Now may our holy Lady de las Nièves come to our aid," exclaimed the traveller with the grey mantle; "the road is endless and the Escorial flies before us. Benito, my friend, we must rest somewhere, the heat of the sun makes me quite giddy."

"The fires of purgatory, Don Pablo," replied the other, "cannot be worse than this. The desert wilds inhabited by the Holy St. Jerome could not have been more dry, barren, or uninteresting, than the country surrounding our gay city of Madrid."

They quitted the highroad for the shelter afforded by a ravine, over which hung some thinly-leaved, scorched-up, wild plum-trees. There was not shade enough for a simple grasshopper, could such an animal have been found where there was nothing to nourish it. Between the stony masses sprung forth tufts of henbane, the flowers of which scattered abroad a slightly narcotic perfume. The cicalas were singing shrilly from the topmost branches of the plum-trees. All beside was weary sterility, solitude, and silence.

Presently they heard at some distance a voice attuning to a wild air the following words:—

"Io no tenelo batu
Ni dai tampoco,
Io tenelo un planeillo,
Y le llaman el loco."*

* "Sire nor mother me caress,
For I have none on earth;
One little brother I possess,
And he's a fool by birth."

They turned their faces in the direction of the sounds, and saw bounding into the ravine a young girl of about fifteen years of age. Her dark, sun-burned cheek, full, black, sparkling eye, long curling hair, which floated unrestrained over her back and gay many-coloured attire, at once declared her of the gipsy race. She might have been pronounced beautiful even when compared with any others of the Gitana tribe, the young females of which have ever been proverbial for the beauty of their face and form.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Benito, "what strange vision is this? A very angel of light and gladness! She bears the noontide scorching heat like a very salamander, and runs with her ill-covered feet over the rugged stones and thistles as if she were a joyous bird and scorned their roughness! What brings you on our road, my little dove?"

The young girl stopped suddenly, and with a half-suppressed laugh and coquettish glance of her full black eye saluted the travellers with a profound bend of the body.

"Most honourable caballero," answered she, "the highroad is the property of the great and mighty king our master, and it is broad enough that his subjects may traverse it without running against each other. But let me ask why two such gallant gentlemen choose the sultry hour of noon for their journey? They should have quitted Madrid before the *Ave Maria*!"

"And who told thee that we have journeyed from Madrid?" demanded Benito.

"That is easily seen," answered the girl; "the hot wind blows from the direction of Madrid, and your backs are covered with dust."

"True, true," observed Benito, as he stood up and shook his doublet. "And who art thou, my dark rose of the desert? Art thou the nymph of this miserable place, or the black-haired naiad of the Manzanares?"

"I do not exactly catch your words, most honoured señor," answered the laughing damsel; "but I fancy you wish to know who I am. Have you not already discovered?"

She gave a rapid twirl with her feet, and executed some steps of a sprightly dance.

"Ah!" exclaimed Benito to his companion, "she is a Zincala."

"True, señor," said the girl, "I am a daughter of the black men of Zend, and by birth a Madrilenian."

"Gad!" said Benito, "I know not exactly what is in my pockets; but I will be bound she has spirited away their contents!"

"Poor, poor girl," observed Don Pablo, "she is too young and too innocent, she cannot be a thief."

"That is excellent," answered Benito. "They are born thieves, bred thieves, and they die thieves. I advise you not to try her. Come now, thou jewel of Egyptian beauties, confess at once how many pockets have thy soft tongue and staglike eyes enabled thee to empty. Thou, doubtless, knowest the art of the *ustilar pastésas*?"

The girl snapped her fingers, bounded from the ground, and laughed aloud.

"My worthy Benito," observed Don Pablo, "her tricks would gain little from either thy pockets or mine."

"You are quite right, Don Pablo; for the matter of money we might carry our pockets inside out. I am a miserable artist, upon whom neither gold nor honours have yet been showered."

"Nevertheless," observed the gipsy girl, "you are in the company of a high-minded and noble gentleman!"

"How knowest that I am a gentleman?" demanded Don Pablo.

"It is stamped upon your person," answered the other.

While she was saying this and Don Pablo was regarding her with a melancholy look, she took off her long and light scarf, and flung it up among the branches of one of the trees, whence it descended in a waving fold to the ground.

"What art thou doing?" demanded Don Pablo.

"The scarf will shade you slightly from the sun," answered the girl.

"And will leave thine own head uncovered beneath its burning rays?"

"I am of a race," replied the girl, in a low solemn tone, "which is prescribed and hunted down even though we betake ourselves to the wildest and most desolate passes of the Sierras. Winter and summer to us

are the same, whether we pitch our tents in the fruitful gardens of Valencia, or the wilderness of the Sierra Morena."

"But art thou alone?" asked Don Pablo.

"Look, señor caballero, towards the end of the gorge, behind the distant bushes, and you will perceive a thin smoke. There lie my companions in slumber. This evening we shall repose on the bank of the Manzanarès."

"And where to-morrow?"

"I know not; that chance will shew us."

She sat down in the eastern fashion, plucked many leaves and flowers of the henbane, and commenced weaving a chaplet. At length she flung them aside, "Ah!" she cried, "they smell of death, those horrid flowers. Señor, you dwell at Madrid?"

"I do," answered Don Pablo; "and dost thou visit the capital, since you sayest thou art Madrileñian by birth?"

"I live, when there," said the girl, "with the people of our race in the Callejou de Lavapiés. On Sunday in the evening, I shall be dancing in front of the tavern of old Chinchilla by the Alcala gate."

"Then as thou dancest raise thine eyes and thou wilt see me at the window."

"And do you lodge there, señor?"

"Two days since we left the Plaza de la Cibada for our quarters with old Chinchilla. The rooms are not adorned with silks and velvets, but they are good enough for a poverty-stricken hidalgo like myself."

"And yet, if you would permit the poor Gitana to spæe your fortune, she would tell you, noble caballero, of much future prosperity."

A disdainful smile flitted across the handsome features of Don Pablo. "My fortunes are never to mend," sighed forth the señor, "try thy skill on my worthy friend Benito; see if his horoscope foretells distinction in the arts."

"Under thy auspices," answered the girl, "he will become distinguished; but he will live to a ripe old age, a bachelor, after having lost and regained his heart a thousand times."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted Don

Pablo, whose features were for the first time relaxed by a cordial laugh, "Benito Romero shall die the first painter in Spain. And what dost thou foretell of my future career?" and, taking his glove from his hand, he presented it to the thoughtful Gitana.

For a few moments she examined the extended hand. "Señor and most noble caballero," she at length said, "you will one day become a grandee of Spain!"

"Ay," said Don Pablo, "since thy imagination takes so wild a flight, why not say at once Viceroy of Peru?"

The gipsies are quick of sight, and their success in fortune-telling arises mainly from their ability in reading the human countenance. To young men they promise distinction and wealth, to young maidens handsome and rich lovers, and riches even to the old, for they know the human heart sufficiently to be aware that, when age has destroyed the power of every other passion, avarice still retains dogged possession of the human heart. The appearance of Don Pablo betokened the gentleman; his manner, his conversation, and the deference manifested towards him by his companion, indicated nobleness of mind; the marks of thoughtfulness and care upon his face proved to the gipsy girl his dissatisfaction at his present lot; and the threadbare condition of his cloak too truly gave evidence of his impoverished circumstances.

At Don Pablo's petulant motion and look of derision she retreated a few paces, but continued to gaze upon him with a sad and anxious look.

"Though you will not," she at length said, "believe, don caballero, in my power to tell the *buena ventura*, I will prove that I know something of you, notwithstanding that I see you now for the first time. You are by birth an Asturian: you are as noble as the king himself and poor as his poorest subject. The object of your journey is the Escorial, where you will solicit an employment which you have no hopes of obtaining."

"The gipsy has hit the mark precisely," exclaimed the astonished Benito Romero.

"Alas," murmured Don Pablo,

"that my appearance should so clearly indicate my wretched condition!"

The girl sat in silence intently gazing upon Don Pablo.

"Come," at length, said Benito Romero, "it is useless to feed your melancholy under these miserable trees, and equally so to be listening to the melting tones of that beautiful little Egyptian. Her face, with those eyes, would look glorious in canvass. Let us hope that I shall one day rival the great Velasquez, and that you will shine forth a grandee of

Spain. We must try to reach the Escorial before nightfall, and, if we continue our journey briskly we shall easily accomplish this in four hours."

They rose up, and the gipsy followed their example. She accompanied them into the road.

"On Sunday next, then," she said, "you will not fail to see La Palomita before the tavern of old Chinchilla. She will have, noble señors, her castanets of ebony, and she trusts that her dancing will afford you satisfaction."

CHAPTER II.

The day was waning rapidly as the travellers reached the Escorial. Although the court inhabited the monastery founded by Philip II., so profound was the pervading silence that a stranger might have easily believed that the Hieronymites exclusively possessed the vast cloisters and immense galleries to which the royal family annually retreated. Not a single figure was to be seen along the deserted terraces, and the windows were for the most part firmly closed. The only sounds proceeded from the distant fountains of the garden, intermingled with the hoarse murmur of the winds. The Escorial was not with Philip V. a favourite place of abode. Nothing brought him there but the inexorable etiquette for which the Spanish court was, until recent times, so famous. The residence which the grandson of Louis XIV. most delighted to honour with his presence was the beautiful palace of St. Ildefonso, its attraction being that it strongly reminded him of Versailles.

The travellers for some minutes were mute with astonishment at the sight of the stupendous edifice, but their fatigue and Benito's hunger made them quickly turn their thoughts towards themselves. Immediately beneath the terraces extended gardens surrounded by hedges and walls. The descent to these was by magnificent stairs thickly ornamented with vases containing flowers. But the gardens and adjoining park seemed to have been long and miserably neglected, and weeds and thistles were thickly growing along the extensive and once well-preserved alleys. The friends sat down beneath a lofty ash

took its course between two somewhat precipitous banks well covered with sward. It was, in fact, on that side the boundary to the royal domain.

Benito Romero spread a white handkerchief on the grass, and then pulled a couple of dry crusts from his pocket, a handful of almonds, and a small flask of wine.

"With your permission, Don Pablo," said he, "I must fall to work. We have traversed seven mortal leagues since this morning, and a cup of chocolate is poor support for so much exercise." And he really fell to work like a famished wolf, motioning to his companion to follow his example.

"Alas, alas!" said the latter, "it is many months since I have undergone the feeling of hunger. I have a heavy sorrow clinging to my heart, and in desperation I will give myself one more chance of success." He pulled a neatly folded petition from his bosom and cast it beside him.

"It is the most beautiful and stirring composition," said the artist, in a soothing tone, "it has ever been my good fortune to read, unparalleled for true eloquence and cogent argument. You *must* be successful, provided our august master and monarch only reads it to the end."

"That is the perpetual stumbling-block," observed the other. "It will remain in the portfolio of one of the principal secretaries, who will serve his own friends or sell places to the highest bidder. Justice I cannot have at the king's hands, and I am disgusted with dancing attendance in the antechamber of the ministers. Why was I born noble? Happy is

bread and be independent of the world. If I were not noble, I would turn artist, merchant, or even delver of the soil. But I am the Count de Peñaparda, and, not to disgrace my ancestry, I must either turn monk or soldier."

"You are much too handsome, Don Pablo, for a monk. The plumed cap is a finer sight than the gloomy cowl. Come, come, a little more courage. Fortune must at last smile benignantly upon the little Gitana's prophecy."

"She must smile, then, very speedily, for I am poorer than the poorest beggar. It is now three months since I have lived upon your bounty, and Heaven knows what sacrifices you have been compelled to make 'for my support.'"

"It is ungenerous in you, Don Pablo, to speak after that fashion," retorted the artist, with some warmth. "You must, you shall share all my gains. To-day most certainly we have no money; but I have work all cut out for to-morrow. The fat grocer at the corner of our street has commissioned me to paint a sign-board for his shop. You shall sit as the model for St. Eloi, the patron of jewellers, or as Mercury with his golden caduceus. The shoemaker wants a St. Crispin after my best style. These will pay me handsomely and supply all our wants."

"Were I in my native Asturias," sighed forth the count, "I would care little for my attire, since the name I bear is known to every one. But now my slight patrimony is spent, and I have nothing left me but the crumbling ruins of my old castle of Peñaparda, and perchance I am never again destined to visit the birthplace and cradle of our ancient house. You have been my only support, you are my last remaining friend. If this petition fails, I will no longer trouble you, but commence my novitiation with the Capucins."

Despair was depicted on Don Pablo's face, while the painter, wiping away a tear with the sleeve of his doublet, shook the count cordially by the hand. A slight exclamation was heard behind the trees. They turned their heads and beheld, through the *claire-voie* on the other side of the rivulet, two ladies, who perhaps had heard every word of their conversation.

The count blushed deeply and having risen, was most anxious to retire, when one of the ladies said, "Approach, don caballero."

These words were pronounced in a tone and with a manner as if the speaker was accustomed to be obeyed. Don Pablo leaped across the stream, mounted the opposite bank, and stood uncovered before the ladies, the only separation between them being the open trellis-work forming the *claire-voie*. One of the ladies was very young and of very slender form. She was fair of complexion, and her features could not be called altogether beautiful. Her face was marked with a remarkable expression of deep melancholy, intermingled with haughty reserve. The softness of her large blue eyes, however, over-arched by finely pencilled brows of jet, and the profusion of her light chestnut hair, could not fail to awaken universal attention. She was attired in the simplest manner and in the deepest mourning.

The other, though certainly a lady of high birth, had the appearance of a duenna. In her youth she had not had the slightest pretensions to beauty, and now at the age of forty, which in Spain is a very ripe age with ladies, whatever it may be in England, her twice-tried features had assumed a rigid and unrelaxing starchiness. Her mourning was less deep than that of her young companion, and set off by a quantity of lace. She walked with stiff, unbending dignity, having in one hand a parasol, while with the other she led along a beautiful little spaniel, profusely ornamented with ribands.

"Caballero," said the younger lady, looking at the paper which the cavalier still held in his hand, "you have come to the Escorial to present a petition?"

"Alas! yes, madam," answered Don Pablo, "I am the most humble of suitors, whom protracted hope has well-nigh driven to madness."

"The last effort is often the most successful," answered the lady, her fixed and haughty features almost relaxing into a faint smile. "What is your name?"

"I am the Count of Peñaparda," answered Don Pablo, not without a deep blush at the contrast between his high-sounding name and his

"And your country?"

"I am a native of the Asturias."

"The land of freedom and of chivalrous nobility," said the lady. "Your ancestors, sir count, no doubt, fought by the side of the gallant king Don Pelayo when he kept the Asturian mountains free from the pollution of the Moorish standards. You may be prouder of your blood than can many a grandee of his ancestry."

"My title, madam, is of as ancient date as any title throughout the Castilles. Formerly the lords of Peñaparda could stand covered in the presence of their sovereign. But, alas! their power and pride have long since departed, and the last of that once haughty race is as you now see him, madam, a humble and unsuccessful suitor for his sovereign's protection."

"Let me know the tale of your misfortunes," said the young lady, with a melancholy air, and a sigh scarcely audible.

At this the rigid duenna almost lapsed from her perpendicular position, but, recovering herself with some little difficulty, she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, as if deprecating such a conversation. A look, however, from her companion forced her into her former position of passive acquiescence.

After considerable hesitation, and a long exordium, in which there was much said about thankfulness and deepest gratitude, and some slight matter touching the beauty and condescension of his fair auditor, Don Pablo briefly entered into the history of his life. His ancestors had been generous and liberal to a degree, leaving only as an heritage their noble name to their present descendant. They had ever been firm and loyal to their sovereign, and had gloriously vindicated his cause in many an insurrectionary movement. For this they had never sought recompense, nor even a return for their large outlays of money. A frugal and self-denying mother had reared and educated him after the approved fashion of the times. From his earliest youth he had been a hardy hunter among the mountain wilds; but once, while engaged in his accustomed sports, he was desperately wounded near the hermitage of Cabedunga, and, while lying on his

bed of sickness, he not only lost his mother suddenly, but his bailiff ran off into France with the scanty remains of his fortune. He was thus left impoverished to a degree. One of the canons of Cabedunga kindly brought him books, which detailed the noble and heroic actions of the chivalry of Spain; and the hereditary blood in his veins, bounding to his heart, urged him to follow the career of arms, that he might some day become conspicuous for his actions. He left his lofty and rugged mountains for the great city of Madrid, to seek an opportunity for realising his lofty aspirations after fame. But in the populous capital he found himself without a single friend or even acquaintance. He was too poor to present himself at court, or to bribe himself into favour, and his feelings would not permit him to play the sycophant. His petitions for place and preferment were unheeded, and all his visions of glory speedily vanished into airy nothings. The worst extremities of penury and destitution surrounded him, and he should have sunk, their victim, but for the generous succour of a compatriot, who, though poor himself, was contented to share with him his scanty meal; and yonder stood that kind-hearted friend.

The young lady had listened with the deepest attention, and the sudden changes in her countenance shewed a stirring sympathy in Don Pablo's favour. With a slight hesitation, she asked,—

"And, if your present petition fails, what do you purpose to do?"

"Alas! alas! madam, I know not."

"Will you return to your castle of Peñaparda?"

"Madam, never!" answered Don Pablo, with vehemence. "My patrimony is mortgaged, my castle is roofless, and I am a beggar. The sole resource remaining for one so wretched as myself will be to become a monk."

"No—no," exclaimed the lady, "that shall never be, for I have some little influence at court. Senor caballero, give me your petition."

Don Pablo drew it from his bosom, and would have presented it to the lady, but her companion advanced, drew off her glove, took the petition,

and handed it with a profound reverence.

The lady received it with a gracious smile, and added,—

"Caballero, I trust that you will have occasion to thank God every day of your life that you have seen me on this occasion."

"The recollection of this moment, madam," answered Don Pablo, emphatically, "will, in spite of myself, call forth another feeling besides that of gratitude."

The lady crimsoned to the eyes, the companion stepped back in astonishment, and her face became perfectly livid, while she stammered forth,—

"Senor caballero, do you not know——"

"Silence!" exclaimed the lady, with an angry look, "hold thy peace, Montellano."

"Madam," said Don Pablo, with vehemence, "may I not know the name of her who, like a gracious and fostering angel, extends her hand towards me to save me from despair and destruction?"

She shook her head sorrowfully in refusal, and unconsciously placed her hand upon her heart, while the tears glistened in her eyes. No human being had ever before spoken to her in a strain to call forth her secret emotions.

"All your expectations," said she, after a pause, "shall surely be realised. Your position and your wealth shall equal the nobility of your blood. The career of arms which you so ardently desired shall at once be opened to you. You have my word."

Don Pablo, with clasped hands, bent his body in profound thankfulness before her.

"Yes," continued the lady, with rising energy, "you have my word, and you shall see how faithfully I will keep my word, though my name

you can never know. Farewell, Count of Peñaparda, you may retire."

When Don Pablo raised his head, the two ladies had vanished.

Thoughtfully and sorrowfully Don Pablo returned to join Benito Romero.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" shouted the painter, in an ecstasy of delight; "the charm begins to work. The little gipsy's prophecy will be accomplished,—you will certainly become a grandee of Spain."

"A grandee of Spain!" said the count, in astonishment.

"And why not?" demanded the painter, angrily. "That lady—the young one I mean, not the old stiff duenna—I observed her—how her cheeks were flushed, and how her eyes sparkled, and how she placed her hand upon her heart. Yea, yea, I saw it all!"

"Oh, God!" said Don Pablo, with a deep sigh of despair, "how truly beautiful she is!"

"Why—why," stammered forth the painter; "I really cannot say much on that point. There is no freshness of complexion, no regularity of features; but, egad! what a power of expression! I would not require a finer face for the model of my great picture of St. Mary, the Egyptian! I looked well at her face, and shall certainly sketch it off to-morrow."

"What!" demanded the other, "could you—could you portray her features from memory?"

"Most assuredly," answered the artist, with somewhat of a scornful glance.

"Then, my dear Benito, do so,—do so, I beseech you; it shall be the portrait of my guardian saint, and I will daily worship it!"

"To-morrow, then," answered the artist, in high glee; "yes, to-morrow will I fulfil my promise."

CHAPTER III.

On the following Sunday, a crowd was to be seen collected around a huge mulberry-tree which grew before Chinchilla's tavern. The gipsies were about to commence their performances; they had dressed themselves for the occasion in a miserable canvass tent pitched hard by, the opening into which was scarcely

screened by an old tattered carpet. An old gipsy seated at the door was thrumming a worn-out guitar with three strings, and every now and then sounding a pair of cymbals hanging by his side by means of a leathern strap; and another old man standing by him kept crying to the spectators, "Now, my most worthy

gentlemen, be quick and take your places, for the dance is about to begin." Still no dance began, and the gaping crowd commenced to exhibit symptoms of impatience, and a low murmur was circulated that it was all a hoax. The people were dropping away one by one, when the old gipsy gave a prolonged and jarring clash of the cymbals, and forth sprang from the tent the youthful Palomita, with castanets in hand, and so bedizened with false jewels and tawdry ornaments, that at fifty paces one might have, for the moment, mistaken her for a young, gorgeously attired Peruvian queen. A loud shout of applause hailed her appearance,—“Viva La Palomita; eh, viva!” resounding on all sides from the spectators. She greeted the company with a low and gracious salutation, slowly lifted her arms, clattering the castanets, and raised her eyes to the windows of the tavern; but they were all closed.

“The fandango! give us the fandango!” shouted the people simultaneously.

The gipsy-girl made a motion with her hand, as if she wished to address the crowd; and the cries quickly subsided into silence.

“Most excellent caballeros,” she said, with that full metallic voice peculiar to her race, “I am in great difficulty as to obeying your commands to dance the fandango. Our first dancer, Tovalito, who finishes this evening his three days’ imprisonment, is not yet arrived, and none of our troop can supply his place. Will not some honourable señor in the crowd take me for a partner? Come, noble sirs, who will condescend to dance the fandango with La Palomita?”

No one advanced, and a general silence prevailed, while in earnest tones she repeated her invitation.

“Who, my most honourable and excellent gentlemen,—who will condescend to dance with the poor Palomita?”

“I will!” screamed a shrill voice from without the circle of spectators; and a passage was immediately made for the speaker’s approach, whose appearance produced an universal and uproarious burst of laughter.

“Ho, ho!” cried one; “it’s Pepe, as I’m a living man.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” burst from the lungs of another; “it’s Pepe Cojuelo, —poor silly Pepe.”

“Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!” joined all the others, in a chorus of shouts of laughter.

Meanwhile the object of so many remarks was shouldering his way lustily through the gaping and laughing crowd; and certainly his appearance was any thing but prepossessing. His head was large, and hung forward on his chest; his arms were unnaturally long; his shoulders high; his legs bandy. His stiff hair fell in uncombed profusion over his back; his clothes were a mass of filth and rags. He came forward with stupid stare and broad grin of delight, and threw himself into a stiff and awkward posture before the smiling and bright-eyed Palomita. A round of applause greeted his appearance.

He was a poor, half-idiotic creature, who had long since joined the vagabond tribe, and whom nothing could separate from the side of Palomita. A sign of approval from her eyes was sufficient reward for whatever he might do on her behalf. She used jocularly to call him her brother; and it was to him, no doubt, that the allusion was made in the short snatch of song which she was singing when she met Don Pablo and his friend the painter.

“Why,” exclaimed a broad-shouldered butcher in the crowd, “how can that poor devil Pepe dance, when he can scarcely walk on those two bandy legs of his?”

“Ay, but he *shall* dance,” answered the gipsy beauty; “so make room for the performance, my noble señors.”

On this the old gipsy thrummed his guitar, and clashed his cymbals with redoubled vigour; and Palomita clattered her castanets, twirled her supple form, and leapt from the ground as if she really were some fine and supernatural creature of the elements. Pepe kept his eyes fixed upon his partner, and tried to imitate her example by clumsy movements of his body. He seemed a surly bear endeavouring to imitate the moving graces of a sylph. The dance was received with rattling peals of laughter for Pepe’s share, and with thunders of applause for that of the gipsy, whose exhibition

would certainly have excited a very saint into raving fits of rapture.

The people of colder and more northern climes may admire the dances of Spain as they are *decently* exhibited on the stage; but it is a Spaniard only who, from deep enthusiasm and national vanity, can, with unabashed face and unaverted eye, stand before a gipsy girl while dancing their glorious fandango. The pantomime is one series of movements exhibiting ardent and voluptuous passion. The dancers never touch each other with the hand; the whole thing consists in the look, the gesture, and the attitude. La Palomita's performance on the present occasion was super-excellent, and the enraptured crowd insisted on a double encore.

While all were applauding in a delirium of delight, she seized the greasy cap on the Cojuelo's head, and went round the circle to collect the contributions of her admirers. Every body was giving to his utmost, and she was full of courtesies and thanks; when, midway, raising her eyes to the first-floor window of the tavern, her natural gipsy greed of money was for the moment forgotten. She stopped short, with her gaze riveted upon two persons who were leaning forward on the wooden balcony: it was Don Pablo and his friend Benito Romero.

"Here, my little dear, my very bird of Paradise, take this for thy pains; and mayest thou live a hundred years to dance after the same fashion!"

The painter, as he said this, threw down a golden doubloon. Don Pablo gave her a kind nod of the head, and both retired into the room, and shut the window. For a moment she gazed at the window, and then looked down at the greasy cap which contained the bright doubloon. She thought that the poverty-stricken painter had mistaken his coin when he bestowed the golden piece; and her heart ached to exchange even a word with Don Pablo.

"Here," said she to the old gipsy with the guitar, "carry this round, and I will return instantly." And she handed him the cap.

She darted into the tavern like a lapwing.

The two friends in the tavern

were busily employed; they were in the midst of preparation for their departure from Madrid. Books, clothes, uniforms, papers, open boxes, actually filled the apartment.

"Halloa!" said La Palomita, on opening the door, "here is a mighty preparation for gentlemen who are obliged to travel a-foot."

Don Pablo took her by the hand, and led her into the room.

"May God have you, noble señors, ever in His holy keeping," said, meekly, the Palomita, with a bend of the knee, in the Oriental and gipsy fashion. "In extending your generosity to the poor gipsy girl you have, perchance, done what you little heeded. You threw down a golden doubloon, which you, no doubt, never intended; and I come to return it."

"Valgame dios!" exclaimed the painter; "thou art a good girl, after all. Keep, my dear child, the doubloon; I intended to give it thee, and now take this other for thy honesty."

"Thanks, my lord! thanks!" cried the astonished gipsy girl; "you are now, it seems, become rich?"

"Ay, ay; we are rich and happy," observed the painter. "Thy prediction has been partly fulfilled; and, no doubt, ere long, Don Pablo de Peñaparda *will* be a grandee of Spain."

"That I foresaw," answered the other, "at the first glance."

"Dost see that splendid uniform on the bed?" asked Benito; "that is his. And here, my little jewel, is his appointment, with the king's sign manual. The count only yesterday received a handsome order on the royal treasurer, and is commanded to join instantly his regiment at Murviedro. Ay, ay, my queen of Gitanas, thou hast foretold all truly, although the sceptic count paid little heed to thy predictions."

"At Murviedro?" said the gipsy, softly and slowly. The two pieces of gold were still in her hand, while she regarded Don Pablo with a singular expression of love and sorrow. His handsome features had made a lasting impression upon her heart. He was working busily at a table which was covered with papers; behind him, reclined against the wall, the half-sketched portrait of the lady of the Ecceurial Gardens. La

Palomita looked at the picture with a vague sentiment of jealousy.

"What beautiful hair—what lustrous eyes!" said the girl, scarcely conscious that she was speaking. "Who may she be, caballero?"

Don Pablo started at the question; Benito answered,—

"Egad, my little jewel, I don't know myself, though I have been at some pains to paint it."

"Whoever she be," she replied, with emphasis and solemnity of manner, "do not trust her, don caballero! A fair woman will one day betray you."

"She betray me!" exclaimed Don Pablo, indignantly. "Never! She is the saint at whose shrine I shall henceforth worship."

"Nevertheless," said the gipsy calmly, "take heed of my prediction: a fair woman, even like her whose features I now behold, will betray you!"

"I do not believe it," said Don Pablo, with rising warmth; "and have no wish to have my fortune told a second time. They are clamorous for your return below, my dear girl; so fare thee well."

The young girl blushed scarlet deep at being so unceremoniously dismissed.

"I go," she answered, meekly.

"Yes," said Benito; "farewell, most beautiful of gipsies. When next we meet, thou shalt sit to me for the picture of a Bacchante, and I will limn thy face *con amore*."

"You depart, then," she asked, turning to Don Pablo, "for Murviedro?"

"Yes," was the reply; "we depart by to-morrow's dawn."

"Then may God have you in His holy keeping!" said the girl, as she quitted the apartment; but Don Pablo was too much occupied to discern her last and lingering look.

"Come, come, Don Pablo," observed the painter; "it is no use to be looking for ever so earnestly at this portrait. I must roll it up, and pack it away." And he proceeded to do so.

"Oh," exclaimed the other, striking his forehead, "I am well-nigh mad!"

"What on earth makes you say so?" asked the painter, with a laugh and a cunning look.

"Because," added the count, "I love her to distraction."

"Well, well," said Benito; "you are certainly handsome, and there is no great harm in loving the lady; and be assured that, some of these days, she will smilingly extend her hand to you, so as to enable you to reach even her exalted station."

"Never—never!" answered the count, despondingly. "I would willingly yield up the best half of my existence to know who she is, and to have the opportunity of expressing to her the deep and fervent gratitude of my heart."

"And of your love—hum!" observed the painter, drily.

"I have a dreadful suspicion," said the count, "that she is married!"

"What! one, so young, married?" exclaimed the painter; "why she cannot be more than sixteen years of age!"

"Notwithstanding that, how firm and calm her manner was, as if she had long known the usages of the world, and been accustomed to command. A young girl could never have spoken as she spoke!"

"I tell you," said the painter, doggedly, "that, whatever her station is, she is free. She never can have been married, for she is too young to be a widow!"

"What makes you, Benito, say so with such confidence?"

"Because I had my eye upon her during the whole time of the conversation. She drew off the glove from her left hand, which was certainly the very model of a hand, of which Venus herself would not have been ashamed; and, although there was on the first finger a splendid enamelled and jewelled ring, there assuredly was no marriage-ring."

"Then what meant the deep mourning in which she was attired?"

"Why, Don Pablo," cried the painter, "I am surprised at you. Don't you know that the whole court is in mourning? No, you don't know any thing, nor heed any thing, since your meeting with that lady, who, for her condescending protection, is, I must confess, a very divinity!"

The count was silent.

On the following morning they quitted Madrid for Murviedro.

MEMORY.

It was in the gardens of the Tuileries that I met with an old college friend. He was promenading a young lady, who seemed to me to have some difficulty in making herself understood, and still more in understanding her cavalier. They soon parted company, and my old acquaintance came up to me, and complained of the difficulties he found in speaking the French language. "I always had a bad memory, you know, but I can remember *facts* better than *words*." I should have instantly recognised my man by this expression alone. He went by the name of "The Man of Facts" when he was at College; and it was to this alone that he ascribed all superiority. To possess more facts than one's neighbour was to have the greatest advantage over him. When asked how he got through his examination, he replied, "Well enough;" but regretted that he had not so many facts as the professors who examined him: and he sighed for his want of memory.

Now, nothing can be more erroneous than were his ideas upon the subject. A man may possess an immense number of facts, and be a very great goose. There are two kinds of memory,—the one purely mechanical, which those possess who retain names, dates, and some facts,—the other is the result of an impression made upon the feelings; and the complaint of want of memory is in general nothing more than obtuseness of an important portion of the intellectual faculties. Few clever men complain of want of memory, or find difficulty in retaining those things which form a part or parcel of their intellectual enjoyments.

The lover of poetry may not be able to recollect when the battle was precisely fought, but if he have ever read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he can never forget it. He may have read it but once, may not be able to repeat a line of it, but there it is indelibly impressed upon his feelings—he can call it up when he pleases. It is as much his own as the author's. The man without memory or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may have read it many times, and yet know nothing

about it; his eyes have passed over it, but it has not passed through those portals to be indelibly stamped upon the sensorium. His ear may, perhaps, again recognise the sound of the words, but still the thing itself has escaped his memory, and from the best of all reasons—that it was never there. The want of memory of which such complain, may be compared to Falstaff's deafness, "Rather out, please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

He who has summed up every thing and placed all things in their true light, has not been wanting in the true definition of memory. When the Ghost says to Hamlet, "Remember me," he replies, "Yes, as long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe."

Here is precisely what we contend for, viz. that true memory is made up of impression. Such is implied in the tone of Hamlet's reply, that it would be impossible to forget it, that nothing less than the dissolution of the moral and physical world could prevent him from remembering the scene which he had just witnessed. It became hereafter no matter of will with him to do so. To tell him to forget it or to remember it, would be synonymous. It formed from that time a portion of his moral existence, inseparable but by general dissolution. It is precisely the same in other matters, that which has made a very strong impression is never forgotten; it may not always be at hand, but it is still there: circumstances may again call it forth, fresh as it was deposited in the storehouse of the mind. The man without memory is the man whose mind is not organised to receive such impressions as excite those sensations which guarantee durability; such as read the book and lay it down, and forget where they left off: a state which may occur to all at times, when the mind may be preoccupied, but which is habitual with those who complain of bad memories. In these arguments a healthy state of body and mind are presupposed, for by nothing is the faculty of memory so impaired as by physical derangements. It may be

annihilated by organic affections, or it may be suspended, or go to sleep. It may happen that the power of speech and the use of language be annulled, that all moral existence may seem extinguished, whilst the physical powers continue their functions; but when the causes operating these effects shall have been removed, then shall blessed memory return with all its force to the point where its functions had been suspended. The following case, quoted from the lectures of the late Sir Astley Cooper, illustrates this position in a most satisfactory manner:—A sailor falling from the yard-arm was taken up insensible, and carried into the hospital in Gibraltar, where he remained in the same state for many months; he was conveyed from thence to England, and admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital.

"He lay upon his back with very few signs of life, breathing, his pulse beating, some motion in his fingers, but, in all other respects, apparently deprived of all powers of mind, volition, or sensation. Upon the examination of his head a depression was discovered, and he was trephined at a period of thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The man sat up in his bed four hours after the operation, and, upon being asked if he felt pain, immediately put his hand to his head. In four days from this time he was able to get out of bed and converse, and in a few more days he was able to say where he came from and remembered meeting with the accident; but from that time up to the period when the ope-

ration was performed (*i. e.* for a period of thirteen months and upwards) his mind remained in a perfect state of oblivion."

Nothing was remembered which occurred between the periods of the infliction of the wound which caused the pressure and the removal of the piece of bone which produced it, because nothing during that long time had made any impression on the sensorium. There was a distinct separation of animal from moral existence.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has published a case of double consciousness with temporary loss of memory. It is rather complicated in a metaphysical point of view, but proves satisfactorily the power of impression. There was no loss of memory where the former had had its due influence. Some physical impediment in the circulation operated to prevent its manifestation at will; but it was there, and as soon as the obstruction was removed memory again triumphed.

I believe, therefore, that we are not far from wrong in accusing our friend of that want of perception and of impression which so much limited the number of his facts that he retained but very few; and his complaint against his memory was unjust and ill-founded, inasmuch as the food with which it is nourished must be duly digested and assimilated before it form an integrant part of that intellectual state which seldom complains of want of memory.

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER X.

FORTUNE, smiling at parting upon Monsieur de Balibari, enabled him to win a handsome sum with his faro bank.

At ten o'clock the next morning, the carriage of the Chevalier de Balibari drew up as usual at the door of his hotel ; and the chevalier, who was at his window, seeing the chariot arrive, came down the stairs in his usual stately manner.

"Where is my rascal, Ambrose ?" said he, looking round and not finding his servant to open the door.

"I will let down the steps for your honour," said a *gend'arme* who was standing by the carriage, ; and no sooner had the chevalier entered, than the officer jumped in after him, another mounted the box by the coachman, and the latter began to drive.

"Good gracious !" said the chevalier, "what is this ?"

"You are going to drive to the frontier," said the *gend'arme*, touching his hat.

"It is shameful — infamous ! I insist upon being put down at the Austrian ambassador's house !"

"I have orders to gag your honour if you cry out," said the *gend'arme*.

"All Europe shall hear of this !" said the chevalier, in a fury.

"As you please," answered the officer, and then both relapsed into silence.

The silence was not broken between Berlin and Potsdam, through which place the chevalier passed as his majesty was reviewing his guards there, and the regiments of Bülow, Zitwitz, and Henkel de Donnersmark. As the chevalier passed his majesty, the king raised his hat and said, "Qu'il ne descende pas : je lui souhaite un bon voyage." The Chevalier de Balibari acknowledged this courtesy by a profound bow.

They had not got far beyond

Potsdam when, boom ! the alarm cannon began to roar.

"It is a deserter !" said the officer.

"Is it possible ?" said the chevalier, and sunk back into his carriage again.

Hearing the sound of the guns the common people came out along the road with fowling-pieces and pitchforks, in hopes to catch the truant. The *gend'armes* looked very anxious to be on the look-out for him too. The price of a deserter was fifty crowns to those who brought him in.

"Confess, sir," said the chevalier to the police-officer in the carriage with him, "that you long to be rid of me from whom you can get nothing, and to be on the look-out for the deserter who may bring you in fifty crowns ? Why not tell the postilion to push on ? You may land me at the frontier and get back to your hunt all the sooner." The officer told the postilion to get on, but the way seemed intolerably long to the chevalier. Once or twice he thought he heard the noise of horse galloping behind : his own horses did not seem to go two miles an hour, but they *did* go. The black and white barriers came in view at last hard by Brück, and opposite them the green and yellow of Saxony.

The Saxon custom-house officers came out.

"I have no luggage," said the chevalier.

"The gentleman has nothing contraband," said the Prussian officers, grinning, and took their leave of their prisoner with much respect.

The Chevalier de Balibari gave them a frederick a-piece.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish you a good day. Will you please to go to the house whence we set out this morning, and tell my man there to send on my baggage to the Three Kings at Dresden ?" Then ordering fresh horses, the chevalier set off on

his journey for that capital. I need not tell you that *I* was the chevalier.

"FROM THE CHEVALIER DE BALIBARI
TO REDMOND BARRY, ESQUIRE, GENTIL-
HOMME ANGLAIS.

"*À l'Hôtel des 3 Couronnes, à Dresde,
en Saxe.*

"NEPHEW REDMOND,—This comes to you by a sure hand, no other than Mr. Lumpit of the English mission, who is acquainted, as all Berlin will be directly, with our wonderful story. They only know half as yet: they only know that a deserter went off in my clothes, and all are in admiration of your cleverness and valour.

"I confess that for two hours after your departure I lay in bed in no small trepidation, thinking whether his majesty might have a fancy to send me to Spandau, for the freak of which we both had been guilty. But in that case I had taken my precautions; I had written a statement of the case to my chief, the Austrian minister, with the full and true story how you had been set to spy upon me, how you turned out to be my very near relative, how you had been kidnapped yourself into the service, and how we both had determined to effect your escape. The laugh would have been so much against the king, that he never would have dared to lay a finger upon me. What would Monsieur de Voltaire have said to such an act of tyranny?

"But it was a lucky day, and every thing has turned out to my wish. As I lay in my bed two and a half hours after your departure, in comes your ex-captain Potzdorff. 'Redmont!' says he, in his imperious High Dutch way, 'are you there?' No answer. 'The rogue is gone out,' said he; and straightway makes for my red box where I keep my love-letters, my glass eye which I used to wear, my favourite lucky dice with which I threw the thirteen mains at Prague; my two sets of Paris teeth, and my other private matters that you know of.

"He first tried a bunch of keys, but none of them would fit the little English lock. Then my gentleman takes out of his pocket a chisel and hammer, and falls to work like a professional burglar, actually bursting open my little box!

"Now was my time to act. I advance towards him armed with an immense water-jug. I come noiselessly up to him just as he had broken the box, and, with all my might, I deal him such a blow over the head as smashes the water-jug to atoms, and sends my captain with a snort lifeless to the ground. I thought I had killed him!

"Then I ring all the bells in the house; and shout, and swear, and scream, 'Thieves!—thieves!—landlord!—murder!—fire!' until the whole household come tumbling up the stairs. 'Where is my servant?' roar I. 'Who dares to rob me in open day? Look at the villain whom I find in the act of breaking my chest open! Send for the police, send for his Excellency the Austrian minister! all Europe shall know of this insult!'

"'Dear heaven!' says the landlord, 'we saw you go away three hours ago!'

"'Me!' say I; 'why, man, I have been in bed all the morning. I am ill—I have taken physic—I have not left the house this morning! Where is that scoundrel Ambrose? But, stop! where are my clothes and wig?' for I was standing before them in my chamber-gown and stockings, with my night-cap on.

"'I have it—I have it!' says a little chamber-maid; 'Ambrose is off in your honour's dress.'

"'And my money—my money!' says I; 'where is my purse with forty-eight fredericks in it? But we have one of the villains left. Officers, seize him!'

"'It's the young Herr von Potzdorff!' says the landlord, more and more astonished.

"'What! a gentleman breaking open my trunk with hammer and chisel—impossible!'

"Herr von Potzdorff was returning to life by this time, with a swelling on his skull as big as a saucepan; and the officers carried him off, and the judge who was sent for dressed a *procès verbal* of the matter, and I demanded a copy of it, which I sent forthwith to my ambassador.

"I was kept a prisoner to my room the next day, and a judge, a general, and a host of lawyers, officers, and officials, were set upon me to bully, perplex, threaten, and cajole me. I said it was true you had told me that you had been kidnapped into the service, that I thought you were released from it, and that I had you with the best recommendations. I appealed to my minister, who was bound to come to my aid; and, to make a long story short, poor Potzdorff is now on his way to Spandau; and his uncle, the elder Potzdorff, has brought me five hundred louis, with a humble request that I would leave Berlin forthwith, and hush up this painful matter.

"I shall be with you at the Three Crowns the day after you receive this. Ask Mr. Lumpit to dinner. Do not spare your money—you are my son. Every body in Dresden knows your loving uncle,

"THE CHEVALIER DE BALIBARI."

And by these wonderful circumstances I was once more free again,

and I kept my resolution then made never to fall more into the hands of any recruiter, and thenceforth and for ever to be a gentleman.

With this sum of money, and a good run of luck which ensued presently, we were enabled to make no ungenteel figure. My uncle speedily joined me at the inn at Dresden, where, under pretence of illness, I had kept quiet until his arrival ; and, as the Chevalier de Balibari was in particular good odour at the court of Dresden (having been an intimate acquaintance of the late monarch the Elector, King of Poland, the most dissolute and agreeable of European princes), I was speedily in the very best society of the Saxon capital, where I may say that my own person and manners, and the singularity of the adventures in which I had been a hero, made me especially welcome. There was not a party of the nobility to which the two gentlemen of Balibari were not invited. I had the honour of kissing hands and being graciously received at court by the elector, and I wrote home to my mother such a flaming description of my prosperity, that the good soul very nearly forgot her celestial welfare and her confessor, the Rev. Joshua Jowls, in order to come after me to Germany ; but travelling was very difficult in those days, and so we were spared the arrival of the good lady.

I think the soul of Harry Barry, my father, who was always so genteel in his turn of mind, must have rejoiced to see the position which I now occupied. All the women anxious to receive me, all the men in a fury ; hobnobbing with dukes and counts at supper, dancing minuets with high well-born baronesses (as they absurdly call themselves in Germany), with lovely excellencies, nay, with highnesses and transparenancies themselves, who could compete with the gallant young Irish noble, who would suppose that seven weeks before I had been a common—bah ! I am ashamed to think of it ! One of the pleasantest moments of my life was at a grand gala at the electoral palace, where I had the honour of walking a polonaise with no other than the Margravine of Bayreuth, old Fritz's own sister ; old Fritz, whose hateful blue - baize livery I had worn, whose belts I had

pipe-clayed, and whose abominable rations of small-beer and souerkrout I had swallowed for five years.

Having won an English chariot from an Italian gentleman at play, my uncle had our arms painted on the panels in a more splendid way than ever, surmounted (as we were descended from the ancient kings) with an Irish crown of the most splendid size and gilding. I had this crown in lieu of a coronet engraved on a large amethyst signet-ring worn on my fore-finger ; and I don't mind confessing that I used to say the jewel had been in my family for several thousand years, having originally belonged to my direct ancestor, his late Majesty King Brian Born, or Barry. I warrant the legends of the Herald's College are not more authentic than mine was.

At first the minister and the gentlemen at the English hotel used to be rather shy of us two Irish noblemen, and questioned our pretensions to rank. The minister was a lord's son, it is true, but he was likewise a grocer's grandson, and so I told him at Count Lobkowitz's masquerade. My uncle, like a noble gentleman as he was, knew the pedigree of every considerable family in Europe. He said it was the only knowledge befitting a gentleman ; and, when we were not at cards, we would pass hours over Gwillim or D'Hozier reading the genealogies, learning the blazons, and making ourselves acquainted with the relationships of our class. Alas ! the noble science is going into disrepute now ; so are cards, without which studies and pastimes I can hardly conceive how a man of honour can exist.

My first affair of honour with a man of undoubted fashion was on the score of my nobility with young Sir Rumford Bumford of the English embassy, my uncle at the same time sending a cartel to the minister, who declined to come. I shot Sir Rumford in the leg, amidst the tears of joy of my uncle, who accompanied me to the ground ; and I promise you that none of the young gentlemen questioned the authenticity of my pedigree, or laughed at my Irish crown again.

What a delightful life did we now lead ! I knew I was born a gentleman, from the kindly way in which

I took to the business, as business it certainly is. For though it *seems* all pleasure, yet I assure any low-bred persons who may chance to read this, that we, their betters, have to work as well as they; though I did not rise until noon, yet had I not been up at play until long past midnight? Many a time have we come home to bed as the troops were marching out to early parade; and, oh! it did my heart good to hear the bugles blowing the *reveillé* before day-break, or to see the regiments marching out to exercise, and think that I was no longer bound to that disgusting discipline, but restored to my natural station.

I came into it at once, and as if I had never done any thing else all my life. I had a gentleman to wait upon me, a French *friseur* to dress my hair of a morning; I knew the taste of chocolate as by intuition almost, and could distinguish between the right Spanish and the French before I had been a week in my new position; I had rings on all my fingers, watches in both my fobs, canes, trinkets, and snuff-boxes of all sorts, and each out-vying the other in elegance; I had the finest natural taste for lace and china of any man I ever knew. I could judge a horse as well as any Jew dealer in Germany; in shooting and athletic exercises I was unrivalled; I could not spell, but I could speak German and French cleverly; I had at the least twelve suits of clothes; three richly embroidered with gold, two laced with silver, a garnet-coloured velvet pelisse lined with sable; one of French grey, silver-laced and lined with chinchilla. I had damask morning-robos, to which a peacock's tail is as sober as a Quaker's drab skirt. I took lessons on the guitar, and sang French catches exquisitely. Where, in fact, was there a more accomplished gentleman than Redmond de Balibari?

All these luxuries becoming my station could not, of course, be purchased without credit and money, to procure which, as our patrimony had been wasted by our ancestors, and we were above the vulgarity and slow returns and doubtful chances of trade, my uncle kept a faro bank. We were in partnership with a Florentine, well known in all the courts

of Europe, the Count Alessandro Pippi, as skilful a player as ever was seen, but he turned out a sad knave latterly, and I have discovered that his countship was a mere impostor. My uncle was maimed, as I have said; Pippi, like all impostors, was a coward; it was my unrivalled skill with the sword, and readiness to use it, that maintained the reputation of the firm, so to speak, and silenced many a timid gambler who might have hesitated to pay his losings. We always played on parole with any body; any person, that is, of honour and noble lineage. We never pressed for our winnings (r declined to receive promissory notes in lieu of gold. But woe to the man who did not pay when the note became due! Redmond de Balibari was sure to wait upon him with his bill, and I promise you there were very few bad debts; on the contrary, gentlemen were grateful to us for our forbearance, and our character for honour stood unimpeached. In later times a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honour engaged in the profession of play; but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful Revolution, which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our order. They cry fie now upon men engaged in play; but I should like to know how much more honourable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours. The broker at the Exchange who bulls and bears, and buys and sells, and dabbles with lying loans, and trades on state-secrets, what is he but a gamester? The merchant who deals in teas and tallow, is he any better? His bales of dirty indigo are his dice, his cards come up every year instead of every ten minutes, and the sea is his green table. You call the profession of the law an honourable one, where a man will lie for any bidder, lie down poverty for the sake of a fee from wealth, lie down right because wrong is in his brief. You call a doctor an honourable man, a swindling quack who does not believe in the nostrums which he prescribes, and takes your guinea for whispering in your ear that it is a fine morning; and yet, forsooth, a gallant man who sets him

down before the baize and challenges all comers, his money against theirs, his fortune against theirs, is proscribed by your modern moral world. It is a conspiracy of the middle-classes against gentlemen — it is only the shopkeeper cant which is to go down nowadays. I say that play was an institution of chivalry, it has been wrecked along with other privileges of men of birth.* When Seingalt engaged a man for six-and-thirty hours without leaving the table, I vow I think it was a glorious tournament, and what the ingenious person who has lately written *Ioanhoe* calls "a *passage of arms*." How have we had the best blood, and the brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing round the table as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have been beggars the next day; when *he* lost, he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Tôëplitz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lacqueys each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? "Sir," said we, "we have but eighty thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months; if your highness's bags do not contain more than eighty thousand, we will meet you;" and we did, and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen thousand florins of him. Is *this* not something like boldness? does *this* profession not require skill, and perseverance, and bravery? Four crowned heads looked on at the game, and an imperial princess, when I turned up the ace of hearts and made Paroli burst into tears. No man on the European Continent held a higher

position than Redmond Barry then; and when the Duke of Courland lost, he was pleased to say that we had won nobly; and so we had, and spent nobly what we won.

At this period my uncle, who attended mass every day regularly, always put ten florins into the box; wherever we went, the tavern-keepers made us more welcome than royal princes. We used to give away the broken meat from our suppers and dinners to scores of beggars who blessed us. Every man who held my horse or cleaned my boots got a ducat for his pains. I was, I may say, the author of our common good fortune, by putting boldness into our play. Pippi was a faint-hearted fellow, who was always cowardly when he began to win. My uncle (I speak with great respect of him) was too much of a devotee, and too much of a martinet at play ever to win *greatly*. His moral courage was unquestionable, but his daring was not sufficient. Both of these my seniors very soon acknowledged me to be their chief, and hence the style of splendour I have described.

I have mentioned H.I.H. the Princess Frederica Amelia, who was affected by my success and shall always think with gratitude of the protection with which that exalted lady honoured me. She was passionately fond of play, as indeed were the ladies of almost all the courts in Europe in those days, and hence would often arise no small trouble to us; for the truth must be told, that ladies love to play, certainly, but not to *pay*. The point of honour is not understood by the charming sex; and it was with the greatest difficulty, in our peregrinations to the various courts of northern Europe, that we could keep them from the table, could get their money if they lost, or, if they paid, prevent them from using the most furious and extraordinary means of revenge. In those great days of our fortune, I calculate that we lost no less than

* Lest any weak minds should be perverted by the above tirade of Mr. Barry, it may be here observed that it was natural in this gentleman, who appeared by his own confession to have been the fighting man or bully of a gambling firm, to defend himself, but that his manner of doing so is quite unsatisfactory; for to prove that others are rogues (and such possibly there may be in the recognised professions), is by no means to disprove his own roguery, and so the question stands exactly where it did previously.

fourteen thousand louis by such failures of payment. A princess of a ducal house gave us paste instead of diamonds, which she had solemnly pledged to us; another organised a robbery of the crown jewels, and would have charged the theft upon us, but for Pippi's caution, who had kept back a note of hand "her High Transparency" gave us, and sent it to his ambassador, by which precaution I do believe our necks were saved. A third lady of high (but not princely) rank, after I had won a considerable sum in diamonds and pearls from her, sent her lover with a band of cut-throats to waylay me, and it was only by extraordinary courage, skill, and good luck, that I escaped from these villains, wounded myself, but leaving the chief aggressor dead on the ground. My sword entered his eye and broke there, and the villains who were with him fled seeing their chief fall. They might have finished me else, for I had now no weapon of defence.

Thus it will be seen that our life, for all its splendour, was one of extreme danger and difficulty, requiring high talents and courage for success; and often, when we were in a full vein of success, we were suddenly driven from our ground on account of some freak of a reigning prince, some intrigue of a disappointed mistress, or some quarrel with the police minister. If the latter personage were not bribed or won over, nothing was more common than for us to receive a sudden order of departure, and so, perforce, we lived a wandering and desultory life.

Though the gains of such a life are, as I have said, very great, yet the expenses are enormous. Our appearance and retinue was too splendid for the narrow mind of Pippi, who was always crying out at my extravagance, though obliged to own that his own meanness and parsimony would never have achieved the great victories which my generosity had won. With all our success, our capital was not very great. That speech to the Duke of Courland, for instance, was a mere boast as far the two hundred thousand florins at three months were concerned. We had no credit, and no money beyond that on our table, and should have been forced to fly if his highness had won and

accepted our bills. Sometimes, too, we were hit very hard. A bank is a certainty *almost*, but now and then a bad day will come; and men who have the courage of good fortune, at least, ought to meet bad luck well: the former, believe me, is the harder task of the two.

One of these evil chances befell us in the Duke of Baden's territory at Mannheim. Pippi, who was always on the look-out for business, offered to make a bank at the inn where we put up, and where the officers of the duke's cuirassiers supped; and some small play accordingly took place, and some wretched crowns and louis changed hands, I trust rather to the advantage of these poor gentlemen of the army, who are surely the poorest of all devils under the sun.

But, as ill luck would have it, a couple of young students from the neighbouring University of Heidelberg, who had come to Mannheim for their quarter's revenue, and so had some hundred of dollars between them, were introduced to the table, and, having never played before (as is always the case), began to win. As ill luck would have it, too, they were tipsy, and against tipsiness I have often found the best calculations of play fail entirely. They played in the most perfectly insane way, and yet won always. Every card they backed turned up in their favour. They had won a hundred louis from us in ten minutes; and, seeing that Pippi was growing angry and the luck against us, I was for shutting up the bank for the night, saying the play was only meant for a joke, and that now we had had enough.

But Pippi, who had quarrelled with me that day, was determined to proceed, and the upshot was, that the students played and won more; then they lent money to the officers, who began to win, too; and in this ignoble way, in a tavern-room thick with tobacco-smoke, across a deal table besmeared with beer and liquor, and, to a parcel of hungry subalterns and a pair of beardless students, three of the most skillful and renowned players in Europe lost seventeen hundred louis. I blush now when I think of it. It was like Charles XII. or Richard Cœur de Lion falling before a petty fortress and an unknown hand (as my friend

Mr. Johnson wrote), and was, in fact, a most shameful defeat.

Nor was this the only defeat. When our poor conquerors had gone off, bewildered with the treasure which Fortune had flung in their way (one of these students was called the Baron de Clootz, perhaps he who afterwards lost his head at Paris), Pippi resumed the quarrel of the morning, and some exceedingly high words passed between us. Among other things, I recollect I knocked him down with a stool, and was for flinging him out of window; but my uncle, who was cool and had been keeping Lent with his usual solemnity, interposed between us, and a reconciliation took place, Pippi apologising and confessing he had been wrong.

I ought to have doubted, however, the sincerity of the treacherous Italian; indeed, as I never before believed a word that he said in his life, I know not why I was so foolish as to credit him now, and go to bed, leaving the keys of our cash-box with him. It contained, after our loss to the cuirassiers, in bills and money, near upon 8000*l.* sterling. Pippi insisted that our reconciliation should be ratified over a bowl of hot wine, and I have no doubt put some sopo-

rific drug into the liquor, for my uncle and I both slept till very late the next morning, and woke with violent headaches and fever. We did not quit our beds till noon. He had had been gone twelve hours, leaving our treasury empty; and behind him a sort of calculation, by which he strove to make out that this was his share of the profits, and that all the losses had been incurred without his consent.

Thus, after eighteen months, we had to begin the world again. But was I cast down? No. Our wardrobes still were worth a very large sum of money, for gentlemen did not dress like parish-clerks in those days, and a person of fashion would often wear a suit of clothes and a set of ornaments that would be a shop-boy's fortune; and, without repining for one single minute, or saying a single angry word (my uncle's temper in this respect was admirable), or allowing the secret of our loss to be known to a mortal soul, we pawned three-fourths of our jewels and clothes to Moses Löwe the banker, and with produce of the sale, and our private pocket-money, amounting in all to something less than 800 *louis*, we took the field again.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE RUNS OF LUCK.

I am not going to entertain my readers with an account of my professional career as a gamester, any more than I did with anecdotes of my life as a military man. I might fill volumes with tales of this kind were I so minded, but, at this rate, my recital would not be brought to a conclusion for years, and who knows how soon I may be called upon to stop? I have gout, rheumatism, gravel, and a disordered liver. I have two or three wounds in my body, which break out every now and then, and give me intolerable pain, and a hundred more signs of breaking up. Such are the effects of time, illness, and free-living, upon one of the strongest constitutions and finest forms the world ever saw. Ah! I suffered from none of these ills in the year '66, when there was no man

in Europe more gay in spirits, more splendid in personal accomplishment, than young Redmond Barry.

Before the treachery of the scoundrel Pippi, I had visited many of the best courts of Europe, especially the smaller ones, where play was patronised, and the professors of that science always welcome. Among the ecclesiastical principalities of the Rhine we were particularly well received. I never knew finer or gayer courts than those of the Electors of Treves and Cologne, where there was more splendour and gaiety than at Vienna, far more than in the wretched barrack-court of Berlin. The court of the Archduchess-Governess of the Netherlands was, likewise, a royal place for us knights of the dice-box and gallant votaries of fortune; whereas in the stingy Dutch, or the

beggarly Swiss republics, it was impossible for a gentleman to gain a livelihood unmolested. Yes, the old times were the times for *gentlemen*, before Buonaparte brutalised Europe with his swaggering Grenadiers, and was conquered in his turn by our shopkeepers and cheesemongers of England here. To return, however, to my personal adventure.

After our mishap at Mannheim, my uncle and I made for the Duchy of W—. It has since been erected into a kingdom, and the reader may find out the place easily enough, but I do not choose to print at full the names of some illustrious persons in whose society I then fell, and among whom I was made the sharer in a very strange and tragical adventure.

There was no court in Europe at which strangers were more welcome than at that of the noble Duke of W—, none where pleasure was more eagerly sought after, and more splendidly enjoyed. The prince did not inhabit his capital of S—, but, imitating in every respect the ceremonial of the court of Versailles, built himself a magnificent palace at a few leagues from his chief city, and round about his palace a superb aristocratic town, inhabited entirely by his nobles, and the officers of his sumptuous court. The people were rather hardly pressed, to be sure, in order to keep up this splendour; for his highness's dominions were small, and so he wisely lived in a sort of awful retirement from them, seldom shewing his face in his capital, or seeing any countenances but those of his faithful domestics and officers. His palace and gardens of Ludwigs-lust were exactly on the French model. Twice a-week there were court receptions, and grand court galas twice a-month. There was the finest opera out of France, and a ballet unrivalled in splendour, on which his highness, a great lover of music and dancing, expended prodigious sums. It may be because I was then young, but I think I never saw such an assemblage of brilliant beauty as used to figure there on the stage of the court-theatre, in the grand mythological ballets which were then the mode, and in which you saw Mars in red-heeled pumps and a periwig, and Venus in patches and a hoop. They say the costume

was incorrect, and have changed it since, but, for my part, I have never seen a Venus more lovely than the Coralie, who was the chief dancer, and found no fault with the attendant nymphs, in their trains, and lappets, and powder. These operas used to take place twice a-week, after which some great officer of the court would have his evening, and his brilliant supper, and the dice-box rattled every where, and all the world played. I have seen seventy play-tables set out in the grand gallery of Ludwigs-lust, besides the faro bank, where the duke himself would graciously come and play, and win or lose with a truly royal splendour.

It was hither we came after the Mannheim misfortune. The nobility of the court were pleased to say our reputation had preceded us, and the two Irish gentlemen were made welcome. The very first night at court we lost 740 of our 800 louis; the next evening, at the court-marshal's table, I won them back, with 1300 more. You may be sure we allowed no one to know how near we were to ruin on the first evening, but, on the contrary, I endeared every one to me by my gay manner of losing, and the finance-minister himself cashed a note for 400 ducats, drawn by me upon my steward of Ballybarry Castle in the kingdom of Ireland, which very note I won from his excellency the next day, along with a considerable sum in ready cash. In that noble court every body was a gambler. You would see the lacqueys in the ducal anterooms at work with their dirty packs of cards; the coach and chairmen playing in the court, while their masters were punting in the saloons above; the very cook-maids and scullions, I was told, had a bank, where one of them, an Italian confectioner, made a handsome fortune. He purchased afterwards a Roman marquisate, and his son was presented to the Prince Regent only last year, and was one of the most fashionable of the illustrious foreigners then in London. The poor devils of soldiers played away their pay, when they got it, which was seldom; and I don't believe there was an officer in any one of the Guard regiments but had his cards in his pouch, and no more forgot his dice

than his sword-knot. Among such fellows it was diamond cut diamond. What you call fair play would have been a folly. The gentlemen of Ballybarry would have been fools, indeed, to appear as pigeons in such a hawk's nest. None but men of courage and genius could live and prosper in a society where every one was bold and clever; and here my uncle and I held our own, ay, and more than our own.

His highness the duke was a widower, or rather, since the death of the reigning duchess, had contracted a Morganatic marriage with a lady whom he had ennobled, and who considered it a compliment (such was the morality of those days) to be called the Northern Dubarry. He had been married very young, and his son, the hereditary prince, may be said to have been the political sovereign of the state, for the reigning duke was fonder of pleasure than of politics, and loved to talk a great deal more with his grand huntsman, or the director of his opera, than with ministers and ambassadors.

The hereditary prince, whom I shall call Prince Victor, was of a very different character from his august father. He had made the wars of the succession and seven years' with great credit in the empress's service, was of a stern character, seldom appeared at court, except when ceremony called him, but lived almost alone in his wing of the palace, where he devoted himself to the severest studies, being a great astronomer and chemist. He shared in the rage, then common throughout Europe, of hunting for the philosopher's stone; and my uncle often regretted that he had no smattering of chemistry, like Balsamo (who called himself *Cagliostro*), St. Germain, and other individuals, who had obtained very great sums from Duke Victor by aiding him in his search after the great secret. His amusements were hunting and reviewing the troops; but for him, and if his good-natured father had not had his aid, the army would have been playing at cards all day, and so it was well that the prudent prince was left to govern.

Duke Victor was fifty years of age, and his princess, the Princess Olivia, was scarce three-and-twenty. They

had been married seven years, and, in the first years of their union, the princess had borne him a son and a daughter. The stern morals and manners, the dark and ungainly appearance of the husband, were little likely to please the brilliant and fascinating young woman, who had been educated in the south (she was connected with the ducal house of S——), who had passed two years at Paris under the guardianship of Mesdames, daughters of his most Christian Majesty, and who was the life and soul of the court of W——, the gayest of the gay, the idol of her august father-in-law, and, indeed, of the whole court. She was not beautiful, but charming; not witty, but charming, too, in her conversation as in her person. She was extravagant beyond all measure, so false that you could not trust her; but her very weaknesses were more winning than the virtues of other women, her selfishness more delightful than others' generosity. I never knew a woman whose faults made her so attractive. She used to ruin people, and yet they all loved her. My old uncle has seen her cheating at ombre, and let her win 400 louis without resisting in the least. Her caprices with the officers and ladies of her household were ceaseless, but they adored her. She was the only one of the reigning family whom the people worshipped. She never went abroad but they followed her carriage with shouts of acclamation, and, to be generous to them, she would borrow the last penny from one of her poor maids-of-honour, whom she would never pay. In the early days her husband was as much fascinated by her as all the rest of the world was; but her caprices had caused frightful outbreaks of temper on his part, and an estrangement which, though interrupted by almost mad returns of love, was still general. I speak of her royal highness with perfect candour and admiration, although I might be pardoned for judging her more severely, considering her opinion of myself. She said that the elder Monsieur de Balibari was a finished old gentleman, and the younger one had the manners of a courier. The world has given a different opinion, and I can afford to chronicle this almost single sentence against me. Besides, she

had a reason for her dislike to me, which you shall hear.

Five years in the army, long experience of the world had, ere now, dispelled any of those romantic notions regarding love with which I commenced life; and I had determined, as is proper with gentlemen (it is only your low people who marry for mere affection), to consolidate my fortunes by marriage. In the course of our peregrinations, my uncle and I had made several attempts to carry this object into effect; but numerous disappointments had occurred, which are not worth mentioning here, and had prevented me hitherto from making such a match as I thought was worthy of a man of my birth, abilities, and personal appearance. Ladies are not in the habit of running away on the Continent, as is the custom in England (a custom whereby many honourable gentlemen of my country have much benefited); guardians, and ceremonies, and difficulties of all kinds intervene; true love is not allowed to have its course, and poor women cannot give away their honest hearts to the gallant fellows who have won them. Now it was settlements that were asked for; now it was my pedigree and title-deeds that were not satisfactory, though I had a plan and rent-roll of the Ballybarry estates, and the genealogy of the family up to King Brian Boru, or Barry, most handsomely designed on paper; now it was a young lady who was whisked off to a convent, just as she was ready to fall into my arms; on another occasion, when a rich widow of the Low Countries was about to make me lord of a noble estate in Flanders, comes an order of the police, which drives me out of Brussels at an hour's notice, and consigns my mourner to her château. But at W—— I had an opportunity of playing a great game, and had won it, too, but for the dreadful catastrophe which upset my fortune.

In the household of the hereditary princess there was a lady nineteen years of age, and possessor of the greatest fortune in the whole duchy. The Countess Ida, such was her name, was daughter of a late minister and favourite of his highness the Duke of W——, and his duchess, who had done her the honour to be

her sponsors at birth, and who, at the father's death, had taken her under their august guardianship and protection. At sixteen she was brought from her castle, where, up to that period, she had been permitted to reside, and had been placed with the Princess Olivia, as one of her highness's maids-of-honour.

The aunt of the Countess Ida, who presided over her house during her minority, had foolishly allowed her to contract an attachment for her cousin-german, a penniless sub-lieutenant in one of the duke's foot regiments, who had flattered himself to be able to carry off this rich prize, and if he had not been a blundering, silly idiot indeed, with the advantage of seeing her constantly, of having no rival near him, and the intimacy attendant upon close kinsmanship, might easily, by a private marriage, have secured the young countess and her possessions. But he managed matters so foolishly, that he allowed her to leave her retirement, to come to court for a year, and take her place in the Princess Olivia's household, and then what does my young gentleman do, but appear at the duke's levee one day, in his tarnished epaulet and threadbare coat, and make an application in due form to his highness, as the young lady's guardian, for the hand of the richest heiress in his dominions!

The weakness of the good-natured prince was such that, as the Countess Ida herself was quite as eager for the match as her silly cousin, his highness might have been induced to allow the match, had not the Princess Olivia been induced to interpose, and to procure from the duke a peremptory veto to the hopes of the young man. The cause of this refusal was as yet unknown, no other suitor for the young lady's hand was mentioned, and the lovers continued to correspond, hoping that time might effect a change in his highness's resolutions, when, of a sudden, the lieutenant was drafted into one of the regiments which the prince was in the habit of selling to the great powers then at war (this military commerce was a principal part of his highness's and other princes' revenues in those days), and their connexion was thus abruptly broken off.

It was strange that the Princess

Olivia should have taken this part against a young lady who had been her favourite ; for, at first, with those romantic and sentimental notions which almost every woman has, she had somewhat encouraged the Countess Ida and her penniless lover, but now suddenly turned against them, and, from loving the countess, as she previously had done, pursued her with every manner of hatred which a woman knows how to inflict ; and there was no end to the ingenuity of her tortures, the venom of her tongue, the bitterness of her sarcasm and scorn. When I first came to court at W——, the young fellows there had nicknamed the young lady the *Dumme Gräfinn*, the stupid countess. She was generally silent, handsome, but pale, stolid-looking, and awkward, taking no interest in the amusements of the place, and appearing in the midst of the feasts as glum as the death's head which, they say, the Romans used to have at their tables.

It was rumoured that a young gentleman of French extraction, the Chevalier de Magny, equerry to the reigning duke, and present at Paris when the Princess Olivia was married to him by proxy there, was the intended of the rich Countess Ida ; but no official declaration of the kind was yet made, and there were whisper of a dark intrigue, which, subsequently, received frightful confirmation.

This Chevalier de Magny was the grandson of an old general-officer in the duke's service, the Baron de Magny. The baron's father had quitted France at the expulsion of Protestants after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and taken service in W——, where he died. The son succeeded him, and, quite unlike most French gentlemen of birth whom I have known, was a stern and cold Calvinist, rigid in the performance of his duty, retiring in his manners, mingling little with the court, and a close friend and favourite of Duke Victor, whom he resembled in disposition.

The chevalier, his son, was a true Frenchman ; he had been born in France, where his father held a diplomatic appointment in the duke's service. He had mingled in the gay society of the most brilliant

court in the world, and had endless stories to tell us of the pleasures of the *petites maisons*, of the secrets of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and of the wild gaieties of Richelieu and his companions. He had been almost ruined at play, as his father had been before him ; for, out of the reach of the stern old baron in Germany, both son and grandson had led the most reckless of lives. He came back from Paris soon after the embassy which had been despatched thither on the occasion of the marriage of the princess, was received sternly by his old grandfather, who, however, paid his debts once more, and procured him the post in the duke's household. The Chevalier de Magny rendered himself a great favourite of his august master ; he brought with him the modes and the gaieties of Paris ; he was the deviser of all the masquerades and balls, the recruiter of the ballet-dancers, and by far the most brilliant and splendid young gentleman of the court.

After we had been a few weeks at Ludwigslust, the old Baron de Magny endeavoured to have us dismissed from the duchy ; but his voice was not strong enough to overcome that of the general public, and the Chevalier de Magny especially stood our friend with his highness when the question was debated before him. The chevalier's love of play had not deserted him. He was a regular frequenter of our bank, where he played for some time with pretty good luck, and where, when he began to lose, he paid with a regularity surprising to all those who knew the smallness of his means, and the splendour of his appearance.

Her highness the Princess Olivia was also very fond of play. On half-a-dozen occasions when we held a bank at court, I could see her passion for the game. I could see—that is, my cool-headed old uncle could see—much more. There was an intelligence between Monsieur de Magny and this illustrious lady. “If her highness be not in love with the little Frenchman,” my uncle said to me one night after play, “may I lose the sight of my last eye !”

“And what then, sir ?” said I.

“What then ?” said my uncle, looking me hard in the face, “Are you so green as not to know what

then? Your fortune is to be made, if you choose to back it now; and we may have back the Barry estates in two years, my boy."

"How is that?" asked I, still at a loss.

My uncle dryly said, "Get Magny to play; never mind his paying; take his notes of hand. The more he owes the better; but, above all, make him play."

"He can't pay a shilling," answered I. "The Jews will not discount his notes at cent per cent."

"So much the better. You shall see we will make use of them," answered the old gentleman. And I must confess that the plan he laid was a gallant, clever, and fair one.

I was to make Magny play; in this there was no great difficulty. We had an intimacy together, for he was a good sportsman as well as myself; and we came to have a pretty considerable friendship for one another; and, if he saw a dice-box, it was impossible to prevent him from handling it; but he took to it as natural as a child does to sweetmeats.

At first he won of me; then he began to lose; then I played him money against some jewels that he brought, family trinkets, he said, and, indeed, of considerable value. He begged me, however, not to dispose of them in the duchy, and I gave and kept my word to him to this effect. From jewels he got to playing upon promissory notes; and, as they would not allow him to play at the court tables and in public upon credit, he was very glad to have an opportunity of indulging his favourite passion upon credit; and I have had him for hours at my pavilion (which I had fitted up in the Eastern manner, very splendid) rattling the dice till it became time to go to his service at court, and we would spend day after day in this manner. He brought me more jewels,—a pearl necklace, an antique emerald breast ornament, and other trinkets, as a set-off against these losses,—for I need not say that I should not have played with him all this time had he been winning; but, after about a week, the luck set in against him, and he became my debtor in a prodigious sum. I do not care to mention the extent of it; it was such as I never thought the young man could pay.

Why, then, did I play for it? why waste days in private play with a mere bankrupt, when business seemingly much more profitable was to be done elsewhere? My reason, I boldly confess. I wanted to win from Monsieur de Magny not his money, but his intended wife, the Countess Ida. Who can say that I had not a right to use *any* stratagem in this matter of love? Or, why say love? I wanted the wealth of the lady; I loved her quite as much as Magny did; I loved her quite as much as yonder blushing virgin of seventeen does who marries an old lord of seventy. I followed the practice of the world in this, having resolved that marriage should achieve my fortune.

I used to make Magny, after his losses, give me a friendly letter of acknowledgment to some such effect as this,—

"My dear Monsieur de Balibari, I acknowledge to have lost to you this day at lansquenet [or picquet, or hazard, as the case might be: I was master of him at any game that is played] the sum of three hundred ducats, and shall hold it as a great kindness on your part if you will allow the debt to stand over until a future day, when you shall receive payment from your very grateful, humble servant."

With the jewels he brought me I also took the precaution (but this was my uncle's idea, and a very good one) to have a sort of invoice, and a letter begging me to receive the trinkets as so much part payment of a sum of money he owed me.

When I had put him in such a position as I deemed favourable to my intentions, I spoke to him candidly, and without any reserve, as one man of the world should speak to another. "I will not, my dear fellow," said I, "pay you so bad a compliment as to suppose that you expect we are to go on playing at this rate much longer, and that there is any satisfaction to me in possessing more or less sheets of paper bearing your signature, and a series of notes of hand which I know you never can pay. Don't look fierce or angry, for you know Redmond Barry is your master at the sword; besides, I would not be such a fool as to fight a man who owes me so much money;

but hear calmly what I have to propose.

"You have been very confidential to me during our intimacy of the last month; and I know all your personal affairs completely. You have given your word of honour to your grandfather never to play upon parole, and you know how you have kept it, and that he will disinherit you if he hears the truth. Nay, suppose he dies to-morrow, his estate is not sufficient to pay the sum in which you are indebted to me; and, were you to yield me up all, you would be a beggar, and a bankrupt too.

"Her Highness the Princess Olivia denies you nothing. I shall not ask why; but give me leave to say, I was aware of the fact when we began to play together."

"Will you be made baron—chamberlain, with the grand cordon of the order?" gasped the poor fellow. "The princess can do any thing with the duke."

"I shall have no objection," said I, "to the yellow riband and the gold key; though a gentleman of the house of Ballybarry cares little for the titles of the German nobility. But this is not what I want. My good chevalier, you have hid no secrets from me. You have told me with what difficulty you have induced the Princess Olivia to consent to the project of your union with the Gräfinn Ida, whom you don't love. I know whom you love very well."

"Monsieur de Balibari!" said the discomfited chevalier; he could get out no more. The truth began to dawn upon him.

"You begin to understand," continued I. "Her highness the princess (I said this in a sarcastic way) will not be very angry, believe me, if you break off your connexion with the stupid countess. I am no more an admirer of that lady than you are; but I want her estate. I played you for that estate, and have won it; and I will give you your bills and five thousand ducats on the day I am married to it."

"The day I am married to the countess," answered the chevalier, thinking to have me, "I will be able to raise money to pay your claim ten times over" (this was true, for the countess's property may have been

valued at near half a million of our money); "and then I will discharge my obligations to you. Meanwhile, if you annoy me by threats or insult me again as you have done. I will use that influence which, as you say, I possess, and have you turned out of the duchy, as you were out of the Netherlands last year."

I rang the bell quite quietly. "Zamor," said I to a tall negro fellow habited like a Turk, that used to wait upon me, "when you hear the bell ring a second time, you will take this packet to the marshal of the court, this to his Excellency the General de Magny, and this you will place in the hands of one of the equerries of his highness the hereditary prince. Wait in the anteroom, and do not go with the parcels until I ring again."

The black fellow having retired, I turned to Monsieur de Magny and said, "Chevalier, the first packet contains a letter from you to me, declaring your solvency, and solemnly promising payment of the sums you owe me; it is accompanied by a document from myself (for I expected some resistance on your part), stating that my honour has been called in question, and begging that the paper may be laid before your august master, his highness. The second packet is for your grandfather, inclosing the letter from you in which you state yourself to be his heir, and begging for a confirmation of the fact. The last parcel for his highness the hereditary duke," added I, looking most sternly, "contains the Gustavus Adolphus emerald, which he gave to his princess, and which you pledged to me as a family jewel of your own. Your influence with her highness must be great, indeed," I concluded, "when you could extort from her such a jewel as that, and when you could make her, in order to pay your play-debts, give up a secret upon which both your heads depend."

"Villain!" said the Frenchman, quite aghast with fury and terror, "would you implicate the princess?"

"Monsieur de Magny," I answered, with a sneer; "no, I will say *you* stole the jewel." It was my belief he did, and that the unhappy and infatuated princess was never privy to the theft until long after it had been committed. How we came to know the history of the emerald is *simple*

ough. As we wanted money (for my occupation with Magny caused my bank to be much neglected), my uncle had carried Magny's trinkets

Mannheim to pawn. The Jew had lent upon them knew the history of the stone in question; and when I asked how her highness came to part with it, my uncle very cleverly took up the story where he found it, said that the princess was very fond of play, that it was not always convenient to her to pay, and hence the emerald had come into our hands. He brought it wisely back with him. S—; and, as regards the other jewels which the chevalier pawned to us, they were of no particular mark; no inquiries have ever been made about them to this day; and I did not only not know then that they came from her highness, but have only my conjectures upon the matter now.

The unfortunate young gentleman must have had a cowardly spirit, when I charged him with the theft, not to make use of my two pistols at were lying by chance before me, and to send out of the world the accuser and his own ruined self. With such imprudence and miserable recklessness on his part and that of an unhappy lady who had forgotten herself for this poor villain, he must have known that discovery was inevitable. But it was written that his dreadful destiny should be accomplished; instead of ending like a man, he now cowed before me quite spirit-broken, and, flinging himself down on the sofa, burst into tears, and calling wildly upon all the saints to help him, as if they could be interested in the fate of such a wretch as me!

I saw that I had nothing to fear from him; and, calling back Zamor, my black, said I would myself carry the parcels, which I returned to my *crêtiote*; and, my point being thus defined, I acted, as I always do, generously towards him. I said that, for security's sake, I should send the emerald out of the country, but that I pledged my honour to restore it to the duchess, without any pecuniary consideration, on the day when she could procure the sovereign's consent to my union with the Countess Ida.

This will explain pretty clearly, I

flatter myself, the game I was playing; and, though some rigid moralist may object to its propriety, I say that any thing is fair in love, and that men so poor as myself can't afford to be squeamish about their means of getting on in life. The great and rich are welcomed, smiling, up the grand staircase of the world; the poor but aspiring must clamber up the wall, or push and struggle up the back stair, or, *pardi*, crawl through any of the conduits of the house, never mind how foul and narrow, that lead to the top. The unambitious sluggard pretends that the eminence is not worth attaining, declines altogether the struggle, and calls himself a philosopher. I say he is a poor-spirited coward. What is life good for but for honour? and that is so indispensable, that we should attain it any how.

The manner to be adopted for Magny's retreat was proposed by myself, and was arranged so as to consult the feelings of delicacy of both parties. I made Magny take the Countess Ida aside, and say to her, "Madam, though I have never declared myself your admirer, you and the count have had sufficient proof of my regard for you; and my demand would, I know, have been backed by his highness, your august guardian. I know the duke's gracious wish is, that my attentions should be received favourably; but, as time has not appeared to alter your attachment elsewhere, and as I have too much spirit to force a lady of your name and rank to be united to me against your will, the best plan is, that I should make you, for form's sake, a proposal *unauthorised* by his highness; that you should reply, as I am sorry to think your heart dictates to you, in the negative: on which I also will formally withdraw from my pursuit of you, stating that, after a refusal, nothing, not even the duke's desires, should induce me to persist in my suit."

The Countess Ida almost wept at hearing these words from Monsieur de Magny, and tears came into her eyes, he said, as she took his hand for the first time, and thanked him for the delicacy of the proposal. She little knew that the Frenchman was incapable of that sort of delicacy, and

that the graceful manner in which he withdrew his addresses was of my invention.

As soon as he withdrew, it became my business to step forward, but cautiously and gently, so as not to alarm the lady, and yet firmly, so as to convince her of the hopelessness of her designs of uniting herself with her shabby lover, the sub-lieutenant. The Princess Olivia was good enough to perform this necessary part of the plan in my favour, and solemnly to warn the Countess Ida, that though Monsieur de Magny had retired from paying his addresses, his highness, her guardian, would still marry her as he thought fit, and that she must for ever forget her out-at-elbowed adorer. In fact, I can't conceive how such a shabby rogue as that could ever have had the audacity to propose for her: his birth was certainly good; but what other qualifications had he?

When the Chevalier de Magny withdrew, numbers of other suitors, you may be sure, presented themselves; and amongst these your very humble servant, the cadet of Ballybarry. There was a *carrousel*, or tournament, held at this period, in imitation of the antique meetings of chivalry, in which the chevaliers tilted at each other, or at the ring; and on this occasion I was habited in a splendid Roman dress (viz. a silver helmet, a flowing periwig, a cuirass of gilt leather richly embroidered, a light blue velvet mantle, and crimson morocco half-boots); and in this habit I rode my bay horse Brian, and carried off three rings, and won the prize over all the duke's gentry, and the nobility of surrounding countries who had come to the show. A wreath of gilded laurel was to be the prize of the victor, and it was to be awarded by the lady he selected. So I rode up to the gallery where the Countess Ida was seated behind the hereditary princess, and, calling her name loudly, yet gracefully, begged to be allowed to be crowned by her, and thus proclaimed myself to the face of all Germany, as it were, her suitor. She turned very pale, and the princess red I observed; but the countess Ida ended by crowning me; after which, putting spurs into my horse, I galloped round the ring, saluting his highness the duke at the

opposite end, and performing the most wonderful exercises with my bay.

My success did not, as you may imagine, increase my popularity with the young gentry. They called me adventurer, bully, dice-loader, importer, and a hundred pretty names; but I had a way of silencing these gentry. I took the Count de Schmetterling, the richest and bravest of the young men who seemed to have a hankering for the Countess Ida, and publicly insulted him at the Ridotta, flinging my cards into his face. The next day I rode thirty-five miles into the territory of the Elector of B—, and met Monsieur de Schmetterling, and passed my sword twice through his body; and rode back with my second, the Chevalier de Magny, and presented myself at the duchess's whist that evening. Magny was very unwilling to accompany me at first; but I insisted upon his support, and that he should countenance my quarrel. Directly after paying my homage to her highness, I went up to the Countess Ida, and made her a marked and low obeisance, gazing at her steadily in the face until she grew crimson red; and then staring round at every man who formed her circle, until, *ma foi*, I stared them all away. I instructed Magny to say, every where, that the countess was madly in love with me; which commission, along with many others of mine, the poor devil was obliged to perform. He made rather a *sotte figure*, as the French say, acting the pioneer for me, praising me every where, accompanying me always; he who had been the pink of the *mode* until my arrival; he who thought his pedigree of beggarly barons of Magny was superior to the race of great Irish kings from which I descended; who had sneered at me a hundred times as a spadassin, a deserter, and had called me a vulgar Irish upstart. Now I had my revenge of the gentleman, and took it too.

I used to call him, in the choicest societies, by his Christian name of Maxime. I would say, "Bon jour, Maxime; comment vas-tu?" in the princess's hearing, and could see him bite his lips for fury and vexation. But I had him under my thumb, and her highness too,—I, the poor private

of Bulow's regiment. And this is a proof of what genius and perseverance can do, and should act as a warning to great people never to have *secrets*, if they can help it.

I knew the princess hated me, but what did I care? She knew I knew all and indeed I believe so strong was her prejudice against me that she thought I was an indelicate villain, capable of betraying a lady, which I would scorn to do; so that she trembled before me as a child before his schoolmaster. She would in her woman's way, too, make all sorts of jokes and sneers at me on reception days, and ask about my palace in Ireland, and the kings, my ancestors, and whether when I was a private in Bulow's foot my royal relatives had interposed to rescue me, and whether the cane was smartly administered there—any thing to mortify me. But Heaven bless you! I can make allowances for people, and used to laugh in her face. Whilst her gibes and jeers were continuing it was my pleasure to look at poor Magny and see how *he* bore them. The poor devil was trembling lest I should break out under the princess's sarcasms and tell all; but my revenge was when the princess attacked me to say something bitter to *him*—to pass it on as boys do at school. And *that* was the thing which used to make her highness feel. She would wince just as much when I attacked Magny as if I had

been saying any thing rude to herself. And, though she hated me, she used to beg my pardon in private; and, though her pride would often get the better of her, yet her prudence obliged this magnificent princess to humble herself to the poor penniless Irish boy.

As soon as Magny had formally withdrawn from the Countess Ida, the princess took the young lady into favour again, and pretended to be very fond of her. To do them justice, I don't know which of the two disliked me most, the princess, who was all eagerness, and fire, and coquetry, or the countess who was all state and splendour. The latter especially pretended to be disgusted by me, and yet after all I have pleased her betters, was once one of the handsomest men in Europe, and would defy any heyduc of the court to measure a chest or a leg with me; but I did not care for any of her silly prejudices, and determined to win her and wear her in spite of herself. Was it on account of her personal charms or qualities? No. She was quite white, thin, short-sighted, tall, and awkward, and my taste is quite the contrary; and as for her mind, no wonder that a poor creature who had a hankering after a wretched ragged ensign could never appreciate *me*. It was her estate I made love to; as for herself, it would be a reflection on my taste as a man of fashion to own that I liked her.

MARSHAL SOULT.

MARSHAL SOULT was born at Saint Amans, in the department of the Tarn, on the 29th of March, 1769. At the age of sixteen, on the 15th of April, 1785, he commenced his career as a soldier, by entering the 23d regiment of royal infantry; and in this regiment he passed his first grades. At the end of 1791, Marshal Luckner charged him with the organisation of the first battalion of the Upper Rhine; and he was appointed sub-lieutenant of grenadiers. Two months afterwards, the battalion named him, by acclamation, adjutant-major, and afterwards captain. In those days the French soldiers selected their sub-officers, for the throne was in a state of abeyance. In later times, attempts have been made to re-introduce the same principle into the regular French army; but his Majesty Louis Philippe has rejected, on every occasion, such an usurpation of his rights and privileges; though he was unable, when the law for establishing the National Guards was passed, to prevent the introduction of the principle into that measure. It is argued, however, that as the National Guards are partly a voluntary association of citizens, they should have the right, as our own national volunteers had, to select their own sub-officers, of course subject to the approval of the king.

At this period of his life Soult's voice was always for war. He belonged to the young and ardent spirits of the age; he thought, with them, that the world was France, and that France was the world; and aspired to nothing more passionately than to lead on his battalion from battle to battle, and from victory to victory.

This desire he soon had the opportunity of gratifying; for, on the 29th of March, 1793, he greatly distinguished himself at the combat of Oberfelsheim, under the command of General Custines. The tact and talent he displayed on that occasion led to his being charged to direct, in the department of the Vosges, the operations of two battalions destined to retake the camp of Rudenthal, which had been taken possession of by the opponents of France, in consequence of the defection of General d'Ar-

landes. On the 29th Brumaire, an. 2, Hoche, the general-in-chief, called the young Soult to the staff of the army of the Moselle, and charged him with the guidance of a division, which he conducted to the battle of Kaiserslautern; where, however, it sustained a defeat on the 3d Frimaire. The Vosges were then occupied by the invading army, and General Hoche sought to retake the lines of Wissembourg, and to liberate Landau from its state of blockade. In order to succeed in this enterprise, he directed the army of the Moselle by Niderbroun, Werth, and on Wissembourg, confiding to Captain Soult the command of a detached corps sent to surprise the camp of Marsthal. In this operation the success of the young captain was complete; and two flags, and a great number of prisoners, were taken by him. On the 3d of Nivose following, at the battle of Wissembourg, where he led on the attack made on the left, he also succeeded in defeating the Austrians; and, as a reward for his bravery and skill, General Hoche conferred on him the next day the command of the camp of Roth, which was occupied by a brigade. A short time afterwards, he signalised himself at the siege of Fort Louis, from whence he passed into the Palatinate, to perform, under the orders of General Lefebvre, the functions of the chief of the staff of the advanced guard of the army. The army of the Moselle, after having been replaced in the Palatinate by that of the Rhine, returned to the frontiers of the Ardennes, having its advanced guard placed at Metzerviss, near Thionville. General Jourdan was then charged to take the command, soon after which two battles were fought simultaneously at Arlon; and Soult, who had become adjutant-general, was greatly commended for his talent and bravery. He had now attained the rank of colonel, and was so much in the confidence of Lefebvre, that, on more than one occasion, he did his chief good service. At the last of the battles of Fleurus, for example, the divisions of the Ardennes, commanded by General Marceau, had just been repulsed by

the Austrians; they were retreating in the greatest disorder towards the Sambre, leaving the right division of the army entirely unprotected. Marceau, surrounded by some of his officers, was in a state of despair at the defection of his troops, and desired only an honourable death. They were stationed around the windmill of Fleurus; and the Austrians were pressing thitherwards *en masse*. At this terrible moment of excitement and despair Colonel Soult arrived.

"What, Marceau!" he exclaimed; "thou wouldst die then, and dishonour thyself and thy soldiers? No; rather rally them; return to the battle with them; for true glory will be to conquer with them."

Marceau listened to this appeal, rallied the divisions, returned to the combat, and took part in the successes of the day.

The general-in-chief, Jourdan, then directed the army of the Sambre and Meuse to advance, in order to take possession of Belgium, as far as the banks of the Rhine. This memorable expedition led to several very serious affairs at the passage of the Meuse, on the Ourthe and the Roër. The advanced guard of General Lefebvre displayed its accustomed bravery, especially at Linnich, where Soult had again the opportunity afforded him of contributing to the success of the French army, though desperate and sanguinary was the combat. A short time after the French army arrived on the banks of the Rhine, the colonel received the brevet of general of brigade, and in this capacity he entered the division of General Harty, to be engaged, under his orders, in the blockade of Luxembourg, up to the time of its reduction. The army then passed the Rhine, and marched onwards to the Maine. On the return of the expedition which brought it back to the Rhine, General Soult was again employed in the division of his friend, General Lefebvre, who confided to him the command of his light troops. On the recommencement of hostilities, this advanced guard formed part of the corps commanded by General Kleber. General Soult was first, and most ardent, in the combats which occurred at the passage of the Sieg, at Enest, and at Usnach; and on

the next day he commanded the attack upon the left of the enemy at the battle of Alten Kerchen, where the Austrians were not successful. But the time for defeat had now arrived. The French were compelled to retire on the Rhine, and the Austrians were the conquerors. General Soult, who had been detached with three battalions and 150 cavalry, to cover the left of the army at Herborn, was ignorant of the retreat of the main body, and suddenly found himself surrounded by 4000 Austrian cavalry. In this state of difficulty, all his energy and resolution were necessary; but he succeeded in getting his detachments together, and marched for Hocembourg. Although in danger of being cut to pieces, and required repeatedly to lay down his arms, he refused so to do, and, after a sharp contest of five hours' duration, the pursuit slackened, and he was permitted to continue his march without farther opposition. This retreat was greatly eulogised by the army and the government, and his name became the theme of general praise. After a day's repose, his troops were led on to the battle of Kalteieg, where the Austrians were defeated, and sustained a loss of no less than 4000 men. There, and at the battle of Friedberg, which shortly followed, General Soult was especially remarked for his intrepidity and zeal. From thence he proceeded to the frontiers of Bohemia, and in the course of this movement took possession of the fortress of Konigsbaffen. Arrived on the Nab, the French general-in-chief, Jourdan, had left a great distance between the right of his army and the left of the army of the Rhine, which had not yet reached Ratisbon. The Archduke Charles profited by this oversight, and passed, with great ability, between the two armies, and completely defeated General Bernadotte at Neumark, whom he pursued with vigour up to Wurzburg. General Jourdan hastened to this spot with his divisions; but the advanced guard could not co-operate with him, for it was engaged in another direction in a sanguinary conflict, where it was defeated, leaving General Soult detached at a distance of three leagues on the left in a state of igno-

rance of what had transpired. The first news he received of the successes of the Archduke Charles was from the appearance of the Austrian troops, and the firing of their cannon on his rear. There was no time to be lost. He assembled his troops, announced his project of marching on Culmbach, or on Lechtenfurt, of passing the Maine, and of drawing after him thither the Austrian forces. This manœuvre succeeded: he returned to his former position, passed with his troops near the Austrian lines, and arrived, at the close of the day, before Paunach, where the French army was assembled, and which, already on the left bank of the Maine, had for several hours considered itself lost. The retreat was continued to the Rhine, where General Beurnonville took the command, and sent General Soult into the Hundsruok, to scour the country, and protect the extreme right of the army up to Mayence. An armistice followed; but, on the recommencement of hostilities, General Hoche, who had taken the place of Beurnonville, again confided to Soult the command of a detached corps which formed the advanced guard of the left wing. Many engagements followed as the French moved upon Lahn, where they were officially informed of the general armistice signed at Lœben. The peace of Campo Formio having been signed, the French organised on the banks of the Rhine a new army, called that of Mayence, to the command of which General Icrebert was appointed. He intrusted the command of the 3d division to General Soult, who was ordered to occupy Westphalia. The negotiations at Radstadt having been broken off, General Jourdan was appointed to the command of the army of the Danube, which was organising at Strasbourg; and General Soult was employed in the advanced guard, under the orders of Lefebvre. The army, having passed the Rhine, proceeded in the direction of the Black Mountains, and thence to Pfullendorf and Ostrach. Shortly afterwards, the Austrians advanced; and, on the 19th of March, General Soult, at the head of his light infantry, was compelled to engage in a combat on the heights of Horskirch and Saulgen, which lasted

the whole day, and in which the Archduke Charles was finally successful. General Lefebvre was seriously wounded, and could not retain the command, and to Soult it was intrusted. During the memorable battle just referred to, a battalion of infantry having been driven back by the Austrians, and having taken flight in the greatest disorder, General Soult seized one of the standards, and rushed into the midst of the runaways. He addressed to them a few rallying words of reproach and yet of encouragement; they surrounded him, followed his orders, and finally turned defeat into victory, and drove the Austrians for the third time beyond the Ostrach. At Liebingen, also, Soult gained a battle, in which he made 2000 prisoners; but the Archduke Charles afterwards punished his temerity, and, after prodigious efforts of valour and talent, he was obliged to pass the Danube at Dettingen. The Archduke Charles frequently expressed himself in terms of high admiration of the bravery and *sang froid* of Soult, though Soult found in him very generally a successful opponent. Defeated and discouraged, the army of France once more withdrew to the Rhine. There the general-in-chief, Massena, assembled under his command all the troops under the title of the new army of the Danube; and General Soult, now promoted to the rank of general of division, was called by him to take a part in its intended operations. The inhabitants of the various Swiss cantons were at that time divided by reciprocal jealousies: the war which ravaged their country had enfeebled them; but all remembered with just pride their former independence, and sought to re-establish the cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald. At length the moment of insurrection arrived; the Swiss did not need the urgent entreaties of foreigners to rouse them to vigorous efforts; for the French were arrested and put in prison, whilst the republic of Uri was also proclaimed. In this state of things something was necessary to be done, and that something was either to calm down the insurrection, or to disperse and dissolve it by force. When Soult approached the canton of Schwitz with his division of the French

army, he found all the inhabitants capable of bearing arms assembled in the defiles and on the heights, fully resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. The general, under these circumstances, did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue. He felt, that if he attempted to reduce the canton by force, and without conditions, he would be driving all the Swiss to the extremity of making common cause; and that the best course would be to offer a full pardon to all who had risen against France, on condition of their immediate submission. This plan succeeded, and in two days the canton of Schwitz was pacified, disarmed, and Soult was received as a liberator. In the cantons of Uri and Unterwald he was compelled to resort to war to accomplish his object; and, although the Swiss fought with prodigious energy and courage, he defeated them at Steig, Vesen, on St. Gothard, and at Aivolo, where a general dispersion of their forces took place.

And here it is necessary to observe, in order that no one may reproach me with indifference to the origin and nature of the wars in which General Soult so often distinguished himself, that he, as an officer, had but one course to pursue: his duty was to fight, and not to examine the grounds of the quarrel. Unquestionably the conduct of France towards Switzerland was tyrannical, and wicked; but Soult was a French general, and he was, therefore, called upon, by every consideration, to fight for that country which claimed his allegiance. And so he did; for never in modern times has any general officer in any country displayed more of devotion. In recording, therefore, the events of the long and brilliant career of Soult, I am not apologising for the various French governments which made war, and, in doing so, required his services. It is not as a minister of state, directing wars, that I have had to review him, for, since he has had the opportunity of counselling war, he has invariably recommended peace; but it is as a soldier, sub-officer, officer, and general-in-chief: and in all these capacities he has shewn himself great and noble. He, too, often fought for a bad cause both as

a soldier and an officer, but he never fought badly for his country.

But to return to his measures and to the army. His troops had scarcely entered into their cantonments when he received orders suddenly to conduct them to Zurich, and there to join the rest of the army under the command of Massena, who had been directed to oppose the Austrians, already masters of a portion of Thurgovie and of the canton of St. Gall. Soult arrived in time to take part in the combats of Fransenfeld and of Winterthur, and he was afterwards charged with the defence of the entrenched camp at Zurichberg. It was there that he fought that celebrated battle of Zurich, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of Prairial, which alone would be sufficient, by the multiplied proofs of talent, skill, and courage, displayed in it, to immortalise any general, any army, and any people.

It was at this time that Field-Marshal Suwarow, who had proved himself an able conqueror in Italy, arrived in Switzerland, and General Massena seized on the moment as propitious for attacking the Russian and Austrian armies opposed to him. To prevent the junction of Suwarow's corps with the army already in Switzerland, was the great object, and to carry this plan into effect General Soult was selected. The task was difficult. His forces were much inferior to those opposed to him, and yet by great skill and activity, he succeeded in making 4,000 prisoners, and in capturing 600 horses, 30 pieces of cannon, and the flotilla the Austrians had placed on the lake of Zurich. In addition to these trophies, there were 4000 killed and wounded of the Austrian army, and the rest, in a state of the greatest disorder, only saved themselves by crossing the Rhine. Marshal Soult dwells with delight even to this day on the marvels and wonders of that encounter. He had a marsh to cross, the better to examine which, he approached it for several days in the dress of a common soldier, and so well were his measures taken that, in a single night, a solid causeway was constructed for the march of his artillery. The consequence was that, passing a battalion by night, all of them good swimmers, he came

upon the Austrians, in the grey of the morning, when they least expected him, and entirely defeated them.

Flushed with victory, and delighted with the success which had attended his own plans, Soult drove back the Austrians beyond the Rhine, and recaptured with one of his brigades the town of Constance. The general-in-chief Massena, after this brilliant success, directed Soult to take the command of the three divisions which he destined to march against the Russian army under Suwarow, who had defeated the French general Lecourbe and advanced to Schwitz. In this expedition Soult was successful; 12,000 men were put to flight, and 3000 were reported to have died of hunger. After having compelled the Austrians to withdraw from all the left bank of the Rhine, from its rise to the Lake of Constance, Soult was recalled by General Massena to the left wing of the army, and placed at its head.

At this time the events of the 18th Brumaire deranged some of the plans which had been formed for the approaching winter. The Directory being overthrown, the "hero of the pyramids" was the idol of the French people. Massena was soon appointed to the command of the army in Italy, and General Soult was chosen to be his lieutenant. To him was confided at Genoa the right wing of the Italian army, composed of three divisions, which were distributed over the country from Recco to Savona. The battle of Savona was one of those great exploits which, undoubtedly, each nation has in its turn to boast of, but which in this case it belongs to the French to recount. Pressed down, defeated, in a state of revolt, flight, and disgrace, Soult snatched from the hands of a sub-officer of the 97th regiment its *drapeau*, planted it on the heights that his troops were rapidly abandoning, rallied his men, maintained his ground until it could be quitted with glory, and caused his division to march on Varaggio, in order that it might once more approach Genoa. When, subsequently, General Massena was defeated at Albissola, Soult was successful at Sassello and Gropasto, and at the latter place made 3000 Aus-

trian prisoners. The Austrian forces, however, took ample revenge at Ponte Ivrea, and the Austrian general, Bellegarde, offered to the vanquished, honourable terms. But Soult's reply was to this effect, "The French never capitulate." Such a bearing produced two good results: it encouraged his own troops and discouraged the Austrian commander. But Soult, having gained his object, caused his army to withdraw, only, however, to witness the most frightful scenes of hunger and misery. So scarce were the provisions, and to such a state of famine were the men reduced, that many hundreds of French soldiers cooked human flesh and partook of it to save their own lives. At last, shut up in Genoa, with an English squadron bombarding the city from the sea, and the Austrians attacking it by land, nothing remained for Soult and his forces, then joined to those of Massena, but to force their passage out at the point of the bayonet. At one moment the troops hesitated; Massena was with them, and Soult was at the important position of the Deux Frères. "Remember," said Massena, "that I am here, and that the General Soult is at the Deux Frères: we shall gain the victory." And it was so; for in the evening 1600 Austrian prisoners were in the hands of the French. Unintimidated by momentary loss, the Austrians, however, renewed their attacks, and the conflicts which followed were severe and desperate. The subsequent conflict at Monte Fascio, where Soult surprised an Austrian division, was extremely disastrous to the Austrian army; indeed Massena, when he heard of the success, went forth to meet his friend, embraced him with enthusiasm, and the town and camp were illuminated in token of joy. Soult now dreamed of far greater triumphs. "Let me have but time and provisions to feed my men," he said, "and I will cause this blockade of Genoa to be raised." But how was time to be spared? and how were provisions to be procured?

There was a division of the Austrian army, on Mount Creto, which must be got rid of, and another "surprise" was resolved on. At first the enterprise succeeded, but in the end the French were entirely defeated;

Soult was wounded, and his leg broken. His soldiers, seeing him fall, believed he was dead, took to flight, and left him in the power of the Austrians, only his brother and Captain Hulot abiding near him. He was treated by the Prince de Hohenzo- lern with the greatest care, and conveyed to Alexandria. There he remained for a long while a prisoner; but he always states that it would have been impossible to have been attended to with more of kindness or care. The battle of Marengo led to his being set at liberty, but his wounds had been so serious as to render him for a long time unable to engage in active service. When the French army was re-organised by Buonaparte, the title of "Lieutenant-General, commander of the right wing" was still reserved for him, and he was also appointed to the command of Piedmont. That country was then without troops, and it was every where agitated by party factions. The roads were infested with robbers, and in the mountains in the direction of Coni, bands of marauders interrupted all the communications and gave great trouble to the inhabitants of the valleys of Aost and Ivree. General Soult at once directed his mind to these evils, the roads were protected, the very marauders were converted into soldiers, their past offences were pardoned, public peace was preserved, sedition was put down, and Piedmont was restored to comparative order. Whilst Soult was thus occupied, time was allowed for his wounds to heal, and he was nearly restored to health when the treaty was signed at Florence with the King of Naples. By virtue of that treaty Tarento was to be occupied, until a general peace should be concluded, by a corps of the French army. General Soult was invested with the command, and he took with him 15,000 troops belonging to the army of Egypt. During the fifteen months that the general inhabited the kingdom of Naples he preserved the strictest discipline amongst his troops, and thus prevented any conflicts between them and the Neapolitans.

At the peace of Amiens, at which period I have now arrived, the French armies in foreign countries were ordered to return to France. Soult's

division, followed the example of the rest; and he himself being named colonel-in-chief of the Consul's guard, proceeded to Paris to execute the duties of the office. At this time the First Consul, Buonaparte, only knew General Soult from his reputation, having never seen him before. "I give you," he said to the consular guard, "a man as your colonel, both of strong head and of strong heart, and any one stronger than he I do not know." He was afterwards named commandant of the foot chasseurs of the guard. The Prince de Wagram, at this period of his life fearing Soult's influence over the mind of Buonaparte, and wishing to prevent its continuance, engaged in a series of intrigues to discredit his fame, and to bring him into disgrace; but, on the whole, they were unsuccessful.

Napoleon unable to gain by the peace of Amiens the advantages he had hoped for, and peace being no longer possible, established three camps on the northern coast, that of the right at Ostend and Dunkirk, under the orders of General Davoust; that of the left at Etaples and Montreuil, under the command of General Ney; while that of the centre, from Boulogne to Calais, was entrusted to General Soult. This latter army was by far the most numerous of the three, and it was here that took place the first development of the new system of military organisation, of which the First Consul established the basis. According to that system, all the troops destined for active service were incorporated into corps-d'armée, over each of which a general presided, subject only to himself, as commander of the whole. Thus, having projected an invasion of England, the troops destined for that operation were told off into ten corps, which were assembled on the coast from Holland to Brest. In the distribution of the numbers which Napoleon gave to these corps, that of General Soult was the *fourth*. It was composed of four divisions of infantry, each division consisting of 10,000 men and a division of cavalry. It is unnecessary to relate the total failure of this vast but futile project; but the readers of REGINA cannot fail of being amused by a few extracts from the

popular songs, caricatures, and satires which then issued from the English press. In proportion as the threatened invasion was delayed, the apprehensions at first excited by it died away, till at last burlesque succeeded satire, and the most lively jokes and sallies of vulgar wit supplanted the fears which only gradually subsided. Thirty years afterwards, from that same coast, where Soult commanded the army of invasion, which so long threatened but never landed, the same Soult, where he embarked for the coasts of England, was received with a noble and generous hospitality, because he brought in his hand the emblem of peace. When he returned to Paris, the old marshal recounted with enthusiasm the reception he had met with in London, till little Thiers gave out in all the saloons of Paris "that the marshal had gone mad of Anglo-phobia!"

But to return to Boulogne and Calais. The whole of Soult's time, when in command in that neighbourhood, was spent in training and hardening his soldiers. On one occasion, the First Consul, having witnessed the evolutions of Soult's divisions, expressed his apprehensions lest they should terminate in the exhaustion of the men. Soult replied, "Sir, I only give them the time necessary for repose; then their exercises and labour at the public works recommence. Those who cannot support the fatigue I endure myself, may leave my divisions and proceed to the dépôts; but those I keep around me will be able to endure every fatigue, and be capable of undertaking the conquest of the world." That was precisely the undertaking which would have suited both the general and his master; but, happily, "*Britannia ruled the waves*," and though Soult well merited the title of MARSHAL, which was conferred on him in May 1804, he was not permitted to land on the coasts of "merry England" the army he had so well educated and trained.

This was the period when the press of *Mr. Ginger, of Piccadilly*, poured forth the "Addresses of Publicola" to "the people of England, to the soldiers, and to the sailors;" as well as to "the mechanics, artificers, manufacturers, and labourers of England, on the subject of the

threatened invasion." This was the period when "an English tailor" was shewn "to be equal to two French grenadiers, or eternal shame and infamy on the dastardly coward who would not shed the last drop of his blood in defence of his king and country." This was the time when the artificers of Birmingham were roused by Mr. Piercy by his spirit-stirring tract, *The Lion Sleeps*; and when he called on the

"Merry sons of freedom

To hand about the pitcher,

For, though the state might be poor,

The land was never richer."

This was the time when Cox, Son, and Baylis, of Great Queen Street, engaged the multitude to join the "association for preserving liberty and property." This was the time when "specimens of French ferocity and brutality in Wales" were sold at eighteenpence per dozen, in order that the British might know what "they would have to trust to if Bony and Soult should reach them."

This was the time when Hatchard, of 190 Piccadilly, sold, at threepence per dozen, the following song, to the tune of "Hearts of Oak :"—

"Shall Frenchmen rule o'er us? King Edward said No!

And No! said King Harry; and Queen Beas she said No!

And No! said old England, and No! she says still,

They shall never rule us,—let them try if they will.

Hearts of oak we are all, both our ships and our men.

Then steady, boys, steady,

Let's always be ready,

We have trimmed them before, let us trim them again.

Shall Frenchmen rule o'er us? King George he says No!

And No! say our Lords, and our Commons say No!

And No! say all Britons of every degree, They shall never rule Britons UNITED and FREE!

Hearts of oak, &c.

Shall Frenchmen rule us, free sons of the waves?

Shall England be ruled by a nation of slaves?

Shall the Corsican tyrant, who bound on their chains,

Govern us in the room of our good king who reigns?

Hearts of oak, &c.

Though he'd fain stop our press, yet we'll
publish his shame,
We'll proclaim to the world his detesta-
ble fame;
How the traitor renounced his Redeemer,
and then
How he murder'd his pris'ners and poi-
son'd his men.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Then down with the tyrant, and down
with his rod!
Let us stand by our freedom, our king,
and our God!
Let us stand by our children, our wives,
and our homes!
Then woe to the tyrant whenever he
comes."

Hearts of oak, &c."

Then was published "a full, true, and particular account of the birth, parentage, education, life, character, and behaviour, and notorious conduct of Napoleon Buonaparte, the Corsican monster, *alias* the poisoner, who is shortly expected to arrive in England, where he means to massacre, assassinate, burn, sink, and destroy, with a short description of the various murders, poisonings, and assassinations committed by him and his gang in foreign parts." The publishers of this half-sheet tract were Messrs. Cox, Son, and Baylis, of No. 75 Great Queen Street, who printed the following postscriptum:—

"In order that Bony's character may be known in every city, town, village, and remotest cottage in the united dominions, gentlemen are requested to get copies printed in their respective places of residence, and have them well circulated, particularly on market-days; as Bony has already begun his diabolical tricks in Ireland."

And verily the advice was good, and, more than that, it was followed; and there soon was felt such a horror of Buonaparte in every glen and every valley, on every hill and every mountain, in every cottage and every cabin of the country, that the nation was roused to a man, and John Bull became invincible.

But I must not extend my extracts beyond another song, reserving for another occasion, and for the columns of *REGINA*, some more copious citations from the reminiscences of those times.

BUONAPARTE.

A Song.

Printed by order of the Stanmore Association.

"Come, I'll sing you a song, just for
want of some other,
About a *small* thing that has made a *great*
pother;
A mere *insect*, a *pigmy*—I'll tell you, my
hearty,
'Tis the Corsican Hop-o'-my-thumb,
Buonaparte.

Derry down, &c.

This Lilliput monster, with Brobdiagnag
rage,
Hath ventured with Britons in war to
engage;
Our greatness he envies, and envy he
must,
If the *frog* apes the *ox*, he must swell
till he burst.

Derry down, &c.

Talk of swelling, I feel my own breast
swell with ire,
To think such a *spark* should set Europe
on fire—
Such a *name* should spread terror the
Continent through!
But we are not *creaks* to be frightened at
Buo!

Derry down, &c.

How he menaced poor Egypt! yet, when
there, all agree,
He just peep'd at the *mummies*, and
thought fit to flee;
Oh! should he come here, my brave
boys, we'll contrive
In his own coin to pay him, and *flea* him
alive.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis for Britons alone to keep Frenchmen
in awe,
To bring them to order, subjection, and
law;
To curb mad ambition, bid tyranny cease,
And give to the world a firm, permanent
peace.

Derry down, &c."

And now to return to Boulogne, and to the preparations made for a descent by the French on the English coast. The flotilla and the transport vessels were on the point of setting sail, and the troops had made demonstrations of embarking; provisions in large quantities, ammunition, artillery, the horses of the staff, and a portion of those of the cavalry, were on board. The flotilla was classed into divisions, bri-

gades, regiments, battalions, and companies, in such a manner that the troops might be able to encamp or form, as occasion might require, in order of battle on touching the coasts of England. Instructions were every where given, from the Texel to Brest, to be ready to depart at a moment's notice, and the army and navy only waited for the signal. Vainly imagining that the French-Spanish squadron, under the orders of the Admirals Gravina and Villeneuve, would be successful in their naval operations against Nelson, Buonaparte only looked for the arrival of that squadron in the Manche. But he was, indeed, mistaken in his calculations: Nelson had defeated them. The flotilla would have been wholly useless unless backed by the vessels on which he calculated for support, and orders were given to the army of the coast to proceed to Germany! The fourth division, commanded by Marshal Soult, took the direction of Spire, by Metz and Landau. That memorable march, the rapidity of which has hardly ever been surpassed (the troops on one occasion marching seventy-two hours without a halt, except for refreshment), had the effect of surprising the Austrian army, of defeating their cavalry then on its return from Italy, of aiding the French in investing Memmingen, which was forced to capitulate in six hours, and of enabling Soult to invest Ulm, and of compelling even the redoubtable General Mack to sign a capitulation in order to save the lives of his troops. After this immense event, which occurred on the 14th of October, 1805, Buonaparte, then emperor, hastened to Vienna, which was at that time undefended. The city opened its gates, delivered up its arsenals, its magazines, its dépôts, its archives; and the passage of the Danube was effected at the moment when the Austrians were engaged in preparing to destroy the bridge. The battle of Austerlitz followed. The corps of Marshal Soult was stationed in the centre of the line. When Napoleon had given his final instructions to the other marshals, he approached Soult, and said, "As to you, marshal, I have no orders to give you, except it be to do as you have always done." The signal was then given. Marshal Soult put himself at the head of his

corps, and the first result of his able movements, was to drive into the lake of Menitz a large portion of the Russian army, having previously broken the ice which covered it by directing against it the whole of his artillery. The horses and their riders were disappearing in masses, when Buonaparte approached Soult, and said to him, "Monsieur le maréchal, you have this day covered yourself with glory; you have surpassed every thing I expected even from you." And late in the conflict, when some chiefs approached Buonaparte, and asked for farther instructions, he said, "No! Go to Marshal Soult, and ask your instructions from him; it is he who conducts the battle." The result of the battle of Austerlitz, at which the Emperors of Austria and Russia were present, is well known; 30,000 prisoners were made by the French, 168 pieces of cannon taken, with 100 standards, while the loss to the Austrians and Russians in killed and wounded did not fall short of 20,000. Buonaparte, having no other military distinctions to confer on Marshal Soult, appointed him governor of Vienna, in virtue of the treaty of Presbourg. In order further to express his gratitude to the marshal, Buonaparte authorised him to raise for his own account a contribution of a million of francs; but he replied, with dignity and disinterestedness, "that his services were rendered to his country, and could not be paid for by money." Other funds, which were also placed at his disposal, he employed in the better providing for, and taking care of, his wounded soldiers.

The war against Prussia followed. Marshal Soult had his head-quarters at Passau, watching all the course of the Inn to beyond Braunau. In September 1806 orders were given to advance, and the army passed the Danube, and marched on Saal. The first encounter with the Prussians took place at Saalfeld, and the battle of Jena followed, where Marshal Soult greatly distinguished himself. It was on this occasion that the old Marshal Kalkreuth, who commanded a portion of the retreating Prussian forces, endeavoured to convince Marshal Soult, who was pursuing him with vigour, that the King of Prussia had submitted to all the con-

ditions imposed on him by Buonaparte, and that an armistice had been signed. "Monsieur le maréchal," replied Soult, "you are incorrectly informed. I will not believe your news until you cause your troops to lay down their arms. If you will not do this, withdraw, for I march to fight against you." The two marshals separated. The Prussian troops had profited, however, by the delay of the interview; but Soult overtook them at Nondhausen, and there took from them a portion of their artillery. Lubeck he afterwards carried by assault, after a desperate resistance; and General Blücher, shut up between the Trawe and the frontiers of Holstein, was obliged, with 22,000 men and 160 pieces of cannon, to capitulate. The strong forts on the Elbe and the Oder also fell into the power of the French, and, with the exception of some fortresses in Upper Silesia, and on the Vistula, all, including Berlin itself, had submitted. In Poland, also, the successes of the French were not less indubitable, and, had not a Russian army opposed a stout resistance, Europe, at that moment, appeared on the eve of being reduced to French domination. The heavy rains also contributed to retard their progress, and the winter of 1806 was by no means favourable to their advance. In February 1807 Marshal Soult was again in the field, and was present at the battle of Eylau, when Buonaparte condescended to send for him, and ask his advice. "I am about to order a retreat," said Napoleon, at the end of the first day's carnage. "Mind, sire, you do not," replied the marshal; "for, if the retreat should take place, you will lose a large portion of your artillery, and, perhaps, 30,000 wounded and dispersed troops, that want or fatigue have caused to seek shelter in the houses; whilst, if you wait until to-morrow before you come to a determination, it is possible that the enemy, who have likewise sustained great losses, may withdraw during the night, resigning to you the trophies of victory, and leaving you the field of battle. If, on the contrary, we should find them to-morrow in the same positions, we will put on a good face, and during the interval the corps of Marshals Ney and Bernadotte, which are on their march

hither, will arrive." Napoleon followed the advice of Soult, and on the next day it was discovered that the Russians had retreated, leaving the ground covered with their wounded and dead. The marshal now occupied himself with the formation of an entrenched camp at Lomitten, where he passed with his troops the rest of the winter and the whole of the spring of 1807. In the month of June of that year, the Russians opened a new campaign; and the combat of Gustadt, and, above all, the battle of Heilsberg, and the combat of Königsburg, the last of which the Marshal Soult conducted in person, led to results most disastrous, both to the Russian and the Prussian armies, and, finally, to the negotiations and peace of Tilsit. When that peace was signed, Buonaparte appointed the marshal his plenipotentiary, to arrange for the execution of the various articles of the treaty, having for their object to fix, with Prussia, the limits of the grand duchy of Warsaw, and the free city of Dantzic. He was also charged to determine the direction of a military route, the object of which was to open the communications of Saxony with the grand duchy of Warsaw. Having terminated with success these negotiations, he collected together his dreaded forces, and was charged with the government of Berlin.

It was at the end of this campaign that Marshal Soult received the title of Duke of Dalmatia. War had now ceased in the north, only to break out with fresh violence elsewhere. In Spain Napoleon imagined that he had found a convenient field for the aggrandisement of his family; and, after a series of crimes, of which the memory is still fresh, Joseph was proclaimed king in the room of Charles, and his son Ferdinand. But Spain was not to be trampled upon. Her people rose *en masse*, and the victories of Baylen and of Vimiera, forced the invaders to seek shelter beyond the Ebro. Such was the situation of Spain and the French forces in the Peninsula when the usurper assembled at Erfurth a congress of kings and sovereign princes, with the hope of justifying in their eyes the great military movement he was about to undertake in the south of Europe.

With that congress Napoleon was satisfied, and Marshal Soult was directed to proceed, without stopping, to Bayonne, there to await the usurper, and to take the command of the second corps of the French army concentrated in the environs of Briviesca. He soon moved forward. The Spanish army was defeated; Napoleon advanced to Burgos; Lannes and Mortier marched on Tudela, Buonaparte on Madrid, Lefebvre and Victor were victorious at Durango; Marshal Soult defeated the Spanish troops at Renosa, Santander, and St. Vincent; and, driving them from the Asturias entered the kingdom of Leon. The English army, commanded by Sir John Moore, was at Salamanca when Buonaparte entered Madrid. The retreat to Corunna followed. It bound no fresh laurels round the marshal's brow, for the English, when forced to fight at last, entirely overthrew him. But they lost their gallant chief; and, having betaken themselves to their ships, left the road to Portugal open. Thither Soult turned, but he had deceived himself, or had been deceived, as to the sentiments of the Portuguese people. He expected to be received with open arms. He met with a fierce, though a desultory and feeble resistance. Bands of undisciplined and half-armed peasants endeavoured to stop him, but in vain, at Chaves. Braga was entered after a slight resistance; and Oporto, though surrounded by field-works, fell with equal ease into his hands.

Thus far the life of Marshal Soult had been one of almost uninterrupted success and glory. Great in victory, he had every where been distinguished by his prudence in temporary defeats; and, to this period, honours had been showered upon him, if not in profusion, at least in abundance. But the marshal had not yet come into collision with one greater by far than himself. Wellesley was a name with which he was little acquainted. The reputation acquired by it in Asia, indeed, was not, perhaps, unfamiliar to him, but he had yet to learn that an English army, conducted by a chief of consummate genius, skill, courage, and perseverance, is invincible. A new era in the life of Marshal Soult now begins; and from this period it will

be seen that, till the settlement of Europe in 1815, although always a brave, able, and enterprising officer, his star had set, and that another was risen which led on his opponents to a final and complete victory.

There is a story told of Marshal Soult and of Marshal Ney by Colonel Napier, bearing on this precise period of time, which deserves repetition. Just before the lamented fall of Moore, Major Napier, then in command of the 50th Regiment, was ordered to drive the French out of the village of Eloiua. This he did with great gallantry twice; but, on the second occasion, following too far, he received some terrible wounds, and was left for dead upon the field. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to head-quarters, and wrote to Buonaparte desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which would have been destructive of his professional prospects. The events of the war obliging Marshal Soult to depart in a few days afterwards from Corunna, he recommended Major Napier to the attentions of Marshal Ney, who treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend, rather than with the rigour of an enemy; for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, and gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Such facts do honour to Marshals Soult and Ney, and, indeed, generally to human nature.

The situation of affairs in the Peninsula was very critical when the British cabinet resolved to reinforce its army at Lisbon, and to take effectual and prompt measures to carry on the defence of its old ally. How this was done, and to what great events it led, we need not describe. Sir Arthur Wellesley, placed once more at the head of the army, opened an offensive campaign: in less than three weeks, the whole prospects of the French in Portugal were clouded. Out-generalled and beaten, Marshal Soult was compelled to evacuate Oporto, the Douro having been crossed in open day before him; and all his calculations touching the designs of his assailants proved to be erroneous. Digitized by Google

It is a curious fact, that when Sir Arthur arrived at Oporto, the dinner of Marshal Soult was preparing, but it was eaten by his noble opponent. Some of the French generals were captured in the streets of the city, and General Laborde's baggage was taken just beyond its entrance.

From this time forth the military career of Marshal Soult exhibits little else than a succession of disasters. That he bore up against them nobly, his conqueror will be the first to allow; but, except when engaged with the raw levies of Spain, he never again won a battle in the Peninsula. In the great defeat at Talavera he had, indeed, no share. On the contrary, he did his best to retrieve it, and by threatening the line of the English communications he compelled Lord Wellington to retire into Portugal. But though nominated in the autumn of 1809 to the post of major-general to the armies in Spain, not all his military talents, and they are of the highest order, availed to turn the tide of victory. For a brief space, indeed, success appeared to attend his footsteps. While others watched the English, he broke through the passes of the Sierra Morena, and chasing the Junta from Seville, overran the southern provinces. He caused the siege of Cadiz at the same time to be formed; he sent his generals of division into different quarters, reducing various strongholds, and overawing the disaffected, and establishing his own head-quarters in Seville, performed excellent service, though little of *éclat* attended it.

Meanwhile, peace with Austria enabling Napoleon to pour large reinforcements into the Peninsula, another great effort was made to force the English to their ships. The conduct of it was committed to Massena, thus establishing a sort of rivalry in power between him and Marshal Soult, an unwise measure at all times, and on the present occasion altogether uncalled for. How Massena advanced and Lord Wellington retired, how the battle of Busaco was fought and the final occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras by the English effected, the historian of the Peninsular War has related. Neither in these encounters nor in the subsequent retreat of Massena, had

Soult any share. But no sooner was he informed of the disasters that were overtaking his rival, than he made a strenuous effort to retrieve them by hastening from Seville into Estremadura, and laying siege to Olivenza and Badajoz. The former submitted after a feeble resistance, the latter held out more bravely, indeed it was not till after the Spanish general Mendizabel had permitted himself to be surprised and annihilated under its walls that the garrison lost heart. But none of these triumphs availed to retrieve the fortunes of the invaders. Massena was by this time in full retreat. The British and Portuguese were at his heels, and in the direction of Cadiz alarms were occurring daily which checked the marshal in his onward march. He had already reduced Campo Mayor and Albuquerque, and was meditating further achievements, when tidings of the defeat of Victor at Barossa reached him, and he found himself compelled to return, with the greater part of his troops, to the lines before Cadiz.

Such was the condition of affairs in the spring of 1811, at which time Lord Wellington having followed Victor to the frontiers, detached Marshal Beresford, at the head of 13,000 men, to reconnoitre, and if possible to recover Badajoz. The corps of Mortier, which Soult had left behind, retired from the Alembago as Beresford advanced, and Latour Maubourg continued at Campo Mayor rather to watch than to interfere with the progress of events. He also was forced to withdraw, whereupon Campo Mayor was recovered, Albuquerque and Olivenza taken, and Badajoz itself placed in a state of siege. Just as this latter operation was in progress Lord Wellington himself arrived, and having expressed his approbation of the marshal's proceedings, left him to conduct the siege which he had so well begun, and returned again to his own army in the Coa.

Marshal Soult was not an inattentive observer of these things. He had again removed his head-quarters to Seville, where he collected a force of about 19,000 men, and advanced to relieve the place. On the 16th of May, he found himself in front of the British and Spanish armies,

which, to the amount of 23,000 men, occupied a range of heights near the village of Albuera. He attacked them with his usual intrepidity, and had at one moment pushed them so hard that orders for a retreat were on the eve of being issued. But the bull-dog courage of the English was not to be overcome. Though the enemy were in possession of the key of the position, and had made a thousand prisoners, and captured a whole brigade of guns, the survivors returned to the charge, and not only retook the whole of their own artillery, but forced their late captors to fall back in confusion. The results were, that leaving about 8000 in killed and wounded behind them, the French fell back on Seville, while the allies, crippled by the loss of 7000 at the least, were unable to pursue them, except very languidly with the cavalry.

The siege of Badajoz was at once resumed; and Lord Wellington, to whom the results of the battle at Albuera had been communicated, arrived to conduct it in person. The indefatigable Soult, however, was again in a condition to move; for he had called in all his detachments, and, communicating with Marmont, who had arrived to supersede Massena, was advancing, at the head of more than 70,000 men, to relieve the place. The whole strength of the allied army, English and Portuguese, amounted at this time to about 54,000. Lord Wellington did not, therefore, judge it expedient to risk a battle; and, an attempt to carry Badajoz by assault having failed, he withdrew his heavy guns, and retired upon Portugal. The French marshals did not follow him far. The country was exhausted; they had no magazines established; and they therefore, contented themselves with throwing supplies into Badajoz, — after which they withdrew, Soult to Seville, and Marmont to the neighbourhood of Salamanca.

The remainder of the summer was spent in a variety of manœuvres, in which the marshal could play no part. His province was the south of Spain; and, having secured its frontier, and being still bent on reducing Cadiz, he had nothing to do but to retain his central position, and to direct the various corps that were un-

der him to their proper posts. Meanwhile, Lord Wellington invested Ciudad Rodrigo, when the advance of Marmont compelled him to retire. There was some fighting at El Bodoa and Guinaldo, with a good deal of marching and counter-marching elsewhere; but nothing decisive took place; and, on the approach of bad weather, Marmont, having well supplied the town, fell back to his old quarters at Salamanca.

It is well known how Lord Wellington, in the depth of January, and during a season unusually severe, suddenly invested Ciudad Rodrigo, and carried it by assault. It fell ere Marmont, who had broken up in order to relieve it, could be convinced that the place was in danger. But the active mind of the British general was not yet content. He hurried across to the south; and not unaware that Soult could concentrate full 40,000 men in a week, he formed the siege of Badajoz, as he had done that of Rodrigo. Soult was alarmed; yet, as the result proved, not sufficiently so. He collected his troops; communicated with Marmont; urged the latter to support him with 20,000 men, and took the road to the beleaguered city. It was too late. Regardless of the advance of Marmont on one flank, and of Soult on the other, though each commanded a force superior in point of numbers to his own, Lord Wellington continued the siege; and on the night of the 6th of April, after a terrible resistance, the place was carried by assault. Language would fail to convey an idea of the astonishment excited in the minds of the French generals by this event. There is a letter extant from General Lery, chief engineer to the army of the south, which shews how completely "all their calculations" had failed; nor was there one among them all on whom the event produced so powerful an effect as on Marshal Soult.

With the great events which marked the earlier portion of the campaign of 1812 Soult was very little mixed up. He continued in the south; while Lord Wellington advancing to Salamanca, first reduced the forts which the French had erected there, and then followed Marmont to the Douro. Soult knew nothing, till after the blow had been struck, either of the movements which carried these

rival chiefs once more to the vicinity of Salamanca, or of the disastrous defeat which, on the 22d of July, 1812, his countrymen sustained. Indeed, it was not till the English were in possession of Madrid, and that with a very inadequate artillery they had encumbered themselves about the siege of Burgos, that the necessity for his interfering actively in that quarter became apparent to him. Then, however, he assembled a large army, and, pushing forward with haste, first caused Hill to fall back upon Aledo; and by and by to withdraw in all haste from the capital. For, having joined to himself Jourdan's corps, he was manœuvring to seize the line of communication with Portugal; while the wreck of Marmont's army, strongly reinforced, should take the besiegers in front, and surround them. Lord Wellington saw that he had not a moment to lose. The siege of Burgos was raised, and a retreat began, which, not without great suffering, carried the English back over the scenes of their late triumphs, and compelled them once more to winter in Portugal.

The armies of the Peninsula were thus disposed of,—the allies along the line of the Mondego, the French about Salamanca and the places adjacent; when, in the month of March 1813, Soult was called away to another scene of action. The Russian campaign had destroyed the veteran army of France; and Napoleon, with a fresh but brave band, was preparing to meet, and, if possible, to stem, the tide of misfortune in Germany. Soult carried with him on this occasion about 4000 men, and reached head-quarters just in time to take part in the battle of Lutzen. He commanded on that occasion the infantry of the Old Imperial Guard, and was deeply affected by the death of Bessières, the Duke of Istria. On the eve of the battle of Bautzen, Buonaparte wished to have the opinion of Marshal Soult as to the best manner of attacking the enemy. The opinion he gave was adopted, and Napoleon said to him, "You must concur in the execution of your own plans; and as it was by the command of the centre that you contributed to gain the battle of Austerlitz: render the same service in

this case." He did so, and the victory was due principally to his talent and courage. The armistice of Neumark followed, and Napoleon and Soult retired to Dresden. There they learned the news of the battle of Vittoria, and from that moment Napoleon became the victim of the most lively apprehensions. He knew that the south of France was weary of war. He knew that the forces of his brother Joseph had been dispersed, and the name of Wellington was to him a sound full of horror and alarm. As usual, he sent for Soult. "Leave instantly, my dear marshal," he said, "leave for Spain, and stop not at Paris, except to make all necessary arrangements with the minister of war. Fly to encounter these English. Stop their progress every where, wherever you can encounter them. I name you my lieutenant in the south of France."

The marshal obeyed, and so great was the rapidity of his journey that in eight days he was at St. Jean de Luz. The French army had during his absence in Germany been driven to the frontiers of France. The English, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, were triumphant; still Soult rallied his forces and attempted, though in vain, to raise the blockade of Pampeluna. But all his efforts in the Pyrenees were unavailing; his positions on the Nivelle were carried; in his attack on the British army in December 1813 he was defeated; was also again defeated at Orthes in February 1814; he retreated to Toulouse, and fought there with as much determination as ever, but with no better success. Still it cannot be denied that, in his celebrated "retreat," from August 1813 to March 1814, he exhibited much skill, and great self-possession. Indeed, he signed the convention of Toulouse, acknowledged the authority and government of the Bourbons, and hoisted the white flag and white cockade of the old dynasty, only when it had become evident to all the world that farther resistance was useless. The army he left. He proceeded to the bedside of his dying mother. The command of the troops under him was confided by Louis XVIII. to the Duke of Albufera. Soult hastened to Paris. Louis XVIII. refused to name him a peer; but he

appointed him governor of the thirteenth military division, and on the 2d December, 1814, named him minister of war. This was a generous and noble act on the part of the king; but the French liberals of that day knew not how to prize such conduct, and attributed it to causes wholly foreign to the mind and heart of the sovereign.

That a marshal who had served with so much enthusiasm the cause of the revolution and of the usurper should have been regarded by the partisans of the Bourbons as a friend was not to be expected; but I do not believe that his loyalty could be suspected; and when on the 11th March, 1815, he tendered his resignation, and the Duke de Feltre was appointed his successor, the king assured him, "that he was by no means displeased at his conduct, but felt for him a sincere respect." On the landing of Napoleon at Cannes he advised the Bourbons to retire beyond the Loire and to wait for the rallying of the French around his standard. There, also, he counselled that the royal treasury should be conveyed. After the departure of the king, the Duke of Dalmatia withdrew to his private château at Villeneuve L'Étang, near St. Cloud; and a few days afterwards, Napoleon arrived from the Isle of Elba at the palace of St. Cloud. Several times the usurper sent for him, but he refused to come. On the 26th of March, however, a formal order was sent; and, apprehensive of imprisonment and confiscation in the event of refusal, he proceeded to the presence. The marshal did not hesitate to avow that, as minister of the king, he had done all that he could to prevent the arrival of Buonaparte at Paris, and to stop him in his march. Buonaparte soon discovered that Soult was no longer devoted to his cause, and asked him, "If there was any thing he desired?" "Yes," replied the marshal, "to retire to my private estate." Thither he went; and there he remained until the 11th of May, 1815, the day of his nomination to the post of major-general. In accepting that appointment, he said that he was solely actuated by the desire to assist in preventing a foreign invasion! This was a singular excuse, truly! since that foreign in-

vasion, as he termed it, was undertaken to replace on the throne the king and the dynasty to which he had sworn allegiance. When he accepted the nomination, he said, "The French army, so often victorious, would be for ever dishonoured, if, without combating, it should allow the territory to be invaded, even though it should be sure of defeat in the attempt." But he advised Buonaparte not to go beyond the French frontiers; to concentrate his troops in the environs of Laon; and to wait until attacked by the troops of the allied powers. His advice was not taken; the battle of Waterloo followed; and the Bourbons were once more restored to France.

It was undoubtedly owing to the military genius and skill of Soult that the remains of the French army after the battle of Waterloo were rallied, and conducted in something like order, to Soissons; where General Grouchy, who had been named by the provisional government, took the command. On the 26th of June, 1815, the Duke of Dalmatia proceeded to Paris, and was present at the council of war at La Villette, when the evacuation of the capital was directed. His only thought, after that moment, was to proceed to his property in Languedoc, that he might not again witness the entry of foreign troops. Supplied with a regular passport, he left Paris on the 3d of July, for the department of the Lozere; but he was there treated most ungenerously by the common people; and, had it not been for the exertions of his friend, the General Brun de Villeret, he would have lost his life. The celebrated ordinance of the 24th of July appeared. The name of the Duke of Dalmatia was at the top of a list of thirty-eight whose fate was left uncertain. In his own department he was attacked by the friends of the fallen, as well as by those of the then reigning dynasty, and his life was threatened by both. At length, however, he was allowed to remain undisturbed in his Languedoc property, and enjoyed the ease and quiet of a country life. It was there that he wrote and printed his *Mémoire Justificatif*, in which he adopted the celebrated adage, "Fais ce que je dois, advienne que pourra." The law of amnesty

appeared; he was not included in it. For three years he remained in exile in the duchy of Berg, the birthplace of his wife; where he divided his time between the study of the past, and the preparation of his historical memoirs. On the 28th of May, 1819, the king was graciously pleased to authorise him to return to France; and, on the 9th of January, 1821, he replaced in his hands his marshal's "baton."

Grateful and attached to the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, it can with perfect truth be affirmed that Soult did not lend himself in any way to those intrigues of the liberal Camarilla, which conducted France, in 1830, to the revolution of July. He joined not, in the Chamber of Peers, either the Jesuit or ultra-Royalist party on the one hand, or the Liberal faction on the other. At court he was devoted, but not obsequious; independent, but respectful and loyal. A long and glorious life of bravery and observation had taught him many lessons, one of the most important of which was that of dreading revolutions, and, as far as possible, of opposing them. He had witnessed the *results* of revolutions, not only in his own, but in many lands; and he arrived at the conclusion that, as all human institutions are necessarily imperfect, those who are most given to change are the least likely to be happy themselves, or to render the state any real service.

The revolution of 1830 found Marshal Soult attached to his king, to the charter, to order, and to peace. The ordinances of July he could not approve, but the overthrow of a race of kings for the faults of one prince he could not consider as just or necessary. To the Duke of Orleans he

had been attached for upwards of forty years. In him, and in his family, he viewed the only escape for France from civil war, division, disorder, and invasion. He knew the prudence, wisdom, and courage of Louis Philippe, and he supported his *drapeau*. That *drapeau*, however, had inscribed on it "Liberté et l'ordre public;" and if it had not, the Duke of Dalmatia would not have joined it. He aided Casimir Perier in establishing order. He aided Louis Philippe in keeping down or in punishing revolt. He aided the cause of order and truth in the Chamber of Peers by trying and condemning rebels. He aided the king and the country by occupying the post of president of the council, or premier, in most difficult and dangerous times. He aided the council by his advice, the government, when not a member of it, by his vote and support, and the country by his oft-repeated and deliberate protests against all that was anarchical and seditious. He aided the cause of peace by protesting against war; and he has proved himself on all occasions a sincere friend to the English alliance.

His visit to England was one of the brightest events of his whole life. This he admits freely; and he speaks of the English nobility and gentry, as well as of the middle-classes, in terms the most eulogistic. He is still, at this hour, president of the council, assisting the king in maintaining and keeping in full force his wise and noble policy; and although he must and ought to be classed among the great warriors of his time and age, yet he does not hesitate to declare, "My voice is still for peace."

ON MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

THE SLIDING SCALE OF MANNERS.

It is really curious to observe how long we continue to see customs and usages practised in every society, as a regular matter of course indeed, before we think of giving them just and appropriate names, capable of fully characterising their merits to the world. This is doubly curious at a period when so many great national measures have been carried, not by the force of argument, but merely by the force of names, and without any effort having been made, or attempted to be made, for the purpose of calmly ascertaining how far the liberal, philanthropic, or reforming title, corresponded with the legislative enactment it was put forward to secure. We have no doubt that many very fashionable members of the fashionable world have long regulated their manners according to the wealth, rank, and station of the persons with whom they chanced to be thrown together; but we have never seen the practice, however open and avowed in these times, reduced to rules and estimated accordingly. We have all occasionally seen well-dressed persons behaving with what seemed perfect courtesy towards a peer, and with the most perfect and polite impertinence to some plain nobody; but though the mischievous laughed, and the good sighed, none ascribed such conduct to the admirable *Sliding Scale of Manners*, now so generally introduced, and so well adapted to the character of modern and fashionable society.

I cannot, I think, do better than illustrate this point by an extract from a lately published novel, *The Fortunes of the Falconars*, by Mrs. Gordon, a very charming work, which I recommend every person to read, as I feel confident that none will rise from its perusal without having been deeply interested, and it may be also, greatly improved.

Eleanor Falconar, the heroine, who is poor, as heroines should be, is on a visit at the house of some wealthy

relations of the name of Livingston. All are persons of good family and standing.

"The conversation at table chiefly consisted of short sentences enounced by Mr. Livingston and his son, touching the all-important topics of wines and cookery. Of the female part of the company, Lady Susan from time to time responded in a low voice to questions or remarks addressed to her by the heads of the house, and looked as if the remainder of the party were entirely beneath her notice; the aunts praised and were delighted with every thing; Mrs. Livingston was condescendingly agreeable, and Eleanor sat nearly silent, experiencing, in full perfection, the comfortable sensation of being nobody.

"Dinner over, the same scene continued to be enacted in the drawing-room, varied only by the arrival of tea and coffee, and of the gentlemen. The ladies collected round a table placed near the fire, and each produced her work. Mrs. Livingston was renowned for her skill in those elegant and useless efforts of female ingenuity, which delude those who exercise their hands upon them into a notion that they are spending their time to advantage; and Lady Susan was an adept in the same species of craft: most part of the conversation, therefore, turned upon this, to the aunts, deeply interesting topic. Mr. Livingston, meanwhile, paced the spacious apartment with long strides, and occasionally sat down for a few minutes to a newspaper, and his son took up a new number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and extended himself upon a sofa.

"Thus intellectually passed some part of the endless evening. Then there was a humble request preferred to Lady Susan for some music. This was negatived by her ladyship, 'She really could not possibly sing to-night.' Then perhaps she would favour them with an air on the harp? 'No;' her ladyship positively could not play to-night; she was fatigued, and her music had not been brought down stairs; they must be so good as to excuse her.

"Does Eleanor play?' asked Mrs. Livingston of her sister.

"A little, I believe,' was the reply.

"I am sure Eleanor is no musician,' observed aunt Annie, looking up from her knitting.

“ ‘Will you give us a little music, my dear?’ at last inquired Mrs. Livingston of her niece herself.

“ ‘I am no musician, aunt Livingston,’ said Eleanor, smiling; ‘but I shall be very happy to play a little, if you wish it.’

“ ‘Do so, my dear, music is a necessary of life with us almost, we are so much accustomed to it.’

“ Eleanor willingly exchanged her position at the work-table for the pianoforte, which was a very fine instrument. It had long been a received opinion amongst her aunts that she could hardly play at all, founded upon their having heard from her mother, during her childhood, that she shewed no particular talent for music; and this opinion, like most others, once formed and matured in the minds of the Misses Falconar, was henceforward ineradicable. Yet, notwithstanding this, Eleanor’s finger on the pianoforte, though not brilliant, was very sweet and graceful, and her taste faultless. Her performance over, she was rewarded as she resumed her seat at the table, by a— ‘thank you, my dear, very pretty,’—uttered in a condescending tone by her aunt, and a murmur of approbation from Mr. Livingston, who never uttered a louder demonstration of pleasure after the musical displays of any but his own daughters.

“ ‘How exquisitely Gertrude plays,’ exclaimed aunt Elizabeth, addressing her sister; ‘and Amabel too. I don’t know which of their instrumental music is the most delightful.’

“ ‘I think,’ said Mrs. Livingston, ‘that of the two, Gertrude’s is perhaps the most brilliant execution. Amabel certainly has the finest voice.’

“ ‘Yes, *they* are really to be called musicians,’ pronounced aunt Annie with emphasis.

“ ‘So they have a good right to be, Miss Annie,’ said Mr. Livingston; ‘they have had the first masters. I was always resolved they should have every advantage that money could procure; and I own, I think they do no discredit to the sums spent on their education.’

“ ‘No, that they do not, indeed,’ exclaimed aunt Elizabeth. ‘There are few girls so universally admired.’

“ ‘It is a pity,’ said Mrs. Livingston, ‘that you have not heard Lady Susan’s fine voice to-night; but I hope you may ere long have that enjoyment. Your duets with Amabel are charming, Lady Susan.’

“ ‘Amabel’s voice and mine suit remarkably well,’ replied her ladyship in a languid tone.

“ ‘I wish you would go and sing something, Susan,’ said her lord and master, breaking silence for the first time since tea.

“ ‘I can’t sing to-night, George, my voice is quite gone.’

“ ‘Come,’ interposed Mr. Livingston, ‘I won’t have Lady Susan teased any more about singing. Surely it is time the tray were brought up,’ &c. &c.

“ ‘If we go on as we have begun to-night, Ferneylee will prove but a dull residence,’ thought Eleanor, as she seated herself by the fire in a small but comfortable chamber allotted to her, &c. &c.

“ She thus, during the first ten days of her stay, enjoyed ample opportunity of observing, for the sake of future comparisons, the difference made, in a large country house, between Nobody and Somebody, as visitors beneath its roof.”

Now here we have various gradations of the *Sliding Scale* admirably displayed, as well in the conduct of the party generally, as in their conduct to the wealthy and high-born Lady Susan, on the one side, and to our poor heroine, Eleanor, on the other. Nor is the picture exaggerated; we could draw fifty of the kind, and so could any fair and manly observer, who has mixed in what is termed fashionable society. Still more in the would-be fashionable society; for, though we often meet with affectation and pretension even in the ranks of the peerage, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles, where its absence, indeed, would be least excusable; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the *somebodies*, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables; that is, as far as society is concerned, for you often meet in these circles individuals of high merit, and who have risen by talent and honourable exertion; but their striving, or that of the younger branches of their families rather, for fashionable distinction on one side, and the haughty efforts too often made on the other, by second-rate fashionables, to keep them out, tend greatly to introduce a very indifferent tone of manners.

Now in all the intercourse between these different parties, from highest to lowest, the *Sliding Scale*, as detrimental to good manners as to good feeling, is invariably resorted to; and after all from mere ignorance. It is no doubt painful to speak thus of my fashionable public, which con-

tains in its ranks so many really charming persons, and, what is more to the purpose, so many pretty girls; but truth must be told at times, and I repeat, that the *Sliding Scale* of manners, now so generally in vogue, is only the result of deplorable and downright ignorance; nor is it an ignorance of which any will boast, when once fairly exposed, as exquisites formerly boasted of being unable to write their own names. The ladies and gentlemen of the *Sliding Scale* are courteous to persons of high rank and station, as indeed they ought to be; they shew that they can behave well, and yet they cool down in manner towards others of inferior station, exactly in proportion to the grades the *Nobodies* may chance to hold on the scale, and descend from polite courtesy to polite rudeness—the most impertinent of all kinds of rudeness.

It is, indeed, highly diverting, at times, to behold the active working of the *Scale*, and its rapid sliding from one degree—from one extreme even—to another. We recommend the curious in such matters to take a favourable position in the drawing-room, and observe the arrivals and the receptions guests experience at any fashionable party; it will well reward the trouble. Notice the lady of the house in particular; for, though gentlemen are in fact greater *sliders* than ladies, the latter do things more gracefully, and with a prettier air. You will there see the delight, however subdued, that is evinced in receiving the high in rank, station, or fashionable reputation; the easy and friendly manner that falls to the lot of those next on the scale; then there is the pretty *empressé* courtesy of pleasure, the profound courtesy of hate, the graceful courtesy of indifference, the sliding courtesy to the right or left, according to position—which says, “Pass on.” There we see both hands extended to receive “dear Lady A.,” one hand held out to greet Mrs. Nabob B., and three fingers given, with a familiar nod, to Miss Nobody C. Nor is this all, for we have the sweet little head leant over to the left when a younger brother is advancing from the right; and a word or nod to Sir John, cast over the right arm, while acknowledging parson Lackliving’s formal

bow on the left. There are a thousand pretty little tricks and manœuvres besides, all equally graceful and expressive, though impossible to be rendered by description. A good observer will easily distinguish the groups who are invited to give *à la* to the party, those who are only invited “because they must be invited,” those again who are to be delighted and astonished at every thing, and the odd rank and file called in to fill places and no more.

Nor are the guests behind the hosts in tactics; far from it, for many would have you think that they only come to confer an obligation, some even to confer an honour. The vapid exclusive affects to lounge in merely to kill time, and, looking round on the crowded rooms, seems to ask, “Is there any one here?” while many, on the other hand, shew at once that they come to act the part of regular sycophants. In general, the young girls are the happiest on such occasions; and, though you see some who have no idea beyond being admired, they still bring the greatest portion of hilarity and cheerfulness with them into company, and cast, indeed, when not spoilt by fortune-hunting mothers, or the heartless and artificial tone of modern manners, the principal charm over the so-called brilliant and fashionable society of the day.

Nor is there any concealment effected in this transit from one degree of the scale to another. The *sliders*, indeed, if they gild over actual coarseness, deem it right to shew that it is only condescension on their part, nothing more, and never intended it to pass for genuine coin, which is always reserved for very different parties.

Now all this, when not simple and silly affectation, is the result of mere ignorance—to give it the gentlest name possible; for persons behaving in this manner wish, in fact, to be thought something *distingué*, elevated in sentiments, feelings, intellect, or mental refinement, the very reverse of what their manners, which, if not founded in ignorance, must be looked upon as ignoble and low-minded, prove them to be. And for the best and cleverest of all reasons, that every person of true worth, as

dowed with generous sentiments, with the kind, noble, and lofty feelings men are proud to possess and ashamed to want, delights in being courteous and polite, and never resorts to an opposite line of conduct, unless where cases of open and avowed personal hostility place all social intercourse entirely out of the question. If this last proposition is just, and it will hardly, we think, be disputed, the *sliders* have only the choice between the ignorance of which we have in our gentleness accused them, and that rottenness of heart, from which, where there is knowledge, rudeness and bad manners can alone arise. Q.E.D.

Nor must it be supposed that a mere absence of coarse language and rude manners is sufficient to constitute the degree of courtesy due to society, and to the individuals of whom it is so composed. Very far from it indeed, for, with ordinary good feeling, courtesy of manner is so easy, so absolutely natural, that a mere absence of discourtesy can save none from deserved reproach. And as it as easy to answer an inquiry respecting the hour of the day, in a polite, as in a rude or indifferent manner, the first only must be expected from persons making any pretensions to good breeding; for, though a *Nobody* should chance to be the questioner, there is not, as so many persons seem to think, the least derogation from dignity, in replying courteously even to Monsieur Personne.

Many will, I fear, conclude, from these premises, that rudeness and want of courtesy are necessarily, when evinced by educated persons, proofs of envy, bad temper, or selfishness, of that rottenness of heart of which we have spoken. But this, I think, would be a harsh conclusion, for it is very evident that a great deal of it results merely from silly affectation and ignorance. My opinion is, indeed, that society should tolerate neither the one nor the other, and never permit the use of the *Sliding Scale* of manners under any circumstances. But what can be done, when so many worthy persons will not perceive its existence, and always declare the condescension of great people to be the very pink and perfection of elegant and refined cour-

tesy, talking incessantly of the kind and considerate attention shewn by "dear Lady A." to all her guests, and of the "frank and delightful hospitality of Sir John B.'s splendid mansion;" and that too, at the very time when every one knows that Lady A. and Sir John B. practise the *Sliding Scale* to an extent that none of their own footmen can equal?

Now the worse feature of the whole case is, that these very persons who affect such perfect blindness to the vulgar condescension of which we have spoken are, in fact, as clear-sighted as others; for nothing is so easily seen through as this slightly gilded impertinence, only they would rather be thought blind than be taken for sycophants, and rather submit to insult, than forego the society whence they derive what they would call fashionable distinction.

Let me here relate a trifling anecdote, which, though not exactly to the point before us, touches pretty considerably on the general subject.

Our regiment happening, some years ago, to be quartered near a fashionable watering-place, it was usual for officers, when off duty, to ride over and pass a day or two with the gay world there assembled, whenever we heard that the party was rich in beauty or in agreeable society.

While idling in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, we were told that a new guest had arrived; our informant adding that he was "a very good-looking fellow." The last portion of the information did not please some of the would-be dandies of the party who were paying particular attention to the ladies present, several of whom were, indeed, extremely pretty. They declared, therefore, that they had seen the man, and that it was only "the handsome tailor," as a snip from the neighbouring town was, from his good looks, very deservedly called, and who would not of course think of joining the party at the hotel. The thing, having been said in apparent seriousness, there being besides no perceptible wit or humour in saying it as a jest, was readily believed, so that, when a young gentleman answering the description entered the room and placed himself at one of the tea-tables, lad

after lady, and dandy after dandy, rose from their seats and joined other parties. The stranger looked a little surprised to find himself thus left alone, but took no notice of the rudeness, and proceeded very calmly to help himself to the best things present. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the party did not take things so quietly, and, though a single look might have satisfied any one that he was a gentleman, they despatched a secret messenger to the landlord calling for the immediate expulsion of the supposed tailor. Mine host was, of course, forced to obey, and sent his waiter to inform the obnoxious guest that Mr. Thomson wished to speak with him.

"Who is Mr. Thomson?" inquired the stranger, with perfect composure.

"The master of the house, sir," replied John.

"Oh! tell Mr. Thomson to walk in, and that I shall be happy to see him."

Out went John, evidently a little disconcerted, to do his bidding, warning his master at the same time, that the young gentleman looked "more like a lord than a tailor."

Mr. Thomson, however, thought differently; the parties who had desired the tailor's expulsion kept horses and carriages, and could not be mistaken; besides, the stranger had come on the top of the coach, and had not even a servant with him; there could be no mistake in the case. Entering the room, therefore, he told the stranger in a half-whispering tone, but with perfect politeness, that the drawing-room was exclusively appropriated to the use of the "company," and that he had another apartment ready for his reception, in which tea was already served, and to which, making a move to the door, he begged leave to shew the way.

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the stranger, with continued calmness, "I am extremely well here; plenty of room has, you see, been made for me."

An ill-suppressed titter, in which the stranger seemed greatly inclined to join, ran round the room; and mine host, who had prepared no further speech, could only remonstrate with "hema," broken phrases,

and awkward bows; the stranger keeping his seat, and sipping his tea with the most imperturbable gravity. The culprit, having at last finished his repast, and seeing Mr. Thomson still, as it seemed, waiting for him, looked up, and asked the meaning of all this anxiety to get rid of him. Mine host, thus driven to the wall, was obliged to confess that the drawing-room was not intended for *gentlemen* of his profession.

"My profession!" said the stranger; "and pray what is that?"

Mr. Thomson was evidently confused and desirous of evading an answer, but the new guest would not let him off.

"Speak out, man," he said, "your house is your castle, let us hear what my profession is; if it is a good one, I promise not to disown it."

"Why, a tailor to be sure, since you will have it," replied mine host, thus forced upon his mettle; while a roar of laughter, in which the young gentleman joined right heartily, burst from the whole party. The supposed tailor, having regained his gravity, pointed with a nod to his hat, in the manner of a person accustomed to be waited upon, and, having received it from mine host, who handed it in proper courtesy, said, with perfect good-humour,—

"Well, Mr. Thomson, let us now look at this room of yours. I like the situation of your house, and, if you can find good stabling for my horses, and quarters for my servants, who are not so easily pleased as I am, I shall probably remain a few days with you. I suppose you will want my name for your book; there's my card,"—Lord A. B. "And let me give you a piece of advice at the same time: whenever you see a tailor, travelling with a batch of horses and servants, shut your eyes to the goose, man—shut them close—otherwise the world will say that you are the greater goose of the two."

A burst of laughter followed this sally. The gentlemen, who from mere envious motives, from not wishing to have a good-looking young man added to the circle, had represented our new guest as a tailor, vanished without being even missed; while his lordship became the very soul of

the party, though they hardly deserved so much courtesy at his hands, for a very little observation would have shewn them that he was evidently a gentleman of the first water. A very little reflection ought also to have made them sensible of the impropriety of behaving with, what was in reality, extreme rudeness—and would probably have been considered as such by a man of inferior cast—to a person of whom they knew absolutely nothing, and before they could even take the trouble to inquire how far they had any cause of complaint against him. The *Sliding Scale*, however, accounts for all; for it shews us crowds of persons who can never be too little before the great, and others, again, who can never be too great—or in too great a hurry to be so—before those whom they think little.

And yet what a delightful change would come over the world—how cheerful, buoyant, and exhilarating, would be the sunshine in which we should constantly move, if ladies and gentlemen would only feel convinced that their friends and neighbours see as clearly as they do themselves, and that society at large are never long imposed upon by acting of any kind. Affectation and pretension, the bland but heartless smile of malignant envy, the mighty frown of would-be greatness, whether of wealth, power, or intellect, the humility of pride or of meanness, are all seen through with equal facility.

“Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être,
Et jamais quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel ici-bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde, être ce qu'il n'est pas,”

says Boileau, and very truly; for men are physiognomists, *bougré, malgré*, even while they deny the accuracy of the science, which is only an imperfect one because it confines itself to the lineaments of the face, whereas character is displayed in every attitude and gesture, in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered, as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled follower of fashion. Children are physiognomists, dogs are admirable physiognomists; but ladies and gentlemen are not, because they dare not always

avow the moving-springs of their actions and manners. Few would wish to confess that their hearts are fairly open to scrutiny, though, in most cases, we should probably discover, after all, more of weakness than of wickedness muffled up in their folds.

It is affecting to think, indeed, that at a time when steam-boats and spinning-machines have made such rapid progress, the far more important art of polishing manners—or its result, the art of pleasing—should still be so far behind; for, though the world is some 6000 years old, there are, as we see, many points, essentially affecting the ordinary intercourse of society, of which my fashionable public are still in utter darkness. I might say in deplorable darkness, for, among the classes to whom these papers are more particularly addressed, a great deal of the so-called happiness of life depends, after all, on the mere *manner* in which the most ordinary acts of every-day intercourse are gone through; if the parties we meet and transact business with, whether for pleasure and amusement, or in the pursuits of ambition or profit, are agreeable or disagreeable in their manners, are proficient in, or ignorant, of the art of pleasing.

Though I have seen an Arowak Indian, adorned with blue paint and parrot's feathers, striving hard to act the agreeable towards the copper-coloured belle of the tribe, and know that there is a system of etiquette observed at the court of Ashantee as well as at the court of St. James's, it may yet be true that the so-called useful arts precede the agreeable ones. Certain it is that the latter only extend their influence as knowledge advances, as society becomes more polished and refined, and as our sentiments and perceptions of what is due to conduct, character, acquirements, sentiments of honour, learning, and intellect—to the nobler and better qualities of our nature—become more generally and universally admitted. In educated society we are each and all forced to claim a certain portion of these qualities—they constitute our ticket of admission; and, claiming from our neighbours the respect due to us on these grounds, we are certainly bound to

give them the same amount of credit, and treat them accordingly.

But have we fulfilled our duty in this respect? and are refined manners—or, to simplify the term—is a due attention to the art of pleasing properly enforced by society? We suspect not: the very existence, indeed, of the *Sliding Scale of Manners* shews how far we are yet behind, though the importance of the subject has been long perceived, as is amply proved by the books and codes of instruction to which it has given rise.

In 1637 Baltasar Graciano, of Catalayud, in Arragon, already published an advice to courtiers, entitled, *el Oraculo Manuel, y arte de prudencia*. In Paris, Bellegarde, Vaukoriere, and others, followed in the same line, till, in the next century, England eclipsed all foreign nations by the glory which Chesterfield acquired as master of ceremonies to the very graces themselves.

Whether the study of the graces, as recommended by the accomplished peer, required gifts of a higher order, more refinement, and mental cultivation, or, above all, greater sacrifices of individual sufficiency and pretension, than suits the fashionable public of the nineteenth century, need not be argued here; as it is enough for our purpose to know—what is, indeed, sufficiently apparent—that the art of pleasing has been completely superseded by the science of etiquette. This science, the widespread study of which, particularly in our own country, so strongly marks the real spirit of the age, could hardly fail to obtain numerous followers the moment it obtained influence; for it is easily acquired, suits the meanest capacity, and enables the most perfect mediocrity to act—what it fancies—a part, by merely following prescribed mechanical rules natural to all persons of good breeding, but absolutely worthless by themselves, as they only form the frame, and the ungilt frame, indeed, of the portraiture which the Art of Pleasing can alone fill up and render valuable. And yet it is within this worthless frame-work, fortified by these silver-spoon rules, that so many persons think themselves entitled to sport their *Sliding Scale* manners;

a scale that certainly tends to lower the general tone of social intercourse, and though it rarely imposes, even upon the foolish, furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest *Sliders* in the land are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, that were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. “It is too bad.”

Now do not misunderstand what I have here said about etiquette, which is very well in its way, and perhaps indispensable. In this country it is, at all events, very useful; for we have so many able, excellent, and deserving persons constantly rising from the humbler ranks to wealth and station, by pursuits that precluded them mixing early in polished society, and becoming acquainted with the manners of fashionable life, that it is of advantage to have some fixed rules laid down for their guidance; rules that shall prevent them from crossing their legs, Yankee fashion, over a dinner-table, or picking their teeth with a fork *à la Française*. But this is to give no sanction to persons of any class, whether *nouveaux riches* or aristocrats of the oldest standing, to assume the slightest particle of merit, for a knowledge of and adherence to mere rules and forms, more easily learned than the duties of the footman who waits upon them at dinner.

“But a truce to these cynical remarks,” I think I hear the reader say; “teach us the Art of Pleasing, and you will find plenty of willing disciples; for we are all anxious to please in society, and be well thought of in the world, but do not always know how to set about it. Let fops of all classes, the rude, the vapid, the affected, say what they will, they act the part most congenial to their capacity, and give themselves airs because they can do no better; they would gladly be distinguished for skill in the art of pleasing, be men of gallantry, of elegant and refined manners if they could, and only pretend to undervalue and disdain that excellence which they cannot attain. No, no; only shew us the way to please, and we shall gladly follow.”

There may be some truth in this;

but it is not easy to reduce the Art of Pleasing to rules and regulations. All that can be done is to call upon society to maintain their own dignity, to prevent them from affecting blindness, from shutting their eyes to the evils of the *Sliding Scale*, and from receiving counterfeit coin instead of real good breeding and manners. What single pen could polish down the vulgar barbarian, the bully of society? who can amend the pompous blockhead, the man of envious and envenomed vanity? what cure, short of the actual *knout*, can improve the jealous, vapid, affected, and pretending? what is to be done with the numerous class who purposely study the art of displeasing? some from the impulse of bad hearts and coarse minds; others from the silly vanity which makes them anxious to act the *magnifico* in so exalted a style as not to admit of their appearing polite or attentive to ordinary mortals; others, again, because they fear to fail in doing the agreeable, but are sure to succeed in acting the ruffian. No single effort can, I repeat, remedy these evils; all we can do is to hold up the mirror of truth, and shame society into the performance of its duty.

It was at a party only last winter, that Mr. Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner; and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances: the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart; but had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at her having forgot me so soon—should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other *cavaliero*, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell; who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honour. Such con-

duct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society.

"But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say, "that Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a-year."

True, true; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them.

At the same time I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements; there can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz; or if you have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you, and register the gentlemen according to a German fashion, which I have always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter—sometimes, I fear the result of a little vanity—occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the Continent, especially in France, it is a law *de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening; and though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and moustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I still think it right to have some rein kept over ladies' caprices.

To return, however, to the direct thread of my subject.

Though the Art of Pleasing cannot be taught by mere rules, we may yet lay down some general principles for the guidance of those who are willing to profit by them. The simple Christian maxim, indeed, which tells us to do by others as we would be done by ourselves, contains the very essence of all that can be said on the subject. But do we follow the maxim in our intercourse with the world? No, truly. Forgetting that it is far more meritorious to be beloved than admired, we go into society to astonish the natives, to excite wonder, but rarely, indeed, with the least intention of evincing a particle of admiration for any one else, the stoicism of the *nul admirari* school being looked upon as the very perfection of high breeding. And from whom does the reader suppose

this boasted tone of fashion has been derived? From the high, accomplished, and cultivated of the earth? No, faith! from the very opposite class; from the dull, the ignorant, and the savage. We who write have seen this species of fashionable stoicism displayed in the highest perfection by Arowak Indians, who deem it beneath their dignity to evince surprise or admiration on any occasion, as they wish it to be believed that they are perfectly familiar with all that is most excellent and exalted in the world. By the united testimony of all African travellers, every petty Negro despot excels in the same style of fashionable deportment, and retains as much apparent composure at the sight of a scarlet-bay's cloak and bottle of rum, that make his very heart throb again, as he would on beholding a bowl of palm wine, or ordinary piece of Negro-worked cloth. The merit of the *nil admirari* system is not, therefore, of a very high order or brilliant origin.

For my own part I confess that I have no patience with my fashionable public on this point. A captain of the Royal Horse Grenadiers has certainly as much right to be fastidious as any one can have, and yet I never go into society, never move about the world with parties of pleasure, as parties are sometimes miscalled, without seeing a vast deal that is to be admired. Where is the ball-room in Britain, in which you will not find many, very many pretty, often charming, women, with evidence of every thing that is kind, generous, affectionate,—with intelligence and feeling beaming from animated eyes and expressive features,—women, with the young of whom, whether plain or pretty, you almost fancy yourself in love at first sight, while you feel that with the old you could instantly harmonise in thoughts, sentiments, and opinion? How delightful, indeed, is the society and conversation of an old lady, who retains the kindly feeling of youth, the frank generosity of heart, open to the impressions of all that is great, good, and beautiful; who joins to the result of education a knowledge of society, and the quick and just perception for which the sex are distinguished; who can appreciate and join in the praise of merit, grieve for

the faults and errors of the fallible, smile and laugh—and that right heartily, too—at the follies of the vain, the ignorant, and pretending! There is, in fact, no conversation equal to that of a cheerful old lady. Nor are gentlemen of talents, acquirements, and finished manners, ever wanting in English society; you know them at once by their countenances, by the truly British countenance, the noblest the world has yet to shew. They may chance to be neither peers nor *millionaires*, though the peerage is rich in such men, but folly only can act the part of the haughty exquisite in their presence.

You cannot enter a gentleman's library, however ill arranged, that is not full of books which have been, and are to be, the admiration of ages. You cannot pass through the gallery where his fathers frown, in "rude and antique portraiture around," without being struck by the noble lineaments that so often break through the bad painting and atrocious costumes that disfigure our old family portraits. Nay, you cannot walk in the worst laid-out flower-garden, the most contracted lawn, or dingy shrubbery, without finding constant objects of admiration; for there is not a leaf that grows, a flower that blooms, there is not a sprig of heath that bends beneath the gales of the north, that is not absolutely beautiful, that does not bear the impress of a mighty master-hand, which leaves all attempts of worldly imitation at a distance, measured only by immensity. No—no, trust none of this *nil admirari* stoicism, for none but

"The fool and dandy,

Those sons of buttermilk and sugar-candy,"

can pass, if only through the world of fashion, and declare that all is barren. Do not suppose from this that I wish you to deal in constant exclamations, and seem in ecstasy with every thing you see or hear. Very far from it; exclamations and ecstasies are foolish, but I must insist on all ladies and gentlemen meeting a willingness to please them, with a cheerful readiness to be pleased, and shall always declare the stateliness which affects to be above deriving

pleasure from the sayings, doings, and shewings of the company with which it associates, to be the height of bad manners.

The most certain mode of pleasing is, no doubt, to make others pleased with themselves; but as this principle can only be successfully acted upon in *tête-à-tête* conversations, or in any small parties, we must rather depend for success on general behaviour, manner, and deportment; on our knowledge of life, character, and of the particular company in which we may happen to be thrown at the moment; for, though there can be no rising above the level of gentlemanlike society, the tone may, and often does, vary, according to times, parties, and circumstances. In society it is best, therefore, always to preserve a calm, tranquil, but, at the same time, cheerful deportment, evincing a constant readiness to be pleased and amused, and as free from coldness, stiffness, and hauteur, as from the eternal smile, smirk, and fidgety efforts to please, often observable in well-meaning persons unused to society, as well as among foreigners. Vapid stiffness and hauteur are offensive, insulting indeed, and contrary to good manners; while smirking and fidgety attention is embarrassing to those who are its objects. To please there must evidently be an easy amenity of deportment, completely at variance with the *sliding scale* rules, and as distant from abrupt forwardness as from cringing servility. A gentleman will always shew that deference to age, rank, and station, which is their due; but, though I confess myself a great stickler for the attention due to rank, I do not see that a well-bred man will speak in a different manner and tone of voice when giving an ordinary answer, or making an ordinary remark, to a peer, from what he would if giving an order to a porter. As said, I confess myself a stickler for the deference due to rank, always supposing that it is properly supported by conduct, manners, and acquirements, which can alone give it grace, for rank without them is rather a disgrace.

There is one thing which, philosopher as I am, very much puzzles me, it is this:—How happens it that courtesy and politeness, commodities so

cheap, that the mere wish to possess them already confers them, commodities which can never be detrimental, but are often highly beneficial to the owner, should, with all these advantages, be still so comparatively scarce in the world? I have often tried to solve the problem, but the only satisfactory conclusion I can arrive at is to suppose that rudeness results from some actual and afflicting disease of the head or heart. The consequence is, that I never see a man enter a railroad-car, mail-coach, or take his seat at a steam-boat dinner-table, in the *carre-not* style, that seems to say, "I have paid for my place, am determined to make the most of it, and value not the ease and comfort of my neighbours one single straw," without feeling a sort of compassion for his sufferings. I fancy such conduct can only result from a cramped heart, in which disease has destroyed the fibres of all the best and noblest feelings, and reduced the patient to a mere mass of bloated selfishness; or else that it is occasioned by some faulty conformation of the brain, that prevents the mind from being fairly seated on its throne of state, casts it all away, and deprives it of room for that elastic, free, and buoyant action, which clear and well-regulated intellects must necessarily enjoy. Who but a real sufferer would lounge, boots and all, on a club-sofa, totally regardless of the comforts of others, or lean, loutishly, and with outspread elbows, over the library-table, concealing, in the study of his newspaper, half the latest periodicals from general view?

"And e'en his slightest actions mark
the fool,"

says Persius, and I believe Pope also; and it is in a thousand ungraceful trifles of this kind, in the want of that general amenity of manner which distinguishes all persons of good breeding, that folly and the selfishness of the diseased heart are so conspicuously displayed to the eye of the observer.

Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a mere romping twirl, intended only,

as far as I can perceive, to make the parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on,—seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other—to say nothing of an occasional tumble—till the few who can keep time and step feel their heads going, and till ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breasts, against the very walls of the room for support. Gallopades and polkas are worse still, for few, very few gentlemen can dance them, and with any but an actual opera-dancer this exhibition is ungraceful in the extreme. The gallop and polka step, in which gentlemen, with legs wide astride, push their fair partners along, is absolutely disgusting; and I will hold no lady-mother guiltless who, after this public warning, shall allow her daughter to join such a brutal display. In an ordinary way, young ladies may always depend on obtaining easy forgiveness for a few trifling follies when committed in a cheerful and good-humoured mood; but let them beware of any thing that is coarsely ungraceful. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of any thing that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopades.

Since I have fallen into the didactic vein, I may as well repeat here some injunctions formerly given in regard to conversation, and which cannot, indeed, be too strongly enforced. I must, therefore, beg my fashionable public not only to understand, as all will pretend to do, but constantly to bear in mind, that all conversation is strictly confidential. There is no such thing as justifying an objectionable speech, or remark, by saying that you heard it mentioned publicly at Lord A's table or Lady B's party. There is no such thing as *public* conversation, properly so called; there are public speeches made in parliament, on the hustings,

at public meetings, and on other public occasions, when public reporters generally attend, and which you may repeat and comment on as much as you like; but the conversation of society, whether held in *tête-à-tête* meetings or crowded ball-rooms, is, in principle, sacred and confidential, and can never be repeated without a breach of good faith and good feeling. How would a gentleman like to know that a remark made at his table had been repeated, to the detriment of private character or injury of private feeling? Or, what should we think of any one who, receiving a visitor in his library, would make mischief of the conversation that might there pass in private? Now please to understand me. I purposely say that the conversation of society is confidential in principle, because it is not to authorise you or any one to repeat a single word capable of causing pain, still less of proving injurious to others; but it does not, in practice, prevent any one from repeating good sayings, good anecdotes, any thing that may be pleasing, instructive, and amusing, provided it is untinged by slander and free from the seeds of mischief. For my own part, I never hear any thing said in praise of a pretty girl, without repeating it with all the additions and embellishments in my power, and you have full liberty to do the like.

I shall not repeat here what I formerly said in praise of conversation, though the subject reminds me of a trifling adventure which lately befell the distinguished member of a university, who maintained that he had principally acquired his knowledge by conversation, and always declared that there was no man from whom some information might not be gained. My own opinion would, rather, perhaps, be in favour of female conversation, as I am inclined to believe ladies the best instructors; I can safely say, at least, "I learned the little that I know from them;" this, however, has nothing to do with the adventure of the learned professor, to which we must return. Our friend finding himself one day *tête-à-tête* in a mail-coach with a sober, sedate, and respectable-looking man, determined at once to make the most of him, and to learn as much from his

fellow-traveller as the latter might be able to teach.

They were no sooner fairly started, therefore, than the professor commenced with the usual introductory subject of the weather. Receiving only polite monosyllabical replies, he went over all the other topics most generally resorted to on such occasions,—the appearance of the country, the crops, prospect of the harvest; but all with no better result, the sedate-looking man only assenting to whatever the man of learning advanced. Not to be driven from his favourite theory, the professor went at last more directly to work, saying, "Pray, sir, is there any subject on which you would be willing to converse?"

"Try me on leather, and I am your man," was the reply of the *vis-à-vis*, a stout, honest currier, as chance would have it.

It is very unfortunate that there are so many ladies and gentlemen who take infinitely more pleasure in bearing their friends and neighbours run down, slandered, and abused,—only in a trifling way, of course, than in hearing them praised and admired. The consequence is, that society is infested with a class of persons who make the gathering, forging, and improving of slanders their actual business, their very *carte d'entrée* into company. It is true that no one now ventures upon slanders or tales of scandal in large parties, or within hearing of many; for, in the mass, society are ashamed of the practice and dare not sanction it; but in private the vipers are listened to, though heartily despised even by their most willing auditors. Yet is the habit of thus imbibing poison by the ear highly injurious to the heart, and ultimately to the mind also, for good feelings are essentially the source whence our best and brightest ideas are derived; and oft-repeated slanders will not only obtain some belief in the end, but the habit of listening leads to a species of cynical misanthropy, which makes us look rather on the dark than on the bright side of human nature; makes us act a poor, timid, and distrustful part through life, depressing even the best elements of happiness mixed up in our composition. Nor must we suppose that the regular

inventor and retailer of long tales of slander is the only offender. Far from it; there is the more cunning and equally base dealer in innuendoes, who throws out his hints before the envious and malignant, trusting that the poison may be passed on from slave to slave, till, gathering in its progress, it attains at last the full-grown strength of infamy worthy of the dishonourable source whence it arose. I am told that backbiters often find their way into the presence of great men, and it may be so, but I am very certain that high-minded men look upon them with the scorn they deserve. The subject should, perhaps, deserve a whole chapter; but, for the present, I must conclude; and, to cut the matter short, cannot do better than absolve the public, fashionable and unfashionable, from giving the slightest credit to tale-bearers and slander-mongers of whatever class or kind they may be; and this for the best of all possible reasons, that the false of heart will be false of tongue whenever it suits their purpose.

* * *

"Ha! captain, captain! you a painter of manners, and already slumbering in your arm-chair two hours after midnight, at the very time when you ought to be on the alert,—at the very time, indeed, when, veiled by darkness, so many mortals fancy they can safely throw off the cloak, beneath which they strive to hide the workings of the heart from the full blaze of day. When so many light and lively hearts are thrown off their balance by waltzing, when champagne makes even drawing dandies speak frankly out like mortal men, and then 'tremble at the sound themselves have made.' And you a painter of manners asleep at such a time—he, he, he!"

"Oh! Asmodeus, is it you? Sit down and take a glass, and don't fash me about manners; they are now estimated by a sliding-scale, calculated by the rule of three and not worth painting."

"A cynical mood is the very mood for the scene about to be acted; quick, therefore, your cap and your capote, the night is cold, and we have a long flight before us. Ere that clock strikes two, and it wants but a few minutes, a brilliant illustration

of the consistency of fashionable doctrines will be furnished you. Time flies fast, and he must not outstrip us."

"Well, then, if it must be so, here goes!"

"Away, away! hold on by my crutch; 't is safer than some of those that form the very pillars of nations."

"Ha! the sea air; its freshness is reviving to the heart of an Englishman, which swells with delight as he thinks of the glorious and boundless domain subject to his country's flag; as it reminds him of the gallant days when the bounding waves of ocean carried on their breasts the mighty armaments that freed the world from bondage and filled earth's farthest bound with the fame of their exploits. But times are sadly changed now. Poh! what a fishy smell; Boulogne, to a certainty!"

"The smell of the Continent, as you termed it yourself, Captain Sabertash."

"*La belle France, then.* Well, the French have no idea of irony, and

'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.'

La Seine, the old Tuileries; the column of Austerlitz, that Cockneys think the finest thing in the world; the *Chaussee d'Antin*, and, since we are arrived, unroof—unroof quickly! but sparingly, if you please; for, at this hour, we might see more than discreet eyes would wish to gaze upon."

"I like to hear you who have been quartered at Paris talk of '*this hour*.' At what hour would it be different either here or in London? But I have been often enough in France to recollect the good French maxim, *Egard aux convenances*—fear nothing, therefore, and look."

"An elegant *salon*, truly; a gentleman's library, also, fitted up in good style; they manage these things very well in Paris, but they are still very far behind us in taste. A fine painting that, a pretty girl it represents; and who is the young man reclining on the sofa, with the unfinished letter before him? A handsome fellow, certainly; well dressed, too, if a Frenchman ever can be so; but look at those vile polished-leather boots, the white satin stock, the brooch and cross chains, the one sup-

porting the watch, the other the eyeglass. Could any but a Cockney or a Continentalist ever sport such an attire? Is it not strange, after all, that a Frenchman, however handsome and accomplished he may be, never can attain to what we call the look of a gentleman? The manner and appearance of our friend come very near it; but he has at present a strange, wild, and unsettled air, wanting as much the power of stern and deep resolve as the wildness of despair; his bright but tearless eyes seem glazed at intervals, and passing streaks of livid hue distort his fine features. What can this mean? methinks the sight of the lovely picture to which his looks so often turn, should calm the tumult of his breast. Well, the letter is finished, evidently addressed to the original of the picture, à Mademoiselle Henriette d'Ar-dagnac, a noble name. A love-affair; a miniature of the same lady worn round the neck and now pressed madly to the lips! faith, she is well worth it! I have often kissed miniatures and locks of hair myself; but always with delight and glee, and never with the maddening anguish depicted in the convulsed features of this gentleman. What is it, Asmodeus? I have surely seen all the passions that ever shake the human breast in full activity, but here none can be distinctly traced; and this frightful exhibition seems produced rather by a fierce contest between mixed particles of all the good and evil powers, than by the passing sway, any dark or hostile influence may have gained over a true and noble heart.

"Oh! I think I begin to guess; that neat little mahogany case; those well-finished barking-irons, pretty articles for French workmanship, seem to solve the mystery, but should not account for a shaken frame and convulsed features. An invitation to a ball before breakfast may not be the most agreeable thing in the world; but must be taken quietly, like other necessary evils. A rival, no doubt, wishing to carry off *la belle Henriette*, who is well worth it, and well worth fighting for too. Loading the pistols already? This is quite contrary to rule; they should be loaded on the ground by the seconds. And what means all this gesticula-

tion, and raising of the arm? Ah! kissing the miniature again, and bathing it in tears. Well, well, these things look a little foolish, perhaps, to the unimpassionate observer; but they have their merit. They give proof of ardent affection; they calm and even fortify the heart: for a man really and truly in love would fight your lord superior, Asmodeus,

‘And all the band
He brings to aid his guilty hand.’

But what is this I see? Unhappy maniac, he levels the weapon at his own head! Powers of mercy! help, stop, while an instant remains, the suicide hand raised to murder body and soul! Alas! 'tis too late! Yon fiery flash and fierce report tell that the deed is done — the crime committed! Oh, sight of guilt and horror! The noble features, convulsed and blackened, are scattered around, and the couch is already steeped with blood! And, hark! the rush of attendants, roused by the report of the deadly weapon; the wail of women, the frantic scream of maternal despair! But all efforts are vain. On earth there is no hope, though in heaven mercy may yet avert the

‘Cannon fixed against self-slaughter.’

Away from the scene of horror that a fiend only could have exposed to view, and which nothing will ever obliterate from the eyes by which it was so unwillingly beheld.

“Asmodeus, explain the tragedy we have just witnessed. Let us hope that there are circumstances to palliate, if possible, a deed so frightful, a crime so heinous. I have seen many a gallant man fall by hostile arms in fair and honest fight; but such sights, however appalling, are still redeemed by the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war; for

‘Noble is the death from noble foe

In the fair field received, when the
broad star

Is high in heaven; yet more, when slow

The golden west receives his sinking
car;

For then those mild, majestic beams be-
slow

Their softest radiance on the bed of
war;

And soldiers close their eyelids on the scene,

E'en like the sun, sad, solemn, and
serene.’

But to witness, what is a thousand times worse than an actual execution, a man falling by his own hand, becoming his own executioner, and rushing wildly before the tribunal of eternal judgment while breaking God's high commands, is a soul-harrowing sight that ought to shake any nerves deriving life and impulse from a merely mortal heart. Unveil the cause of this frightful drama.”

“It is soon done. François de Bertancourt, whose death you have just witnessed, was a gentleman of ancient and noble family; young, wealthy, and accomplished; beloved by his kindred, cherished by friends, and courted by all. He was endowed with nearly every advantage that men most covet in the outset of life. Mixing with the most brilliant society of Paris, he saw, and, like the rest of the world, admired, the beautiful Henriette d'Ardagnac, the original of the portrait that so forcibly struck you. He sought her love, and did not sue in vain. His elegant person, manners, and accomplishments, gained her affections; while his wealth, merit, and station in society, readily secured the father's consent. This, however, was coupled with one condition, which, though it became the source of future misfortune, was deemed of little import at the time, and did not for an instant cloud the happiness with which the lovers looked forward to their approaching union, the day of which was already fixed. But Fortune had decided otherwise. The Marquis d'Ardagnac had, when a boy, seen his father die after long days of agonised and hopeless suffering, in consequence of a wound received in a duel: and this heavy calamity, the grief of his almost broken-hearted mother, instilled in his youthful mind the most deadly aversion to duellists. The feeling strengthened with his strength, and grew with him to manhood; and he formed an early resolution of never entering into bonds of friendship or connexion with any person who should have fought a duel; and, anxious as he was for the alliance with Bertancourt, he only consented to receive

him as his daughter's suitor, on the pledge solemnly given, that he would never send or accept a challenge.

"Bertancourt, of a happy and cheerful disposition, hating and envying no man, having no wish to injure or offend any one, believing himself without enemies—for envy lies mute while its objects are in prosperity—readily gave a promise which he thought there could be little difficulty in keeping.

"Time flies fast; and, borne along on Hope and Love's expectant wings, it flew faster still with the happy and betrothed pair. A few days more, and they were to be united for ever; when Henriette, in passing from her private box at the Opera, and leaning on her lover's arm, was rudely jostled, and without apology, by a man dressed in the height of fashion, and decorated with an order that proved him to hold some rank in society. Bertancourt instantly resented the insult; words ran high, and canes were threatened; when the pressure of the crowd separated the disputants.

"The busy part of the following day had hardly commenced, when Bertancourt was already waited upon by a gentleman, who announced himself as Capitaine de la Ferailleux, the friend of Colonel Fortépée, and sent to demand immediate satisfaction *les armes à la main*, for the insult offered to the latter at the theatre. Bertancourt expressed his regret at being unable to comply with the colonel's demand; not only because he was himself the insulted party, but was, besides, under a pledge never to send or accept a challenge,—never, in fact, to fight a duel. Captain de la Ferailleux, assuming the air of considerate courtesy usually displayed on such occasions, declared that it was not for him to give any opinion on M. de Bertancourt's resolution; he had only a painful duty to perform; but, having the highest possible respect for Monsieur de Bertancourt, and confiding in the generous and acknowledged gallantry of Colonel Fortépée, he would give him twenty-four hours to consider the matter: if, at the expiration of that time, a meeting was not appointed, he should then be under the afflicting necessity of proclaiming to the world—what he could not yet believe himself—that a

gentleman ranking deservedly so high in general estimation as Monsieur de Bertancourt had declined to give honourable satisfaction to a cavalier always distinguished for his polite readiness to meet any adversary entitled to the honour of arms.

"Having delivered this speech in better terms than I can repeat it, he took his departure; leaving Bertancourt to make some rather unpleasant reflections. But tied by a pledge, confident also in the clear and rational goodness of his cause, above all, fortified in his determination by the approbation of his intended father-in-law, who bestowed the highest praise on his conduct, he resolved to trust to the justice and common sense of the world, and to persevere in the line he had adopted.

"The result followed quickly; and never was the triumph of envy, malignity, worthlessness, and a base subjection to the prejudices of the world, more distinctly shewn than in the speedy victory they achieved over truth, justice, and common sense. The twenty-four hours had scarcely elapsed, without bringing the acceptance of the challenge, when Bertancourt was already proclaimed a poltroon in all the brilliant circles of Paris. The astonishment was universal, the good and the worthy grieved, many refused to believe that so accomplished a cavalier could want the paltry degree of courage required for fighting a duel; but the refusal of the challenge could not be denied, and society acted its worthy part accordingly. Bertancourt's friends forsook him, his acquaintances avoided him; envy and malice, that his prosperity and the favour of the world had repressed, burst forth with all the glee of triumphant infamy; cowardice grew bold where it fancied that vulgarity could be displayed with impunity, and from every quarter the very finger of scorn was pointed at the man who had been the favourite of the most brilliant circles. His betrothed and her father left town, and report said that Henriette had even accepted an apology from Colonel Fortépée in such very courteous terms, as to make the latter hope for more than mere forgiveness. The catastrophe could not be long delayed; and when we saw Bertancourt, he had just returned

from a brilliant party, to which he had been invited before the dispute at the theatre, and at which the very master of the house had turned his back on the once-honoured guest. The ladies he addressed answered briefly, curtsied lowly, and sought the conversation of other persons; some of the gentlemen he spoke to replied with 'ohs,' 'ahs,' slight smiles and nods, some with only grave and surprised looks, while others bowed themselves away without further notice. One envious scoundrel, who had courted Bertancourt in prosperity, borrowed money from him, and tried to rise into notice by being looked upon as one of his intimate associates, but hated him with all the mean and rancorous malignity so natural to the vain, pretending, and incapable, offered, with feigned sympathy, to lead him from the room, whispering in his ear, though loud enough to be heard by the nearest parties, 'that all his friends regretted to see him there.'

"A look of scorn was Bertancourt's only reply; but he felt himself fallen, indeed, when even the worthless could treat him thus. Personally the bravest of the brave, and who in a fair field would have dared hosts of foes, he wanted the moral courage to defy the code of honour he had at the instigation of others attempted to oppose. He could not, in fact, resist the world's scorn, which he had drawn down upon himself. He knew it to be unjust, felt fully conscious of his own nerve and power of daring in arms, saw clearly that envy was the mainspring that influenced the majority of those who took an active part against him, but felt equally conscious of his own inability to live as a dishonoured man in the eyes of the world. Instigated by this feeling, goaded on by the unworthy treatment he had experienced from those who had formerly courted his society, he rushed home and committed the dreadful deed you witnessed."

"In fact, then, another victim to the false code of honour. The practice of duelling was surely derived from, and can only be upheld by, your lord superior, Asmodeus, by Satan himself."

"He! he! he! excuse my laughing, Captain Sabertash, but I think I have heard you speak less generally

and evince more discrimination. Duelling originated, as you know, with those chivalrous institutions to which you have just ascribed a great part of modern civilisation, was upheld by the church, churchmen even entering the lists by proxy; and the practice may have been beneficial in a dark age by preventing the commission of greater crimes, for a tilting-match between the barons was, after all, less destructive than an inroad of lawless marauders that carried fire and sword into cots and hamlets, and laid waste entire baronies. Nor does it follow that my lord superior, who knows more than you suspect, is an indiscriminate upholder of the practice as now existing. Indeed, I have heard him express great contempt for it, and declare that the recruits he obtained, whether directly or indirectly, through the medium of *duels*, were not only too few to deserve notice, but generally of the most wretched description, vulgar bullies or *fade* pretenders, hardly worth picking up. 'Your extreme sticklers for punctilio,' said my respected master on one occasion, 'are generally men who have little else to stickle for.' I have not, as you know, the honour to be a member of the great Satanic council, or I should be better employed than in making the fashionable world pass through a magic lantern for your amusement; but I can safely assert that my swarthy sovereign would be as happy to see duelling put down by legislative interference, if that were possible, as he would grieve to see society rise above the practice. Were duelling crushed to-morrow by act of parliament, should we not see the vile passions that *discretion* keeps, at least, within some bounds, displayed in full luxuriant malignity? Should we not see envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, undermining character and the best relations of private life? We know how quickly calumny circulates and slander augments; how willingly ladies and gentlemen listen to what is termed a *little harmless scandal*; and how many persons actually make their way in society by merely retailing the tittle-tattle of malignity, always embellished for the gratification of some mean passion or for the amusement of the worthy listeners; and, knowing this, my master would

willingly leave beauty, merit, innocence, the worth and conduct which excite the respect and admiration of the good, the great, and the just, exposed without protection to the assaults of vulgarity, or the machinations of envious malice. The more these passions extend, the more they are encouraged and cultivated, the more his empire extends, for they constitute its very foundation, so that he is not likely to vote for the continuance of a practice that imposes, at least, some trifling check on their growth."

"But you forget, Asmodeus, that we have courts of law, and many have courts of honour also."

"He! he! he! excuse me for laughing, but you are pleased to be merry. What satisfaction would it be to a father, brother, or husband, to receive from a jury some three-and-sixpenny damages as compensation for an insult injurious to character, offered to a lady by a sneer, smile, wink, nod, or innuendo, that, though perfectly plain in society, could hardly be established by proof before a legal tribunal? Or who, having received the lie direct, or had a glass of wine thrown into his face, would appeal to a court of honour for satisfaction? It is true such extreme cases do not often happen; the regular duellist is now an unknown character, civilisation is extending, and the pistol, though a feeble weapon enough, continues to exercise some influence; much as I have said, to my master's regret, who thinks he could do much better without it. But let arms be laid aside, and who will answer for the conduct of the worthless men who now act, at least, with *discretion*; what will keep the master passion of envy within bounds? Should society, however, continue to improve, and rise above the practice of duelling, the case will be greatly altered; such an abolition of the practice would ill suit my master's views, for it would prove his empire to be on the decline, and his vocation drawing to an end. But to effect this result, society must change its character and conduct; must resent as an insult to itself what is now sought to be resented by the pistol; must punish every display of vulgarity, rudeness, malignity, or envy, by instantly excluding the offender from all respect-

able intercourse with the world; must brand the mendacious libeller, the man who may only be worth caning, though not worth going to cane, the envenomed backbiter, the false boaster and detractor of female character, with indelible marks of deserved infamy. When this reform shall be effected, then duelling will cease of itself, and then will my great master have ample cause to mourn, for it will almost toll the knell of his power. But, looking at fashionable society as the essence, or elegant extract, whence the conduct of the general mass may be best estimated, we deem ourselves in no immediate danger. How, indeed, could we? Take only the manner in which a so-called affair of honour is treated and spoken of after a meeting has taken place. If one of the parties have fallen, judges and juries are in the greatest possible haste to acquit the survivor; and this is, perhaps, the only rational part of the whole proceeding, as in the case of a fair duel, they could not, without palpable injustice, do otherwise; but how does society proceed? Do they ever inquire into the real cause of a duel, and treat the actual offender, whether the result be fatal or not, as he deserves? No such thing. A meeting once over, both parties are declared to have acted like men of honour, are every where received as good fellows, shaken heartily by the hand, and a veil is, by general accord, thrown over the original cause of quarrel; that is, vulgarity, rudeness, insolence, or falsehood, are again received into universal favour, merely because a low and envious ruffian, perhaps, has fired at and endangered the life of a gentleman whom he had previously insulted. If any one be blamed, it is in general the challenger, though he is mostly the injured and insulted party. I say generally, for it has happened that envy, usually the moving spring in all such cases, has prompted worthless persons to follow up insult by an immediate cartel; and a cane has been inflicted on those who deserved, in reality, no other notice, but from whom a subsequent challenge could not well be refused. You have an Anti-duelling Society, composed of brave, honourable, and upright men, for I have seen the list; but why attempt to

strike at effects instead of causes, why not form a society for the suppression of the base feelings that lead to duelling instead of forming it against the paltry practice itself? Let society form a league in favour of high worth, character, and feeling, let talents and acquirements be appreciated, a high standard of manners be substituted for the modern *Sliding Scale of Manners*, and you will never again hear of another duel between gentlemen."

"A plague on this bell, it almost pulls me out of my chair!" [Enter John.]

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. What is all this racket in the house?"

"I have heard none, sir; only the printer's devil was here an hour ago asking for more MS., but seeing you reclining in your chair, and fancying you might be asleep, I did not like to disturb you, and desired him to return in the morning."

"Good, good; all right. You may go to bed." [Exit John.] "By Jove! Calderon may have been nearer the truth than he suspected when he wrote his wild tale of *Life a Dream*."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

NO. I.—HEBREW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSKRIT BY HZEKIAH MOSS, ESQ.

THE TEMPLE.

It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the evening star shone brilliantly on the Temple of Solomon, whose hundred portals were now sending forth (the sacred service being over) multitudes of Zion's children. Slowly they vanished away, like clouds over the valley of the Jordan; and the holy temple now appeared tenantless, with the exception of one votary who, in a pensive and gloomy mood, remained leaning against a column, of which, by his deathlike stillness, he seemed to be a part. From the gold-embroidered silks of India, which constituted his dress, his flowing beard partially silvered with age, his stately stature and noble countenance, it was easy to conclude that this man was amongst the loftiest of his tribe. He seemed yet buried in thought when the chief priest Assir, who had just taken off his officiating robes, passed him by, remarking with a smile of masked malignity, "Has Hophin, happy Hophin, forgotten that his young and lovely wife is anxiously awaiting his return?"

"Ha, Assir!" replied Hophin, startled from his reverie; then adding in a tone of assumed tranquillity, "my wife, good Assir, is passing the evening by the bedside of my niece, Rachel, who is dangerously ill."

"And, doubtless, you are now going to conduct to her home your fair spouse? At least you will not depute that pleasing duty to the orphan whom you adopted five years ago at the Feast of the Huts?"

"An act of humanity," replied Hophin, evasively.

"Backed by the moving entreaties of your young wife," furtively sneered the high-priest.

"How could I do otherwise?" continued Hophin, with gathering gloom. "The '*Feast of the Huts*,' as you well know, is celebrated to bless the produce of the earth and to return thanksgiving to the DIVINE DONOR. Huts formed of branches are raised before our doors. In these we eat in common during the festival. It was at this feast that Ammiel came to our hut. How could I refuse hospitality to a famished child? for Ammiel was then but a child."

"But is so no longer," observed Assir, with studied indifference.

"It is exactly five years from this day," went on Hophin; "I was coming from the bath, when Ezela met me with her eyes glistening with tears, 'Oh! my lord,' she exclaimed, 'a child—a poor orphan is at your gate. No home, no friend, no refuge! Bless the first year of our

union with a good work, and let the feast we are now celebrating be to your wife a memorial of her husband's generous bounty.' Ezela was so beautiful at this moment, that I promised to adopt the boy. I took him by the hand, seated him at my table, and called him 'son.' I hope I have never had reason to repent my conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied Assir, mysteriously.

"What mean you? Your voice sounds ominously?" said Hophin, whose usually pale cheek reddened up with a burning flush.

"Nay, I speak in my wonted tone," replied the priest.

"I know thee for my enemy," sharply rejoined Hophin.

"Your rival once, but your enemy never! The Lily of Hebron inflamed me with a passion such as few can feel. You were preferred to me; and, in the first moments of my despair, I owed you, perhaps, no very great goodwill; but *now*—pah! no more of this. Ezela is about twenty, I believe, and you are fifty, Hophin?"

"That is my age this very day," replied the husband of Ezela.

"Ezela is beautiful, mild, affectionate, but young and thoughtless."

"Assir!"

"I have a nephew at home, a fine stripling like your adopted son Ammiel. Now had I a wife so young, so beautiful as Ezela, why—women *will* make comparisons, and they seldom decide in favour of grey hairs."

It was late at night when Hophin, striding rapidly through the principal streets of Jerusalem, arrived at his door, which was immediately opened by an old female slave.

"Where is Ezela?" demanded he, with a voice so altered, that the old slave raised her lamp to his face, doubting that it was her master who spoke.

"Where is Ezela?" hoarsely repeated Hophin.

"My lord, upon the terrace;" and the slave bowed to the dust.

"Alone?" muttered Hophin, as if dreading the reply.

"No, my lord; the young Ammiel is with her."

The priest's words were arrows. His looks poisoned the bars.

"Wretch, be silent!" at length burst forth Hophin. "Ezela is as pure as the snows of Hermon!"

"And who has said to the contrary, my good Hophin? As for me, I have not the slightest doubt of it; but other people say that they have seen and heard —"

"What?" roared Hophin, trembling in every nerve, and perspiring at every pore, — "what have they heard?—what have they seen?"

"Only the gentle conversation and private meetings of Ammiel and Ezela upon the terrace."

"Serpent or demon!" replied Hophin, hissing with the suppressed fury of both, "if this be false, your life would be but as a drop in the cup of my revenge; but if true — *true!* — God of Israel, where am I? My reason wanders! Assir! for mercy's sake retract your words. Pluck from my mind these dreadful suspicions! say that Ezela is true, or, by my father's grave —"

"Ezela's truth and love can be easily and surely proved," calmly interrupted Assir.

"How?" gasped Hophin.

"By one of our pious ceremonies now almost obsolete; but which, on this occasion, I would wish to revive."

"What ceremony?"

"I will explain it to you as we go along. Come," said Assir, familiarly passing his arm under Hophin's. "The night advances, and Ezela is not yet at home."

THE TERRACE.

In an instant Hophin was on the terrace. One rapid glance drank in the whole scene.

The night was oriental in its fairest attributes; clear, calm, and beautiful. Myriads of stars sparkled in the deep blue heavens, forming the retinue of the crescent moon slowly rising from the waves of "the Great Sea." At one extremity of the terrace female slaves were seated on straw mats, and spoke in low murmurs; at the other end Ezela, unveiled, and reclining on cushions, sang, in a low soft voice, one of David's canticles. Ammiel was seated at her feet, and their attitudes changed not at the presence of Hophin. Ezela

sang. Ammiel gazed on her, and listened; but Hophin, with a voice as from the tomb, slowly articulated, "Why have you left the house of Rachel before I came to conduct you hither?"

"My lord," replied Ezela, the tears clinging to her silken eyelids, "Rachel is much better. The night was growing late, and Ammiel accompanied me home."

"Ammiel, Ammiel!" repeated Hophin, using the word as a stimulant to his rage; "and what brought Ammiel thither?"

Pale and trembling, Ezela answered not; but Ammiel, starting to his feet, replied, "My father! I went to meet you and Ezela; but, not finding you at Rachel's house, we believed that you had returned home in our absence, and therefore we hastened hither to rejoin you."

"It is well," coldly observed Hophin, seating himself on the cushions, and concealing under a tranquil air the suspicious gnawing at his heart. Drawing Ezela to his side, and passing his arm round her waist, till his fingers pressed insidiously upon the life-pulse of her spotless breast, he continued,—

"Ammiel, my son, thou art now eighteen years of age?"

"Since the last moon," replied Ammiel, in perplexity.

"Ammiel, thou art now a man. It were foul shame for thee to pass thy days in the apartments of women."

"What would my father say? I am an orphan. On earth I have no other friend than you and Ezela," added he, sadly looking at the young woman, who smiled as sadly in return.

Hophin pressed so tightly the arm of Ezela, that she uttered a cry of pain. Regardless of this, her husband sternly continued,—

"The king of Israel now lives in peace; but peace has need of soldiers, even as war."

"Now I understand my father," proudly replied Ammiel. "Let it be to-morrow,—let it be this hour: I am ready to depart."

"No, no, Ammiel!" suddenly exclaimed Ezela; "leave not this roof. Choose some other profession than the cruel one of war."

"Woman!" thundered Hophin, "give your advice when asked!"

The silence which succeeded the loud and furious words weighed heavily even on the slaves crouching in whispering groups at the other extremity of the terrace.

"Ezekiel, the captain of the king's guards, is my friend and kinsman. He will receive you to-morrow in his corps. Ammiel, you depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" involuntary sighed Ezela.

"Well! what next? Pray continue. This may be the last opportunity," and Hophin smiled maliciously.

"You hurt me, my lord," said Ezela, in a low voice (his poniard-hilt pressed rudely against her side),—"you hurt me;" and she endeavoured to disengage her person from his coil.

"Stay!" shouted Hophin; and the adjoining terraces reverberated successively the sound. Ezela seemed petrified to a beautiful statue. A flash of indignation gleamed from the large blue eyes of the orphan; but, suppressing his bitter emotion, he demanded at what hour he should receive his instructions.

"At two hours after sunrise," coldly replied Hophin.

Without another word, Hophin, Ezela, and the orphan Ammiel, separated for the night; the trembling slaves slowly following. No sound was heard save the step and voice of the warder on the walls, or the distant gurgling of the Kedron. The cloudless stars shone down upon the deserted terrace; gradually they waned away toward the palm-clad shores of Phœnicia; and soon the mountains of Moriah hailed the cheerful day-dawn,—cheerful to all but the wretched, whose sleepless eyes turn away from the blessed beams as from a ghastly mockery.

THE BANKS OF THE KEDRON.

But long before day-break, Assir, the high-priest, and Hophin, chief of the tribe of Naphthali, were slowly

walking on the margin of the Kedron, or "Dark Rivulet," which darts its darkling way through the

valley of Hinnom. Pressing almost convulsively his companion's arm, Hophin eagerly asked,—

"But is the 'test of the bitter waters' infallible?"

"Infallible beyond the shadow of suspicion."

"My reason refuses to believe it," demurred the layman.

"The power of Jehovah is infinite!" The priest bowed low.

"And yet, if Ezela should prove innocent?" mused Hophin.

"She would appear more beautiful from the ordeal," complimented the priest.

"But, if guilty?"

"Her body would soon become swollen, and death would instantly succeed."

"Assir!" said the husband, casting a gloomy glance on the dark waters rolling at his feet, "Ezela must die! You understand me."

"Justice shall be done on the guilty;" and the priest bowed again.

"Assir, you are a doctor of the law, and even so am I. But you are also a priest, and so am not I. Speak we undisguisedly. Speak not as a high-priest to an ignorant Levite, but as man to man."

So saying, he sat down upon the trunk of a storm-uprooted cedar; and, approaching his lips towards the ears of the high-priest, whispered, in a hiss of torture,—

"Assir, I am betrayed! Ezela loves Ammiel! You see this poniard. Last night it was within a hair-breadth of drinking the life-blood of the wanton and her paramour. You shudder, Assir, and you are right. The deed were brutal, so I checked myself to enjoy a sweeter vengeance. Assir, Ezela must die, yet not in the darkness of night, but in the glare of noonday,—not assassinated by my slaves, or by my own hand, but by thine, good Assir, by the draught of the 'bitter waters,' in the midst of the Temple, and before the face of all Israel. Thou understandest?"

While the machinations of Sathanas were thus concocting by the waters of the Kedron, the rays of the rising sun found Ezela and the young Israelite clasped in each other's arms on the terrace where the scene of the last evening had passed.

"To none but the guilty are the waters terrible," solemnly replied the priest's.

"And yet, had I been high-priest, good Assir, they should be terrible to whomsoever I pleased," insinuated Hophin.

But the hint fell stillborn, apparently, for the priest's eye was imperturbable as the tomb.

"The sand which I mix with the waters is collected from the floor of the sanctuary. I mix with the sand certain burnt herbs, and prepare two cups, one for the wife, the other for her husband."

"You mark one of these cups, good Assir?"

Their eyes met. A flash of demon joy gleamed, for a moment, in the eyes of the high-priest, then left them more lurid than before, as darkness after lightning. A fiendish thought seemed to mark, as with a brand, his forehead, piercing through the prophylact, and burning in the brain.

"The labourer deserves his hire," muttered Assir.

Hophin drew from his bosom a gold-embroidered purse, and presented it to the high-priest.

"But, before I act," remarked the latter, "I must previously ascertain whether Ezela deserves the death you doom her to. I desire to have an hour's converse with her alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Hophin, starting at the thought.

"Then seek from some other 'the ordeal of the bitter waters,' prepared in the manner you wish them to be. Peace be with you!" And the priest arose from the prostrate cedar, as if about to depart.

"Hold! Assir," groaned Hophin, struggling with his passions; "you have my secret. When would you wish to speak with Ezela?"

"When the evening prayer is said."

"Then be it so."

And, without word, look, or salute, they separated.

THE DEPARTURE.

"My brother, my dear and only brother, all must be revealed to Hophin. Ammiel, you must not be sacrificed!" And Ezela sobbed bitterly.

"But the dying words of our mother must be obeyed. Ezela, she

knew not at first that I lived, that I was saved from the shipwreck where our father perished; otherwise she would not have willed you all the property, half of which was legally mine."

"Yet, Ammiel, when she knew you were alive, why did she conceal your existence, and rob you of your just patrimony?"

"Hush! my sister. A mother's pride, and she was most proud in having Hophin for her son, led her to this error, besides the disgrace of Hophin's refusal, had you only half the dowry proposed. I regret not the loss. Your marriage was celebrated, and you accompanied your husband to Jerusalem."

"And you, my poor brother, art cast penniless on the world for my account. Oh! Ammiel, let me read once more the last injunctions of our mother. They may strengthen me in this hour of trial."

Ammiel took a scroll of parchment from his bosom, and Ezela read, with sorrowful agitation, her mother's letter:—

"To Ammiel.

"My son, when you return to the home of your fathers you will find it desolate. Your dying mother confesses she has robbed you, and added to the robbery a lie. Forgive me, my son! From the grave I implore your forgiveness. Let not my memory be brought to shame, nor your sister to reproach, by revealing the secret which weighs heavily on my heart at this my dying hour. Go to thy sister; tell her all. May the God of Israel support thee and her to keep inviolate the secret of thy mother.

"SHIRAZ."

"Thus, Ezela," sighed Ammiel, taking back the parchment, "our

mother's secret must be kept, even to the death."

"But, Ammiel, my brother, hear me. Leave not Jerusalem this morning, nor even to-morrow. I implore you to grant me this favour. Some horrible presentiment chills me as with a death-damp. Stay, Ammiel," she repeated, enfolding him in her arms. "Wait till to-morrow eve near the tower of David. I shall either come myself, or send a slave to thee."

"Well, I promise thee, Ezela. Trust thy brother!"

A shadow crossed the sunshine on the terrace. Ammiel started, and suddenly disengaged himself from his sister's farewell embrace. Hophin stalked forward.

"Pardon our tears and our last farewell, my lord. Ezela has been a sister to me; to her I owe the protection you have so nobly granted to a poor orphan. Be not offended at my grief;" and Ammiel turned aside in sorrow.

"Wherefore should I?" coldly responded Hophin. "But enough of this. Take you these three purses of gold, you will find my best horse ready caparisoned in the court-yard. Depart for the army. Farewell!"

Ammiel was about to refuse the gifts of Hophin, but a look from Ezela altered his intention. Receiving the purses, and casting one look on Ezela, he uttered,—

"My lord, I accept these gifts as from a brother; and now the God of Israel watch over you."

Ammiel rapidly departed.

"And now, woman, for thy destiny!" hoarsely muttered Hophin, leading his wife to her apartments.

THE PILGRIM.

Sadly leaning on the marble balustrade which enclosed the terrace of Hophin's mansion, Ezela was gazing intently on a dark and vertical streak which curiously appeared to bisect the setting sun. This was the tower of David, where Ammiel was to await her instructions.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who, touching the ground with his forehead, announced that a pilgrim requested hospitality.

"See, then, to his wants," hastily

replied Ezela, resuming her gaze towards David's Tower.

"The pilgrim requests a private interview," said the slave, returning.

"Where is thy master?" inquired Ezela.

"At evening prayer," replied the slave.

"I receive no persons in his absence. Depart!"

The slave departed, but in a few minutes reappeared, and lowly uttered,—

"The pilgrim requests this interview in the name of humanity."

"In vain!" replied Ezela, in a tone of annoyance.

"For the sake of your life, which is in danger."

"Leave my presence," proudly commanded the young matron.

"In the name of your husband."

"I cannot see this man," said Ezela, hesitatingly.

"In the name of the orphan Ammiel."

"Bid him enter immediately," rapidly answered Ezela, veiling her flushed features.

And Assir entered.

"Daughter of Shiraz!" mildly began the priest, "your mother spurned me as your suitor. Hophin, the wealthy and powerful Hophin, was preferred to the poor priest Assir. But that is past. I come not hither to reproach; no, I come to save you."

"How, Assir! what means this mystery?"

"Thou shalt hear. The demon of jealousy has seized on your husband's heart. To-morrow you shall be summoned by my voice to the temple and compelled to undergo the 'ordeal of the bitter waters.' Terrible will be the trial!"

"I fear it not," replied Ezela unmoved.

"And thou wert right, Ezela," rejoined the priest, "if it had been the hand of God that prepared the waters; but the hand of man——"

"Thy hand, good Assir! is it not?"

"Yea, even mine," and the priest seemed sunk in thought.

"Speak, Assir, I implore you.

You are trembling, and your looks are those of the dead."

"Listen, then, daughter of Shiraz. Your husband desires your death, and by his order I am to poison one of the two cups," said the priest in a voice barely audible.

"Satanic slanderer!" replied the young wife, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with indignant emotion.

"Seest thou this purse? Dost thou recognise it? It is full of gold; my reward for your death."

Ezela instantly recognised the purse which her own hands had wrought and presented to Hophin. The hot tears came gushing through her veil.

"But it shall be the reward of his death, if thou wilt it," said the priest, insidiously approaching her.

"Promise, beautiful Ezela, to be my bride, and Hophin shall quaff the poisoned cup, leaving thee a widow to-morrow."

"Infamous assassin!" indignantly burst forth Ezela, as she rushed from the terrace.

A moment after, and before Assir had recovered from his discomfiture, a slave hurriedly conducted him from the terrace to the court-gate. There the husband of Ezela met the high-priest. Their eyes met, and the meeting of their eyes would have delighted man's enemy to behold.

"To-morrow!" muttered Hophin.

"Ay, to-morrow!" and the priest hurried on.

THE ORDEAL.

It was noon; not a cloud obscured the azure heavens. The sun shone down in all his power and beauty on the domes of Jerusalem, "the vision of peace" (and a *vision* of peace has it been from its foundation to the present day). Crowds thronged through the gates of Solomon's Temple, eagerly anxious to witness the ordeal of the bitter waters. The women occupied exclusively the galleries, the men filled nearly to suffocation the body of the temple. Silence seemed to shudder as the high-priest appeared slowly ascending the steps of the tabernacle. As soon as he had stood in front of the holy ark he bowed him to the ground and then stepped back.

A few moments elapsed and he was followed by a man and a woman. The former in gloomy abstraction kept his eyes fixed upon the unleavened cake which he carried between his hands. The woman walked upon the left side of the man, her person being entirely covered by a white woollen veil. The swan of the Euphrates never appeared more graceful.

A brief pause ensued, when the husband, placing the cake upon the altar, uttered aloud, "The spirit of jealousy possesses my heart. I demand for my wife the test of the bitter waters."

"Thy demand is granted," said the high-priest.

"And, therefore," resumed Hophin, "have I brought this barley-cake, unmixed with oil or spices, a cake of jealousy and a memorial of iniquity. Let the guilty perish!"

"Wife of Hophin, approach," intoned the high-priest. And Ezela walked forward.

A young Levite takes two cups filled with blessed water and places them before the priest. Assir collects some grains of sand from the floor of the sanctuary and slowly casts them into each cup, accompanying the act with a few lowly-uttered words. Then advancing towards the wife of Hophin he removes her veil, and the temple shone as with the beauty of a seraph.

"Oh! mercy and pardon for the young and beautiful," burst from the lips of the men.

The women were mute upon the occasion.

Regardless of this incident, the priest continued his dreadful office. Taking the cake from the husband's hands and closely approaching Ezela, he whispered, "It is not yet too late. Consent to be my wife; say but one word, Ezela, and thou art free."

"Priest, perform thy duty!" indignantly murmured Ezela. Then raising her radiant eyes to heaven, she added fervently, "God of Israel protect me!"

"Daughter of Shiraz! wife of Hophin!" said Assir, aloud, "if thou art chaste in thought and deed, be thou unscathed by these waters. But if otherwise, may these waters which thou shalt drink prove thy last draught upon earth!" Then taking the cup and placing it within her trembling hands added, with a fiendish emphasis, "Drink, spouse of Hophin!"

Ezela looked at the cup, and then at her husband. His scornful glance aroused her gentle spirit. "People of Israel!" said the victim, with a voice that thrilled through the columns of the temple, but not through the heart of Hophin. "Men, who

judge me, and ye women, who hear me, I swear that I am innocent, that my heart is pure, and my tongue a stranger to falsehood. And yet I dread this trial, for the malice of men may be taken for the judgment of God. May the Lord pardon my enemies. I pardon them from my soul." Then raising the cup to her lips, she drank its contents. For a moment her beautiful eyes were directed towards the roof of the temple, then slowly sinking upon the vast and awe-stricken multitude, she recognised her brother, and faintly exclaimed, "Ammiel, dear Ammiel, farewell!"

"Hophin! thy turn has come," said Assir, presenting the other cup.

At that moment Ammiel rushed through the crowd, caught the fainting Ezela in his arms, and exclaimed, "Who dare accuse my sister?"

"Thy sister," repeated Hophin, dropping the cup which broke in a thousand fragments on the pavement.

"Read," said Ammiel, presenting his mother's letter.

Hophin spoke not. He dreaded being accused as the murderer of Ezela.

Assir approached and whispered, "The poison was not in the cup of Ezela!"

"In which, then?" gasped Hophin, recoiling.

"In neither!" replied the high-priest, fixing his eyes on the broken cup with a look of savage disappointment.

Ezela, recovering from her swoon, kissed her husband's hand, and the forehead of her brother. Assir shrunk away from the scene as a foul bird from the light of day. All the men, save the high-priest, blessed the beautiful, and all the women envied her. "A moral phenomenon," saith our chronicler, "by no means confined to the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

GASTRONOMY. THE CLASSICS OF THE TABLE.*

We really begin to think that Louis Philippe, after fourteen years of wrangling, intrigue, management, and fighting, practised alternately on the nation at large and on the parties and sections into which France is divided, has, by dint of patience and perseverance, overcome all his enemies, and settled down at last into a comfortable sort of a *quasi bourgeois* Bourbon, who can eat his *julienne* without fear of an *émeute*, and look forward to his *perdre aux choux* unscared by royalists or republicans.

What has induced you to come to this conclusion? says the inquiring reader. Listen, and we will give a reason for the faith that is in us. For fourteen years the literary market of Paris has been deluged with all sorts of monstrosities. New systems of religion and morals have succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, plans in quartos and duodecimos have been unfolded for the reconstruction and regeneration of society. History has been written in the spirit of romance, and romance in the spirit of history; old classical recollections and traditions have been cast aside as *rococo* and *perruques*; Corneille, and Racine, and Molière, have given place to George Sand and Eugène Sue; the Bible itself has been superseded by Lamennais and Enfantin; but in all this unsettlement of old doctrines and practice, in all this din and clatter in the propagation of new principles the cooks and epicures of Paris, who anciently spoke as oracles and with most miraculous organ, have been silent and given no sign whatever of life. They are, no doubt, far too wise and witty to meddle with what does not concern them, or to handle topics beyond their reach; but why is it that during fourteen years they have been altogether silent on the progress, or, perhaps, we

should rather say on the "decline and fall" of their own art? Why, for no other reason than this, that in times of commotion and strife, of revolutionary travail and change, social intercourse is impeded, men become gloomy, uncommunicative, and ascetic. They neither accept nor give dinners. During the progress of the first revolution the restaurants were all closed, the cooks were sent adrift homeless and penniless, and it was not till the consulate had become so full-blown as to ripen into the melon fruit of the empire that the literature of the Table again revived, that men began to dine splendidly, sumptuously, and gaily; or that cooks, or epicures, or *bon-vivants*, recorded in imperishable long-primer the progress and the glories of the art they loved.

For the last two or three years there has been a lull in France, and the reason why we think it will be of some continuance, and that the dynasty of Louis Philippe must be henceforth regarded as a *fait accompli*, is not because M. Guizot appears to be firmly established in office, not because M. Thiers and his friends appear to be cast into the shade, not because the republican party cease to be demonstrative, not because the royalists are more foolish and ridiculous than they have ever been, not because a better intelligence appears to prevail between England and France, but because the "classics of the table" have been disinterred from the graves in which, though not dead, they lay too long sleeping. When men begin to talk of dinners, still more when they begin to write of them, are we sure of a calm world and a long peace.

But who is the worthy, excellent man to whom we are indebted for the awakening of the sagacious seven who were eaters before they became

* *Classiques de la Table*, 1 gros vol, qui contient:—1. *La Physiologie du Goût*, par Brillat Savarin. 2. *La Gastronomie*, par Berchoux. 3. *Des Ressources de la Table pendant toute l'Année*, par Grimod de la Reynière. 4. *L'Art de Diner en Ville*, par Colnet. 5. *La Gastronomie Historique*, par le Marquis Louis de Cussy. 6. *Quelques recettes Délicates* de M. F. Roques. 7. *De la Vie de M. le Prince de Talleyrand*, par M. le Dr. Bourdon. 8. *De la Table particulière du Menu*, par M. F. Fayot. 9. *Devoirs Réciproques de l'Homme riche et de son Practicien*, par Antonin Carême. 10. *La Cuisine et la Table Romaine*, par feu Masors.

sleepers? It is none other than M. F. Fayot, the secretary of the ingenious Carême, who has signed a contract with Dentre Renouard Man-sat Maison, our friend Amyot, and other booksellers, to see through the press and edit, not alone a splendid edition of these *Table Classics*, but every thing which Carême has written touching cookery, pastry, wines, decoration of tables, and the craft and mystery of a butler's office. The compilation is dedicated to M. Jules Janin, and from the tone of the preface we are led to believe that the closing and bankruptcy of restaurateurs, the sales of valuable stocks of rare old wines and liqueurs, is no longer an every-day occurrence in Paris as in the days of 1830 up to 1839 and 1840; but that, on the contrary, cookery and cooks, wines and liqueurs, are, to use a broker-like phrase, looking up in the market. The courtesies and elegancies of life are again reviving, the birds of the air, the water, and the earth are again salmied, fricasseed, roasted, crapaudineed, filleted, and supremed; and sensible men and lovely women wash them down with a glass of sparkling Al, or of mellow, full-flavoured Beaune, or pure, unadulterated Châteaun Margaux. This is as it should be, and so long as our lively neighbours shall think more frequently of cookery and less of constitutions, the better will it be for their own peace and comfort, for the repose of Europe and the safety and permanency of their new dynasty.

In a preliminary discourse addressed ostensibly to Dr. Paul Gaubert, but really to the world at large, M. Fayot gives a sketch of the writers and authorities whose essays and precepts he has collected into the beautifully printed and illustrated volume at present lying before us. It is well that we should present them, in "kit-kat" too, to the English public.

"In this volume," says he, in a rather slipshod style, as will be seen by the translation, "behold them united. Here you will find collected together all those preceptors in the art of living as it exists in the present day. I will take advantage of this conversational form to give some personal details of those writers which cannot be perused without interest. Seven or eight persons represent by the souve-

nirs of their lives or by their writings the gastronomy of the consulate and the empire. M. de Talleyrand, the minister for foreign affairs from the Directory in 1798 to 1807 or 1808. What a noble establishment was his! The first examples of his hospitality were models, and in the art of representing social eminence this minister was like Raphael in painting. His first attempts were perfect; he attained his end and object at once, and his table always continued peerless and pre-eminent.

"A man whose name will never be effaced from culinary souvenirs, M. Boucher, arranged the whole household of the prince with that noble-mindedness which the owner desired. The menus of the grand dinners of the minister for foreign affairs were classic. Carême detailed them to us minutely, and we have no scruple in saying they will be long imitated. Prince Talleyrand had every confidence in M. Boucher, who was a man of good natural abilities, and left him uncontrolled as to the expenditure. M. Boucher died in his service in about his fifty-second year. He was a man of an active body and mind, of a pure heart (*une âme pure*), though his intelligence was not the offspring of education. His debut was in the establishment of the Princess of Lamballe. For a long period it was Boucher who selected the cooks of all the great establishments out of France. Carême dedicated to him his *Pâtissier Royal*, one of his great books. It was he who created that elegant comfort of the establishment of Talleyrand, a table at which Fontanes, M. d'Alberg, M. Molé, M. Joubert, and twenty other distinguished men, among whom I would only further name the Abbé Desrenaudes (at once so quick-witted and solid-headed), the Count de Hauterive, M. de Monbrond, and M. de Laugéac, so often dined."

The following account of the illustrious diplomatist has a more graphic and personal interest:—

"M. de Talleyrand received every morning his bill-of-fare from his cook or his *maître d'hôtel*, I mean the bill-of-fare of the dinner, his only repast. In the morning, before entering on business, he only took (whatever may be said to the contrary) two or three cups of camomile. His ordinary dinners for ten or twelve persons were composed of two soups, two removes, of which one was of fish, of four *entrées*, of two roasts, four *entremets*, and the dessert. The prince ate heartily of soup, of fish, and an *entrée* of butcher's meat, which was almost always a *noix de veau*,* or leg of

* The leg of veal is divided into three distinct fleshy parts besides the middle bone, which is called the *noix*.

veal, or mutton cutlets *braisés*, or a little fowl, or a capon *au consommé*. He sometimes ate a little of the roast; his habitual *entremets* were spinach or cardoons, eggs or early vegetables. In sugared *entremets* he preferred apples or pears *gratinées*. Occasionally he partook of a little cream *au café*, but rarely did he touch the dessert. His wines were claret with a slight dash of water and a little sherry. Sometimes at dessert he asked for a glass of old malaga. In the drawing-room the *maitre d'hôtel* presented him a large cup, into which the prince put an abundance of sugar, and then his coffee was poured out."

All this detail is minutely given in the fourth page of preliminary matter on the authority of M. Fayot. It may or it may not be true; that is quite another question, though, in the main, we are inclined to think it is true; but, at all events, it is inconsistent with what is stated under the head of "*Le Prince de Talleyrand*," at page 518, on the authority of Doctor Isidor Bourdon, and on this discrepancy M. Fayot offers no observation whatever. But let us hear M. Bourdon:—

"The prince says he gets up at ten o'clock. He breakfasts half an hour after he rises. This is always an extremely simple repast—eggs, fruit, a slice of bread-and-butter, a glass of water sharpened with a touch of madeira; but without coffee, without chocolate, rarely even is it that the prince takes tea. Although a *gourmet* and an exquisite connoisseur, the prince dines copiously and drinks of pure madeira."

Many years ago we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Bourdon at the house of a common friend in the Rue de l'Odeon. He was then considered the greatest authority in Paris on the subject of mineral waters, and was eminent in many respects as a medical writer; but we incline to think he has, with all his opportunities for forming an opinion, fallen into a mistake as to the habits of Talleyrand. However it may have been in early or middle life, we believe, at least, for the last fifteen years of his existence, M. de Talleyrand ate but once in the twenty-four hours, and then copiously at dinner. So much for the first great authority. The second cited in these pages is M. Brillat Savarin, the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, of whom the following account is given:—

"M. Brillat Savarin was not a gastronome in the fine and delicate acceptation of the word. He was simply a vigorous eater. He was little known beyond his intimacies of the court of Cassation, in which he held a place, and the society of Madame Recamier. His book, a posthumous publication, alone revealed the profound sallies of his talent. His conversation in no respect indicated his superior mind, for it was curt, indifferent, and monotonous. He was of tall stature, heavy, vulgar, and dressed almost in a by-gone fashion. I always have before me his high shirt-collar incasing his neck, his large trousers floating over his shoes. He died the 2d Feb. 1826, and was born the 1st of April, 1755, at Belley, a small town situated at the foot of the Alps. He had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and had fled, during the reign of terror, first into Switzerland, and afterwards to America. From thence he returned to France in September 1796. His historical life is only to be reckoned by his charming book *La Physiologie du Goût*."

The third authority, whose poem *de la Gastronomie*, we find reproduced entire, is Berchoux. The biographical notice given of this gentleman by M. Fayot is slight and unsatisfactory. We are in a condition to add to it. It was in 1800 that Berchoux first arrived in Paris with his poem, *La Gastronomie*, under his arm. His provincial fame had preceded him, and he soon obtained a literary engagement at the office of the *Quotidienne*. His first articles in that journal bore the signature of an inhabitant of Macon. Michaud, the editor and historian of the Crusades, became his friend, and gave him valuable suggestions. *La Gastronomie*, published at first anonymously, soon reached a third edition. It certainly merited this popularity; for, after the *Lutrin*, it is one of the most ingenious pieces of badinage in the French language. But the subsequent productions of this author wanted vigour, and obtained but a trifling success. He died, about five years ago, at Marcigny, in the department of Saone and Loie. "Of a mild and gentle nature," says Fayot, "a friend to peace and to power, he served the Revolution and the Empire as a *justice de paix* (quere, juge de paix?), and the Restoration in the censorship; and in both offices with

not a *gastronome*, nor even a connoisseur. As a poet, he obtained the mastery over his subject, but never reduced it to practice as a *gourmet*.

The fourth work placed at the head of this article is *l'Art de diner en ville*, by Colnet.

The history of Colnet is altogether a curious one. Born of a noble family in Picardy, he had successively been a second-hand bookseller, first in a kind of cellar opposite the Pont Royal, and afterwards at the corner of the Rue des Petits Augustins. It is, however, as a writer in the *Gazette de France*, and as a critic in various other journals, that he obtained a more than European renown. The letters signed "La Voisine" were written by him and M. de Beauregard.

Grimod de la Reynière, whose name stands antecedently to that of Colnet, may be called the Corneille of French gastronomy. He was descended from one of the richest financial families. He was always, says Fayot, listened to with attention; for his style was good, dramatical, and full of fire; but his talent was in a great measure thrown away, not being compressed into so elegant and finished a work as the *Physiologie du Goût*. Grimod had passed a great portion of his life in intimacy with the leading actors of the *Théâtre Français*. The vogue which his eight volumes of the *Almanach des Gourmands* obtained was great and merited; but the work was hastily written, and founded on trivialities and passing events. He was of a lively, kindly, and loving nature. He had been handsome in his youth, was presented at Ferney, and had seen Voltaire. His health was robust, he was strong and corpulent (*avait du ventre*), and died at eighty years of age. He wrote with an astonishing facility, considering that he had but a stump; for a sad accident had in early youth deprived him of his hands.

After Grimod, says the editor, comes one of our common friends, a man of the world, the Marquis de Cussy. The emperor had made him baron, and prefect of the palace. M. de Cussy is among the men who best knew and most loved his master; and is, moreover, one of the most elegant types of gastronomy. He had been a "*grand seigneur*," had

expended nobly an immense fortune and magnificent emoluments. When the imperial government was overthrown, he was completely ruined. It was he who returned with Marie Louise to Vienna. She was partial to him, and liked his manners. But when he perceived that the empress appeared happy at the turn which events were taking, he renounced her service at Parma, and instantly asked permission to return to Paris. He arrived on the 20th of March, the day on which the emperor entered the Tuileries. On the following day he resumed his post. This ultimately compromised his interests.

The stomach of M. de Cussy, says the notice, was never at fault. In person he was of an exquisitely distinguished air; and, like M. de Narbonne, the living tradition of the most polished society. He had no faith in medicine, and the doctors took nearly a year to destroy his strong constitution. On the day of his death, after an illness of six months, he easily digested a whole red partridge. His life may be resumed in a few traits. You were obliged to eat discreetly at his dinners, and to drink only *à petits coups*. His entertainment lasted two hours. The following were his rules:—Few people; no crowd. Ten or eleven, or seven or five. He gave a weekly dinner. He was often at the fish-market at four o'clock in the morning. Replying one day to M. Brillat Savarin, who asked for two dozen of oysters detached from the shell, and served up before dinner, "Professor," said he, "you don't think of what you ask for. Oysters opened and detached from the shell! I only excuse you because you were born in the department of the l'Ain."

After this prefatory matter, we open directly on the *Physiologie du Goût*; and the well-known aphorisms of the professor are introduced to the reader with the following sketch, which is so good in its way, that it ought to be followed by the excellent story which we find at p. 19:—

"The Prince of Soubise had on one occasion intended to give a fête, which was to be followed by a supper, of which he had asked for the *menu*. The *maître-d'hôtel* presented himself with a handsome vignettéd bill of fare, and the first

article on which the prince cast his eyes was fifty hams. 'What, Bertrand,' said the prince, 'you surely are not in earnest? Fifty hams! Do you wish, then, to treat my whole regiment?' 'No, *mon prince*, only one of those hams will appear on the table; but the other forty-nine are not the less necessary for flavouring, whitening, garnishing,' &c. &c. 'Bertrand, you rob me, and this article shall not pass.' 'Ah, *monseigneur*,' said the artist, with difficulty choking his rising choler; 'you do not know our resources. You have but to order, and these fifty hams which now so much annoy you shall be dissolved into a crystal phial not bigger than my thumb.' The prince laughed, signified assent by a nod of the head, and the charge for the fifty hams passed muster."

Some of the definitions in the *Physiologie* are pithy and perfect, as, for instance, the following of bouilli: "Bouilli is flesh deprived of the gravy."

Under the head of "*Influence Financière du Dindon*," we find the following:—

"I have some reason to think, that from the commencement of November to the end of February, 300 truffled turkeys are daily consumed in Paris, making a total of 36,000 turkeys. Calculate the value of these."

There are, however, more ample and satisfactory details in the work of Chaptal *sur l'Industrie Française*, of which, as it was published so far back as 1819, and was the production of an admittedly able French minister, we are surprised the author has not availed himself:—

"In order to have an idea (says the Comte de Chaptal) of the enormous quantity of fowls of all species which exist in France, it will suffice to observe, that there are annually sold at the markets of Toulouse 120,000 geese, which are fattened in the neighbourhood; and M. Lavoisier has estimated the number of eggs consumed at Paris, on an average of several years, at 78,000,000, and the number of fowls at 39,000,000. Supposing the price of each to be a franc, including the cocks, this would give a capital of 41,600,000 francs. If to this be added the value of hens and cocks, of turkeys, geese, ducks, and pigeons renewed almost every year, the amount may be augmented to 10,000,000; so that the capital for fowls of all species amounts to 51,600,000 francs."

Which of our readers is there that has not heard of the Jesuit Fabi, a man of great erudition both as a scholar and a theologian; and who in one of his treatises seeks to prove that he discovered the circulation of the blood, if not before, at least as soon, as Harvey? The following anecdote is related of this worthy man. As soon as he heard that the Beccaficas appeared, presto! he put himself into a post-chaise, and was *en route* for Provence. He always arrived on the 1st day of September with a friend, and left again for Paris about the 25th. So long as he remained in France, he was never known to have once omitted this journey; and he only ceased to make it when sent to Rome as a consulting priest for reserved cases of conscience, in 1688.

In the *specialités* contained at page 38, there are some observations on *garum*, which are not without weight. A writer in the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, who has evidently paid much attention to the subject of cookery, and who appears to have read almost every treatise on the subject, whether ancient or modern, seems to think that the *garum* was the expressed brine of the tunny or the mackerel. But Brillat Savarin is of opinion that there are grounds for believing that it was the Indian soy, "which is known," says he, "to be a mixture of fermented fish with mushrooms." Now here are grave errors. Soy is not an Indian, but a Japanese and Chinese condiment; and it is not the production of fermented fish; nor, as the vulgar suppose, the expressed juice of the cockroach; but of a bean, to which Linnæus gave the name of "*dolichos soja*." Each pod contains two beans, resembling in form a marrow-fat pea; and the soluble part extracted from these is the soy. It may not be unnecessary to remark, that the greater part of the soy consumed in London is made within the sound of Bow-bell, and is generally a compound of treacle-water and wine, with walnut ketchup.

Of the truffle, Savarin delicately hints, that there are certain occasions "when it may render ladies more susceptible and men more agreeable."

The following is the definition of "gourmandise":—

"Gourmandise is a decided reasonable and habitual preference for those objects which flatter the taste. Gourmandise is the enemy of excess. Every guest who has an indigestion, or who becomes inebriated, deserves to be struck off the roll of gourmands. Gourmandise comprises *friandise* within its circle, which is only the same preference applied to delicate trifles of small volume. It is but a modification introduced in favour of women, or men resembling them.

"It is not, however, every one who can be a gourmand (*n'est pas gourmand qui veut*), for it is not on all men nature has conferred that delicacy of organ, without which the most succulent of meats pass unperceived over the palate. Those predestined to gourmandise are in general of middle stature, round or square visaged, with brilliant eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and round chin. Women addicted to gourmandise are plump, rather pretty than handsome, and inclined to stoutness."

Of the monasteries it is thus that Brillat Savarin speaks:—

"The monasteries were repertoires of most adorable *friandise*, and this is the reason why certain amateurs regret them so bitterly. The best liqueurs of France were made *à la Côte* among the brethren of the Visitation; the brethren of Niort invented *la confiture Angélique*; the sisters of the Château Thierry were renowned for *pains de fleur d'oranger*; and the Ursulines of Belley possessed a receipt for the *noix confites*, which was a treasure of *friandise*.

"Many of the monastic orders, above all the Bernardines, made an open profession of good cheer. When M. Presigni (who died Archbishop of Besançon) returned from the conclave which had named Pius VI. he said that the best dinner which he had made at Rome had been at the general of the Capucins."

In speaking of restaurateurs the opinions of a late writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* are fully borne out. We find the following under the head "Restaurateurs":—

"In 1770, after the glorious days of Louis XIV., the *roueries* of the regent, and the long peace which continued during the administration of Cardinal Fleury, strangers in Paris had few resources in respect of good cheer. They were forced to have recourse to the kitchen of *aubergistes*, which was generally bad. There were some hotels with a *table d'hôte*, which, with few exceptions, afforded mere necessities, and which, moreover, had a fixed hour for dinner. There was, indeed, the resource of *traiteurs*, but they

only furnished joints, and when one wished to regale a friend, one was obliged to order before-hand."

The following little tit-bits are extracted from the *Examen du Salon* of the restaurateur:—

"Farther on are two lovers. There can be no mistake about the matter from the eagerness of the one, the playful coquetry of the other, and the gourmandise of both. Pleasure sparkles in their eyes, and from the selection and choice which presides at their repast, a key may be found to explain alike the past and the future."

The following is in the main a correct description of the majority of our countrymen:—

"In another end of the room there are here and there strangers, and, above all, English. These latter stuff themselves with double portions of the viands, ask for the dearest dishes, drink the most heady wines, and are not always able to leave the room without assistance."

The renown of a restaurateur is often obtained for as mere a trifle as the clap-trap of a parliamentary orator.

In the twenty-fifth meditation, for instance, we are told that the celebrity of the *le Veau qui tette* (a famous restaurant of thirty-five or forty years ago) was owing to the *pieds de mouton*; that another house was renowned for a grill of a portion of the inside of a bullock; that the *Frères Provençaux* gained its celebrity by cod fish served with garlic; Very, by his *entrées truffées*; Robert, by bespoken dinners; Baleine (the proprietor of the *Rocher de Cancale*), by the trouble which he took to have excellent fish; and Henneven (tell it not in Gath), by the *mysterious boudoirs* of his fourth story.

We are all aware (some of us as a matter of fact which has passed under our observation, others as a matter of history) of the commendable industry of the French emigrants; but the following statements, collected under the head of *Industrie Gastronomique des Emigrés*, are, nevertheless, of curious interest:—

"In passing through Cologne I met a Breton gentleman who made a good thing of it by becoming a *traiteur*. I might multiply examples of this kind to an indefinite extent, but I prefer relating as more singular the history of a Frenchman

who acquired a fortune in London by his cleverness in making a salad. He was a Limousin, and, if my memory serve me rightly, called himself d'Aubignac or d'Albignac. Though his means were very small subsequent to his emigration, he happened to dine one day at one of the most famous taverns of London. Whilst he was in the act of finishing a slice of juicy roast beef, five or six young men of the first families were regaling themselves at a neighbouring table. One among them stood up, and, addressing the Frenchman in a polite tone, said, 'Sir, it is a general opinion that your nation excels in the art of making a salad, would you have the goodness to favour us by mixing one for us?' D'Albignac, after some hesitation, consented, asked for the necessary materials, and having taken pains to mix a perfect salad, had the good fortune to succeed. While the salad was in process of mixing, he candidly answered all questions addressed to him on his situation and prospects; stated he was an emigrant, and confessed, not without a slight blush, that he received pecuniary aid from the British government. It was this avowal, doubtless, which induced one of the young men to slip into his hand a five-pound note, which, after a slight resistance, he accepted. He gave the young men his address, and some time afterward was not a little surprised to receive a letter in which he was asked in the politest terms to come and dress a salad in one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square. D'Albignac, who began to have a distant glimmering of durable advantage, did not hesitate an instant, and arrived punctually fortified with some new ingredients destined to add new relish to his mixture. He had the good fortune to succeed a second time, and received on this occasion such a sum as he could not have refused without injuring himself in more ways than one.

"This second success made more noise than the first, so that the reputation of the emigrant quickly extended. He soon became known as the fashionable salad-maker; and in a country so much led by fashion, all that was elegant in the capital of the three kingdoms would have a salad made by him. D'Albignac, like a man of sense, profited by his popularity. He soon sported a vehicle in order the more readily to transport him from place to place, together with a livery servant carrying in a mabogany case every thing necessary; such as differently perfumed vinegars, oils with or without the taste

of fruit, soy, caviar, truffles, anchovies, ketchup gravy, some yokes of eggs. Subsequently he caused similar cases to be manufactured, which he furnished and sold by hundreds. By degrees the salad-dresser realised a fortune of 80,000*l.*, with which he ultimately returned to France."

The following are among the miscellanea:—

"It is people of talent who, above all, hold *la gourmandise* in honour; the general public are not capable of appreciating an operation which consists in a connected series of appreciations and distinctions."

"Madame the Countess of Genlis boasts in her *Memoirs* that she taught a German, who kindly received her, how to dress seven delicious dishes."

"It was the Count de la Place who discovered a rare method of dressing strawberries, which consists in moistening them with the juice of the sweet orange."

"I have no great opinion of that man," said the Count de M——, in speaking of a person who had obtained a good place. 'He has never ate a pudding à la Richelieu, and knows nothing of *cotelettes à la soubire*."

"A great drinker being at table, they offered him grapes at dessert. 'Thank you,' said he, pushing back the plate, 'I don't take my wine in pills.'"

We now come to the poem of Berchoux *La Gastronomie*, from which our extracts must be necessarily short. Every reader acquainted with the graphic pages of Suetonius, the more vigorous periods of Tacitus, and the scourging satire of Juvenal, is aware of the character and excesses of Domitian, who is thus introduced into the pages of Berchoux:—

"Domitien un jour se présente au sénat :
Pères conscrits, dit-il, une affaire d'état
M'appelle auprès de vous. Je ne viens
point vous dire

Qu'il s'agit de vieller au salut de l'empire;
Exciter votre zèle, et prendre vos avis
Sur les destines de Rome, et des peuples
conquis;

Agiter avec vous ou la paix ou la guerre,
Vains projets sur lesquels vous n'avez
qu'à vous taire;

Il s'agit d'un turbot : daignez délibérer
Sur la sauce qu'on doit lui faire préparer....

Le sénat mit aux voix cette affaire importante,

Et le turbot fut mis à la sauce piquante."

* Juvenal relates the story somewhat differently:—

"Sed deerat piaci patinæ mensura: vocantur
Ergo in concilium proceres," &c.—*Sat. II.*

How many of our readers are there who have been invited over and over again to a family dinner *sans façon*. Here is the advice which Berchoux gives concerning such invitations : —

“ Je ne vous tairai rien : si parfois ou vous prie ”

A dîner sans façon et sans cérémonie,
Refusez promptement ce dangereux honneur :

Cette invitation cache un piège trompeur.

Souvenez-vous toujours, dans le cours de la vie,

Qu'un dîner sans façon est une perfidie.”

The ordinary barn-door fowl, for which so many of us are compelled to pay 5s. 6d. in this present month of May at the west-end poulterers, is thus remorselessly treated : —

“ Proscrivez sans pitié ces poulets domestiques,

Nourris in votre cour et constamment étiques,

Toujours mal engraisés par des soins ignorants ;

Ne connaissez que ceux de la Bresse ou du Mans.”

At length we come to the extracts from the *Almanach des Gourmands* ; but before we enter on them, the following short additional sketch of the personal habits of the author, which we find at p. 356, may not be unamusing : —

“ The author of the *Almanach* is still in the land of the living. He eats, digests, and sleeps in the charming valley of Longpons ; we saw him there eight days ago. But how is he changed ! At eight o'clock he rings for his servants, scolds them, cries ‘ *Extravagates !* ’ asks for his soup *aux fécules*, and swallows it. Digestion now commences, the labour of the stomach reacts upon the brain, the gloomy ideas of the fasting man disappear, calmness resumes her sway, he no longer wishes to die. He speaks, converses tranquilly, asks for Paris news, and inquires for the old gourmands still living. When digestion is finished he becomes silent, and sleeps for some hours. On awaking complaints recommence ; he weeps, he sighs, he becomes angry. He wishes to die, he calls eagerly for death. The hour of dinner comes, he sets himself down to table, dinner is served, he eats abundantly of every dish, although he says he has no want of any thing, as his last hour is approaching. At dessert his face becomes animated, his eyes, sunk in their orbits, sparkle brightly. ‘ How is M. de Cussy, dear doctor ? ’ he ex-

claims. ‘ How long will he last ? they say he has a terrible disease. Doubtless they have not put him on regimen. You would never have suffered that ; for one must eat to live, eh ? ’ At length he rises from table. Behold him in an immense arm-chair ; he crosses his legs, supports his stumps upon his knees (for he has no hands, but something resembling the flap of a goose), and continues his conversation, which always runs on eating. ‘ The rains have been abundant,’ he cries, ‘ we shall have plenty of mushrooms this autumn. What a pity, dear doctor, that I cannot accompany you in your walks to St. Geneviève ! How fine our vines are, what a delicious perfume ! ’ and then he falls asleep, and dreams what he will eat on the following day.”

From what we have heard and read of the man, we doubt that this extract is much, if at all, overcharged. As to the extracts from the eight volumes of the *Almanach*, we think them injudiciously selected, and they are by no means given in sufficient numbers. We could easily select sixty better pages than the thirty given by M. Fayot. The following is the description of turbot : —

“ Turbot is the pheasant of the sea, because of its beauty ; it is the king of Lent, because of its majestic size. It is ordinarily served *au court bouillon*. The turbot has the simplicity and majesty of a hero, and every species of ornament offends him much more than it honours him. On the day after he makes his first appearance ; it is quite another affair : he may be then disguised. The best manner of effecting this is to dress him in Bechamel, a preparation thus called after the Marquis de Bechamel, *maître hôtel* of Louis XIV., who has for ever immortalised himself by this one *ragoût*.”

The following *morceau*, which is in the first volume, is not given : —

“ A pheasant should be suspended by the tail, and eaten when he detaches himself from this encumbrance. It is thus that a pheasant hung on Shrove Tuesday is susceptible of being spitted on Easter-day.” From the same volume M. Fayot has omitted to extract the history of a Lorraine carp, which had twice made the journey to Paris, but returned again to his native water for want of a purchaser. The price of this monster was fixed at thirty louis. He had made the journey each time with the courier of the

malle posts, and was altogether fed on bread and wine.

Why should M. Fayot omit the article on red herrings in the fourth volume; the description of the house of Billiote, whose cookery and cellars were patronised by the whole body of the clergy; the account of the table d'hôte Au Nom de Jésus, in the Cloître St. Jacques de l'Hôpital, where a fish dinner was served up every Wednesday and Saturday for the moderate sum of two francs four sous, for they are all excellent? The description of a *coulis* at pp. 183-5 in this volume is one of the best things extant, and yet it is not extracted; nor do we find in this collection the paper entitled "Du meilleur morceau de chaque animal." There are some details also on prices which are left out, and which might well be introduced into a second edition. Thus we learn at p. 242 of the sixth volume of the *Almanach*, that in 1808 the Rocher de Cancale was the favourite resort of Russian princes, German barons, and diplomatists of all countries, and that good dinners then were charged ten, fifteen, and eighteen francs, without wine. We remember to have been present at *dîner d'apparat*, consisting of six persons, just twenty years afterwards (1828), the bill for which amounted to 450 or 75*f.* per head, including wine. On that occasion some Château Margeaux was ordered, which was said to have been in bottle since 1789, and for which a charge of fourteen francs per bottle was made in the bill. From this dinner, which was ordered by an exquisite gourmet and which entirely consisted of *plats fins*, every one of the party rose hungry.

Apropos of the Rocher de Cancale, there is one anecdote concerning it, of which M. Fayot has availed himself, and which we must extract:—

"A certain abbé, who was uncommonly fond of fish, often visited the Rocher de Cancale. Upon one occasion, having dined copiously of salmon, a heavy indigestion was the consequence. Three days afterwards, whilst saying mass, the idea of the fish came across his mind, and, instead of saying the *mea culpa* of the *Confiteor*, he was heard to repent in striking his breast, 'Ah, le bon saumon!—ah, le bon saumon!'"

We now come to Colnet, so well

known to all readers of the *Gazette de France*. We can only afford to give the following extract from his *l'Art de dîner en ville*. It is the concluding portion of the description of a dinner at an ignorant but rich financier's:—

"Son goût n'est pas très-pur; mais ses vins sont exquis;
Sa table est tous les jours ouverte aux beaux esprits;
Parasites lettrés, errants chez l'opulence,
Et véritable impôt sur les gens de finance.
On l'écoute et jamais on ne le contredit;
Plus il est ennuyeux, plus chacun l'applaudit.
Qu'il prononce à son gré sur la pièce nouvelle,
Du couple débutant qu'il juge la querelle,
Son arrêt, sans appel, est celui d'Appollon;
Quand on donne à dîner, on a toujours raison."

We next in order come to *l'Art Culinaire* of the Marquis de Cussy, prefect of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon. The following observation upon Luther is original:—

"The schism of Martin Luther was really and seriously occasioned by the fastings and the like punishments inflicted on the true believers of Germany. The spiritual power should never meddle with the kitchen. In consequence of this fault, the situation of the church was changed in Europe."

The following remarks on Carême are new to the majority of our readers:—

"Carême has bestowed fine names on his soups:—Potages Condé, Boieldieu, Broussais, Roques, Ségalas (the three last learned and agreeable doctors); Larmarine, Dumesnil (the historian); Buffon, Girodet; and, to be just to all the world, that great practitioner in the culinary art which the world has lost had not forgotten before his death, to give also to one of his best soups the name of Victor Hugo. He called a *matelote* of fish after M. Delavigné, and a *dia* of perch after his physician, M. Gaubert."

Here are M. Carême's ideas on *maigre* sauces:—

"It is in a lanten kitchen that the cleverness of a cook can shed a brilliant light. It was in the Elysée Imperial, and by the example of the famous Laguipierre and Robert, that I was initiated into this *fine branch of the art*, and it is *inexpressible*. The years '93 and '94, in their terrible and devastating course, respected these strong heads (*ces forts*

tées). When our valiant First Consul appeared at the head of affairs, our miseries and those of gastronomy finished.

"When the empire came, one heard of soups and *entrées maigres*. The splendid *maigre* first appeared at the table of the Princess Caroline Murat. This was the sanctuary of good cheer, and Murat was one of the first to do penitence. But what a penitence!"

One does not know whether to be indignant or to laugh at this. The old proverb, "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," is undoubtedly true. A few years before the consulate, the ambitious Caroline Buonaparte, afterwards wife of Murat, was, with her mother and the other female members of her family, in so destitute a situation at Marseilles, that they had not the means of buying wood to warm themselves; and as to Murat, her husband, it is well known that he rose from the very dregs of society, his father being a village innkeeper at Bastide Frontonière, in the department of Lot.

It is in the following strain that Carême speaks of his table:—

"Suoculence, variety, and *recherche*, Murat undoubtedly desired at his table, and his wishes were supplied. But he owed all these things to our great Lagui pierre" (his cook!), "whom he loved. What a labour was Lagui pierre's! This glorious establishment of Murat's, exhibiting the grandeur of a royal household, was dearly loved by all true gastronomes. The causes of its splendour were the magnificence of the prince, the splendid, friendly, and associated talents of M. Robert, his comptroller, and of the famous Lagui pierre, his *chef de cuisine*. I had the happiness, during two years, of being the first assistant of Lagui pierre, as well as his friend. In that time we recreated that grand *cuisine maigre*, and restored the *beau maigre* to old Mother Church."

Of a truth Carême deserves, after this last passage, to have his epitaph written by the Right Rev. Father in God, Edward Coplestone; or, better still, by that pleasantest of all canons, past, present, or to come, the Rev. Sydney Smith. Here are his high-flown ideas as to a *maître d'hôtel*:—

"The *maître d'hôtel* should have, in combination and together, qualities which are rarely ever distributed separately. He should, above all, be a cook. His head should be strong, quick, productive.

He should be tempered to command, active, and animated, with an invincible ardour for labour. At the signal for serving dinner, he should be, beyond expression, a man of *ensemble*, of direction, enthusiastic, and attentive, even to trifles; vigilant, he should see every thing, and know every thing. A *maître d'hôtel* is never ill, never! From three o'clock he is every where present; he operates every where by a powerful compulsion; he alone has the right to raise his voice, and every one should bend to him.

"You should comprehend him as a general at the moment of action. At his command each course is served and removed, each brigade as in march; a dinner of 300 no more embarrasses him than a dinner of twelve, if he have his plans prepared, cut, and dry, always, however, excepting the details. He should be so learned as to be able to write bills-of-fare off-hand, and without books. This is improvisation, and it is necessary in order to lead mankind."

It was said of Mr. Pitt, that he was so practised and accomplished a statesman, as to be able to write a king's speech off-hand; but this is the first time we have heard of a cook so learned as to write off-hand bills of fare.

Alas! for poor Carême. Sometimes, like abler, but not more amusing, writers, he gets out of his depth:—

"Dining," says he, "in England is the basis of representative government. Locke, Addison, Clark, Hume, Gibbon, were diners. They dined at Milord Chatham and North's, at Mr. Addington's, and even at Pitt's himself, that severe chancellor of the exchequer (*et chez Pitt lui-même ce sévère chancelier de l'échiquier*)."

Now Locke, who was born in 1632, died in 1704, before Lord Chatham and Henry Fox, second Lord Holland, were born; Addison died in 1719, before either had attained a dinner-giving age. It is possible that Dr. Samuel Clark may have dined with Lord Chatham, though not probable, as he died in 1729; though none of the three could have dined with the "severe chancellor of the exchequer, his son." Hume and Gibbon may certainly have dined with Chatham, North, and Addington; but Hume never could have dined with the "severe chancellor," though Gibbon may have eaten his mutton with him. It were too much

to expect that Carême should be very correctly informed in biographical history, but, as he wished to parade his information, he should, at all events, have taken the pains to refer to some biographical dictionary. What, however, are we to say of M. Fayot, the editor and author of sketches, both of Chatham and Pitt, who allowed these errors to pass without remark?

The following observations of the Marquis de Cussy, under the head of *La Gastronomie à Paris en été*, merit attention:—

"Follow an experienced person, follow him on the Sunday. On that day he is free. He has refused the hurried country dinner, the dinner of friends; he goes, in consequence, to the *traiteur*, who possesses his confidence, to the establishment of Borel, or to the old Frères Provençaux; the wines warm him, and his dinner is a little conception, if the early spring vegetables are cleverly introduced. Do not, however, believe that he neglects the solid part of the repast; the vegetables, which he accepts in the spring and summer, are a compliment paid to the season. Sensual life is perfect only at the good *traiteurs* of large towns, and *la fine cuisine* does not exist in the country among the fields, but near the city markets. Do not, therefore, fly Paris. It is in the fine season of the year that the great establishments display their superiority, and that it is agreeable to luxuriate in Paris. This is the moment that the reflecting gastronome chooses really to live, and he delights himself in the exquisite moderation of a good bill of fare of the Café de Paris. All that culinary commerce so generously or so dearly offers to civilisation is under his eyes, and as he has then but a small number of rivals, he may with full confidence believe, if a generous wine nourishes and caresses his fancy, that all this luxury has been gathered together for him. If you wish to dine well in summer at Paris, dine at the Trois Frères, dine at the Café de Paris, and ask, if you are little shattered by age or love, for the wing of a fowl, if it be roasted, for the leg, if it be *à la daube*, for the breast if you are weak, or have been recently ill. A middle-aged, experienced man, somewhat on the wane, never quits Paris willingly, never quits for any length of time, I mean. Green fields please much less between forty and sixty than in the hey-day of youth. A small, agreeable dinner at this epoch of life becomes an affair, and one now tastes the calm pleasures of deliberately meditated dinners, and a few choice wines. One prefers, at this age,

talking to feeling. This is the reason why good gastronomic establishments are, in the eyes of an isolated amateur, the points of the horizon from whence illusions and sun alike come."

We do not remember to have seen before the following observation on Beauvilliers:—

"Beauvilliers enjoyed great vogue as a restaurateur for a long while, but he never was of high rank as a cook. He was full of civility and attentions for those who came to dine at his establishment, and paced to and fro through the apartments to see if the company were content. On the least symptom of dissatisfaction he ordered the waiters to change a dish, and, going down to the kitchen, loudly scolded the negligent artist. At the Restoration, Beauvilliers was turned into ridicule because he wished to perform these functions dressed à la Française, with a sword at his side. But, with the exception of the court-suit and the sword, it were to be desired that the restaurateurs of the present day showed as much zeal and attention to their guests."

We are next treated to Dr. Roques' *Fragments sur les Plantes usuelles*, from which we make the following extracts on blackbirds and thrushes:—

"The taste for blackbirds and thrushes has passed from the ancients to the moderns. These birds are much esteemed in Germany, and in our southern provinces. The blackbirds of Corsica and of Provence are renowned, above all renowned as they feed on myrtle and juniper-berries. Cardinal Fesch, archbishop of Lyons, had a supply every year from Corsica. One dined at the house of his eminence partly because of his agreeable manners, partly for the noble and gracious reception he gave you, but, also, for his blackbirds, which were of exquisite flavour. More than one Lyonnese gourmand impatiently waited for the archiepiscopal clock to strike six. Then it was that these delicate little birds appeared upon the table, their delicious perfume charming all the guests. Their appearance, their seductive *tourments*, were also admired. Their backs were garnished with a small bouquet of fried sage, in some sort imitating the tail with which they were furnished when they poured forth their notes from the elm and hawthorn. 'But what,' the reader will exclaim, 'you do not speak of the fine oil in which these beautiful birds were baked, nor of the agreeable *rotis*, whose bitterness strengthened your stomach, while it perfumed your mouth?' You are right, judicious reader."

The following is a receipt for a breakfast in winter as well as in summer:—

“Breakfast during the months of July and August on iced coffee, and during the winter months on woodcock-soup. With this régime I restored to health and reason an aged canon, whose appetite was nearly gone, and who was disgusted with life.”

Here is a true description of the manner in which that fine flavour which they possess is given to the *Poularde du Mans*:—

“It is to the feeding on barley, and to that only, that the fine flavour of the *poularde du Mans* and of *La Fleche* is to be traced. This is one of the joys and delights of a gourmand, and if you have a little farm or even a trifle of a garden, you can fatten your own fowl. With a little care and time, you will have fowls and capons of an exquisite flavour. Feed them with ground-barley, mixed with bran and milk for some days, and then put them in a cage in a dark, dry spot. Give them as much farinaceous barley and milk as they can swallow. But mind, above and before all things, to separate the little cocks from the hens. This is indispensable, and must be rigorously observed. In a fortnight or three weeks your fowls will have acquired a fine and delicate obesity. ‘Beware,’ said Brillat de Savarin, ‘of the turkey poults of the neighbourhood of Paris. They have a bitterness which revolts a delicate palate, for they are fed on stale crusts, horse-chestnuts, and sour vegetables.’”

The following are taken at random from the *Aphorismes, Pensées, et Maximes* of Carême:—

“Woe to the great cook who does not know how to profit by his renown. It is a grand fault, for labour wearies us out, and we ought to give over work before we lose our health.”

“It is but natural that the man of genius should be loaded with fortune’s favours, that he should live in a fine mansion, that he should have a rich train of liveried servants to wait on him, and accompany his equipages. All this is right and proper; but all this is without dignity, if this man so blessed by Heaven does not comprehend all the importance of having at the head of his establishment a culinary artist, to give a repute to his table, to his good cheer, and to the ensemble of his establishment.”

“From the moment a cook becomes indifferent to his work he loses his reputation.”

“The reputation of a cook is acquired by an invariable constancy in the art of serving well.”

“A cook is an epicure by taste and by profession.”

“The French cook in a foreign land is esteemed by the great; he is sought for and appreciated.”

“A renowned cook is the best of physicians; so said Mercier, and he said truly. For the rich man, who wishes to preserve his health, should have an accomplished cook and a devoted doctor.”

“The cook, who is really enamoured of his art, is more grateful for the praise which a guest bestows on his talent, than he would be for a handful of gold.”

“The every-day routine cook is without courage. His life flows away in mediocrity.”

“The cook’s place is always envied by such portion of the household as have learned nothing.”

“The man who calls himself a gourmand, and eats gluttonously, is a glutton, and not a gourmand.”

We have now gone through a great portion of this book, which is certainly an amusing and laughable one. There are, however, some chapters on coffee, dessert, and wines, which we have not touched on; and these, and more especially the chapters on wines and liqueurs, will afford materials for another article.

In conclusion, we cannot but repeat the pleasure it has afforded to see a taste for the luxuries of life again reviving among our lively neighbours. It is three years and four months since we have visited the capital of the Gauls; but we hope soon again to eat our *suprême de volaille*, and quaff our glass of Beaune there without the danger of an *émeute*.

Many of our old friends are, however gone; and the hospitable house of Jack Lattin, in the Rue Trudon, is for ever closed. It was, indeed, the palace of good cheer and good company. The last time we dined, there were Lords Dudley and Ward, Charlemont, Allen, and Howden; M. Hyde de Neuville, Mr. Mandeville, Mr. Underwood (a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*), Mr. Moore, Mr. Frizzel, of the *Debats*; and the witty and agreeable prefect of Lyons. In a short space of time, five of this number are gone to their account. “Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.”

THE STAG-HEADED OAK !

HAVE thee, majestic monarch, grave and old,
 "Or airs from heaven or fiery blasts from hell,"
 Charr'd thy huge martyr'd forehead, bald and bold,
 Carved thy broad antlers on the beamy air,
 To be the terror of the glade and dell ?
 Tell to the passing year
 How bravely and how well
 Thou 'st baffled centuries, whirlwinds, time, and fate,
 And holdest still thy stern and steadfast state.

The elements of greatness still are thine,
 The will to dare, the fortitude secure,
 The proud defiance never to decline
 To storms that bluster with portentous roar,
 Whilst there is aught to brave or to endure
 For honour'd days no more,
 And memories that restore
 The fine old hours, when forest bugles rung
 From loyal English hearts the echoing glades among.

Thou standest a lone, solitary tree —
 A desolate landmark ; once around thee stood,
 Tranquil in strength and lofty pedigree,
 Ere ruthless violence fell'd their solemn shade,
 Brothers in pride, a fine old British wood.
 They at thy feet were laid,
 Recumbent many a rood,
 And all the honours of their glories fled,
 Are garnered now, old monarch, round thy head.

And well thou bearest on thine ancient brows
 The gloom of ages, thunder-scars of time ;
 And well, far-spreading, thy moss-mantled boughs
 Sustain the storms, the lightning blasts defy, —
 Being, as thou hast been, of strength sublime ;
 Yet are they who decry
 Thy fortitude as crime, —
 The envious crew who loathe the good and great,
 And curse them for their virtues that they hate.

The earth's dark foes are round thee, grey-haired oak,
 For thou dost represent old centuries gone,
 Whose fadeless lustre only doth evoke
 Their hounded malice ; History's flame is there —
 Justice, Religion, Law, their triumphs won,
 And a proud kingdom's prayer,
 Thanks for what Heaven hath done.
 Shall these th' insidious ground-swell undermine,
 All — all these glorious memories of thine ?

Immortal be thy being ! Thou shalt stand
 Proud in the grandeur of thine ancient might ;
 For thee we'll rampart with so true a band
 Of stern, undaunted spirits, that the day
 Shall fade to desolate darkness from the light
 That beautifies its sway,
 Ere thee the fiends shall smite.
 Thy sacred presence doth inspire us all, —
 With thee, old oak, we've lived, and with thee we will fall.

THE FACTORY-BILL.

Our readers cannot possibly have forgotten that, at one o'clock in the morning of the 18th of March last, the House of Commons being in committee on Sir James Graham's second Factory-bill, the government, after an animated debate, in which Sir Robert Peel put forth the whole of his strength, was left in a minority of nine. The question on which the ministers sustained this partial defeat was not, then, in any sense of the term, a party one. There had been no collision between Whig and Tory, Conservative and Liberal, Churchman and Dissenter. Not a point was mooted which ought to have called into operation either personal prejudice, or the jealousy of faction. The matter in dispute had much more connexion with benevolence than with the theory of government, with Christian philanthropy than with political economy. It was an argument carried on by good men on both sides as to what ought to be the maximum of time spent by certain classes of the operatives in the cotton-mills of Manchester, and the cloth-manufactories of Leeds. Sir James Graham proposed that the owners of these mills and factories should be prohibited by act of parliament from confining women and children to their tasks for more than twelve hours in the day. Lord Ashley contended that ten hours of such confinement was the utmost that the legislature ought to sanction, and that all beyond should be forbidden and guarded against by heavy penalties. And Lord Ashley, at the end of a two nights' painful discussion, carried his point. Now there was no ground of triumph here for any one, except the noble mover of the amendment. Neither had the Whigs gained nor the Tories lost in public estimation by the result, for Lord Ashley was supported by quite as many of those who, on common occasions, vote with ministers, as of those who vote against them. And though Lord John Russell did go round to advocate, in opposition, opinions which he had scouted and ridiculed while a minister of the queen's government, he did not by this succeed in deluding the most prejudiced of

his adherents into a belief that he had won a victory over his rival. To have spoken, therefore, at that time of the affair as a ministerial defeat, would have been to misapply altogether a well-understood term. The minister was not defeated. He simply found that, on a question of moral expediency, his habitual supporters differed in opinion among themselves, and that one of these, whose views were slightly at variance, and no more, with his own, succeeded in carrying a majority of members along with him.

If we could have anticipated that this event was going, in the smallest degree, to damage the government, we should have most sincerely regretted it.

The government is not perfect. We shall never see any thing like a perfect government again, for the nearer the constitution approaches to the point of democracy, the more entirely must statesmen become the creatures of impulse, not of their own impulses, but of those of their constituents. But the present government, with all its faults, with its too great sensitiveness about public opinion, with its mystifications, its reluctance to speak out, its "would an I could," and other signs of infirmity of purpose, is the best which, in the existing state of parties, we are likely to get; and we should very much lament, for the country's sake, were its influence weakened. We feel, however, that it is not by being left once, and no more, in a minority on such a question as this, that the influence of any government can be weakened. For what, after all, is the question? Does it touch any great principle in ethics, or in manners, or in politics? Can we speak of it as a test whereby the fitness of men to advise their sovereign, or to take the lead in the great council of the nation, may be tried? Surely not. Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, who contend that twelve hours constitute a better maximum of factory labour for women and children than ten, may, or may not, be mistaken. But, as neither they nor Lord Ashley pretend to speak except upon the information of

others, it would be ridiculous to predicate of them, either that they are more or less wise, better or less good men than their noble antagonist. The government, though out-voted, lost nothing of its hold upon the confidence of the country. It was just as much thought of on the 19th March, both in London and throughout the country, as it had ever been. Such was the impression made upon our own minds, and upon the minds, we believe, of the great body of Conservatives throughout the empire, when the result of the division on the 18th of March came to be known. Some regretted that the government had opposed Lord Ashley's proposition, others were sorry that Lord Ashley had moved his amendment, yet all alike regarded the issue as inflicting no brand upon either the character or the influence of the cabinet.

We are not quite sure that the same thing could be said after the renewed discussions and divisions of the 22d of March had taken place. To seek by an underhand process, or, through the exercise of official influence, to undo what one branch of the legislature has deliberately done, is neither a dignified nor a prudent proceeding under any circumstances; and the process, altogether Whig in its nature, committed the government, in the present instance, too far. It seemed as if their pride had taken the alarm, or that their anger was kindled, or their personal jealousies were awakened, or any other chord touched in their hearts, except high principle, and a becoming regard to the spirit, as well as to the forms, of the constitution. We do not mean to say that circumstances may not arise which shall justify a minister in calling upon either house of parliament to revise its decision. If a question be carried by surprise in a thin house, or by the skilful manœuvring of a rival whipper-in, the party defeated has a right to renew the combat in any way and at any time that may suit its own convenience. But there was no surprise here. The adherents of the government knew perfectly beforehand that the question was coming on. Some stayed to resist the ministers' proposition; others went away to their country houses, thus

shewing that, if not positively hostile to the scheme, the interest which they took in it was not strong enough to keep them a single week in London; and a third party, though written for to come up and vote, refused to do so. There was, therefore, no surprise in the case. The defeat, if we must speak of it as such, had been sustained in a fair field, and the results of the renewed encounter were not calculated to make things better. Indeed, the issue of the incidental discussion which led to two separate divisions, not only confirmed the public in their belief that a twelve-hours' clause was bad, but it covered the legislature itself with ridicule, of which by far the largest portion attached to the cabinet. No human being had spoken seriously in favour of a *via media*. The minister had battled for his twelve-hours' clause, the noble member for Dorsetshire for ten hours, and, behold, when the House was called upon to decide between them, it left both parties in a minority! A very small number of crotchety people, some eight or ten at the most, proved strong enough to upset them both. Was ever any thing so comical? Did a government, usually prudent, ever place itself in so false a position?

Well, the home secretary was again thwarted, and the defeat seems to have deprived him of equanimity altogether. Mortification grew into anger. He would not put up with such scurvy treatment from his friends, nor yield an inch of the high ground which he had taken. A Twelve-hours' bill he had proposed, and a Twelve-hours' bill he would have, let it cost what it may. Gentlemen might make fools of themselves as much and as often as they pleased, but he was determined that they should not make a fool of him. At the same time he was willing yet again to open a door of escape for the Commons out of the dilemma in which they had placed themselves, and he, therefore, proposed at once to withdraw the bill, with the understanding that he should be permitted to suspend the usages of the House, and introduce another and a similar bill this same session. Now this was bad enough, but the sort of menace which kept pace with the application made it a thousand times

worse. The House was informed, in tolerably decent terms, that on its compliance with this proposition, in the first place, and its willingness to eat the leek when the question came on again, in the second, depended the sort of favour with which, in time coming, her majesty's present advisers would be disposed to regard it. The question of twelve hours *versus* ten thus became, of a sudden, a cabinet question. Believing, as they professed to do, that the greatness of the British empire depended on keeping women and children in the factories for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, Sir James Graham and his colleagues would not, as a government, survive the shame of a third defeat for one hour. Gentlemen might act as they pleased. There was no particular love for place about the right honourable speaker. Far from it. He could be just as happy any where as on the treasury benches, only let the Conservative party look to themselves, for the consequences of their stubbornness on such a vital point might be a great deal more serious than they imagined. Who could resist such a line of argument as this? The House of Commons, with Lord Ashley at his head, wisely gave way, and the mutilated bill was withdrawn on the terms which its originator proposed.

It would be worse than idle to deny that the way in which this unlucky affair has been managed creates both shame and sorrow throughout the great Conservative party. Men feel and say that it was unbecoming in the rulers of a great nation to lose their own tempers and quarrel with their friends on a matter of mere detail. Had the point at issue involved a question whether the legislature ought to interfere between the employer and his work-people at all, there might have been some excuse for warmth, because in this case a great political principle would have been at stake; and, whatever the opinions of individuals might be, the most strenuous advocates for such interference must have admitted that their adversaries were engaged in a momentous contest. But when you come to argue respecting time, when admitting the justice and the wisdom of interference on both sides, you haggle

and dispute concerning the number of hours which shall be adjudged to be sufficient for taxing the health and strength of women and children in factories, you lower both yourselves and the great assembly which listens to you in the eyes of the whole world. The question is no longer one of politics, but of morals and humanity. If it were the former, statesmen might properly decide upon it. But, being the latter, and neither more nor less than the latter, it is rather to physicians, and clergymen, and Christian philosophers, than to political economists, that you ought to refer it. And, above all, for a minister of the crown to affirm that England's prosperity depends, not on leaving the master and the servant to settle their hours for themselves, but on the extension of the power of compulsory labour to twelve rather than to ten, is, or seems to be, as uncalled-for an *escapade* as ever was listened to, even in the House of Commons. We must confess that the whole affair puzzles us sorely, and that, if the Whig method of accounting for it be not the true one, the riddle is such as we defy *Œdipus* himself to read.

If there be one member of the present government whom the Whigs hate more cordially than all the rest, it is Sir James Graham. For Lord Stanley they cherish no great love, to be sure; but Sir James is the object of their bitterest abhorrence, which they take every convenient opportunity of demonstrating. Accordingly, they gave him no credit whatever for either purity of motive or wisdom of purpose in the concoction of his Factory-bills. They assert, on the contrary, that his opinions, like those of his chief, all go against any legislative interference whatever with the disposal of capital, whether it consist of money or of labour. And they further say, that had it been possible for him, as a member of a Conservative cabinet, to meet the question which Lord Ashley has so often raised by a direct negative, he would have done so. But the popularity which, for years back, has attended Lord Ashley's endeavours to throw the shield of legislative protection over the most helpless orders of the community, satisfied him that this was

not to be done. He determined, therefore, in defiance of the remonstrances of his colleagues, to take this measure, at all events, out of the noble lord's hands.

"You see," was his argument at various meetings of the cabinet, "that all the world goes with him. I feel, as you do, that he is wrong in principle, and exceedingly regret that he should have acquired such influence in the country. But what can we do? The day for direct resistance is gone by. His Collieries-bill has established a precedent which we can no more set aside than we can set aside my own unlucky Reform-bill. We must, therefore, deal craftily with this man, and cut the ground from beneath his feet."

Of course, we do not believe one word of this ridiculous story. It is a pure invention of the enemy, got up in the hope of sowing dissension among the Conservatives, or, at all events, of driving the minister, whom the Whigs especially abhor, out of office. It is, moreover, a very wicked invention, for there is just enough in the history of the past to give a colouring of truth to the fiction, such as the uninitiated may find themselves at a loss how to explain away. There can be no doubt, for example, that Lord Ashley's extreme popularity rests altogether on his earnestness and devotion to the cause of the poor. His name is associated in every lodging-house in the manufacturing districts with efforts made, and personal sacrifices submitted to, for the sake of the operatives. His public life has been spent in the endeavour to improve both their moral and physical condition, and they are fully alive to the fact, and deeply grateful for it. Neither can it be denied that he has received less than encouragement to go on with his benevolent undertaking from the several cabinets which during the last fourteen or fifteen years have presided in succession over the affairs of the country. Not that we are prepared to say that he has always been right in his calculations. We suspect, on the contrary, that an excessive zeal for what may be called moral legislation is as apt to blind men to consequences as any other excessive zeal. And even in the measure now under discussion, it may

admit of a doubt whether Lord Ashley be not in error. But be this as it may, the people most interested have from the outset gone with him, while one government after another has resisted him. How often has the Ten Hours'-bill been rejected through the influence of Tory leaders of opposition, not less than of Whig cabinet ministers. With what undisguised reluctance was the Collieries-bill passed, not merely on the part of Lord John Russell, but on that of Sir Robert Peel. While, therefore, we discredit the rumour that Sir James Graham's new-born benevolence originated in jealousy of Lord Ashley, we are constrained to acknowledge that the singular way in which it has been manifested leaves us considerably at a loss how to trace it back to a more legitimate source. Let us remind our readers of certain facts which are of too recent a date to be entirely forgotten any where.

Lord Ashley, after again and again trying the Whigs, and finding them on all occasions deaf to his arguments, waited, like a loyal subject, till the queen's present advisers should have established themselves in their seats. He then returned to his favourite subject. Early in the session 1842-3 he made a speech about the degraded state of the manufacturing districts, which fell like a thunderbolt upon the senses of his auditors, and stirred up on both sides of the house a tempest of enthusiasm. He was complimented by the leaders of every party, while the home-secretary, Sir James Graham, not only praised, but entreated that he might himself be permitted to apply a remedy to evils of which he acknowledged both the existence and the enormity. With great good taste, as well as excellent feeling, Lord Ashley made way at once for a minister of the crown, and in due time Sir James Graham's first edition of a Factory-bill was brought forward. We shall never forget the shouts of approbation with which it was greeted. Within doors and without, there was but one feeling abroad, namely, that at length England was blessed by having at the head of her councils a cabinet which did understand its moral duty as well as its political. One or two objectionable clauses there might be in the bill, for no human work has ever

et been perfect; but there was a point established by it which the wise felt to be so supereminently important that, for the sake of this great good, they cheerfully shut their eyes to lesser imperfections. The great good which was in Sir James's first Factory-bill was the provision which was thereby made for giving to the children of the operatives in the manufacturing districts the blessing of a moral and religious education. Moreover, reflecting men hailed it as the commencement of a system which would by and by become universal,—as the first step towards removing from England the stigma which attaches to her because of her disgraceful singularity among the nations of Europe in the neglect of this important matter. In one quarter alone there seemed to be lukewarmness towards the educational clauses. The extreme party in the Church took no notice of them. But the extreme party in the Church is neither a powerful, nor an agitating party; it will always obey the laws even if it disapprove of them. But, with this exception, Conservatives and Whigs, we say nothing about Radicals, though even they seemed amazingly taken by the proposal at the outset, went with the minister heartily, and would have floated both him and his bill triumphantly to port had he been sufficiently in earnest to avail himself of the feeling which he had excited. Unfortunately, however, Sir James Graham was either not in earnest or else he very much mistook the nature of his own position. Instead of pressing the bill forward while enthusiasm was at its height, he suffered it to languish till time was given for the Dissenters to get up a clamour, and then, though still certain of a victory, he chose first to remodel, and finally to withdraw, his project ere the House of Commons had time to decide upon it. Our readers will remember with what hearty good-will we gave to him, while his original measure was in the balance, all the support which this Magazine was capable of giving. And it will not, therefore, surprise them when we add, that the abandonment of that measure struck a damp upon our spirits from which they have not yet recovered, nor are likely soon to recover.

The new Factory-bill, shorn of its educational clauses, never had the smallest charm for us. We saw at once that it was concocted in the worst spirit of established legislation, that is to say, that its great object was to protect as much as possible monied men and dead capital, and to confer the slenderest boon which, under existing circumstances, could be conceded to the overworked and cruelly neglected operatives. Now if we are going to legislate between master and workmen at all, we are surely, when we look to this, beginning at the wrong end. Monied men and dead capital are able, for the most part, to take care of themselves. They have done so in this country, at least, pretty effectually, for the world has never known a people among whom there was such an enormous amount of wealth so very unequally divided. But what benefit is conferred upon the masses by the accumulation in the hands of the few of these overgrown fortunes? Does any portion of the money earned by the sweat of the poor's man's brow go forth again in providing for him and his family the means of health, far less of innocent recreation? What care is taken in Manchester or Leeds of the ventilation of the hovels into which the operatives are thrust? Where are the parks and public gardens in which, when the long day's work is over, the poor may seek for refreshment both to mind and body? What schools can we boast of as supported at the public expense and superintended by officers responsible to the crown, wherein the children of the poor shall be educated? Does the legislature provide in any way for the religious instruction of the people? The Church is theoretically in union with the state, that is to say, the state professes to regard the established Church as the purest form of Christianity in existence, yet what provision is made for the erection and endowment by the state of places of public worship in any one of the enormous towns that are growing up among us continually? Is there no moral obligation on the government to attend to these things? Is power intrusted to them for the mere purpose of fostering trade, of encouraging adventure, of protecting capital? Surely not. He to whom

Mr. Senior himself will probably pay some respect has left this maxim upon record, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." And woe be to the government and the legislature which either forgets so solemn a truth, or acts as if it had no existence.

But we shall be told that by interfering between the capitalist and the poor for whom he is willing to find employment, we are just as likely to injure as to benefit the latter. Labour is the poor man's only property, and in proportion as you throw impediments in the way of his disposal of it, you not only hinder him from permanently bettering his condition, but you subject him to many immediate inconveniences. Undoubtedly you do if your interference be either partial or capricious. Make one law for Manchester and another for Bolton, and there can be no doubt that if the law for Bolton be more favourable to the capitalist than that for Manchester, to Bolton all the trade of Manchester will be carried. But pass one general act which shall apply to all manufacturing places in the empire, and establish regulations for the management of all public works, whether belonging to the nation or to individuals, and will any body pretend to say that the labouring classes can suffer by it? Can manufacturers who have embarked, say a hundred thousand pounds, in buildings and machinery, afford to shut up their mills merely because a law happens to be passed whereby they are restrained from employing infants in these mills under thirteen years of age, or putting women to their tasks for more than ten hours out of the four-and-twenty? The idea is monstrous. We are aware that the threat has been held out. Several of the leading orators of the Anti-Corn-Law League have had the effrontery to declare that if the Ten Hours'-bill pass they will remove with their capital to some foreign country and seek there the means of growing rapidly rich which are denied to them here. Let them fulfil their threat if they please. Their buildings, their machinery, their skill, their enterprise, will all be taken up by men quite as good as they; and whatever Germany or the United States may gain by their

emigration, England will lose nothing by it. But will they emigrate? Not a foot. Worshippers of Mammon as they are, they will never submit to so great a sacrifice as the abrupt breaking up of a long-established connexion in every case involves. On the contrary, we shall find them working their brains in order to devise some scheme by which, if the benevolent purposes of the legislature cannot be defeated, whatever diminution of profits they may have for a brief space been subjected to, shall be made good. And such is our opinion of their talent in their own peculiar line, that we have no doubt of their perfect success either in the one project or the other.

There was a time, we had hoped that it was passed away for ever, when statesmen and philosophers seemed alike incapable of discriminating between the exigencies of what may be called a natural, or at least a voluntary state of society, and those of a state which is to its minutest arrangements constrained and artificial. Under the former head we include the position of all ordinary buyers and sellers, whether they earn the means of purchasing the necessaries of life by their own personal exertions, or inherit such means from their fathers. Under the latter we comprise such men, women, and children, as the order of events may have compelled to toil together in masses, and subjected to the arbitrary control of one or more taskmasters. We are willing to admit that it is a mischievous legislation which seeks to interfere between the buyer and the seller by means of assizes on bread and suchlike guild regulations; so also if you direct the police to go into private houses after certain hours to put out lights and drive men from their occupations, whatever they may be, you attempt to establish a tyranny which will soon effect its own cure. In like manner, to talk of fixing by act of parliament the hours of labour for people employed in the business of agriculture is to talk like idiots. The seasons themselves arrange this point; for wind, and hail, and sunshine, and shower, all settle, in their turns, how much and how little work is to be done. So it is, also, with the author in his study, with the artist over his easel, with

the poor sempstress in her garret. These go to their respective occupations only when circumstances constrain them,—that is, when the impulse of genius is on them, or there comes a demand for the article which they are able to produce. And if they work night and day for a while, they do so with the assurance on their minds that it is always competent to them to intermit the exertion, and to rest as often as rest seems desirable. To legislate for them, therefore, and for such as they, is not only unwise, but impossible. No sane man would vote for your enactments; no body of police, however numerous and vigilant, would be able to enforce obedience to them. But very different are both the condition and the necessities of those who come and go,—who work or are idle at the bidding of a task-master. The negroes in Louisiana are not more completely in a state of bondage than your operative manufacturers, whether they be children or upgrown persons. It is not said to them, one by one, "We have an order for so much cloth, which you must get ready against a certain day. Use your own discretion as to the hours which you devote to labour, only taking care not to disappoint us." But the bargain is, that, day by day, and month by month, the wretched creatures shall make their appearance in the mills, and abide there at their tasks, for twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours out of every four-and-twenty, on pain of being cast adrift, and left to the tender mercy of the poor-law commissioners. And the cause of this remarkable contrariety between their case and the cases of other persons is, that, whereas, in domestic occupations, and in many sorts of occupations which carry workpeople beyond their own homes, machinery, if it be used at all, is used as an aid to human industry,—in the mills and factories human industry is but a subsidiary to machinery. In the manufacturing districts, the capabilities of the machine regulate the labour of the human being. The machine is therefore the first thing considered; the human being, at a very long interval, the second. Is this sort of thing to be tolerated in a Christian country, and among people who pro-

fess to be both moral and enlightened?

And here let us pause for a moment to remark, with as much of astonishment as of sorrow, upon the line of defence which Sir Robert Peel took up, when coming to the rescue of his over-matched and thoroughly-beaten home-secretary. "If I yield to you in this point," such was the substance of his argument, "shall I not open out a field of endless legislation? Let us once interfere in the arrangements of private business; let us in any single instance determine the number of hours of labour which the employer shall be entitled to exact from his operative, and I defy you to refuse a similar boon to all other classes, if, indeed, a boon it deserve to be accounted, which must inevitably set masters and servants every where by the ears, very much to the detriment of the latter." Now, without stopping to repeat what has just been demonstrated, that there is no parallel, and can be none, between the case of human creatures which act as appendages to dead machinery and that of the men, or women, or children to whom machinery is attached as an assistant, we must be permitted to observe, that this habit of legislative interference between master and servant is not new,—that it is of as old standing as the first establishment of law in this or any other country in the world. Nay, more. We beg most respectfully to remind the premier, that on this right of interference by the civil magistrate between master and servant, depends the very existence of civilised society. Take a case in point, and let it be as near to the line of the savage state as can well be thought of. You ask a labourer to work in your field, and agree to pay him so much a-day for his work; but you do so with the perfect understanding on both sides that the job shall be completed in good time and in a workmanlike manner. You ascertain, upon examining the field, that the soil has not been turned up to half a spade's depth. What are you to do? Refuse to pay the man his wages. Perfectly right. But suppose he insist upon being paid? Are you to fight it out with him on the spot,—using spades, or rakes, or hoes, as argu-

ments; or is it fitting that there should be a judge or magistrate, who, hearing what the parties have to say, and taking evidence in support of their several allegations, shall determine whether or not the day's wages have been justly earned? Surely, the latter is the only means of keeping civilised society together; and surely this decision by the magistrate determines at the same time what does, in the matter of trenching ground, and what does not, constitute a fair day's work. For you refuse to pay as well because your labourer gave too little time as because he gave too little care and bodily exertion to his task.

The doctrine, then, that the legislature ought never to interfere between the employer and the employed in a free country is altogether inadmissible. The whole theory of your laws, the whole arrangement of your social system, proceeds upon a principle diametrically the reverse; and you could not destroy or undermine that principle without overthrowing the entire social fabric which rests upon it. Indeed, to such an extent is the law's supremacy in these matters carried, that the irrational animals which serve man derive advantage from it. You determine by act of parliament how many passengers the proprietors of a four-horsed coach and a two-horsed omnibus shall be allowed to carry. And you settle this point arbitrarily, because experience has taught you that there are scoundrels in the world who, for the sake of a little immediate profit, will overwork, perhaps kill, horses, even though these horses belong to themselves. Are not men, and still more women and children, entitled to the same protecting care on the part of the legislature? For it is ridiculous, amid the redundancy of an increasing population, and the daily and hourly substitution of some new mechanical invention for manual labour, to speak even of up-grown persons as if they might accept or reject at pleasure the terms of any master who shall propose to take them into steady employment. So great is the present competition among the operative classes, that with us the marvel is, not that women and children should be subjected to an average of fifteen hours' toil out

of every four-and-twenty, but that they are not worked, like the miserable brutes that draw the hackney-coaches and cabs about the streets of London by night, till they die under it. For, were matters brought to this, the mills would still be supplied abundantly.

One of the strongest arguments of the advocates of the twelve hours' clause was, that the operatives themselves were in favour of the arrangement. Sir James Graham had consulted persons well versed in these matters, and was satisfied that the case was so. Messrs. Cobden and Bright, with other mill-owners and cotton-lords, vouched for the truth of the allegation. The operatives were by far too intelligent not to understand that restrictions in time must of necessity be followed by a reduction of profits, which would press with a far greater proportion upon the workpeople than upon their masters. It was to no purpose that Lord Ashley or his supporters denied this. They were fairly laughed to scorn, and told, point blank, that if they imagined that there was eloquence enough in them to reconcile the workpeople to a serious diminution of their wages, they laboured under a grievous mistake. The events of the last month have pretty well determined who was right and who wrong in this dispute. There has been a prodigious stir in the manufacturing districts. The people have been appealed to at a succession of public meetings, whether they will have a Ten Hours' bill or a Twelve. And it is worthy of remark, that out of the speakers who have addressed them, few have concealed the fact, that the passing of the former measure will in all probability subject the working classes to a considerable reduction of wages. To a man, they have received this announcement in the very best spirit. They express their willingness to purchase at a fair money-cost the luxury of having their homes rendered comparatively comfortable, and their children's health and morals attended to. They are willing to submit to a reduction of their wages should such a measure be found necessary. But will any necessity of the sort arise? We do not believe that it will; or, if it do, we are con-

ident that the additional portion of time and strength left to the mother of a family, which she may devote to a better arrangement of her domestic economy, will more than compensate for it. For what can the poor woman do now; when, after some fifteen or twenty hours' labour, she returns to her cheerless home, jaded and worn? Literally nothing, except seek for refreshment either in sleep, or the use of those stimulants to which, through the immediate relief which they bring to the overwrought frame, the unthinking are apt to resort. But release her from her task, while yet some portion of the day remains, and see whether the maternal instinct, not to speak of a higher principle, will fail to guide her to the proper use of these hours of relaxation. Granting, then, that the people themselves must pay in money for the protection which they covet, is it certain that, taking other matters into account, they will be materially the losers? We do not think that it is; and, what is more, the operatives themselves are universally of our way of thinking.

We are not going to weaken a good case by descending to the level of such as seem incapable of abstracting their thoughts from questions of mere profit and loss. It is a matter of speculation whether a ten hours' law will operate as a check upon trade, or only diffuse it over a wider surface. That it might interfere a little with the profits of the larger firms we are not indisposed to believe; because, where you insist upon the owner of ten mills closing his works simultaneously with the owner of one mill, you place the two on a much more equal footing than that on which they stand at present. But beyond this we really cannot see how it could affect the progress of events at all, far less why it should throw a multitude of workpeople out of employment. For this much seems certain, that if the quantity of goods manufactured do not at the present moment exceed what the market requires, means will always be found to manufacture up to the utmost limits of that demand. You hinder existing mills from going on as they have heretofore done incessantly; your warehouses will soon be emptied. You see how the wind

is blowing, and provide against it in good time. Fresh mills will spring up in all directions; new capital will be embarked in them; and the operatives, so far from being driven into idleness, will seek and find, on a more extensive field, a far steadier and more satisfactory, if not so well-rewarded, an occupation. And as to the masters, the old capitalists must be content with a somewhat more moderate profit. The new, not having their memories burthened with thoughts of better times, will go on very contentedly realising over and above what may be needed for a genteel maintenance their ten or possibly their five per cent on the sums which they have embarked. We shall have no more strides from indigence to wealth as we have had in other days, to be sure. Families of Arkwrights and Peels may spring up among us rarely. Indeed, it may be difficult to keep up the race of Cobdens, who, beginning upon some two thousand pounds, manage, at the end of twenty years, to write themselves down worth sixty thousand. But it does not, therefore, follow that there will be less happiness, less virtue, less religion in the empire than there is now.

The truth is, and we avow our persuasion of the fact with pride, that there is rising up among us a far higher sense of the duties of the ruler than the subject than was ever entertained in this country till of late. We are learning to feel, that as man was intended by his Creator to look beyond the mere wants of the body and the means of supplying them, so it is incumbent upon the government to provide that opportunities shall be afforded, even to the humblest members of a community, for the cultivation of those moral and intellectual faculties which raise man above the level of the brutes that perish. Moreover, we are beginning to find out that a taste for the purer pleasures, that have their seat in the home affections, or spring from the exercise of the mind, are not only not incompatible with habits of industry, but are the best and surest promoters of such habits. Give the working man a neat apartment to inhabit; let him find there, when his day's labour is done, a tidy wife and well-dressed children; teach these

children to read, so that if he be himself unlettered, they may become his instructors in one sense, while they are his pupils in another; throw open for him a place of exercise in the vicinity of his home, and lead him gradually into the practice of putting on his best clothes ere he enter it, and of entering it with the greatest glee when his family is about him; and, above all, connect these things in his mind with a sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good, and the habit of evincing that gratitude by acts of public worship, and you will find him far more assiduous in the prosecution of his daily tasks, and far more trustworthy, whatever may be the situation in which he is placed, than he is now, or ever can become while you continue to treat him, as the law has heretofore done, as the mere producer of capital, and no more. We are rejoiced to believe that a conviction of these great truths is entering gradually into the minds of those whose position affords them the best opportunity of turning them to a practical account. So great a revolution as this, of which we are dreaming, cannot be brought about in a day or in a year; but that it is attainable, with God's help, we feel as convinced as we do of our own existence; and we are satisfied that the first great step towards the attainment of it will have been taken when a good factory-bill, which shall provide both for the education of the young and the rest of the aged, shall have been passed.

It has been our great endeavour throughout this paper, to avoid as much as possible touching upon points, the discussion of which might rouse the passions, without convincing the understandings, of our readers. We have, therefore, abstained from drawing for them any picture of the sufferings of the women and children, and the frightful degradation of the men, in the manufacturing districts, under the operation of the laws now in force. They who are curious about details of this sort will do well to consult the *Reports of the Commission of Inquiry*, and may refer with advantage to Lord Ashley's speeches, of which almost all the telling points are taken from these Reports. But we cannot lay aside the pen without adverting shortly to

the part which the leaders of the Anti-Corn-law League have taken in these discussions. To a man they are opposed to the Ten-hours' clause. They resisted the educational clauses of the former bill; they were among the few who, when they were first proposed, did not greet these clauses with an enthusiasm of delight; and now they set their faces against the emancipation of the women and children in their employment from the grinding bondage in which they are at present held. We are not surprised at the circumstance. We never entertained a doubt as to the end at which they have been driving throughout the whole of their crusade against the corn-laws. We knew from the outset, that to better the condition of the operatives formed no part of the plan of which they sought the accomplishment; and the opposition which they now offer to Lord Ashley's humane purpose nothing surprises us. Yet is it past dispute, that if a repeal of the corn-laws could be forced on by any thing, it would be by the very measure which Lord Ashley proposes to them for adoption; for, assuming that their anticipations are well founded, taking it for granted that the immediate effect of the arrangement would be to give to foreign manufacturers advantages against which we at home could not pretend to struggle, is it not clear as the sun at noon-day, that the weight of circumstances would compel the opening of British ports to the free importation of corn? because thus and thus only could we hope to coax the venders of that corn into becoming purchasers of our manufactured goods which we should barter to them in exchange for their corn. But no, this sort of arrangement is not such as they would make the smallest exertion to bring about. They have no desire to improve the condition of the people under them. Their single object is to grow rich themselves, and, provided only they can accomplish that, the extent of wrong likely to be done to others is never by them taken into account.

We had written thus far when our attention was directed, first, to a letter which Colonel Torrens has addressed to Lord Ashley on the subject of the Ten-hours' clause; and, next, to the

course which his lordship has stated that he means to pursue when Sir James Graham's third Factory-bill is submitted to the house for discussion. In reference to Colonel Torrens's pamphlet, we have little to say. It is a well-written and ingenious defence of things as they are, and is marked throughout with good feeling and excellent taste. But it will not convince either the noble member for Dorsetshire, or the operatives in the manufacturing districts, that they are acting unwisely in the matter, on the attainment of which they have set their hearts. Colonel Torrens's pamphlet, like every other treatise of the kind, lays down certain positions as irrefragable, and then argues from them to conclusions which nobody, admitting the premises to be sound, will ever think of denying. He assumes that both here and elsewhere, manufacturers fabricate the precise quantity of goods which are wanted, and no more; and that they find for their goods, as soon as they bring them into the market, a ready sale, at a greater or a less amount of profit. Now we beg to remind the writer that this is a mere illusion. No manufacturer limits the productions of his mills to the amount for which he is morally certain that he will be able to find purchasers. On the contrary, one great cause—indeed the great cause of all our manufacturing distress for many years back, has been over-production. Such have been the improvements continually made in machinery, such the eagerness of the parties who either invent these improvements or first make use of them, to reap a large harvest ere others can step in to share the spoil, that the poor operatives have been kept to their tasks night and day, till the warehouses of their employers were filled to repletion. And so it is as often as a new market appears to be opened. There is no respite to human toil. The steam-engine never grows weary; and women and children are kept in attendance on its giant heavings, till nature is ready to sink under the exertion. And what are the results? The manufacturer finds ere long that his stock is greater than he has the smallest prospect of selling; and he either closes his mills in a hurry, or else he puts his people upon dimi-

nished wages. Nor does it unfrequently come to pass that, having made what he conceives to be a bold stroke, and fabricated goods enough to monopolise some favourite market, he discovers to his horror that the tastes of the market are not such as he had counted upon, and that all the produce of his skill and capital is a drug. Of course, our master manufacturer becomes bankrupt, and a large amount of distress ensues in other directions.

It is a pity Colonel Torrens should have overlooked so obvious and well-attested a fact. His reasoning, were it not for this trifling flaw, would be irresistible; for supposing the markets of America, and the Continent of Europe, to be open at all times to any conceivable quantity of British manufactured goods, it would follow, as a matter of course, that in these times of sharp competition, the Englishman's only chance of beating the foreigner at his own door, must arise from the greater facilities possessed by him of manufacturing rapidly, if not at a less cost than his rival. But seeing that all experience vouches for the reverse; knowing as we do that during the briskest seasons, more goods are manufactured in England than can be disposed of at prime cost, we are humbly of opinion that a restrictive law, though it might stand in the way of an occasional burst of success, would operate beneficially for the master manufacturers, by compelling them in some sort to regulate the amount of their productions according to the demand; and as to the operatives, let them take their chance. If wages be reduced in the daily or weekly amount, employment will be more regular and more lasting; so that at the end of the year you will probably find, not only that a greater number of persons have been at work, but that the average of their earnings, when the twelve months' accounts are summed up, remains pretty much what it was ere the restrictive law was passed.

And now one word in reference to Lord Ashley's announcement, and to the sort of compromise into which he seems to have entered with the government. If it be of any advantage or gratification to him to know it, he carries our entire concurrence in

the arrangement along with him. Indeed we had intended, but for this anticipation of our design, to advise, with all respect and deference, that some such compromise should be entered into. Not that we abate one jot of our feeling, that in dispensing with his educational clauses the home-secretary has emasculated his whole measure. Good *may* come of the leisure which the restriction of labour to eleven or even twelve hours will afford to the operative. We sincerely hope that it may; and our trust is the stronger because there *is* such a sentiment, at all events among the poor, as gratitude. Now the poor in the manufacturing districts know, that their untiring advocate, their disinterested and Christian defender, looks to them for a wise disposition of the hours which he may succeed in placing at their disposal. We, therefore, cherish the persuasion that, to a higher principle will be added on their parts an honest desire to prove themselves not unworthy of the interest which he has taken in them; and that they will receive for their little ones voluntarily through the church schools which are every where preparing for them, the same advantages which the educational clauses, had they been preserved, would have compelled them to seek for. At the same time it is just possible, that they may disappoint us in this particular; and then the boon which, in our own humble way, we have laboured to secure for them, will have been thrown away.

Sir James Graham has not said whether he will consent to entertain Lord Ashley's proposition; our impression is, that he will not entertain it. He has so completely and rashly committed himself to a twelve-hours' measure, that it seems impossible for him to depart from it. Even in this case our earnest advice to Lord Ashley is, that he will suffer the government measure to pass. The

small end of the wedge is as completely introduced by a twelve-hours' bill as by an eleven; and his lordship and his supporters in the manufacturing districts, especially the clergy of Leeds, and Manchester, and Bolton, will do well to satisfy the operatives of this fact. To sulk, or murmur, or threaten, because they cannot get at once all that they believe themselves entitled to, will serve no purpose except to strengthen the hands of their enemies. No good Conservatives can wish to break down Sir Robert Peel's government. They may desire to infuse into it a little more of true liberality, of Christian liberality, not of political liberalism; but they can never wish to see it pushed aside, in order that the Treasury-benches may be filled once more with the tools of O'Connell and the Anti-Corn-law League. Therefore, let them be calm, and abstain from the use of vituperative language, even if the worst which they may now anticipate shall come to pass; for a ten-hours' bill the operatives are sure to obtain; and a Conservative government is much more likely to concede it handsomely than a Whig government.

Finally, we are not without hope that the awkward position in which the members of the cabinet lately found themselves, will have the effect of producing a change in their general method of dealing with their supporters. Had Sir James Graham or Sir Robert Peel condescended to call their party together, and to explain beforehand their intentions, and the reasons which induced them, it is in the highest degree improbable that they would have been left on the 18th of March in a minority. And, as such scenes as followed upon that event must not be repeated too often, it is but fair to assume that means will be adopted to avert the hazard of their recurrence.

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OXFORD PROFESSORS OF POETRY — COPLESTON AND KEBLE.*

THIRTY-ONE years, we think, have gone by since a volume written by a professor of poetry issued from the Oxford press. It was written in Latin, and therefore presented only a locked casket to the general reader. But there was a treasure in it when opened which could not fail to win the eye of the student. The subject was the poetry of the Greek and Latin literature; not considered with the dogmatic decision and the bloodless prosaism which usually characterise the criticism of a learned pen, but recommended by the delicacy of the sentiment, the accuracy of the judgment, and the purity of the taste. If Learning was there, she had looked in the mirror by which Fancy dresses herself, and had brought away some of the reflected light upon her face; if Taste was there, it was with the lamp which Memory held over the page; if Antiquity was there, it was with the rose of Beauty bound upon its forehead. The style of the book was singularly elegant, and so transparent, that the individual physiognomy of the writer's thoughts was distinctly reflected. Need we say that the volume was the *Prælectiones Academicæ*, and that the writer was the present accomplished Bishop of Llandaff? By the side of this book we are now called to place a more elaborate contribution to the same branch of literature, and proceeding from the same celebrated press. We write in the same line the names of

Copleston and Keble. Resembling each other in their subject, it would, perhaps, be difficult to select two men of equal eminence who offer fewer traces in their minds of intellectual relationship. In Bishop Copleston we are always struck by the peculiar simplicity and practical earnestness of his manner; he goes to every object in the directest way and by the shortest road. In Mr. Keble, on the contrary, with equal earnestness, there is an absence of the practical application; and, instead of the shortest, he travels by the most agreeable path. And this difference was to be expected. The Bishop is only an annotator, while the Lecturer is a brother, of poets. But it is a truth, not only communicated but attested by experience, that they who excel in any art frequently fail in describing it; and that the discoverers of new provinces of imagination are very rarely successful in their attempts to give a description of them to other explorers. The quality, which forms the very heart of the *poetical*, is the *disease* of the *critical* frame, and that is the *faculty of invention*. The poet *illustrates* when he should *analyse*; and, instead of setting the jewel clear, encircles, envelopes, and overlays it in gold of his own. His eye is necessarily discursive,—it wanders from star to star in the hemisphere of fancy, and seldom rests long enough to determine the course or the magnitude of the luminous body upon which the glass of criticism had been

* *Prælectiones Academicæ Oxonii Habite, Annis M.DCCC.XXXII—M.DCCC.XLI.* A Joanne Keble. A.M. 1844.

turned; nay, the glass itself is usually tinged by the prevailing colour of his own imagination. Of all phenomena, a poet *catholic* in his taste is the most remarkable. Waller ridicules Milton for the dull length of his poem; Milton condescends to commend Dryden for the harmony of his rhymes. Gray is insensible to the voluptuous music and the melting pathos of Collins; and Goldsmith laments the unprofitable splendour of Gray. Thus a perpetual contradiction is going on; and it might be affirmed, without much hesitation, that of all crowds in which it would be difficult for a poet to retain his laurel-crown uninjured, the crowd of poets would be the most formidable. Happy, indeed, would he be if he escaped with a single leaf upon his forehead. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that we turn with peculiar pleasure to the critical disquisitions of those who, *without writing, teach the rest*; not, indeed, to write, but to estimate poetry; who legislate for provinces which they could never have discovered; and point out the defects of the palace which they could never have built. Studied in this spirit, we have always regarded the *Prælectiones* of Bishop Copleston with peculiar interest. The work possesses, indeed, to us the charm of association: it was one of the earliest books that allured our eyes and hearts to those creations of imagination and beauty which we have loved, if not *wisely*, at least *well*. We look upon it, therefore, with some of the softened light of a first affection,—when the life of the intellect, like the body,

“ was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy
drew.”

Experience and consideration have only tended to deepen the impression in our mind. The character of Bishop Copleston is one peculiarly calculated to conciliate esteem; and it is very pleasing to us to know that the Christian is not less admirable than the scholar, and that the commander of generous sentiments in fiction, indulges them in practice. And if the lectures of Copleston have thus been invested with a certain charm, independent of their

literary merits, we can apply the same characteristic to the present publication of Keble. The author of the *Christian Year* has won a place for himself in every tender and every reflective heart. He has written a volume of religious poetry, which, for intensity of feeling, picturesqueness of style, and harmony of language, has never been surpassed since the time of *Spenser*. We say *Spenser* emphatically, because it was evidently from that writer, whom he considers the great sacred poet of England, that Keble drew the principles of his school of religious design and colouring; and he makes an affectionate mention of him in his fifth *prælection*, to which we shall presently find it expedient to allude. Nor will the remarks we have ventured to offer upon the critical accomplishments of poets in general be received, we trust, as conveying our opinion of the productions of Mr. Keble in that path. The examination which we have been able to make of these interesting lectures would rather incline us to except him from the censure, and to number him with that small company whom we might have wished to write more of other minds, if they had not so many precious revelations to give of their own. With regard to the expediency of the language employed, the author has expressed himself with candour. We shall not stop to examine his arguments, or to refute what we take to be some erroneous conclusions. If a Latin lecture has its advantages, it has also its defects, and the advantages and the defects are alike inherent. If it restrains the contortions of a disordered fancy, it represses the buoyancy and cramps the gracefulness of a cultivated taste. We are, however, warned by the following passage, which looks towards us and our brethren with a formidable expression of countenance,—“*Quorum alii septimo quoque die, alii modestiores singulis mensibus, qui summa abstinencia utuntur, quater certe in anno redeunt, Criticorum nomine et loco gestientes. Rarissimi sunt, qui in illa celeritate scribendi non plurima secus dicant, atque id, quod unice deceat.*”

Of these volumes, and of the many topics of literary interest that occupy their pages, it would be to no purpose

for us to offer any appropriate exposition. We shall content ourselves with indicating a few trains of thought which have been awakened by their perusal, in the hope that our readers may be induced to take up and enlarge them. A lecturer is obliged to commence his disquisition with a definition of the subject of which he discourses. Of *poetry*; so often explained, and so variously illustrated, it may be expected that every thing true has been said already, and that whatever has the recommendation of being *new*, incurs the perilous probability of being rejected as *false*. Keble adopts the humbler and the wiser course of reproducing and reshaping the opinions already received. If he calls in the coinage of criticism, it is only that it may be restored to its former circulation when its genuineness and weight have been ascertained. In defining poetry, he requires only two concessions to be made to him; 1, that it must in some manner be continually associated with number, and harmonious gradation of *sound*; 2, and that it be employed chiefly in *creation and representation*; in making the absent present, the dead alive, things that are not as things that are. And the first concession will be *rhythm*; and the second will be *phantasy*. Either quality, in the absence of the other, possesses its charm; and it has been remarked by Coleridge that the sweet combination of sounds, even when destitute of any particular signification, exercises a pleasing influence on the ear, and through the ear upon the feelings. An illustration of this power may be found in the effect produced by a brook tinkling over pebbles, and heard, not seen, in the twilight of a green lane on a summer evening. But though it is possible for Christianity to subsist without music, and to constitute poetry by its own essential excellence and principle of vitality, it is not possible for rhythm to communicate the same privilege of existence. And, therefore, the power of creation, of raising the dead, and transporting the living, is the great prerogative of the poetical mind, and that which not only gives it the claim to an intellectual sovereignty, but enables it to administer it. And it is by their marvelous exhibition of this power that

Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante, have so irresistibly established their authority over the vast empire of the human heart. And, therefore, it should never be said that we possess no magic and no sorcery by which the past and distant scenes can be revived. We have read, in the thrilling legends of ancient days, of wonderful mirrors into which the wand of the enchanter summoned the faces and the dwellings of those whom the questioner desired to behold. And we have heard how the glowing cheek of beauty, and the glittering plume of war, and the solemn forehead of learning, glimmered into the illuminated glass; and how the English maiden saw there the knight who had gone to rescue the Sepulchre of his Lord, pining in the dungeon of the Infidel; and how the mother, trembling for the gentle daughter of her love, grew pale as she saw the white rose planted, and the green osier woven, round a new tomb in the churchyard of her own village. And in these fabulous mirrors, thus uttering their melancholy oracles of the past, and their sadder prophecies of the future, we can recognise that collecting and combining power of memory which, when it has been magnified and coloured by the rays of imagination, may be properly called *poetry* or *invention*. It is the vivid reproduction of buried objects, the luminous revelation of forgotten pageants, the sunny transparency of faded landscapes, that affixes the seal to the poetical title-deed. Hence it happens that we never think of any great poem, whether of ancient or modern times, without perceiving that a long procession of magnificent scenes rises under the spell of recollection. The happiest criticism ever given of Spenser was that which Pope records, and which compares him to an artist displaying a sumptuous gallery of pictures to some wondering visitor. So it is with the historical portraits of Shakspeare.

A consideration of the elements of the poetical temperament leads Mr. Keble to speak of that mute, that unconscious poetry, which dwells in so many bosoms, and may be said to characterise the inhabitants of our villages and rural solitudes; such as the attachment to particular places, the tender recollection of departed

friends, and a general sentiment of reverence for things pertaining to religion. The charm of local attachment especially deserves to be enumerated among the elements of the poetical mind, so abundantly and unconsciously possessed. Absent in the remotest regions of the world, the exiles still return in thought to the scenes and haunts of affection and memory. The English corn-field waves and glistens beneath the Indian sun, the smoke of the white cottage, as it nestled among the embowering woodbine, slowly ascends over the feathery crown of the palm, and the steeple of the village church glimmers through the dark branches of the banyan. The sentiment is bestowed upon the many, the utterance of it upon the few. The heart feels, the genius expresses. Keble gives a charming specimen both of the sentiment and the expression in some lines of Burns, which he hesitated to translate into Greek because they breathe already the thyme and the grace of Theocritus :—

"I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
For far in the west is he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and me."

νυκτός αὖ ζήφυρος ποτιδερκομαι ὕπνῳ· ἐς
ἰσταν
ἐκλινέην. το μοι αὖν ἐπ' ὀμμασιν ὕπνῳ
ἐχέει.
πρὸς ζήφυρον γὰρ ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡπείρου φιλοταῖος
ἀνδρῶν,
ἡχιστ' ἰὼν, πόθος αἶψιν, ἐμοὶ καὶ παῖδι ἀφαιρούη.

Virgil has made a beautiful use of this local memory, shedding a peace and joy over the dying eyes of the exile. One of the most affecting exemplifications of its influence is afforded by the familiar story of the Swiss soldiers who had been received into the pay of France. It was the evening hymn of their native mountains that restored health to their bodies and hope to their minds after every other remedy had failed. Their own song transformed a strange into a beloved land, and seemed to give to them the scenery and the friends, as well as the music of their home. Not less lively is the affectionate interest towards the spots where the loved in life sleep in death. It is not alone the

poetical mind of Burke that desires to relinquish Westminster Abbey for the dear old family burial-ground,—

"Where red and white with intermingling flowers,
The graves look beautiful with sun and showers;
While not a hillock moulders near that spot,
By one neglected or by all forgot."

The stooping shadows of those who have come in the quiet of the evening time to weep there, seem still to cast a solemn gloom and sanctity over the grass. The son desires to lay his ashes with those of her at whose knee he had first folded his little hands in the prayer of childhood, and of him by whose wise counsel he had been guided in the difficult pilgrimage of life. The religion of the children is warmed by the pious histories of their kindred; thus,—

"In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

We have hitherto been speaking of the first and second lectures, the third enters upon a wide and interesting path; it professes to examine what is called the *poetical*, as developed in painting and sculpture, in architecture and music; and, lastly, in rhetoric. Under the first division the lecturer selects two painters, the chief of their respective schools, Raphael and Rubens; and two pictures, which are accustomed to be regarded as the triumphs of each artist in his own peculiar walk of art. The parallel, as might be supposed, is extremely interesting between the *Roman* painter, impelled by nature and restrained by the gentle jurisdiction of the purest taste, and the *Flemish*, swayed by his own discipline of habit; one, contemplating a certain divine form and image of beauty, which he had delineated in the secret recesses of his own mind, and producing at will an uniform chastity of colour and design; the other seizing upon every variety of hue and figure, in every possible combination. And so the difference between Raphael and Rubens is, that in the work of the first you forget the workman, while, in the second, the workman obscures the work. To Raphael Mr. Keble thinks that

the endowment of *poetical light* is never refused; that the claim of Rubens, if not impugned, is never constantly admitted. From painting he passes to sculpture, which requires, as he observes, a purer and a severer taste to appreciate its beauties than is demanded by the more dazzling attractions of colour. But architecture is far more intimately associated with poetry; whether it be the exquisite temple of Greek idolatry, with its solemn mysteries of superstition, its dim shrines, or its magnificent images of gods, darting rays of unearthly splendour from their emerald eyes; or the rich and fantastic gracefulness of Oriental Paganism; or, above all, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault of our own sacred churches. Upon such a subject we should expect the writer of the *Christian Year* to speak with more than common enthusiasm. For our own part we think, and have said upon a former occasion, that a cathedral and the *Faëry Queene* breathe the same spirit; that one is a poem in stone, and one in metre; and the painted window and flowery clusterings of the walls form the more eloquent and the most congenial commentary upon Spenser. We shall quote a portion of this description of our sacred architecture, and, instead of a translation, would refer the reader to a metrical illustration from his own *Christian Year* :—

“*Vetustissima supersunt prægrandi columnarum mole; simplici figura januarum, laquearium, fenestrarum; sculptili opere non admodum vario, neque in multas diffuso partes; quod adeo ad formam totius ædificii vix magis pertinere videatur, quam ad montis alicujus superficiem flores herbæque, si quæ ibi nascuntur. Itaque solidam quandam præ se ferunt durissimæ firmitatis, ne dicam immortalitatis, speciem. Deique cultoribus ipso visu servandam commendant animi constantiam, et pertinacem sine fastu fortitudinem. Hæc pervetera et fortasse rudiora paullatim exceperit ædificandi ratio, omnium, ut mihi quidem videtur, elegantissima et sacris longe dignissima mysteriis. Acui jam fornicum culmina, atque in sublime efferri: columnæ non simplices illæ, sed virgatæ, fascium ritu, tanquam expluribus quæque constet columellis, inter se stipatis vincitque; tum capita, mira arte cœlata,*

sensim cum laquearibus impingi; fenestræ plurimæ, amplissimis luminibus, sculptili opere quam delicatissimo; quarum quasi fibræ, foliorum similes, non vagantur illæ quidem, libere tamen huc illuc feruntur.”

The association of poetry with rhetoric is, of course, more intimate and defined; but though there is resemblance, there is no identity. Magnificence of diction, sweetness of pathos, charm of expression,—all may be present, without constituting a poet; for Cicero had them all; yet he still remained a rhetorician; while of Plato it has been affirmed, that he is more poetical than Homer. The contrast indicated by Keble is just and happy. Cicero always seems to encircle himself with the theatre, the crowd, the applause; you see the fluctuating wares of spectators; you hear the gathering thunder of kindling hands. With Plato, on the contrary, all is tranquil and subdued; he appears to be his own audience; his is the quiet eye that broods upon his own heart; any noisy expression of admiration would desecrate the serene majesty of his contemplations. The orator's rhetoric speaks to the busy, the idle, the hard-hearted, the worldly; the poetry of the philosopher steals only into the ear of the pensive, the meditative, and the refined. The oracular breastplate of the intellectual high-priest returns no answer to the profane and unworthy questioner. Every precious jewel of thought is clouded and silent. To illustrate his distinction between the rhetorical and the poetical mind, Keble adduces two specimens from two English writers, each alike celebrated in his own particular walk of thought,—Burke, the pride of the Senate,—Taylor, the glory of the Church. The passage from Burke is the famous description of the unfortunate queen of France, selected from the *Essay on the French Revolution*; and the quotation from Taylor occurs in his funeral sermon on Lady Carbery. We give the original and the translation; and we think that even the graceful figures of the orator and the splendid image of the preacher will gather a new melody of sound from the exquisite Latin music to which they have been set by this accomplished critic :—

BURKE.

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!"

TAYLOR.

"In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion."

Keble awards the prize of the orator to Burke, and of the poet to Taylor. "Who will deny," he says, "that these words of the bishop flow from a full breast? Who will doubt that he who has thus spoken would have given utterance to the same sentiment in the solitude and silence of his own chamber?" Now suffer us to say one word in the praise of one of the loveliest minds that ever threw a bloom and a beauty over the sacred teaching of England. Without being a poet—for Taylor's specimens in rhyme have nothing but his name to recommend them—he possessed the elements of poetry; and of all our writers, he seems to have had most eminently the *brooding* eye of Plato. For if we were asked to indicate by a single epithet the broad distinction between the eloquence of the rhetorical and the poetical mind, we should say of the one that it was *descriptive*, and of the other that it was *suggestive*. Of the *first*, that it gave to the spectator a single picture; of the *second*, that it exhibited scenes after scenes glimmering away into the aerial sunniness of perspective. In this suggestiveness, the writings of Jeremy Taylor abound. Southey, while expressing his surprise at Mackintosh's high praise of the panegyric mysticism of the bishop admits that there are in his works exquisite, and more than Platonically beautiful passages, though he conceives them to be scattered thinly, like the apparitions of angels in pious story.

BURKE TRANSLATED.

"Vidi equidem multis abhinc annis pulcherrimam, qualem ne insomniis quidem hunc orbem tetigisse crediderim (si modo revera tetigit:) vidi diluculo quodam suo, margine cœli, vixdum exortam; superna, quo properabat, loca, etiam tum læto lumine fovebat. Quid multa? Eo lucidior emicabat, plena splendore, plena gaudio, quantum cœli! eheu! jam mutata! idem ego quam durus forem, si fixis oculis intueri possem, tali ortu, tam misere occiderem."

TAYLOR TRANSLATED.

"Ita se ad pietatem composuit, is erat tenor eorum, quæ illa Dei causa faciebat, ut esset miris modis tranquilla, nec unquam ferretur citato gradu; quæ ad suum illum Oceanum, Deum videlicet et Æternitatem, certo ac quieto itinere laberetur."

We enter more congenially into the remark of Southey's friend, William Taylor, of Norwich, that it is pleasant to get out of the modern shrubberies in perpetual flower into the stately yew hedge-walks, and vased and statued terraces, and fruitful walls, and marble fountains of the old school of oratory. We think with him, and in his own words, "that such things are not made without a greater expense of study and brains than modern method requires;" and we admit, also, with him, that "while there is a something of stiffness and inutility to censure there, there is a something of aptness, grace, and convenience to applaud here."

In one respect Bishop Taylor must suffer from a comparison with Burke, or with that writer who might be supposed to suggest a more appropriate parallel, Bossuet; we allude to his perfect want of any such modulated flow of words and arrangement of sentences as compose what we are accustomed to call a *style*. In that respect he is the Rubens of eloquence; the fascination of his colouring is made to illuminate, if it does not conceal, the frequent deformities of his imagery, and the harshness and abruptness of his language.

In the fourth *prælection* the professor touches upon the interesting subject of poetical excellence in its relative degrees of originality and power, and in the highest class he places Spenser and Shakspeare. In

this opinion he has the recorded voice of Southey to support him; who looked upon Shakspeare in the dramatic, Milton in the epic, and Spenser in the romantic, as not only above all their successors, but at an unapproachable distance from them. The admirers of Shakspeare may rejoice to receive the suffrage of Keble to the character of their poet. He considers his virtues of composition to have belonged to himself, and his vices to the age; and he thinks that the wilful depravity of his contemporaries ought to be taken as a testimony of the sincere and hearty love and admiration of things deserving praise, by Shakspeare:—
“Ut facile quis intelligere possit, quæ aliquando subterpicula intextuntur, partim sæculi esse, non scriptoris; partim, ut ehrsios Laconicis pueris tanguam odiosa ac vitanda proponi. Ergo illum virtuti ex animo favisse non est cur dubitemus;

cum præsertim plerique eorum qui tunc scenicis dabant operam, in alia omnia abire consueverint.”

Of the moral infirmities of Dryden we think that Mr. Keble speaks with a severity that might have been softened. To say that he never praised any one *from his heart*, is scarcely justified, or rather it is contradicted by his life. Why should we doubt that his panegyric of Oldham was *sincere*, as we feel it to be *eloquent*? Many of the intellectual vices of Dryden were the vices of dependence—the vices of poverty. Surely some allowance ought to be made for a man of genius who was obliged to keep a sharp eye upon a bookseller's *clipped guineas*. We shall quote Keble's brief character of Dryden, and instead of translating it, give its spirit in a parallel passage from one of Southey's letters to William Taylor:—

DRYDEN SKETCHED BY SOUTHEY.

“I have placed Dryden at the head of the second-rates. I admire, but do not love him; he can mend a versifier, but could never form a poet. His moral imbecility kept him down; with powers for painting, he chose to be a limner by trade; instead of amending ages to come, he was the pimp and pander of his own.”

DRYDEN SKETCHED BY KEBLE.

“Nulli vis major et copia verborum; nulli sententiarum uberior seges; nemo felicius sese tentare, nemo liberius quædammodo et lætius spatium suarum virium sensu. Unum illud Vate sacro indignissimum, quod ita parum sibi congruat, ut neminem unquam ex animo laudasse, nulli eorum, quas cantaverit, rerum impensius eum studuisse dicas.”

Mr. Keble might very aptly have brought forward the example of Dryden to support his argument, that great poets are not only willing to employ on fitting occasions the language of common discourse, but also that they draw much of their imagery and illustration from things familiar and simple. The *Night Thoughts* of Young he mentions as suffering from the adoption of a different theory.

There is deep cause to regret the error of the poet, because in no book of the eighteenth century, whether it be written in prose or verse, is it possible, we think, to find so much food for thought condensed and extracted. There can be no question as to the purity of the ore; it is the difficult inscription round the edge that keeps the coin from getting into the general currency of verse: the

inscription rarely ends in the dialect in which it began; a new thought assumed the supremacy in the writer's mind, without altogether dethroning the former; and so we have at the same time two separate images and superscriptions, and two reigns of fancy seem to be run into each other. But in one quality of the poetical mind to which reference has been already made, we consider Young to shine pre-eminent—in the quality of *suggestiveness*—he indicates, rather than describes, and he gives you an outline sufficiently clear to enable an accurate and practical eye to complete the portrait, or the landscape; and, therefore, he deserves a seat in that society of wise writers, of whom Keble happily observes, “Itaque qui sapiunt paucis tangunt, quæ maxime commendata velint legenti; et velut convivatoris,

ita scriptoria, id erit certissimum ingenii specimen, si homines dimittat excitato quasi palato." With this *stimulated palate* the reader always rises from the intellectual festival of genius cultivated and refined into grace,—we say particularly of genius refined by art, because, in this respect, Virgil excels Homer, and Campbell snatches the crown from Spenser. It may suit the egotism, and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, the extreme vanity of the late poet-laureate to call Virgil a first-rate *language-master*, but many years must roll by before the *Kehama* will be found on the same shelf with the *Æneid*.

In his sixth lecture Mr. Keble commences a most interesting inquiry into the history and structure of the Homeric poems,—an inquiry prolonged during ten lectures, and presenting subjects of the most pleasing character. If the late Lord Dudley and Ward, whose correspondence with Bishop Copleston has been given to the public, could have read the professor's observations upon the *Odyssey*, he would, perhaps, have deemed it deserving of higher commendation than that of being a *pretty*

poem. The illustrations of the personal character and disposition of the Homeric writer, derived from his own works, are peculiarly pleasant; and we have been struck with the contrast which Keble draws between Homer and Burns, in the temper with which they received the dispensation of a lowly fortune. He discovers a close resemblance between the Greek and the Scottish poet in their poverty and their love of nature. Who does not join him in the wish that the same similarity could have been traced in their behaviour under the difficulties of the state of life to which they had been called?—That the fierce exciseman of Dumfries had caught some of the smiling forbearance of the blind wanderer of Chios, and had played with his fortune, instead of struggling with it! It may not be without profit, as it cannot be without interest, to read the morals which two eminent persons have written at the close of their melancholy histories of two men, who, however they may have differed in the amplitude of their genius, offer a painful coincidence in their sufferings and their fall:—

JOHNSON ON SAVAGE.

"This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under any part of his sufferings shall be enabled to fortify their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

KEBLE ON BURNS.

"Verum in hac re, sicut in omni vita, plurimum ei norint insanus quidam ac plane temerarius ad voluptatem ardor. Hinc ira, metus, ægritudines; hinc mens mali sibi conscia, nec satis cuiquam aut hominum, aut rerum benigna; hinc de republica cæca murmura, indignatio liberima, si qui beatiores quam pro meritis suis viderentur. Contra, Homerus, cum fuerit, ut in ethnico scriptore, maxime pudibundus, consentaneum erat ut rebus præsentibus semper se hilarem et æquum præstaret. Non enim frustra dictum est, querendum esse, 'quid pure tranquillet;' ut intelligamus, qui velit quieto esse animo, illi ante omnia vivendum esse caste ac pure."

Mr. Keble examines the question, which has been so frequently agitated, whether the writer of the Homeric poems was deprived of his sight during the period of their composition. The natural and immediate reply to the question would be a refutation of this supposition. The richness, the accuracy, the abundance of his pictures, might seem to demand, not only the full possession, but the

constant employment of the faculty of vision. But a little reflection will change the aspect of the argument. After all, Memory is the truest muse of the painter; and we think that it will be admitted by every reader that the season when a landscape comes out with the greatest freshness and distinctness of reality is not the period of its being visited; it is rather in the solitude, the repose of the

evening, when the mind recollects the scattered impressions of the day, that the natural scene is usually found to revive in all its original colours. It was, probably, when bending over the dying embers in his garden-house, that Milton beheld unclosing to his feet the leafy shades of Vallombrosa. The parting twilight is the most congenial atmosphere for memory to paint in, and we imagine that if the familiar history of genius could be written it would be found that some of the most glowing sketches of summer and autumn, verdure and fruitfulness, have been composed when the snow froze to the windows, and the redbreast exhibited all the intrepidity of his soul in raking the garden-path for crumbs. We consider the distinction which Mr. Keble intimates between the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be both ingenious and just. He would suggest that the first poem was written *before* and the second *after* the blindness of the author. And this hypothesis is countenanced by the internal evidence of the poems themselves. In the *Iliad* every thing moves and every thing lives; the cloud drives before the gale; the billows whiten at their edges; the branches of the trees wave and toss; still and animated life are exhibited in action. But in the *Odyssey* the

prevailing characteristic is a calm and beautiful repose; instead of the cloud driven before the gale, we have the mist melting before the morning sun; for the agitated boughs of trees, we have there the quiet reflection on the grass; the cool and flowery valley replaces the savage mountain-pass. The descriptions, are *general* not *particular*, and give the outline, not the features, of the landscape. And such a difference would be quite in harmony with the hypothesis of the possession of sight at one period, and the loss of it at another. The descriptions in the *Iliad* would be communicated by the eye, those in the *Odyssey* by the recollection. And the reader of Milton will scarcely fail to observe the same absence of minute delineation of natural objects which has been noticed in the last poem of Homer. And while we express our conviction that Mr. Keble has most pleasingly established his argument respecting the disposition and the blindness of the Greek poet, we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with his translation of Milton's sonnet upon his blindness, bringing him, as it does, so touchingly into comparison with that "blind Mæonides," whom he proposed to himself as his august model:—

MILTON IN HIS BLINDNESS.

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and pre-
sent
My true account, lest he returning
chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light de-
nied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth
not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts.'
Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding
speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and
wait."

MILTON TRANSLATED.

οταν μ' υπελεθῃ φῶτος ἡμερος, μισον
πριν ημας ελθειν ἐν σκοτεινῇ πλατωμεντοι,
αλγιστον. εἰσιτι καὶ τυφλοῖσι διαποτης
πικρος παριστιν, ἰσχυρ' εὐσπρασσι, θιος.
Αλλ' ἰστυ, ἰστυ' αὐ' ἐν μυχωῖς φρενιν λογος
αγαθος τι δαιμων. ἡμι δ' εὐδαερης, ἰστυ
τοι ἐν ζυγωσιν ουρανου καθημεντοι,
ἡμου διοντα γ' ἰστυν, αυταρεκη θιον.
πρὸ δ' αὐτ' ἀνακτες μυρισι φασι στρατον,
τους μιν, πιστισαι πολλα, πυφραρον δικην,
ατω, κατω, γην, ποττοι ουρανου πλακα.
τους δ' αυ, σιβητας, ἐν τυφῇ μωρετιν αι.

Mr. Keble dwells at some length and with much ingenuity upon the influence which the genius of Homer exercised upon the literature of Greece. It was the sap, which, circulating through every branch of the tree of knowledge, communicated verdure and bloom to the remotest leaf. He was not only than all dramatists more dramatic, but he was the original of the drama itself; all the gentler shapes and aspects of imagination as developed in the lyrical poems of Greece, were only so many violets growing round his massive trunk, and sheltered from the wind and storm by the majesty of his shade. Nor in poetry alone is his presence recognised and felt; in the clear and wide-flowing stream of Plato's philosophy you discover the boughs of the Homeric imagination sending down into the transparent depths of the water the reflected shadows of their beauty and richness; and even in the tone and melody of the historic narrative the ear catches the same delicious cadence and musical motion of the leaves. It is not difficult to conceive how mighty and lasting may be the emotions which the contemplation of so magnificent a growth of intellectual beauty awakens. The rushing wind of inspiration, descending from these high places of thought, quickens many a stream into a rapid and noble current. And of all the appearances of genius we love most to gaze upon it when it has just descended from some sacred and inspiring communion with a higher Intelligence than itself upon the mountain-top of learning or fancy. And we thus contemplate with no common interest the eyes of Themistocles kept awake and flashing by the trophies of Miltiades; and we listen with no common earnestness to the illustrious architect of the noblest church in the world, who, from the examination of an ancient work of art, could turn aside with the exulting hope upon his lip, "*Good!—But what will you say when you shall behold this dome of my building suspended in the open firmament of heaven?*" In the warrior and the artist, the sleepless eye and the kindling lip were only the throes of an eager emulation, excited by the great originals who had preceded them. But there is yet another result which

might be justly expected to arise out of the presence of a finished production of genius. Its examination awakes a taste unfelt before; it opens new scenes hitherto unnoticed in the still landscape of thought; it makes readers of poetry, and so leads them from the dark and tumultuous purgatory of rude and sensual occupation into the paradise of imagination and grace.

Pindar gives to the graver poets of his time a title which indicates their descent from Homer; and we have already observed that of all the dramatists he was the most dramatic. The Greek drama, accordingly, was only the Greek epic recast; narrative was narrowed into dialogue; the poet disappeared in the chorus. Poetry, however, lost some of its splendour in the transformation. The action of the stage was less vivid and truth-like than the action of the epic; and Paris furnishing his armour, and Venus arrayed by the Graces, spoke to the eye with a livelier force than any scene in the *Agamemnon* or the *Orestes*. To Homer we owe *Æschylus*. Keble suggests some points of difference between the two. Their style was essentially unlike. In Homer every word is simple, natural, and clear; through the atmosphere of his language his fancy glides with an easy and a noiseless motion; like the dove of Virgil, when floating through the unruffled air,

"*Tradit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.*"

In *Æschylus*, on the contrary, every word is big, tumultuous, and swelling; the comic poet happily struck at this peculiarity of his manner by applying to it the epithet *μεγανυρας*. He piles tower upon tower; and to read him after Homer is to turn from *Tasso* to *Dante*. We cannot follow the professor into his minute and ingenious analysis of the tragedies of *Æschylus*, in which we are occasionally reminded of the acute conjectures and pleasing illustrations of some of our English tragedians by Coleridge. We may refer, however, to a comparison which Keble makes between *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare* in one feature of their poetical character: we allude to the introduction of ironical or jocular passages into the centre of a serious

action,—an intermingling of a thread of comedy with the dark web of a tragic history. Of this manner examples might be adduced from the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides*. How frequently Shakspeare adopted this habit they who read his plays must well remember. The grave-diggers indulge in the most fearless scurrility over the funeral of Ophelia.

Keble appears to deprecate the modern French custom of omitting entirely all intermixture of comic action.

A digression to the Chorus of the

tragedy introduces an accidental allusion to the *nightingale*, and the manner in which poets have spoken of her; and it is interesting to observe how infinitely happy and true beyond the description of any other poet, is the brief character given by Homer of the music of this bird. Virgil omits to mark altogether the distinctive peculiarities of its habits and its song, while Homer gives them all with a charm of reality which is wonderful. The reader will compare the two:—

HOMER ON THE NIGHTINGALE.

ισκρος νυκτισταμναιο,
διπλωγ εν πιταλοισι καθιζομνη πυκνοισιν,
ητι βαμα τραπασα χυι πολυχχια φωνηη.

The picture of Virgil bears nothing to individualise it; it might be any bird of the wood warbling in the poplar shade; the only feature of the description that possesses any peculiar felicity of adaptation is the allusion to the clear and continued gush of melody that fills the neighbourhood with its sound. But in Homer the habits and the music of the nightingale are indicated with the accuracy of the naturalist and the grace of the poet. It is the peculiarity of the

VIRGIL ON THE SAME.

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub
umbra
Flæt noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile
cantum
Integrat, et mœstis late loca quæstibus
implet."

nightingale to conceal itself, when it sings, among the thickest leaves and branches of the tree, which is expressed in the *πιταλοις πυκνοισιν*; while the many changes and inflections of its voice are positively echoed in the *πολυχχια*. In the midst of this interesting disquisition we come to a pause. We must postpone the consideration of one of the most delightful portions of these volumes—the Lectures on Virgil and the Latin poets—to our next number.

AN EPISODE OF THE TIMES OF PHILIP V. OF SPAIN.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A MILITARY life in a frontier garrison city was then, as now, a dull, insipid, monotonous round of duty. The wars of the Succession had long since passed away, and the armies of Philip V. of Spain were no longer employed in aggrandising his power, but in keeping his realm and his crown secure. Murviedro, built upon the ruins of ancient Saguntum, enjoyed the most delicious of climates; the citron and orange shed their perpetual fragrance in its gardens. It seemed to be blessed with an eternal summer; but it was the dullest of places. Its population, which had been decimated by the ravages of war, had been exhausted as to pecuniary means, in consequence of the sacrifices it had been called upon to make; and, having well supported the Austrian party, it sullenly refused all interchange of civility with the soldiers of Philip V.

The two friends one evening were strolling along the outskirts of the little city; and, although it was Christmas time, the air was genial and balmy. The seven old Moorish fortresses, whose ruins still overlook Murviedro, cast their dark shadows over different portions of the town. They passed the ancient theatre, which reared its majestic walls in silence; not a single individual was traversing its immense arena; the long and matted grass was hanging from the seats of white marble, whereon had sat in state the venerable magistrates of Saguntum. Before them lay a landscape of transcendent beauty, and terminated by the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"Let us sit here," said Don Pablo, as he seated himself on the fragment of a fallen marble column, "I am wearied to the very soul, Benito, at the prevailing dullness of the place. It is far better to be enjoying the pure air than to be placed at a dull game of cards with his old twaddling excellency, Don Francisco de Tejeiro."

"His excellency's palace would be endurable if there were only one or two pretty women to talk to. But

all the wives of the married officers are as ugly as sin; and the women of the city shut their doors in our faces and themselves from our sight. Your beautiful patroness at court knew well where she was sending you; she was determined that no other woman should for one moment distract your thoughts from herself."

"Alas! Benito, my friend, she has forgotten me. I was a fool for indulging a hope that I was less indifferent to her than the rest of mankind. What arrogance of pretension on my part! for, though I am as noble as the Sandovals, the Frias, and the most ancient of the families of the Castiles, am I not a beggar? while she, surrounded by the splendour and adulation of a court, possesses all that human wishes can desire!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Benito, "never despond, most worthy Don Pablo. Have you forgotten the little gipsy's prophecy?"

"I do not believe a word of it," answered the other, with some quickness.

"Well, then, I do," said the painter; "I firmly believe that you will one day be a grandee of Spain."

"Yes, yes," observed Don Pablo, with bitterness; "the dull routine of duty at Murviedro holds out, truly, fine opportunities for winning distinction."

"But remember that your present position is only the first step to preferment."

"No, no!" exclaimed Don Pablo, with petulance; "my protectress has entirely forgotten me."

"Well, then, since you will have it so," observed the painter, with a humorous look, "I will not put the means of unpleasant thoughts before your eyes; so I will safely lock up the lady's portrait, and not let you see it again."

The friends arose to wend their way to his excellency's, when suddenly the profound silence of the night was disturbed by a wild chorus of voices, which proceeded from the

ruins of a temple not a hundred paces distant.

"Do you hear the infernal din?" asked the startled painter, as he crossed himself. "Those are no Christian voices: some devils must surely be holding their high Sabbath. Let us hence at once, for fear of their maledictions and the holy Inquisition."

Don Pablo loosened his mantle, placed his hand upon his sword, and resolutely advanced towards the ruins. Benito drew his dagger with one hand, and seized his scapulary with the other, following his friend at a little distance, and with considerable hesitation.

The screaming chorus was suddenly hushed, when the accents of a full clear voice vibrated through the ruins. The friends caught the following words, as they stood still to listen:—

"My knight is a cavalier bold,
With his plumes and his surcoat of gold;
And for him a chaplet I'll wreath,

Fast strung with many bright flowers;
And for him a mystical lay I'll breathe,
Full fraught with magical powers.

How proud will his step be,—how flashing his eye,

When accomplish'd shall be the young girl's prophecy!"

"Viva la Palomita! Eh, viva!" screamed a shrill voice.

Don Pablo advanced, and looked through an aperture in the wall, and at once recognised the troop of gipsies whom three months before he had seen before Chinchilla's tavern. They had lighted their fire, and were holding carousal amid the ruins of the old temple of Bacchus. About eighteen men, women, and children, were lying in various postures around the blazing wood. La Palomita was standing at a little distance; she was singing, and dressing her long and beautiful hair before a cracked mirror, which Pepe Cojuelo held up, while over it peered his large eyes in their steadfast and eternal gaze of admiration. Her dress was covered with her customary collection of tinsel and tawdry ornaments. No queen of Spain, in the heyday of youth and loveliness, seated before the brightest of Venetian mirrors, and adorned with royal diamonds, could have taken greater delight at her reflected image than did the gipsy beauty

while employed over her toilette before the cracked glass held by the silly Pepe. She balanced herself on her toes; she twirled round; she bent her head on one side and on the other, and seemed delighted at the reflection of her long earrings and other ornaments: and if Pepe attempted to move, or hold the glass awry, she would playfully slap his face. In return, the idiot would give a loud laugh, and with his shrill voice exclaim, "Shall we dance, Palomita; shall we dance the fandango?"

"Welcome to Murviedro, my beautiful Palomita," said the painter, advancing so suddenly that he might have been taken for an apparition sprung forth from the earth.

The gipsies started to their feet, and each man bared his deadly blade.

"Halloa! my masters," shouted the painter, "not so fast with your steel. Can't one speak to such worthies as you without being obliged to fight at the same time? Why, we are at the gates of the city, and my pockets are as empty as becomes an artist. La Palomita there is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Quite true," said the girl, interposing; and, taking him by the hand, she with a half mock-heroic reverence presented him to the company. "This is the most famous artist Don Benito Romero, who has come all the way from the Asturias to fill the wide world with his renown. He painted old Chinchilla's portrait, and the sign that hangs over his door, for which not a single maravedi was paid."

"Quite right. I had promised them in payment for our lodging and entertainment."

"But you paid your account, nevertheless, in bright crowns. He speaks in raptures of you, señor, and your illustrious friend the Count of Peñaparda, and hopes that some day you will again honour his house with your distinguished presence." As she said this, there was a slight tremor in her voice, and her eyes wandered restlessly beyond the spot where Benito stood, no doubt in search of his friend.

"And what hath brought thee all the way from the Two Castilles to this secluded and melancholy spot?" asked the painter.

"We wander wherever we can gain a subsistence. We wander every where, like free birds of passage. The summer sun lightens our steps to Biscay and the Asturias, where the mountain breezes blow fresh and cool. In winter, we seek a milder climate by the sea-shore, and are now come to see the orange blossom in the kingdom of Valencia, which is aptly termed the Garden of Spain."

"And wilt thou remain long at Murviedro?" demanded Benito.

"Not an hour over next Sunday," answered an old white-headed gipsy, who seemed the chief of the band. "The country is beautiful, but wretchedly poor, and the people care little or nothing for the fandango. A starved hen is as difficult to find here as a fat sheep in other places. I told all this to La Palomita, but she *would* come."

"Yes," she added, in a firm and decided tone, "I wished to come; I am now here, and I intend to remain here over Sunday. If you will not remain also, you must all go without me."

"Do you hear the pert minx?" exclaimed the old gipsy, in astonishment at such a rebellious tone. "What wilt thou do here?—thou must starve. If thou wilt break through the usages of thy race, and eat and drink with strangers, thy whole gipsy brotherhood will curse and renounce thee!"

La Palomita smiled disdainfully, and, pushing aside Pepe, who still held up the cracked glass, she descended the broken steps of the building, and approached Don Pablo, who was leaning against the standing fragment of a pillar, and observing the gipsies in silence.

"Well, my noble lord," she said in a whisper, the articulations of which were scarcely audible, "is your life as glorious and happy as I predicted?"

"Alas! my dear child, not quite so," sighed forth Don Pablo. "The commencement was all that could be desired, but the result is tardy of arrival. Dost thou remember our meeting on the road to the Escorial?"

She did not speak. At that instant a bright flame threw a broad glare around and illumined the features and person of La Palomita. Her

hair, which she had not had time to bind up, was streaming in thick folds on either side of her face and over her back, her hand was pressed to her side, and the animation of her eyes and her thick and quick breathing evidenced the depth of her emotion. For the first time in her vagabond life, perhaps, her eyes were cast down in the presence of a man. The count himself was also almost unconsciously a little flustered.

"How beautiful thou lookst this evening, Palomita, and how gaily thou art attired! Art thou going to exhibit by torchlight in the great square of Murviedro?"

"No, my lord," she answered, meekly; "I am not at the Murviedro for the purpose of dancing the fandango."

"Ah, ah!" he said, laughingly, "I see how it is, thou art desirous of changing thy vocation. But art thou not happy? All admire thee, all applaud thee, and thou receivest a shower of maravedis wherever thou goest!"

"And sometimes doubloons, too, shower upon me," observed the young girl. "I have not forgotten the generous hand that threw some to me from the window of Chinchilla's tavern!"

La Palomita raised her full, fresh, rounded and brown arm, and showed the count a bracelet formed of beads of glass, to which the two doubloons were appended.

"How," said the count, a little astonished, "have thy companions allowed thee to keep these pieces? Knowest thou not, moreover, that these two broad pieces of gold will purchase thee dresses of silk, a profusion of ribands, dancing-shoes of silver tissue, and pearls for thy neck?"

"I know, I know!" replied the girl; "but for these doubloons, you, my lord, gave them to me, and I have preserved them as a memorial of the giver."

"But thou guardest well whatever thou valuest," observed the count.

The young girl drew up her figure with a look of resolution, and slightly touched the handle of a long knife which was fixed in her girdle. She then placed both her hands on the arm of Don Pablo, and whispered

and dreary months in reaching Murviedro."

"And thou wilt, doubtless, quit it in a few days?" demanded the count. "Thy roving race never remain long in the same place."

"It is too true, our race is always wandering, but I go not with them," said the girl, in the same under tone. "I am weary at heart, and I have need of rest."

"Thou wishest to tarry at Murviedro," observed the count, somewhat surprised; "and may I ask wherefore?"

The girl hesitated for a moment or two, and then replied, "Because you are at Murviedro!"

As she pronounced these words, she leant her head dejectedly upon his shoulder.

* * *

CHAPTER II.

La Palomita had become the mistress of the Count of Peñaparda. The scandal would have been great had that fact been known, but people believed that she was in the count's household only as a servant. Pepe Cojuelo had also quitted the gipsy band. He discovered the abode of Palomita, and seated himself at the door with the pertinacity of a faithful dog. At last Benito, in down-right pity, allowed him to come in, with liberty to sleep in the stable and eat in the kitchen.

But as in all similar cases, possession had speedily produced satiety. The gipsy girl was no companion for the high-born Spaniard. After the zest of the conquest had worn away, Don Pablo had become truly ashamed of his base action, and would have given the world for a good and sufficient excuse to be well rid of her presence. But this was far from easy. Her love and devotion were prompted by her peculiar and savage nature. She abandoned herself to her one sole all-absorbing passion—she almost worshipped him as a very God. She would have gladly sacrificed her body, and even her very soul, for his welfare. To give him pleasure she became the silent, submissive slave to all his whims and caprices; she concealed her frequent tears, and the jealousy often awakened by his alienated manner and his coldness towards her. In the patient, suffering creature, none of her thousand admirers would have recognised the laughing, gay, and sprightly Gitana.

But matters could not last long after this fashion. She soon suspected that the count's coldness was the result of another attachment. This aroused her excitable heart, and a circumstance very soon confirmed her worst fears.

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La Palomita was still standing at the window, and weeping as if her heart would break. "Yes," she at length said, "it is plain that he has ceased to love me. He has deceived me—he loves another. Oh! I will soon know who that other is."

An hour after, Don Pablo, on re-entering the house, found La Palomita in his secret cabinet, although he had cautiously taken away the key. She had burst through the door. The windows had been thrown open, the sun was streaming in a flood of light upon a full-length portrait of the lady of the Escorial Gardens, and she did not seem to be

the floor intently gazing upon it. Here and there were scattered books of poetry and papers, and in the corner of the room was a guitar. On a table in front of the picture was a table supporting vases of beautiful flowers, as though they were votive offerings to a saint.

As Don Pablo entered, she bounded up, exclaiming, "Ay, now I see the object of so much care and mystery. This, then, is thy real mistress! I have served thee as the mere gewgaw of the hour. This is the object of thy idolatry! See how I treat it!"

She drew her knife and sprung at the painting, but happily for the masterpiece of Benito Romero, that eminent individual opportunely entered the room.

"Holloa!" screamed the artist in a fury, "have a care of my very best painting; you had better murder me than spoil my performance!"

She started back at the sudden apparition of the painter interposing between her up-raised weapon and the picture. He advanced and seized her by the arm. "What a regular tigress!" he said, as they struggled together; "she ought to have been long muzzled! However, it doesn't much matter, as we leave Murviedro this evening."

A shudder passed through the gipsy's frame, her arms fell, her eyes glared unmeaningly, and her tongue refused its office. She was the very semblance of desolation, and presented a truly pitiable aspect. Don Pablo's heart melted, and he approached and took her by the hand and said,—

"All this, my dear child, must have a termination—we must part!"

"So then *thou* rejectest and repulsest me?" said La Palomita, in a hollow tone.

"I am about to depart from Murviedro; thou canst remain here if thou wilt, for thou canst not follow me!"

"And why not?" demanded the girl, in utter amazement.

"Because the scandal attending such a step would be great, and ruinous to my fortune. I have a career before me; if, then, thou followest my footsteps, I shall be ruined, and thou wilt be miserable for life. Thy habits are different to mine—thou art altogether of a different race. Thou lovest the roving life of

the Gitanas. Thou wilt still be the beautiful and admired dancer, and I will give thee more money than gipsies ever possessed to purchase for thyself gay dresses and golden ornaments. Thou wilt be perfectly happy!"

"As happy, doubtless, as when I met thee on the Escorial road!" observed La Palomita, with much bitterness. "Thinkest thou that I, like thyself, can in one moment cast every thing into forgetfulness? It may be so with men of thy order. The poor girl has served thy purpose, and she is abandoned. She pleased thee; thou thoughtest that thou couldst spend a moment or two of pleasure with her, and for this momentary gratification didst thou take her from her life of innocence and her race. Thy humour over, she is now chased from thy presence, like a vile mongrel cur!"

"What extravagance of speech!" said Benito. "Why speak of mongrel curs and such stuff, when Don Pablo only wishes for thy happiness and welfare? Now depart in peace, like a good and sensible girl."

"On my soul, thou counsell'est well!" exclaimed the girl; "and where would'st thou have me go?"

"Go and rejoin thy band," said Don Pablo.

"And thinkest thou that so easy after having slept for one month in the house of Don Pablo? It is not with gipsies as with thy people. With us girls are prudent and pure, and wives are faithful under fear of death."

"How?" demanded Benito.

"I repeat, that our girls are virtuous. My companions know that I tarried here to become the mistress of the Count Peñaparda. Le Mochuelo, to whom I was affianced, was for three days lingering around this house, and doubt not that his blade is sharp and sure. But I have no fear on that account; indeed—indeed I fear nothing, but being abandoned by him I love! My lord," added she, with clasped hands and an imploring look, "let me be your companion! I will be patient, submissive, uncomplaining, silent; I will endure every thing, so that I may but gaze upon you! Oh! I beseech you to grant my request!"

But he shook his head *earnestly*, and with decision.

"Then," cried the girl, springing up in fury, while her coal-black eyes flashed fire,—"then I will follow thee in spite of all thy efforts to escape me! Thou shalt not abandon me without suffering deeply for thy treachery. To escape from this house, thou shalt pass over my body! I know well where thou art going—to espouse that woman whose likeness thou hast secretly worshipped; but flatter not thy heart, for thou shalt never be joined to her in wedlock. I am poor, a gipsy, and despised, but I am La Palomita, Don Pablo, and my sleeve will conceal the sure and certain dagger!"

She stopped, and panted for want of breath, then burst into a flood of tears, then had recourse to fresh and urgent entreaties, then seizing him by the cloak, and kneeling to him, uttered loud cries and heart-moving supplications. The servants meanwhile had been removing the luggage. Don Pablo used every argument to allay her anguish and stop her torrent of tears; but her piercing cries and lamentations brought Benito, who had been superintending the preparations for the departure, in haste into the room.

"Confound the girl and all her tribe!" exclaimed the painter in a passion; "her screams will carry the roof from the walls, and the patrol will presently besiege the door, thinking that we are murdering some one!"

Don Pablo drew the painter apart. "This painful scene will drive me mad," he said; "what can we do with the poor girl?"

"Say no more to her," answered the other dryly; "let the poor thing cry, tears will lighten her heart's grief. She will come to, when she is convinced that your further stay here is impossible. Do not stir from this room till she is somewhat tranquil. I will complete the preparations, and bring you the purse of gold pieces you have destined for her. What a misfortune for any man to be so loved by a woman! it is worse than persecution, it is to suffer martyrdom. Look! she is shutting the window to have another bout of it, and I must get out of the way as fast as I can!"

The count sat down with a sorrowful heart; La Palomita was at

his side, weeping bitterly. For some time she stole occasional looks at the count, still cherishing the fond hope that he would relent. At length her sobs became fainter, her eyes gradually closed, her head sank on the side of the sofa, and her weary and exhausted frame lapsed into repose.

At this moment Benito Romero appeared at the door and beckoned to the count, who moved stealthily towards him. Don Pablo gave her a last lingering look of pity as he placed a purse of gold pieces by her side.

The Gitana was dreaming of Don Pablo; she saw him with his nodding plumes and his burnished arms, mounted on his fiery Andalusian steed, giving her the last parting salute as he proceeded to join the armies of Philip V. She was awakened by a loud slam of the outer door, and started up with a stupid stare of astonishment. She rubbed her eyes, mechanically seized the purse, and ran to the window. She heard the galloping of horses and the sound of wheels immediately before the house, and became aware of her lover's flight. The sounds were decreasing in the distance; she thought that she might overtake the carriage, and she sprung fearlessly from the balcony. Her agility for once forsook her, and she fell headforemost and remained long insensible in the deserted street.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself reclining against the wall of Don Pablo's house. Pepe Cojuelo was kneeling beside her, and using his best energies to restore animation, while the big tears were coursing each other down his cheeks. When he heard her first convulsive sigh and her eyes reopening with returning life, he clapped his hands with childish joy, and uttered his usual cry, "Eh, viva La Palomita; eh, viva! Shall we dance—shall we dance the fandango?"

A flood of tears came to her relief.

"Ah! my poor, faithful Pepe," she at last said, "thou hast not abandoned me like all the world. Thou art now my sole remaining friend; and though I know that thou labourest under a want of wit and sense, still I will never spurn thee from me as I have been spurned by another. I am very miserable. Art

thou crying, Pepe, because I am so miserable?"

"I don't know," answered the idiot. "Let us go into the house, I am very hungry."

"Never again!" sobbed La Palomita. "We have been driven from that house. We must leave Murviedro."

"And again dance the fandango!" cried Pepe, springing up with wild joy.

"The courier came from Madrid," said she, thoughtfully; "to Madrid, then, they are gone. I will be there

as soon as they, and learn their abode at old Chinchilla's. Now, then, Pepe, let us forward on our road. Hast thou got thy wallet and thy good knife?" He ran into the house, and speedily returned with a small bag and a long-pointed knife. "Adieu, Murviedro!" she sighed forth; "I thought I had found a lasting abode within thee, but the gipsy is ever doomed to wander. He has left me for a rival. Let him take heed; for, whether high or low in birth or station, I will have vengeance!"

CHAPTER III.

It was once more Easter, and the court of the monarch of Spain had again returned to the Escorial. The mourning rigorously enjoined by state etiquette on the death of a Spanish king had not yet been abandoned. Scarcely had the young Louis been seated on the throne, vacant by the abdication of his father, ere he fell, in two days, a victim to severe illness; and the remains of the first prince of the house of Bourbon reposed by the side of the extinguished family of the imperial Charles V. He left no offspring, and Philip V. was compelled to reassume the reins of authority which only a few months previously he had renounced. Under the Austrian line the court was remarkable for its solemn ceremonials and stately dignity. It was pervaded by a mournful and silent grandeur. For a long period had been abandoned the magnificent fêtes and brilliant *sarao*s, when the proud nobility of Spain could appear surrounded by all the pomp and circumstances of its privileges. Thrice, or perhaps four times every year, the empty ceremony of the *besa manos* gave it the opportunity of approaching the royal presence.

Philip scarcely ever appeared in public; his hours were spent in unapproachable privacy, his only companion being his second queen Isabella Farnese. The king's look never quitted her person. He seemed to be haunted by a kind of vague though ever-active jealousy, and such had been the case from the first hour of marriage. He regulated her every movement like a thorough despot, and she could not call her own any

single hour of the day; but she in return, by her adroitness and cunning, could bend the monarch to her will in most matters of importance.

Although the ministers and foreign ambassadors, besides the royal household, were at the Escorial, hardly a sound vibrated through the stillness of the air. A stranger might have fancied that the mighty building was deserted and surrounded by dismal solitude. On the day after their arrival at Madrid, the count and his friend set forward for the royal abode, and scarcely had they approached the first gate when a man in plain clothes suddenly appeared, presented a billet, and, without uttering a word, as suddenly disappeared. He opened it, and read as follows:—

"To-morrow at mid-day go alone to the Monks' Farm. Proceed through the kitchen into the chamber beyond, and bolt the door. Open it on hearing three knocks. Do not tarry a single moment at the Escorial."

They turned their horses' heads, and galloped back a third of a league without exchanging a syllable. At last Benito pulled up, for he could no longer contain his vexation and disappointment:—

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "women are never satisfied unless they give their lovers a world of trouble for sheer nonsense. Whoever heard of a rendezvous in the kitchen of an old tumble-down farm-house? Confound all this mystery! I expected that on our arrival a valet in her rich livery would have met us to mention the hour for your first audience; but there you will have to meet her in a wretched hole, and positively without knowing her name!"

"The manner of the meeting tells me," answered Don Pablo, "that I may obtain her love."

They slept that night at Roxas, and on the morrow the count returned alone towards the Escorial.

The Monks' Farm was a ruinous building in a low, marshy, and deserted valley, surrounded by broken, rocky ground, which was here and there covered by stunted trees and ragged brushwood. He entered the hall, beyond which was a large kitchen, the furniture in which consisted of a table and two heavy oaken benches. Over the huge grate was carved the renowned gridiron of St. Lawrence. Beyond this was a small room without any furniture. He bolted the door, and waited a whole hour in anxious expectation. At length the faint echo of a horn reached his ears, and this was followed by the distant barking of dogs; but these noises quickly subsided, and all was again silent. Suddenly, however, he heard the rapid whirl of a carriage which stopped, and a number of voices in great confusion in the hall and the kitchen.

"Make haste with the wood for the fire," said one; "Bring the seats and the cushions," exclaimed another; "Carry the wine steadily," cried the third; "Run for the table-cloth, napkins, and plates," ordered a fourth. Presently all was again silent, and, while Don Pablo was standing in earnest attention at the door with his poniard in hand, three distinct knocks were given on the other side. He quickly threw open the door, and as quickly fell on his knee before the lady of the Escorial Gardens!

For a few moments she was speechless from evident and deep emotion. But she recovered, and, seating herself on some velvet cushions, motioned to the count to rise, while the sweetest of smiles irradiated her eyes and lips. She then turned anxiously towards the door, against which the duenna had stationed herself with her hand on the lock, and labouring under extreme agitation.

Don Pablo could not help marvelling at the thorough and instantaneous change wrought in the apartment. A large fire was blazing up the chimney, the table was covered with a cloth decorated with long gold fringes, on which was placed a cold

collation, an immense leopard-skin was spread out by way of hearth-rug, and two or three rich mantles lay heaped upon one of the benches. The lady, attired in a superb velvet dress, was seated on the pile of cushions. Don Pablo stood before her as one who feared to breathe or move, lest the blissful dream before him should disperse into thin air and be lost for ever.

"Count," she at length said, "you now see how I keep my promises."

The count again knelt before her, and devoutly kissed the hand extended towards him, and which he was even permitted to retain within his. He felt that love had levelled the difference between the poor gentleman and the high-born though unknown lady of the court.

"Ah! madam," he exclaimed, "of all the favours I have so ardently wished for at your hands, this act of condescension towards me is the greatest, because unlooked for and unexpected. I should have died had I not seen you!"

A melancholy smile passed across her face; she raised one hand thoughtfully to her brow, while the other was still retained by Don Pablo. An observer must have seen the embarrassment and painful struggle of feeling which she was undergoing while endeavouring to give expression to her thoughts.

"I had resolved," she said, "to place you on the road to high preferment and worldly prosperity, but never again to have seen you. My greatest recompense would have been that you sometimes in your prayers might have remembered your sincere though unknown friend. But my resolve was weak, and, I have risked all to meet you, though I have had fearful obstacles to encounter. Alas! by what trammels is my every movement surrounded!"

"You, then, belong to another, madam?" demanded Don Pablo, with a look of despair.

"I am a widow," she replied with animation. "I am my own mistress in the eyes of God, but not in those of man. But let that pass; the moments are precious, and I wish to speak to yourself. Tell me, are you more happy now than when I met you in the park of the Escorial?"

"I know not, madam," answered

the count, with a deep sigh. "Sometimes I feel that my present position is more worthy of compassion."

"But have you not been gratified in your every wish?"

"Yes, madam, fully in my then existing wishes; but since then my arrogant heart has dared to entertain an impossible desire!"

"Nothing is impossible," said the lady in a soft yet decided tone. "The knowledge of this meeting by others would cost many their liberty, and even their lives. The dangers I have encountered in coming hither are appalling to contemplate, yet I have overcome them. I feigned sudden indisposition, and obtained the king's permission to separate from the royal chase, and, for a brief hour, to repose in this old ruin; and tomorrow it will be a matter of diversion at the palace that I sought shelter in a kitchen!" She laughed at the very thought, then added, with a serious look and an audible sigh, "But I cannot meet you here again; it is well once, but twice is an impossibility."

"I cannot then see you again," said the count, "and that thought will drive me to despair. Tell me at least, madam—tell me, I implore you, the name of my protectress? You need not doubt my honour; these lips shall not even presume to pronounce that name—it shall lie engraven on my heart. A Peñaparda is incapable of dishonour!"

She turned away her head in silence as if afraid of yielding to the count's entreaties; and he, in deference, did not urge his request. All that he saw excited his curiosity, but confounded his penetration. Although the lady spoke Spanish with the utmost fluency, it was, nevertheless, tinged with a foreign accent; it was easy to see that, if she belonged to any of the noble families of Spain, it must have been by a matrimonial alliance. He was especially surprised to find in one so young such decision of character, such determination, such self-dependence, such a firm tone of command, which so strangely contrasted with her youthful appearance and the almost childish simplicity of her word, look, and action.

"Well," said she, after a prolonged silence, "all that I have yet done has

failed to make you as happy as I desired. Something yet remains. We will meet again, Don Pablo. Do not think that after what has passed, I shall draw back or forget you. No, no; since I must remain in Spain, I will use my every exertion in your behalf, and this without shame or sin in the eyes of God!"

"Madam," said the count, again kissing her hand, which was yielded to him unhesitatingly, "your words fill me with joy, but that joy is dashed with bitterness. Our Spain is not your country; some day you quit it, and then —"

"Then you, also, shall quit it for France!"

"For France! You are then of French birth?"

"Yes, thank God!" answered the lady. "What a dull, joyless country, is this Spain! Since the day of my arrival, I have hourly wished that I were back in my own land; but I dare not express my desires or my regrets. This is the first time that I have been enabled to breathe my secret thoughts. They think that I have become a thorough Spaniard, that I have forgotten that on the other side of the Pyrenees smiles the gay and sunny land of my birth. But they are mistaken; in heart and soul, and every sentiment, I am altogether French!"

The conversation was cut short by a loud noise from without, and she cast a fearful glance at the door. The duenna, with her back against it, cried out, in consternation,—

"The chase, madam, is coming in this direction; it will pass this house—we shall be all ruined!"

"Go," said the lady to Pablo, rising in alarm, "go in there, once more, bolt the door, and, on your life, do not attempt to leave the house before nightfall. Farewell—a thousand farewells! You will see me again shortly, I pledge my word. Once more, farewell!"

The count obeyed the lady's commands. The noise quickly increased, and the count heard the galloping of horses, the blasts of the horns, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of the huntsmen. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, after which were heard the heavy wheels of a carriage, and the sound died away in the low depths of the adjoining val-

ley. All was again pervaded by a dead silence, and, at nightfall, Don Pablo opened the door and entered the kitchen; it was as naked and bare as when he first saw it. At midnight he joined Benito Romero at Roxas.

"Well," said the painter, rubbing his hands, and with a broad grin of delight, "you have, at last, seen her—what's her name?"

"Yes!" answered the count, "I have seen her. She is beautiful, kind, and condescending, and I know she loves me; but I do not know her name."

"Not know her name!" exclaimed the painter.

"No!" continued the other. "I entreated her to tell me, but she appeared much embarrassed, and I did not press the question."

"Well—well, women are curious beings to deal with, and love mystery," observed Benito, in evident disappointment. Then, suddenly looking up, he said,—

"La Palomita is at Madrid!"

"Confound her!" exclaimed the count. "How do you know?"

"She was making inquiries about us at Chinchilla's."

"What matters it, after all?" said

the count, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

A fortnight had nearly elapsed, and the court was on the eve of departure for the palace of Aranjuez; still no message came from the lady, and the count began to think himself forgotten, and to talk of returning to Murviedro. A royal birthday, however, imposed the necessity of an empty *besa manos*; for no fête, ball, or play, was ever permitted within the royal palaces. The ceremony was a public homage paid to the king and royal family, and was somewhat imposing from the number of the nobility and of officials who were, of necessity, gathered together on the occasion, for the attendance of every one who could possibly come was expected. It was, besides, no difficult matter for all those of a certain rank or station to obtain admission into the royal presence by merely sending their names to the mayor domo-mayor. A sudden thought struck the count, that by attending the ceremony he might, perchance, see the lady on whom his every thought was fixed; and he instantly applied for the necessary permission.

CHAPTER IV.

The splendour which had formerly surrounded the throne of Charles V., and the austere grandeur characterising the reign of Philip II., still continued to cast a last ray of setting lustre on the stately ceremony of the *besa manos*. The household troops, in their gayest uniforms, were mustered before the gates of the palace. Halberdiers, in double ranks, and in liveries of gold, lined the passage from the entrance, up the staircase, to the extensive Hall of Battles. The king and queen, surrounded by the infants, were seated on chairs of state, under a canopy of velvet and gold. The proud grandees of Spain stood, with heads covered, on either side of the hall, while their wives were seated on the side of the queen. The walls were decorated with vivid representations of the celebrated battles with the Moorish armies, although the Count of Peñaparda looked in vain for that of the battle of Tolosa, where his ancestor had valiantly fought, and had saved the life of King Don Jaime

of Arragon. The lower part of the hall was filled with prelates, monks, and gentlemen of undisputed descent, and all were clothed in gorgeous attire. But a motive of deep interest was agitating the bosom of the Count of Peñaparda, and he tried to pierce with his scrutinising glance through the mass of the assembled crowd, and discover the object of his secret adoration. The unbending persons of the ladies, however, were seated motionless, and with unaverted faces, and these he could only see in profile, surcharged with ornaments, and partially covered with long veils of richest lace. He might have looked to eternity without discovering her whom he sought.

The individuals admitted to the honour of the *besa manos* were severally called by a mayor-domo, who loudly pronounced their names, when each advanced up the middle of the hall, bowing profoundly to the grandees and their wives, until, reaching the royal presence, he prostrated

himself before the king, who presented him his ungloved hand to kiss; which favour was likewise accorded by the queen, and every member of the royal family.

When the Count of Peñaparda's name was pronounced, he advanced with the customary salutation to the bevy of ladies, but he felt keenly disappointed at not seeing among them the object of his search; then, mechanically, and with downcast eyes, he bent his knee before the king and before the queen, when, suddenly, he paused, his heart beat, his frame shook, his legs trembled, his senses wandered, and he knelt, without daring to sully with his lips the small and beautiful white hand which was extended towards him by Louise of Orleans, the youthful widow of the king, Louis L., and the dowager queen of Spain.

She blushed slightly, but no other mark of emotion escaped her. Her camarera-mayor, the Duchess of Montellano, who was standing behind her, turned pale, and her rigid and wrinkled face was soon hidden behind her huge fan. Don Pablo had recognised her also.

How he got away from the royal presence he scarcely knew, he felt perfectly stunned. Benito Romero waited for him at the first gate, and, from the count's appearance, he expected some announcement of success.

"Holloa!—Don Pablo!—Stop!" cried the painter, clutching his arm, for he was rushing along the alley without perceiving him; "I am certain you have seen her."

Don Pablo stopped short with a bewildered look.

"Yes—yes," he stammered forth, "I know her, but her name is a secret that shall die with me. Benito, do not ask me,—I cannot, my friend, tell it even to you."

"Never mind," observed Benito, with a chuckle, "I shall know it soon enough, on the day of your marriage."

"Hold your peace, Benito,—silence, for Heaven's sake! I have no such mad and ambitious hopes now!"

"Mad and ambitious! How so? Methinks, after what has passed, you are sure of her affections. I tell you you will become grandee of Spain,

and the prophecy will be fulfilled. But, egad, talking of the prophecy reminds me that La Palomita was this morning at the gates of the Escorial."

Don Pablo and his friend wandered till dusk about the park. As they were returning, and had reached the first entrance, the person from whom he had received the missive containing the directions as to the Monks' Farm, again suddenly presented himself, placed in his hand a folded paper, and as suddenly disappeared. The paper contained these words:—

"At midnight—on the grand terrace. There will be a silken ladder from the third window of the first story. Mount!"

"This will be a perilous undertaking," observed Benito, "in the royal apartments. May your good angel have you in safe keeping! However, I will never desert you, and, since I cannot accompany you, I will see you enter, and then hide myself in the garden to await your return."

For this kind offer the count shook him cordially by the hand.

It was within a quarter of an hour of midnight, and the Queen Louise was seated in her bedchamber with the Duchess of Montellano. The windows of this apartment looked into one of the interior courts of the palace; the blinds and curtains were carefully and closely drawn down. According to custom, the *asafata* had carried away the garments which she had taken off, and she was attired in a robe of white satin, over which was flung an ample shawl. At times she looked at the hand of the clock moving slowly over the dial, and then her eyes would turn to a female portrait, placed opposite her bed, representing another queen of Spain, who, like herself, was a Louise of Orleans, and whose premature death had bequeathed a terrible lesson to posterity. The contemplation of that pale and melancholy countenance filled the queen's bosom with apprehensions of approaching evil; but, on hearing the hour of meeting sound, the daughter of the Regent of France, and sister of the Duchess of Berry, started to her feet, nerved for every danger.

"Now, Montellano," said she, "let

us go into thy chamber, he will be there."

The duchess, pale and trembling, was counting the beads of her rosary.

"Heaven preserve me!" she ejaculated, "what a situation! Would that your majesty had allowed me to draw up the ladder!"

"The time for fear and scruples is past," said the queen, with firmness. "What fearest thou?"

"What fear I?" replied the duchess, with a shudder; "your majesty surely sees my situation. A man to enter my bedchamber by the window!"

"Who will know any thing about it, duchess?" asked the queen. "Banish every fear, thou seest how calm I am, how very calm!"

Nevertheless, a tremor was visible over her frame, and with faltering steps she traversed the large apartment between her chamber and that of the camarera-mayor. All was hushed in repose; the apartments of the king were as silent as the cells of the monks.

The queen looked forth, leaning over the balcony. The night was dark, a mass of clouds hung threatening in the distant horizon, a few stars sent their scant and struggling beams through the risen vapours, and were giving way to the approaching storm from the Guadarrama Mountains. The gusts of wind were answered by the creaking of the weatherecks from the towers of the palace. As midnight sounded from the great clock of the church, footsteps were heard along the terrace, when the sentinel cried out,—

"Who goes there?"

A light gleamed at a distance, and a voice replied,—

"The night-round!"

She still leant over earnestly, and saw Don Pablo right under the window, with the cords of the ladder in his hands. She still looked, and saw his figure ascending the first few steps, when the ladder was shaken, and the piercing and angry voice of a female exclaimed,—

"Ho!—ho! Don Pablo, have a care, for I will follow thee to death!"

Don Pablo leaped down, and seized a woman firmly by the arm, saying to her, in an under tone,—

"Silence, on thy life, or I will kill thee on the spot!"

But her answer was a piercing shriek, and a call to Pepe,—

"Hither—hither, my good and faithful Pepe, come to thy sister's rescue!"

The idiot drew his long knife, and ran from the end of the terrace, where he had lain concealed, and Don Pablo drew his sword. There was a bare moment of silence, then a loud, hoarse, unearthly sound of human agony, and a dead, heavy fall; at the same instant there was a shot fired by the sentinel. On this the halberdiers rushed in a mass pell-mell from the guard-house, and many lights were visible along the grand terrace. Only one window was found open, and from it depended a ladder of silken cord, by which was lying the dead body of Pepe Cojuelo; a little farther off stood Don Pablo, wounded in the arm; while the gipsy girl stood between him and the ladder with extended arms, as if barring his passage; and Benito Romero on the first steps of the terrace petrified with horror.

The three were seized, and the officer of that quarter, labouring under his heavy responsibility, sent to awaken the prior of the Escorial, and the commanding officer of the night-guard. The queen and her camarera-mayor had sought shelter in the royal bedchamber. The queen was sunk in the depth of mental anguish, the duchess was giving vent to a flood of tears, though she endeavoured to suppress her sobs, lest they should be heard by the asafata and maids in attendance, who were in the adjoining room. At length the queen said,—

"Thou hast lost thy senses, Montellano. Dost think that I will abandon thee? I care not, by Heaven, what happens, so Don Pablo be safe! If any one accuses thee, I will to the king and declare all. He will send me back to France without my dower, and thou shalt go with me."

The duchess shook her head sorrowfully. She was a thorough Spaniard, and would have preferred the dullest of convents at Madrid to all the gaieties of the French capital. She then took to her tears again, declaring that she could never survive the frightful charge of endeavouring to smuggle a lover through her window.

The queen sat musing and wondering who could have been the woman that had followed and betrayed Don Pablo. At daybreak she ordered the duchess to her chamber, and called for her *asafata*.

"Molina," said she, "what is the hour?"

"Six o'clock, madam," answered the *asafata*; "your majesty can hear the first sound of the *Ave Maria*."

CHAPTER V.

After mass, on the same morning King Philip was seated with his queen in his usual chamber of audience. His body was thin and meagre, his clothes were shabby and ill adjusted,—in fact, the meanest servant in the palace would have scorned such an attire. He wore across his breast the *cordón bleu*, and the order of the Golden Fleece was appended to a dirty red riband, which hung around his neck. His thin and straight hair fell over the greasy collar of his coat. He was ill at ease, and kept changing his position every minute in a large arm-chair, which was surcharged with pillows. His whole appearance proved that he was suffering under one of his usual fits of hypochondriacism, and he presented a much apter resemblance of the *malade imaginaire* than the grandson of Louis le Grand, and the undisputed king of Spain and the Indies. Isabella Farnese sat in silence by his side. Presently one of the gentlemen of the royal chamber drew asunder the double silk curtains, which served the purpose of a door, and appeared awaiting the orders of the king, who never, however, raised even his eyes.

"Sire," said the queen, in an under tone, "you have commanded the presence of the Duchess of Montellano; she is in the antechamber."

"She may come in," was the laconic and hollow reply.

Isabella Farnese saw that the king was in a kind of stupor, and that he had forgotten the facts which she had early that morning carefully detailed to his royal ear, and which she was anxious should produce an explosion of passion. Her dark Italian soul entertained suspicions, and she thought that the Duchess of Montellano's avowal would enable her to reach her victim. She hated the young queen, and regarded her as a

"I wish to attend the first mass," said the queen.

"The Reverend Father Agrillo officiates this morning. Has your majesty any other orders?"

"No," replied the queen, "you may leave me."

The poor, heart-broken queen cast herself upon her bed, and an hour was spent amid the bitterness of tears.

kind of rival. She hated her because she was beautiful, because she was popular, because the crowds of Madrid when they saw her shouted "*Viva la Francésita!*" as they formerly had cried, on seeing the king's first queen, "*Viva la Sabozana!*" while not a voice greeted her appearance, not only because she was personally disliked, but because she was an Italian, and an object for the national antipathy of all true Spaniards.

The duchess entered with a profound reverence, but so trembled in every limb that she could with difficulty stand. Isabella Farnese looked at her for a moment, then turned her head away, that the other might regain a little composure. At that moment a light, buoyant step was heard in the adjoining apartment, and forth came through the curtains the sylphlike figure of Louise of Orleans. She had the right of entrance at her will. The two queens cast on each other a silent glance of haughty defiance. The king smiled graciously on his daughter-in-law's entrance, for she was an especial favourite. The queen's anger rose, but, curbing it, she turned to Philip, with assumed blandness of manner, and, whispering into his ear, said,—

"Sire, if your majesty is indisposed, shall I question the Duchess of Montellano?"

He closed his eyes, as if suffering great pain, and nodded assent. Isabella Farnese turned, with a severe look, towards the *camarera-mayor*.

"The king," said she, "is deeply affected at the occurrence of last night. Here is the captain of the guard's report. Read it aloud, duchess; it says that a dead body was found on the terrace."

Louise of Orleans clasped her hands with ill-repressed composure. The

duchess began, with trembling lips and hands, to read an ill-digested report, drawn up by the captain of the night, and the prior of the Hieronimites. Louise appeared somewhat more at ease when, after a preamble of a couple of pages, she came to the following passage:—

“And, under the said open window, and close by the ladder of silken cord, the leaden ends of which touched the terrace, was found the dead body of a man, who was deformed, and in ragged attire.”

The duchess finished the report, which was to the effect that the Count of Peñaparda and Benito Romero had been questioned after their arrest, but they had preserved an obstinate silence. The gipsy girl, however, who had also been arrested, had strongly declared that that cavalier with whom she was confronted was going up the ladder to attend an assignation of love. It added, that the cords of the ladder, being fixed to the window of the bedchamber belonging to one of the highest ladies of the court, fully confirmed the girl's testimony.

“Madame de Montellano,” said Isabella Farnese, with a severe aspect, “appearances are altogether against you. Speak, if you can, in your vindication. The king will not hastily condemn. Tell the whole truth. I wish, with all my heart, that what you have to say may justify your conduct.”

The camarera-mayor turned an imploring look towards her mistress, and for a moment her hopes revived, as she saw Louise rising with the purpose of declaring her attendant's innocence, for she had promised, if necessary, to do so. But the humiliation in the presence of Isabella Farnese was too much, and she sunk back on a seat in one of the window recesses.

Thus abandoned, the poor duchess fell on her knees before Isabella, and sobbed out aloud,—

“Madam, appearances are against me, but I am innocent. I am dishonoured in the eyes of the world, and I have incurred your majesty's high displeasure.”

“Then,” said the queen, with emphasis, “you can say nothing to justify your conduct. I thought

treat in your favour his majesty's indulgence. Gracious Powers! in what times do we live, in whose virtue can we confide, when she, who for ten years has been a widow, and has never been even suspected of harbouring a wish for marriage, and was thought the pattern of all decorum, should have fallen so low? Know, at all events, that the object of your love has incurred the penalty of death for having endeavoured to enter clandestinely a royal residence.”

A low sob was heard from the embrasure where the young queen was seated. The eyes of her rival sparkled, and her thin lips were expanded into a smile of triumph.

“Rise, madam,” said Isabella, in a haughty tone; “the king will shortly deign to let you know his royal pleasure.” Then, turning round, she whispered audibly into Philip's ear,—

“Sire, the young girl whom your majesty desired should be brought into your presence must, by this time, be without. Is it your royal wish that she should enter?”

The king was lying back in his chair, with his legs crossed, and his eyes closed. He seemed to be in a slumber, but he slightly nodded his head in assent, without opening his eyes or changing his position.

An officer of the Guards, followed by two halberdiers, brought forward La Palomita to the door. She came boldly forward, and with unquailing look and eye. She cast a glance of curiosity around the apartment, thinking that the shabbily attired individual in the chair was some second-rate secretary, and little dreaming that, in the stiff lady beside him, she beheld her most Catholic majesty. The queen had neither pearls braiding her hair, nor jewels round her neck. She wore a simple robe of black satin, her head was decorated with English point lace, which fell low over her face, which was much scarred with the small-pox.

“You can approach,” said the queen, “you need not be afraid.”

“Afraid!” answered La Palomita, “and of what? Know, madam, that my misery is so overwhelming, that I no longer fear any thing on this earth.”

“If thou hast been injured,” said the queen, “speak, and thy wrongs

man has been found Was he thy husband,—thy brother?"

"It was Pepe Cojuelo," exclaimed the gipsy girl, bursting into tears. "He was my adopted brother. He died in my defence; but my true knife pierced the arm of the Count of Peñaparda!"

"Ha! thou knowest the Count of Peñaparda," said the queen. "Dost thou know that he attempted to enter the royal apartments?"

"Yes, madam," answered the girl. "He was scaling the window to visit his mistress, one of the high ladies of the court. I have followed him and seen all—the infamous wretch! Would to God and our Lady that he were punished!"

"And this lady," demanded the queen, "dost thou know who she is?"

"No, madam. I have never seen her," replied the gipsy, "and yet I would know her among a thousand!"

"Well, then," asked Isabella, pointing to the duchess, "is that the lady?"

La Palomita turned her eyes towards the duchess and exclaimed, "What! that respectable, staid-looking lady the mistress of the Count of Peñaparda! Never; it is false!"

Scarcely had these words been pronounced when she beheld the pale face and light hair of the Queen Louise. For a moment she hesitated, then running towards her, and seizing her by the arm, she cried out, "Behold the mistress of the Count of Peñaparda!"

The king started from his slumbering position, the Queen Louise rushed towards him and fell down on her knees, Queen Isabella uttered an exclamation of simulated surprise, the camarera-mayor cast her eyes towards heaven with secret thankfulness for her salvation, La Palomita stood with her arms folded across her bosom, and her cheeks tinged with the flush of revenge.

"I have spoken the truth," she at length said; "I will repeat it on the holy evangelists, before the king, before the pope, before the world! I fear nothing!"

"Silence!" cried the king, in a voice which startled the gipsy, and made her for the first time quail before a mortal eye.

berdiers entered the royal apartment. The king with his finger pointed at the gipsy. "That girl," said he, in a harsh grating tone, "is mad; conduct her instantly to the hospital of the lunatics!"

The terrible mandate was without appeal. The girl cried, implored, struggled; all was in vain, away she was dragged to the public mad-house.

The king fell back in his chair, then, slightly turning to the camarera-mayor, said, "There is matter of great scandal abroad, Madame of Montellano. I must either repair the mischief or punish the culprits. I will exercise my clemency. My command is that you espouse the Count of Peñaparda!"

"Ah, sire!" screamed the duchess, "it is impossible; he is but a poor gentleman—a simple captain of cavalry."

"His marriage," said the monarch, imperatively, "will make him rich, and gain him rank, titles and distinction. I command it. You may retire!"

The duchess retired with the customary salutations.

"This insignificant person," said Isabella, with a look of cutting irony, "has presumed to raise his eyes so high that he will never look down with satisfaction on a lowly duchess!"

Louise of Orleans stopped her tears, and, though on her knees, turned to the queen, and said resolutely, "He shall, madam, espouse the duchess, for I will command him to do so."

On the following Sunday the marriage ceremony was performed which bound the old Duchess of Montellano to the young Count of Peñaparda. Benito Romero, tricked out by the skill of the most fashionable tailor of Madrid, acted as bridegroom's man, and signed the contract of marriage as principal witness.

At the moment of leaving the church the cry of "Viva la Francisca," reached his ears from the street d'Alcala, and announced the appearance of the youthful Louise of France. Don Pablo turned away from the duchess with a look of deep and silent despair. "Don Pablo," said the painter, whispering in his ear, "you are, after all, a grandee of

OF THE RED INDIAN.

BY MORGAN BATTLER.

THERE is a story told of the late Dick Martin, which occurred forcibly to my mind when I paid my first visit to the Ojibbeways. Dick, being at Greenwich fair, was led by a very superfluous curiosity upon the part of the king in Connemara, to enter a booth, whose proprietor professed to exhibit "a wild man!" There, assuredly, he saw a very wild-looking individual, with his head and face covered with a profusion of red, shaggy hair, a regular *glib*, nearly naked, and with a chain about his waist. But Mr. Martin, upon observing that the savage seemed to display towards him some uncouth and uneasy signs of recognition, was induced to examine him more closely, and the result was that he recognised in the "wild man" one of his own tenants, and shouted out, with all the indignation becoming a legislator in favour of animals, "Why, then, Flaherty, you blackguard of the world, what is it you're about there, at all—at all; making a beast of yourself entirely—entirely?" "Earning the rent for your honour!" was Mr. Flaherty's propitiatory and, to an Irish landlord, unanswerable reply. Now, really, when I first gazed on these Indians, an impression, almost amounting to conviction, took possession of my mind, to the effect that the chiefs, braves, squaws, and child before me, were neither more nor less than a party of "the finest peasantry on the face of the earth" (as Mr. O'Connell calls them), who were employed in earning the rent for some flinty-hearted Sassenach landlord. As to the features of the strangers, their resemblance to those of the Celtic Irish was most exact, most perfect. Take half-a-dozen of the denizens of St. Giles's, and a couple of Hibernian basket-women from Covent Garden market, paint them, and decorate them with skins, and scalps, and claws, and feathers, and, for all matters of appearance, to a casual observer, they would be as good Indians as if they had been imported hither from the eastern shores of Lake Huron. And as to the dancing, singing, shouting, drum-beating, to-

mahawk-twirling, and club-brandishing, they could be taught it all in a week. On examining the Ojibbeways more narrowly, however, I discovered certain marks which distinguished them from the Celtic Irish, and satisfied me they were not impostors, but real Red Indians. First, they had those small and delicately moulded hands and feet which the Celtic multitude, in Ireland, at least, can never generate; and, secondly, the muscles of the arm were so slightly developed as to shew that they never had been, at any period of their lives, engaged in the practice of manual labour. This clearly proved that they were not the indigenous offspring of the island of saints, though, if some antiquaries be correct, they may boast a common origin, namely, from the Jewish nation, and this would account for the precise similarity in the cast and style of the features, and contour of countenance. Having now dismissed all scruples about the authenticity of the performers, I set about considering them curiously. The men were sufficiently clean built, but not tall or muscular, nor, apparently, either very strong or very active. Strip them of their weapons, and Deaf Burke would "double-up" the six of them in three minutes. Give them their war-clubs only, and one Anglo-Irish Tipperary boy would make short work of them with his black-thorn stick. In a word, judging from all I have read, and the portraits and accounts thereof I have seen in Catlin's and Pritchard's books, and elsewhere, I should say that they are far from favourable specimens of the Red Indian. The most stalwart and best-built amongst them is the old chief, who, by the way, has very much the look and air of what they style in Ireland "a snug farmer." As to their performances, there is much less of the exciting and picturesque in their dances than one had been led to expect. Nor is there anything of the touch of terror—that great element of grandeur—either in their war-songs, gestures, or appearance. But, to be sure, an Indian on

his boundless prairie, or in the gloom of his primeval forest, is a very different personage, in his effect upon our nerves and senses, from an Indian exhibiting for hire on a platform in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. There, the war-paint, which on his native soil might well render his aspect terrific in the eyes of the beholder, is simply an accession to his natural ugliness; there his whoops and yells are any thing but appalling.

The Chip-pe-ways, or Ojibbeways (the difference is only in the spelling, the sound being the same in the guttural, though soft and not unmusical, pronunciation of an Indian), are, according to Catlin, a very numerous tribe, a tribe some 15,000 or 20,000 strong, inhabiting a vast tract of country on the southern shores of Lake Superior, the Lake of the Woods, and the Athabasca, extending a great way into the British territories, and residing in skin and bark lodges. Our visitors, however, belong to a band seated on the eastern shore of Lake Huron. The two chiefs (the Peace-Chief, or Sachem, and the War-Chief) are said to be chiefs of this band, and it is not, as many suppose, pretended on their behalf that they are chiefs of the tribe. They are of the race of the Algonquin Chippeways, as contradistinguished on the map from the Chippeways seated beside Lake Superior. They are located in our territory, and are, moreover, we are informed in the advertisements, loyal subjects of Queen Victoria. It is true that of the general body of Indians in Upper Canada, and especially of a band of this nation seated near Montreal, Lord Sydenham speaks in no very complimentary manner, whether as regards the chastity of the women or the honesty of the men. He says:—

“Catlin is, probably, correct enough in his description of the Indians in their prairie, or forest life; but I wish he had exhibited them in their demi-civilised state, in which I have the honour to be their ‘Great Father,’ as you probably have seen in the newspapers. They are ten times worse than when wholly savage. It has been a great mistake to attempt to settle or Christianise them. Whether baptism alone will save their souls, and send them to Paradise, instead of their own traditional hunting-grounds,

I cannot determine, but certainly their works will not. They have acquired the most disgusting vices of civilised life, and none of its refinements or advantages. They should be amalgamated with white men, and not separated if they are not to live in their wild state. I have a village of them eight miles from here (Montreal), a perfect pest, and the most debauched, idle, and quarrelsome set of men and women in the country. The attempt has every where failed.”

No doubt the poor Indians have become debased and debauched by their intercourse with white men wherever this has taken place, and in the exact proportions of its frequency, magnitude, and duration. We agree, moreover, with Lord Sydenham, in the opinion that the attempt should be encouraged to amalgamate them with the better classes of white men, and thus, in the first instance, rescue them from the pollution to which, in their separate state as a band or tribe of a distinct people, they are exposed from the influence of that only class of white men who thus hold intimate communication with them, and who, being themselves the veriest and vilest wretches that ever disgraced the human form, visit the Indians only for the purpose of cheating and plundering them, and who, in the means to which they resort in furtherance of this end, practise all the devices which the enemy of mankind can possibly employ through the agency of chosen servants. Besides, there can be no objection to this. The blood of the Red Indian brings with it no taint physical, or moral, or intellectual,—real or imaginary. Even the Americans of the United States, the most fastidious persons in the world about caste, from reasons congenital, personal, and political easily perceived, and not from reasons religious like the Hindoo, never even fancy that it is a reproach, nay, rather they regard it as an honour that a man has Indian blood in his veins; whereas, they would not suffer an individual tainted even in the eighth degree with *niggerism* to sit in the same theatre with them. But we shall say more on this subject by and by; meantime, let us express the hope, that our visitors from afar, though loyal British subjects, are exceptions to the general rule ~~and~~

down by his lordship with respect to demi-, or, rather, to adopt the phraseology of music, semi-demi-civilised Indians.

Indeed, the men have the air and bearing of simple, honest, good-natured fellows; and the women look as chilly as icicles. It struck me, too, that the men displayed very little of that dignity and gravity of demeanour which I was prepared to expect, especially in Indian chiefs. On the contrary, they seem to be cheerful, mirth-loving individuals, without any strong sense of pride or personal importance. Some passages, too, in their visit to their Great Mother, at Windsor Castle, are little calculated to establish in their instance that character for sagacity and nice discrimination with respect to the rank and qualities of persons brought under their observation for which all writers have given the American Indians credit. It is said that the trick played off in the Italian opera of *Cinderella* never could be attempted successfully upon an Indian. Yet those worthies, we are told, took very little notice of Prince Albert; were not in the least smitten with a sense of his royal highness's grace or dignity, conferred no name on him after their usual practice; while their admiration of Sykes, the porter, was unbounded, and the appellation with which they

named him was as splendid as his livery. Thus it would seem, we can only conclude, their appreciation of men was guided by the same principles as prevail in the estimation of prize-animals at a cattle-show: in a word, that they were individually a sort of trans-Atlantic Lord Spencers.* Through their spokesman, however, the war-chief, they were profuse in their expressions of devotion and loyalty to their Great Mother; who was informed, amongst other things, by the orator, that he and the other chief, who excused himself from haranguing on the plea of a pain in the belly, an infliction alike fatal in love and war, had fought under the Bri-

tish banners by the side of the renowned Tecumthà. If they did, they fought by the side of a very great warrior and a very great man. But of him more hereafter. The Hector of his country is not to be disposed of by a passing notice.

We have, however, made a great omission, which we hasten to remedy. While speaking of the Ojibeways themselves, we neglected to say one word about the interpreter,—an omission the more glaring because the eyes of all London are now upon him, inasmuch as he has lately united himself in the bands of holy wedlock to a countrywoman of ours, a Miss Haines, of Somers Town, a young lady, according to the reporters at the interesting ceremony, which, by the way, took place at St. Martin's in the Fields, of some property, and great personal attractions. Well! she might, so far as the *physique* goes, have done worse, for the interpreter is a "marvellous proper man,"—much the tallest and best built of the party, and, withal, youthful, and evidently of a frank, gay, and *débonnaire* disposition. He is what is termed on the American continent a *bois-brûlé*,—the offspring of an Indian mother by a French father, or, rather, now a French Canadian father; and, certainly, not many shades darker than the majority of Southerners in France proper, boasting his paternal race. Indeed, not alone in complexion, but in feature, he might well pass for a Burgundian. His appellation amongst his mother's tribe, being "done into English," is "The Strongwind," an ominous name, certainly, in a matrimonial alliance; but, we trust, nevertheless, that the course of love may run smooth, and unruffled alike by curtain-breezes and the curtain-lectures which, upon such provocation, our Desdemona of Somers Town would, of necessity, feel impelled to deliver to her Chippeway Othello. Independently, however, of his manly mien and gallant bearing, there was much glitter about our foreign

* Whilst the Dukes of Buckingham and Buccleugh, and other noblemen, employed that admirable artist and first of European modellers, Mr. Cotterrel, to embody some passage in the history of their race for the chief ornament of their banquets, Earl Spencer commissioned him to perpetuate the remembrance and the resemblance of a prize ox, fed on oil-cake!

friend. And I believe it is Byron, one, by the way, who knew not a little about the sex, observes,—

“ Women, like moths, are ever caught by glare.”

On his head he wore a cap, surmounted by a profuse plume of various rich feathers, which *αερβαίολος* “*Εταρς*” might have envied in the most palmy days of Troy; a theatrical doublet, secured by a most gorgeously worked and ornamented belt,—Orion might have envied that, even after his own had been enskied; and a pair of trousers fringed at the seams, or guarded with scarlet, and of the prophet’s sacred colour, which would have horrified a Mohammedan, and, for sporting the like in Constantinople, as Anastatius-Hope relates an *attaché* to the French embassy was once most soundly bastinadoed. But the curious might desire to know in what language these lovers conducted their respective wooing and winking to so prosperous a close. Scarcely in French; for, though Somers Town be the region of boarding-schools, and all manner of instruction therein *à la Française*, it is scarcely possible that the dialects of the language spoken by a demoiselle of that locality, and by a cavalier from Lake Huron, could be of so germane a character as to enable the speakers to render themselves mutually intelligible. The Chippeway and the Cockney tongues were both alike out of the question. But the inquiry is idle. No language is necessary but the language of the eyes, aided by the sympathetic freemasonry of the senses to which it gives expression. To be sure, all this is explained in the second canto of *Don Juan*, in the most exquisite poetry, and the whole progress, moreover, of the happy courtship between two beings who had no common speech to breathe forth the emotions

“ Of Love which dies, as it was born, in sighing.”

Undoubtedly, most cerulean Lady Daphne, it is even so! Madam Flirt, we admit the fact. Recollect, however, that the beauty of the Cyclades had never been at a boarding-school in Somers Town. Haidée had never been “brought out;” she

never had a *chaperon*, or the benefit of her experience and instructions; she knew no more of coquetry than than you, my Lady Daphne; or of prudery than you, Madam Flirt. No,—

“ She was all pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird.”

In sooth, the case of another gentleman from the shores of the Huron—one of that ill-starred tribe that either gave a name to that lake or took theirs from it—and of his *belle et douce amie la Basse-Brette*, Mademoiselle de St. Yves, is more nearly in point.

Not-eeen-a-um, the Strongwind (it is a bad wind, quoth Mrs. S., that blows nobody good), is, doubtless, quite as fine and frank a fellow as L’Ingenu. And we are equally certain that the Basse-Brette could not be in the course of her courtship *plus discrètement vertueuse* than Miss Haines, the daughter of the carver and gilder of that ilk, even if it happened, as it very probably did, that she was subjected to the same style and form of primitive wooing as *la St. Yves*, whereof the curious may read in the sixth chapter of Voltaire’s *L’Ingenu, Histoire Véroitable*. But the case, though near, is not exactly in point, for *L’Ingenu* and his lady-love had a common language in which to tell their love-tales—not so Mr. and Mrs. Strongwind. But I remember a case that is perfectly similar, and in which the waywardness of woman’s fancies was more curiously displayed. The Bois-brulé is a fine slashing fellow, but a fact that fell within my knowledge shews that it is not necessary for a man to be so to bewitch a woman’s heart or passions, or what you will, any more than it is that either he should be able to speak or comprehend the tongue the other spoke; so that an amorous fair one may “trumpet to the world” her downright violence in loving some individual of a strange nation to live with him, without being able to plead the excuse of

“ The gentle lady married to the Moor,”

“ I saw Othello’s visage in his mind.”

In former days one of the gentlemen concerned in the revolt at Cadix

against Ferdinand of brutal memory, was a friend of mine, from whom I took lessons in the Spanish language. He was a distinguished soldier; had fought not only in South America, but throughout the Peninsular war; had seen a vast deal of many-coloured life in all its varieties; and was, moreover, a man endowed by nature with high powers. He was of noble birth, too, and very highly connected by marriage. But a *beau garçon* he had never been; and now he was wrinkled and grey, more by toil and hardship and the wear and tear of climate, than age. Nor was he of gigantic stature or heroic mien. On the contrary, he was below the middle size; and though the deep pallor of the furrowed forehead and the long face with its Phidian nose and regular features, might well have been interesting to the metoposcopist, and physiognomist, they were by no means of that character to excite the love of ladies, who, it is believed, fancy the smoothness and the sheen such as painting can portray, rather than the image of the intellectual man which sculpture alone can best set forth, and on which the reasoning mind delights to ponder. The poor fellow in the course of his peregrinations in St. James's Park contrived to establish an acquaintance with a young and very pretty woman, the daughter of a London merchant, about whose character our old comedies talk so falsely and so magniloquently. She was, in sooth, both young and pretty, *meipso teste*, for I saw and had occasion to speak to her. His knowledge of French was very slight. She could not speak a word of it, much less of his native tongue, Spanish. But yet a correspondence took place which passed through my hands at the daily lesson, which I watched as a psychological curiosity, and which it was my task on the one side to translate into Spanish, and on the other to reply to in English.

My friend was flattered by the preference, fond enough of the woman, and something carried away by the romance of the courtship, but he tried no art of seduction. He frankly told her he was married, and really pitied her infatuation; yet she forced herself on him, so to speak, and his morality was no stronger than Charles

Surface declares his own would prove under like circumstances. "If a pretty woman will," &c. says Charles —. But, to cut the matter short, this passage in real life far surpassed the weird tale of Desdemona and Othello, and in like manner, too, it was tragical in its conclusion, but on this I feel forbid to speak. Enough, too, about the Indian and his bride, or the French Canadian, as some will insist that Mr. Strongwind really is, and the rather as there has been a good deal of nonsense about them in the newspapers. Some wag thought the hoax embodied in the following advertisement worth throwing away a pound upon:—

"MADAME CADOTTE AND THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

"*Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.*

"These interesting foreigners have, in consequence of the daily increasing interest which has been shown in them, and in compliance with the advice of all their friends, resolved to remain in London a short time longer; and to-morrow, Monday, the 15th instant, and each day during the week, Madame Cadotte, the beautiful and interesting bride of Not-een-a-aum, Strong-Wind, the interpreter, will be presented to the visitors by Ah-qui-we-z, the Boy Chief. Madame Cadotte will pleasantly fill up the intervals between the dances, &c. by performing on the pianoforte."

The newspapers took up this announcement seriously and expressed great and proper disgust at such an exhibition. Whether the intention was or was not entertained it boots not to inquire; but if it were, it has been abandoned, as we conclude from the following very fiery and ferocious advertisement inserted by the individual who speculated in introducing the Indians to the British public:—

"The advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday is a bare-faced forgery, concocted by some black-hearted villain evidently with the hope of involving me in difficulty. Neither the interpreter nor his wife will appear at any time with the Ojibbeways during their stay in London."

We certainly do think that this exclusion of the poor interpreter carries the virtuous indignation of Mr. Rankin a little too far.

But, to resume our proper theme ; as to the Chippeways themselves, they have been at all times since the American continent was known to Europeans, a warlike, powerful, and distinguished tribe, and, strange to tell, they preserve those general characteristics to the present day. The representatives of the nation amongst us have been treated with much, if not exactly with suitable, distinction. To say nothing of presents innumerable from private persons, of blankets, trinkets, and money, which (Mr. Catlin fails not to inform the spectators) are secured by them severally, each in his separate chest, her majesty has bestowed upon them full suits of the royal Stuart tartan plaid, with which, no doubt, they will astonish the natives on their return to the shore of the Lake Huron ;* and the Duke of Cambridge has given them a quantity of choice tobacco that will one day serve to enrich the flavour of the indigenous productions of their soil, *sumack*, *bois rouge*, or redwood, and *segocimack*.† But we

have omitted hitherto to give the names of these Ojibbeways. And notwithstanding Shakspeare's high authority about the nothingness of a name, in general there happens to be a great deal in an Indian name, at least if it belongs to a chief or brave. For that by which the individual is commonly recognised is not conferred by the accident of birth or caprice, but because of some peculiar qualities and characteristics, or circumstances which distinguish him from the human herd. This name, accordingly, has always reference either to the hieroglyphic of the family or to the personal abilities or exploits of the man. Such as have signalised themselves either in war or in the chase, or are possessed of some eminent qualification, receive a name which serves to perpetuate the fame of their actions or to make their abilities conspicuous.

"Thus," says Carver, "the great warrior of the Naudowessies (Sioux) was named Ottah-tongoom-lisheap, or the Great Father of Snakes. Another

* Lucian tells a story of a philosopher who, whenever he had a spite at a man and wanted to ruin him, used to make him a present of a new suit of clothes. We trust that her majesty's gift may not prove as fatal as we learn this ill-meaning donor's generally turned out to be. Yet there is a story in Catlin's book which we hope may not prove prophetic of the doom of our visitors if they return in their Scottish costume of many colours and indulge in the usual loquacity of travellers. Wi-jan-jon, a distinguished brave of the As-ein-ne-boins, who returned from Washington in the uniform of an American colonel, was condemned for this and for being a liar, and killed in consequence of the *incredible* stories he told about the whites.

† As many of our readers are doubtless patrons of the fragrant weed apostrophised by Lord Byron as

"Sublime tobacco, that from east to west
Soothes the tar's labours and the Turkman's rest,"

I will quote from Carver's *Travels* some account of those Indian adjuncts to its use. He says, "*Sumack* likewise grows here (in the neighbourhood of Lakes Michigan and Huron) in great plenty ; the leaf of which, gathered at Michaelmas, when it turns red, is much esteemed by the natives. They mix about an equal quantity of it with their tobacco, which causes it to smoke pleasantly. Near this lake, and indeed about all the great lakes, is found a kind of willow, termed by the French *bois rouge*, in English red wood. Its bark when only of one year's growth is of a fine scarlet colour, and appears very beautiful ; but as it grows older it turns into a mixture of grey and red. The stalks of this shrub grow many of them together and rise to the height of six or eight feet, the largest not exceeding an inch in diameter. The bark being scraped from the sticks and dried and powdered, is also mixed by the Indians with their tobacco, and is held by them in the highest estimation for their winter smoking. A weed that grows near the great lakes, in rocky places, they use in the summer season. It is called by the Indians *segocimack*, and creeps like a vine on the ground, sometimes extending to eight or ten feet, and bearing a leaf about the size of a silver penny, nearly round ; it is of the substance and colour of the laurel, and is, like the tree it resembles, an evergreen. These leaves, dried and powdered, they likewise mix with their tobacco, and, as said before, smoke it only during the summer. By these three *succedaneums* the pipes of the Indians are well supplied throughout every season of the year ; and as they are great smokers they are very careful in properly gathering and preparing them."—Pp. 31, 32. In the Chippeway language *seman* is the word for tobacco ; in the Sioux or Naudowessie, *Shausassan*.

chief was called Honabpawjatin, which means a swift runner over the mountains. And when they adopted me a chief amongst them they named me Sheybaygo, which signifies a writer, or a person that is curious in making hieroglyphics, as they saw me often writing."

Carver observes (p. 378),—

"The children of the Indians are always distinguished by the name of their mother; and if a woman marries several husbands, and has issue by each of them, they are all called after her. The reason they give for this is, that as their offspring are indebted to their father for their souls, the invisible part of their essence, and to the mother for their corporeal and apparent part, it is more rational they should be distinguished by the name of the latter, from whom they indubitably derive their being, than by that of the father to which a doubt might sometimes arise whether they are justly entitled."

The same high authority also states,—

"There are some ceremonies made use of by the Indians at the imposition of the name, and it is considered by them as a matter of great importance; but what these are I never could learn, through the secrecy observed on the occasion. I only know that it is usually given when the children have passed the state of infancy."

We also learn from him that beside the name of the animal by which every nation and tribe is denominated, there are others that are personal, and which, as has been already observed, they derive from their mother. The chiefs are also distinguished by a name that has either some reference to their abilities, or to the hieroglyphic of their families, and these are acquired after they have arrived at manhood.

It is not difficult, from what has

been above said, to perceive that each individual Indian is as carefully distinguished by his appellations from every other individual of his own tribe as well as from those of others as a citizen of ancient Athens, though the process be different; and that persons who win renown in any of the recognised paths to Fame,—such as hunting, oratory, diplomacy, war, or *medicine* (according to the signification of the term when applied to the practices, customs, and superstitions of the Indians, and of which more hereafter), acquires a life-use of a name corresponding to the *agnomen* of the old Romans. I say a life-use, because the name is not transmitted to the descendants. For example, the son of the renowned Tecumthâ, who I believe still continues to receive a pension from the British government, bears no appellation which would render him conspicuous as the son of such a sire, as a Roman would who descended from Corvinus or Torquatus. Thus though the Indians are the reverse of insensible to lofty birth, the great distinction amongst them is founded on personal merit. Nowhere is the feeling of Juvenal more strongly entertained than amongst this people:—

"Malo tibi pater sit Thersites, dummodo
tu sis
Æacidæ, similem, Vulcaniaque arma
capessas,
Quam te Thersitæ similem producat
Achilles."

All our visitors, however, boast, of course, the *agnomen*; and their glories and honours are, in the advertisement, heralded forth as follows:—

"The Names of the Indians.

- "Ah-que-we-zaints The Boy-Chief. Aged 75 Years.
Pat-au-na-quot-a-wee-be, The Driving Cloud—War Chief. Age 51.
We-nish-kaw-ee-be Flying Gull.
Gish-ee-gosh-e-ghee The Moonlight Night.
Sha-ma Tobacco.
Not-ee-n-a-aum The Strong Wind. (The Interpreter.)
Wos-see-ab-e-neuh-quâ .. Woman. (Squaw of the Moonlight Night.)
Nib-nab-e-quah Girl. (Daughter of the Moonlight Night.)
Ne-bet-neuh-quâ Woman. (The Squaw of Tobacco.)"

Catlin is unacquainted with the Chippeway tongue, something, I must confess, to my surprise, seeing that it is in point of fact the diplomatic language of the great body of

the Red Indians; and, therefore, he was either prevented or excused from giving information upon many points on which I should have been desirous of instruction. Carver, when treat-

ing of the languages of the Indian tribes, makes the following observations:—

"The principal languages of the natives of North America may be divided into four classes, as they consist of such as are made use of by the nations of the Iroquois towards the eastern parts of it, the Chippeways or Algonkins to the north-west, the Naudowessies to the west, and the Cherokees, Chickasaws, &c. to the south. One or other of these four are used by all the Indians who inhabit the parts that lie between the coast of Labrador north, the Floridas south, the Atlantic Ocean east, and, as far as we can judge from the discoveries hitherto made, the Pacific Ocean on the west.

"But of all these the Chippeway tongue appears to be the most prevailing; it being held in such esteem, that the chiefs of every tribe dwelling about the great lakes, or to the westward of these on the banks of the Mississippi, with those as far south as the Ohio, and as far north as Hudson's Bay, consisting of thirty different tribes, speak this language alone in their councils, notwithstanding each has a peculiar one of his own.

"It will probably in time become universal among all the Indian nations, as none of them attempt to make excursions to any great distance, or are considered as qualified to carry on any negotiation with a distant band, unless they have acquired the Chippeway tongue.

"At present besides the Chippeways to whom it is natural, the Ottawaws, the Saukies, the Ottagaumies, the Killistinoes, the Nipagons, the bands about Lake Le Pleuve, and the remains of the Algonkins or Gens de Terre, all converse in it with some little variation of dialect; but whether it be natural to these nations or acquired, I was not able to discover. I am, however, of opinion that the barbarous and uncouth dialect of the Winnebagoes and Menomonies, and many other tribes, will become in time totally extinct, and this be adopted in its stead.

"The Chippeway tongue is not encumbered with any unnecessary tones or accents, neither are there in it any words that are superfluous; it is also easy to pronounce, and much more copious than any other Indian language.

"As the Indians are unacquainted with the polite arts, or with the sciences, and as they are also strangers to ceremony or compliments, they neither have nor need an infinity of words wherewith to embellish their discourse. Plain and unpolished in their manners, they only make use of such as serve to denominate the necessities or conveniences of life, and to express their wants, which, in a state of nature, can be but few.

"I have annexed hereto a short vocabulary of the Chippeway language, and another of that of the Naudowessies, but am not able to reduce them to the rules of grammar.

"The latter is spoken in a soft accent, without any guttural sounds, so that it may be learnt with facility, and is not difficult either to be pronounced or written. It is nearly as copious and expressive as the Chippeway tongue, and is the most prevailing language of any on the western banks of the Mississippi, being in use, according to their account, among all the nations that lie to the north of the Mes-sorie, and extend as far west as the shores of the Pacific ocean."—Pp. 414-16.

So far as Carver's book goes there is no better authority with respect to all the tribes and localities he visited; but it is especially valuable with reference to the two great rival and hostile nations, the Chippeways and the Sioux, who are still, with the exception of the Blackfeet and the Camanchees, the most powerful and numerous tribes on the American continent. The two vocabularies he has given are, doubtless, authentic. It is only to be regretted that they are not more extensive. Much, however, has since been done by the exertions of subsequent labourers. That Carver spoke truly as to the use of the Chippeway tongue amongst the tribes with which he was acquainted, few who read the work of this voracious old traveller would be disposed to doubt. It is probable, too, that the use of the language was more extensive even than he describes, and this for a reason which Catlin not very wisely insists upon, in support of his theory, that there are a great number, some thirty or forty different and absolutely distinct tongues spoken by the North American Indians; and this reason is that tribes, between whom war is the rule and peace the exception, are not likely to know, and have not leisure or opportunity to learn, any language but their own, or, therefore, to become acquainted with that of their neighbours. But a little reflection will shew that the contrary is not only likely, but necessary. For the very fact of nations being brought together, first in hostile collision, and afterwards in the negotiations which, unless one or other of the contending parties be exter-

nated, must follow, since war cannot be perpetually carried on between two hostile powers,—the very fact, I say, proves that there must be some language known to both in which they can confer, and that language which is spoken by the nation which has the largest extent of frontier, and the greatest number of tribes in its vicinity, with which it has relations of war and peace, is most likely to be the diplomatic language of all. A passage in the life of the great orator and warrior Tecumthà, would go far to prove that there must be a diplomatic language in common use amongst all the North American Indians; for, in his efforts to unite the various tribes against their common enemy, the United States, he visited a great number of them, some of which were a thousand miles away from the location of his own tribe, and harangued them all with the spirit of a Demosthenes. He travelled alone, too, and was received with honour every where. And from these two facts the presumption is strong, almost to certainty, that he was his own interpreter. This question with respect to languages is interesting in a two-fold degree: first, as supplying a mode of ascertaining the origin of the Indian tribes, and determining their relation to each other, and to the other races of mankind; and, secondly, on its own account as a matter of curious and useful research. Carver was right so far as regards the region with which he was acquainted personally, or by report from the tribes amongst which he sojourned, when he divided the languages of the Indians into four classes; but subsequent enterprise has led to the discovery of other nations, and subsequent investigation has led to another enumeration of the leading languages, and to a classification of their dialects. The conclusions to which M. du Ponceau, a very learned and laborious philologist, has arrived, are,—First, "That the American languages in general are rich in words, and in grammatical forms, and that in their complicated construction the greatest order, method, and regularity prevail." Secondly, "That those complicated forms which" (quoth he) "I call *polysynthetic*, appear to exist in all these languages, from Greenland to

Cape Horn." Thirdly, "That these forms appear to differ essentially from those of the ancient and modern languages of the old hemisphere." Mr. Gallatin, another highly distinguished philologist, scholar, and author, has, in a dissertation on this subject, published within the last four years, stated that in nearly the whole territory contained in the United States, and in British and Russian America, there are only eight great families, each speaking a distinct language, subdivided in many instances into a number of dialects belonging to the same stock. These are the Esquimaux, the Athapascas, or Chepeyans, the Blackfeet, the Naudowessies, or Sioux, the Algonkin-Lenapé, the Iroquois, the Cherokee, and the Mobilian, or Chata-mushog. The Chippeways, as it has been already remarked, belong to the great Algonkin-Lenapé family. Mr. Gallatin, in his *Archæologia Americana*, vol. ii., also observes,—

"Amidst the great diversity of American languages considered only in reference to their vocabularies, the similarity of their structure and grammatical forms has been observed and pointed out by the American philologists. The result appears to confirm the opinions already formed on the subject by M. du Ponceau, Mr. Pickering, and others, and to prove that all the languages, not only of our own Indians but of the native inhabitants of America from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, have, as far as they have been investigated, a distinct character common to all, and apparently differing from any of those of the other continent with which we are most familiar."

Many years previous to this deliberate conclusion, the result of long and anxious investigation not only by Mr. Gallatin himself, but by his predecessors, in this field of interesting inquiry, Humboldt said,—

"In America, from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Orinoko, and again from these torrid banks to the frozen climate of the Straits of Magellan, mother-tongues entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction have been recognised, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarani, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other

more than the roots of the Slavonian and Biscayan, have resemblances of internal mechanism similar to those which are found in the Sanskrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages."

I have, *obiter* as it were, introduced those notices of the American languages, but they are not uninteresting in themselves, and my own ignorance on the subject is so complete that I was unwilling to introduce it in a more formal manner. What I have said and cited on the matter, moreover, serves to shew that our visitors belong to a nation potent alike in arms and distinguished as the speakers of the predominant diplomatic and oratorical tongue on the American continent. I do not believe, however, that any of them are either chiefs or distinguished braves of a tribe of the mighty and renowned Chippeway or Ojibbeway nation, and I should be very sorry to believe it. I am of opinion that they are certain loose Indians familiarised to a species of intercourse with civilised men, picked up and transported hither by Mr. Rankin, who now exhibits them. They may have been brought from the shores of Lake Huron. It is quite possible. But we consider it far more probable that they came from the Chippeway settlement or village which is situate some nine miles from Montreal. We trust it is so, alike for the sake of the Indian character, such as it has invariably been found in all regions when uncontaminated by communication with the pale faces, as for that of the British government and people. The humblest members of the nation, even those, degraded and degenerate as they are found in the location to which we have alluded, answer equally well to exhibit for the gratification of our curiosity the outward appearances, the dresses, arms, equipments, dances, songs, and ceremonies of their countrymen, as would their

noblest chiefs and most distinguished orators and warriors, while we are spared the pain of seeing individuals whom all travellers and all history record as being so generous and noble of nature, so lofty of character, and so high of heart, degraded into a show for every Cockney who chooses to expend a shilling. We are satisfied that they are of this class. We will not, and we cannot, believe, in the first place, that true Indian chiefs could either be unconscious of the degradation of the exhibition in a foreign country, whether for hire, or not for hire, or would not rather die a thousand deaths than submit to it. Red-jacket, though in circumstances of the utmost humiliation as the chief of the once mighty tribe of the Senecas, whom he had seen dwindled by disease, intemperance, want, and the violence of the whites, into a miserable remnant to be counted by a few units—though himself erstwhile the haughty leader and thrice illustrious orator debased into an habitual drunkard—yet when in possession of his senses, Redjacket, we say, never, in despite of his broken fortunes and ruined race, forgot or failed to assert his dignity. This feeling, too, he was wont at the very last to exhibit in a strange manner. Though when intoxicated he would speak French and English fluently to any stranger, yet when sober he would not condescend to converse with the president of the United States without an interpreter, or speak any tongue but that of his forefathers. Though, therefore, temptation, grief, and despair, might have degraded the Seneca chief into a drunkard, no earthly power, we may well conceive, could have debased him to leave the graves of his ancestors and play the mountebank for a congregation of pale faces in a foreign land.* But let us take another example. Two of the

* Mr. Placide, an American comedian, has placed a gravestone over the mortal remains of the last chief of the Senecas. Here is matter to moralise on; the mimic man paying the last tribute of respect and honour to the real man of many sorrows and of much unjust suffering. Cat'in painted Redjacket, at his own request, standing on the Table Rock, Niagara Falls. What was the association of ideas which made the old chief of a ruined tribe choose such a position? He died in 1831. Catlin says of him, "Perhaps no Indian Sachem has ever lived on our frontier whose name and history are better known, or whose talents have been more generally admitted, than those of Redjacket; he was, as a savage, very great in council and in war."

Indians we have here under the character of chiefs, it is said, fought in the British quarrel by the side of Tecumthà. This hero was not by birth a chief, and even when merit and genius had made him pre-eminent and the leader of a confederacy of which he was at once the Agamemnon and Achilles, his own tribe had nominally another chief. Besides the dread and most valiant Shawanoes in their desperate fights with the Americans, contesting as they did every foot of the lovely land from which they were finally driven, had been reduced to a handful of warriors. In 1812, while all the various Indian tribes who brought over on our side 3000 braves into the field yielded a cheerful obedience to Tecumthà, his personal followers did not exceed forty in number. Yet he never veiled his crest or forgot the due assertion of his dignity. The king of the woods, as the English commander and officers loved to call him, met Colonel Procter on terms of perfect equality as a brother-chief and general; and proved himself, whether at the mess-table, in council, or in the field, in every possible respect worthy of the rank he assumed; and, in truth, it might be, moreover, said, adorned. If, too, he preserved his state with his allies, he enforced the full display of his rank and dignity when treating with his enemies. When he proceeded to Vincennes (Indiana) to hold a conference with the governor (Harrison, late President of the United States), he was accompanied by four hundred warriors, fully armed and equipped. The portico of the governor's house had been prepared for the conference. Tecumthà refused to enter it; and, pointing to a grove of trees hard by, insisted upon it that there only would he meet the representative of "the seventeen fires," "the earth being the most suitable place for Indians, who loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother." And Harrison yielded the point. At a subsequent period, Tecumthà refused to visit the president without his usual followers; and the visit was accordingly declined by that functionary. To suppose, then, that such a man as Tecumthà could, under any circumstances, be led to debase himself into a posture-maker would be a profana-

tion of his honoured memory. To me, I confess, it is in like manner a thing passing belief, that any two of the survivors of those chiefs who fell so gallantly by his side in the battle at the Moravian towns so fatal to the hope of Indian independence, could be found either so stupid or so base as to exhibit themselves as the poor fellows now here are doing. Besides, independent of the feeling to guide his course of conduct, which proper pride and becoming self-respect would dictate to a full-blooded and undegenerate Indian in a foreign country, it is impossible that such an exhibition as we can now witness at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for a shilling, could be considered as other than sacrilegious by the well-regulated mind of an Indian, who believed in the Great Spirit, and dreaded the machinations of the Evil Spirit. All their songs and dances (with exceptions, which, if indeed they exist, cannot apply in the present case) are propitiatory, or in honour and adoration, and one and all solemn and sacred: they constitute, in fact, their religious worship. But let me quote on this point the quaint and touching words of the good William Penn. His treaty was made, and his narrative refers to the Delawares, another branch of the great family of the Algonkin-Lenapé, to which the Chippeways belong. In that narrative he says:—

"These poor people are under a dark night in things of religion, at least the tradition; yet they firmly believe in the Great Spirit, or God, and the immortality of the soul; for they say there is a great king who made them, who dwells in a bright country to the southward of them; and the souls of the good shall go thither, where they shall live again. Their worship consists of two parts, SACRIFICE and CANTICO. Their SACRIFICE is their *first fruits*. The first and fullest buck they kill goes to the fire, when he is all burnt, with a mournful ditty of him who performeth the ceremony, but with such marvellous fervency and labour of body, that he will even sweat to a foam. The other part is the CANTICO, performed by round dances, accompanied sometimes with words, sometimes songs, and then shouts, which are raised by two persons standing in the middle, who begin, and by singing, and drumming on a board, direct the chorus. Their postures in the

dance are very antic and various, but all in exact measure. The whole is done with surprising earnestness and labour, and with strong expressions of joy. In the fall, when the corn comes in, they begin to feast one another. There have been two great festivals already, to which all who please can come. I was at one myself. Their entertainment was by a large spring under the shady trees, and twenty fat bucks, with hot cakes made of the meal of new corn, and beans baked in leaves in the ashes. After dinner, they fell to dance."

In all regions of America subsequently explored, amongst all the tribes subsequently discovered, we find that the religious worship of the Indians consists in Penn's words of SACRIFICE and CANTICO. It is therefore difficult, if not impossible, to conceive that Indians who thus desecrate their worship in some instances, and their solemn religious rites in the other instances, or passages of their performance, into a show for pale faces, can be other than of that order who have become denationalised and debased by their intercourse with the worst classes of the whites, and who have lost their own system of morals and religion without acquiring those of the Christians. I repeat, that I am glad to believe our visitors are not chiefs or braves; for I think it would be little consistent with the policy of the government towards our Indian allies on the American continent, whose friendship we are bound most assiduously to cultivate, to suffer such an exhibition to take place under the only circumstances which would admit of its possibility, namely, the ignorance of Indian chiefs and braves, of the degradation to which they were personally subjected, and the ignorance of the feelings with which the performance of their solemn and sacred rites was regarded by the European spectators. But, now, setting these our visitors aside with the foregoing notices, we shall avail ourselves of the interest created by their arrival and performances, to say a few words about the red man in his free and uncontaminated state; his character, his manners, his customs, his religion, his government, his origin, his history, and prospects. The subject is extremely interesting under all its branches, and not the least so under

that of government which has been found in the woods and prairies of America, under every form that it wears or ever assumed in Europe.

And, first, as to the red man's character, it is in every point of view curious, and is most beautiful to contemplate. One of the earliest and most trustworthy writers on the subject was our own William Penn, and every subsequent traveller of good repute has corroborated the testimony borne to the good qualities, disposition, and habits of the American Indians, by the conscientious and downright Quaker.

But before we enter upon this inquiry it will be advisable to consider the relations in which the American Indian stands with respect to his white neighbours; and of these the most important are the relations which concern his tenure of the land that yields him his subsistence. This, in chief part, at all times and in all regions, arises from the produce of the chase, even when the ground was or is likewise cultivated to some extent. If, then, you take from the Indian his hunting-grounds, you take from him that whereby he lives; and it would be more merciful to take his life itself unless you can provide for him in some other way. The Americans affect to do this by driving him farther and farther towards the setting sun in the far west, before each advancing wave of so-called civilisation. The unmitigated cruelty of such a mode of proceeding would be obvious enough even if it did not appear that three-fourths or four-fifths of each unfortunate tribe consigned to banishment are sure to be destroyed by war, plague, pestilence, famine, or some other calamity the ingenuity of the white man brings on them ere the transference of the remnant to the west of the Mississippi can be effected. Another plan partially pursued by the British government and professedly adopted by the American, but never honourably or honestly adhered to, is that of locating Indians on reserved lands to be held sacred for ever from the intrusive cupidity of the whites. Another plan successfully adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company, but never even attempted by the Americans, is that of gradually converting the Indians into agriculturists as well

as hunters, and by in the same quiet way amalgamating them with the white; and, lastly, there is the plan of leaving them in their native wild state and maintaining by presents, good offices, and protection, an amicable relation with them; and this would be under many circumstances the best of all, and is extensively adopted by us in our North American dominions, where there is a quantity of land that will not be required for cultivation by the wants of the colonists for centuries to come, and a still greater quantity which never can be brought into cultivation at all, and where the Indian, under the auspices of his Great Father or Great Mother, as it happens, to whom he pays a nominal homage, may roam undisturbed, until the end of time or of the British empire. On the contrary, *within* the boundaries of the United States there is neither protection nor hope for the poor survivors of the Indian tribes; and *beyond* this frontier the Americans are continually pressing forward their encroachments upon the lands of the adjacent tribes, partly by fraud and partly by force, their great assistants in the subjugation of the Indians — their tutelar assistants, in point of fact, the Castor and Pollux of the Yankees in their Indian wars, small-pox and whisky always marching in their van. "Oh!" but it may be said, "the American government always purchases the lands it seizes from the Indian." Ay, that is the process. First, the government forces the Indian to sell for a nominal consideration (it is never, in point of fact, more), nine-tenths of his hunting-grounds, and gives and guarantees to him and his heirs, "while

grass grows and waters run," for ever and ever, the remaining tenth part; but invariably this ever and ever is found to mean simply until the settlements of the free and enlightened citizens of the republic draw nigh to the reserved lands; for the moment they do the poor Indian is "*prevailed*" upon by all manner of annoyance and persecution, from which the government will afford him no protection, and for which it will grant him no redress, to sell these reserved lands and to betake himself to the other side of the Mississippi.* But though those iniquities are acknowledged and chronicled by a number of American writers, they yet attempt to palliate them, upon the ground of hard necessity. They say the red man must retreat before the advance of civilisation; that he cannot live so far as he himself is concerned, and cannot be tolerated so far as the white colonist is concerned in the presence of civilised man. Now, without pausing to enter into a question susceptible of very easy proof, I may simply observe that the Indians must be in the last degree of debasement from their intercourse with white traders and whisky-sellers, the most utterly God-abandoned of human kind; if they be not in truth more highly civilised, in every respect which makes civilisation valuable, than the persons for whom they are compelled to make way. And I maintain, that although the Indians, unless brutalised as I have intimated, are too honest, conscientious, just, honourable, high-minded, and religious, to live in the face of such civilisation as the vast majority of the adventurers to the far west, the intruders upon their territories, bring

* The speech of the Indian agent to the Seminoles in 1834 displays in glowing colours the nature of a portion of the process (robbery and murder being at the same time common incidents as persuaders) by which Indians are compelled to abandon their lands and cross the Mississippi: — "This land," he says, "will soon be surveyed, sold to, and settled by, the whites. There is now a surveyor in the country, the jurisdiction of the territory will soon be extended over this country. Your laws will be set aside, your chiefs will cease to be chiefs, claims for debt and for your negroes would be set up against you by bad white men, or you would, perhaps, be charged with crimes affecting life; you would be hauled before the white man's court; the claims against you for debt, for your negroes or other property, and the charges of crime preferred against you would be decided by the white man's law. White men would be witnesses against you, Indians would not be permitted to give evidence, your condition in a few years would be hopeless wretchedness." In the treaty with these Indians their great father, the president, undertook that "the United States would afford them protection against all persons whatsoever!!!"

with them, being as they are the *natiſſima* of society in both worlds present, the old world and the new, it by no means follows that their existence is incompatible with the near presence of civilisation of a different order, and rejoicing in another style of representatives, or that they are less capable than our own forefathers, the Norman, the Saxon, and the Dane, or, in one word, the Teutonic race, of gradually acquiring that civilisation, or, at least, all that is good of that civilisation, and turning it hereafter to the highest intellectual and moral purposes. Already North America has produced amongst the various tribes of Indians as many great men as feudal Europe. This we cannot doubt would be plain to all men if each distinguished individual were to have come down to us, *narratus atque traditus*, by some worthy historian. For, knowing as much as we do of the few with whom the British race have been brought into immediate contact, and of many others by report and story, we cannot rationally come to any other conclusion. King Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumthà, were men probably of as high natural gifts and as great genius as any men in feudal Europe, where individuals appeared, who, being like these Indians, without the least entrance into book-learning, did nevertheless, prove to be great warriors, statesmen, and administrators, and effective speakers alike at the council-board and in the public assembly. Indeed, in all the high faculties and qualities which are independent of the habitudes and education of the civilised man of modern times, I know not that these "Indian savages" cannot challenge a comparison with any of their contemporaries in either quarter of the globe. General Harrison, the late president of the United States, was long and intimately acquainted with one of the three, the great Shawanoe statesman, orator, warrior, and patriot, and our illustrious ally, Tecumthà. He had often encountered him in council and on the battle-field, and finally commanded in the action where this hero fell fighting, after the handful of British infantry had been broken and dispersed by the overwhelming force of the Americans, fighting in the front of his warriors, without hope,

but without fear; and of him General Harrison said, "He was one of those uncommon geniuses which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions and overturn the established order of things, and that, if it had not been for the power and vicinity of the United States, he would, perhaps, have been the founder of an empire which would have rivalled that of Mexico or Peru." It is ridiculous, then, to suppose that nations which produce men like Tecumthà (and there were many), men of the highest and most vigorous intellect—men with all

"The will, the fire, the constancy, that make the Almighty mind,"

are incapable of attaining a lofty civilisation, or unworthy of being amalgamated with their white brethren? No! the fault is not in them, but in the Americans, who deal so falsely, treacherously, and cruelly with them, and who never approach them except for the purpose of cheating them of the produce of their labours in the chase, or of despoiling them of their lands. Abundant evidence of this is furnished by the works of the Americans themselves; but it need not be cited, as the facts are notorious. The British traders in the olden time, when there was eager competition in the fur trade between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, were bad and unscrupulous enough in their dealings with the Indians; still even then they were under some restraint and had some touch of human feeling. But "the freeborn Americans" never were under any restraint or responsibility whatever, they never knew any thing of the "compunctious visitings of nature," and more roguish, more debauched, more thoroughly wicked creatures were never yet permitted by Providence to go forth as tempters and corrupters of an unfortunate people. I need not dwell upon the result to the property and morals of the Indian from carrying on business and holding intercourse with such persons. But, to pass on to the national or popular *mania* for the acquisition of territory, there is no consideration, human or divine, which the tyrant majority of the American populace, that drags the federal government at its heels, will not sacri-

fice for the gratification of it, all cruel, and atrocious, and perverse, and silly a mania as it is, and as the wisest of the citizens of the monster republic denounce it as being. The American government, however, says it purchases, even as William Penn did, and that the disappearance and destruction of the Indians before the advance of their population is inevitable. Let us examine this a little, and in the first place we find that they do not purchase as William Penn did; and in the second, we conclude, that if it were true that they did purchase as William Penn purchased, that is to say, with the full consent and approbation of all directly or indirectly concerned in the sale of the lands in question, the inevitable consequence of their approximation to the Indians would not be the banishment or the extermination of the latter. It has been bitterly observed, but in the main truly, that Penn's treaty with the Indians on behalf of himself and the colony he led was the only one on record that was ratified without an oath, and the only one that was observed fully and faithfully by both the contracting parties. For seventy

years after the colony was planted it lived in peace and harmony with the neighbouring Indians. The American government, however, are far from dealing with the Indians in the same spirit with the honest progenitors of the dishonest "drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania," whom Sydney Smith has destroyed to everlasting memory. They never yet have observed the sanctity of any treaty they made with the Indians. They have even violated the sanctity of a flag of truce, which the most savage nations respect. They committed this atrocity in the case of the renowned Asseola, chief of the Micosukees, and a number of other Florida Indians.* And I say again, it is not true, as alleged, that they purchase the land of the Indians as William Penn purchased it; the spirit of the dealing, the manner, circumstances, and accessories of it, are all different. This can be easily shewn, and it is important, in judging of the character of the Indian in his relations with the white man, that this matter should be clearly understood. When our countryman, William Penn, arrived in the territory of the Delawares they were a con-

* Marryat gives the following account of this transaction :— "General Scott resigned the command and was succeeded by General Jessop. On the 20th of October, 1837, after nearly a year's skirmishing, Asseola was persuaded to come into a council. The flags of truce were hoisted by the Americans, and Asseola, carrying a flag of truce in his hand, and accompanied by other chiefs and about fifty warriors, came in to talk. On their arrival they were surrounded by bayonets and made prisoners by orders of the federal government, who, despairing of subduing the Indians, had recourse to this shameful breach of faith. The proud spirit of Asseola could not endure confinement. He died in prison." (*Diary, &c. Part. II. vol. iii. p. 279.*) Mr. Catlin saw Asseola in the fort previous to his release from his cruel and faithless enemies. He was a noble, high-hearted warrior and patriot, and deserved a better fate. Catlin gives an account of his last moments, which brings us back to the stories of the olden time in our own country, when the heroes of the land and deep loved "to die with harness on their backs." Asseola, on perceiving that his life was ebbing fast away, had himself dressed in full costume for battle, assumed his weapons, and had his fiercest style laid on for this last encounter. Thus, though a prisoner, he died in the great warrior and renowned leader. Probably, ere he breathed his last, his gall had crumbled away, and his spirit was abroad, like Napoleon's under circumstances, who seemed, in his last moments, to witness "all the currents of life," and muttered the words *tête d'armés* just before his spirit passed for ever from the dreams of battle. The same fancy, or rather feeling, which swelled in the bosom of the Seminole chief, centuries ago actuated Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, who, on recognising the icy approach of death, had himself dressed in all his armour, and awaited the grim foe battle-axe in hand. Vespasian, too, if I recollect rightly, thought that it was unworthy of an emperor to die upon a bed like a civilian or a woman,— "An emperor should die standing!" Strange that in different ages of the world, and in different states of society, the same notion of personal grandeur and warlike pride should, in the last moments of existence, have possessed the minds of a Roman emperor, a Danish earl, and an Indian chief! Is it that, in those of gentle blood, human nature in its depths is always and every where the same?

quered people. In the Indian phrase, they had been made women. They had, after long wars, been subdued by the Iroquois. Now what was the consequence of this? Why that Penn had to buy the land from its occupants, the Delawares, and the sovereignty of this land from the Iroquois. But the government of the United States only buy once, and then they prefer dealing with some tribe that have a claim, well or ill founded, as it may be, to the sovereignty of the land, but have really no interest in it. And then the occupiers, with whom it would not have been so easy to drive a bargain, are ousted, and transported beyond the Mississippi. In these latter days, when the encroachments of the Americans upon the Indian lands has led to the destruction of many tribes, and the loss of land to the Indian becomes pretty much equivalent to the loss of life, the great principle contended for by wise and patriotic chiefs, such as Tecumthá, was that the Indian lands were the common property of all the tribes, and could not be sold without the consent of all. On the other hand, the views and feelings of the Americans may be gathered from the following letter written by Harrison (late president of the United States) to the secretary at war, at a time when he, as governor of Indiana, was engaged in negotiations with Tecumthá and his brother, the prophet. Harrison says:—

"The subject of allowing the Indians of this country to consider all their lands as common property has been frequently and largely discussed in my communications with your predecessor, and in a personal interview with the late president. The treaties made by me last fall were concluded on principles as liberal towards the Indians as my knowledge of the views and opinions of the government would allow. For although great latitude of discretion has always been given to me, I knew that the opinion of Mr. Jefferson on the subject went so far as to assert a claim of the United States, as lords paramount, to the lands of all *extinguished or decayed tribes*, to the exclusion of all recent settlers. Upon this principle the Miami nation are the only rightful claimants of all the unpurchased lands

from the Ohio to the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. But, sir, the president may rest assured that the complaint of injury, with regard to the sale of lands, is a mere pretense suggested to the prophet by British partisans and emissaries."

The moral of this principle in the actual case would be to expel the Shawanoes from the Miami rivers, and, indeed, the whole territory of Ohio, which, by the way, has since been effected, and the small remnant of this chivalrous tribe, the nurse of many heroes, has been removed west of the Mississippi. And, in general, until we come to the numerous and unbroken tribes, Chippeways, Sioux, Blackfeet, and the like, it is difficult, such and so many have been the shiftings and changings on the continent, from wars and other causes,—it is difficult, we say, to find a single tribe located in the same region that was possessed originally by their forefathers. Indeed, too, in well-nigh every one of the tribes, large and small, there is a tradition of their having come from afar. That amongst the Shawanoes, for example, is that their ancestors once inhabited a foreign land, but, having determined to leave it, they assembled their people, and marched to the sea-shore. Here, under the guidance of a leader of the Turtle tribe, one of their twelve original sub-divisions, they walked into the sea, the waters of which immediately parted, and they passed in safety along the bottom of the ocean until they reached this *island*,* for so is North America designated by her Indian offspring. The Americans, therefore, never need be at a loss for a pretext to drive a tribe (when they are able) off their own lands to the west of the Mississippi, on the ground that they are not *autochthones*, that they are not the indigenous natives of the soil, but that it really belonged to some *extinguished, or decayed, or emigrated* tribe, and, consequently, that it is not they, the occupiers, that are entitled to the soil, but the United States, either by the force of some *pretended treaty*, to use the words of Tecumthá, with the ancient possessors of the sovereignty thereof, or as lords paramount, according to Mr. Jefferson's

* History of the Indian Tribes of North America, by James Hall and J. L. Kinney.

theory. The great object of Tecumthá and the prophet was to resist the carrying out of this theory, and to maintain that Indian lands were the common property of the Indian tribes as against all strangers. The former said in council, when haranguing in reply to a letter missive sent by Harrison, urging the Shawanocs to remove from the lands they then held, inasmuch as they had been purchased by the government of the United States, "These lands are ours; no one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us on which to light our fires, and here we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit above knows no boundaries, nor will his red people acknowledge any." On another occasion the prophet told this same Harrison, that it would not be practicable to preserve peace along the frontier, unless the father of the seventeen fires recognised the principle that the lands were the common property of *all* the Indians, and forbore to press the settlements of the white men any farther forward on the north and west.

"For," said he, "the Great Spirit gave this great island to his red children; he placed the whites on the other side of the big waters; they were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes, we can go no farther. They have taken upon them to say this tract belongs to the Miamis, this to the Delawares, and so on; but the Great Spirit intended it as the common property of us all. Our father tells us that we have no business on the Wabash, the land belongs to other tribes, but the Great Spirit ordered us to come here, and here we will stay."

The assertion of this principle was the only one which could preserve the poor remnant of the Indian tribes on the American frontier, or within their dominions. That, on the contrary, the deliberate determination of the government of the United States was, in every instance, when they coveted the lands of a tribe, either to expel or exterminate the owners and occupiers, appears even more clearly, from the doctrines laid down by their lawyers respecting the nature of the Indian's right to his own land, than from the opinions proclaimed by their

diplomatic men, such as Harrison and Jefferson. The Americans refuse to recognise a separate nationality, even in the several great families of Indians, or to admit that they are entitled to any international rights, yet with no great consistency, as we have seen, they refuse to acknowledge that *all* the Indian tribes have an interest, modify it as you may, in all the Indian lands as against the stranger. No! The doctrine propounded by Chief-Justice Marshall, very positively and very compendiously, is, "All the nations of Europe who have acquired territory on this continent have asserted in themselves, and have recognised in others, the exclusive right of the discoverer to appropriate the land occupied by the Indians." And that accomplished scholar, and first of all living writers on law, Judge Story, we regret to say, has not hesitated to write as follows:—

"It may be asked what was the effect of this principle of discovery in respect to the rights of the natives themselves? In the view of the Europeans it created a peculiar relation between themselves and the aboriginal inhabitants. The latter were admitted to possess a *present right of occupancy or use in the soil*, which was subordinate to the ultimate dominion of the discoverer.

"But, notwithstanding this occupancy, the European discoverers claimed and exercised the right to grant the soil while yet in the possession of the natives, subject, however, to their right of occupancy; and the title so granted was universally admitted to convey a sufficient title in the soil to the grantees in perfect dominion."

Now if the carrying out of these doctrines be not fraught with expulsion or extermination to the Indian tribes, we are very much mistaken. They are only admitted to have a *present right of occupancy*, that is to say a right to be determined, as soon as they shall, in consequence of intercommunication with the vilest of the whites, either be so reduced by small-pox and whisky, disease and debauchery, as to be unable to resist banishment west of the dark flood of the Mississippi, or until, like the Mandans the other day, they shall have been swept utterly off the face of the earth. If, too, the operation of drunkenness and epidemic

be too slow, there is always adverse violence at hand to hurry on the process of destruction. Surely it would be a deplorable thing, and not to be tolerated by a Christian government, that the grantees in perfect dominion should be kept out of the enjoyment of their property for any lengthened period of time by any thing so inconvenient, so preposterous, as the natives' "present right of occupancy!!!" Chancellor Kent speaks something more fairly on the subject, it must be admitted, than Judge Story. The chancellors say,—

"This assumed but qualified dominion over the Indian tribes, regarding them as enjoying no higher title to the soil than that founded on simple occupancy, and to be incompetent to transfer their title to any other power than the government, which claims the jurisdiction of their territory by right of discovery, arose, in a great degree, from the necessity of the case. * * * It was founded on the pretension of converting the discovery of the country into a conquest, and it is now too late to draw into discussion the validity of that pretension, or the restrictions which it imposes. It is established by numerous compacts, treaties, laws, and ordinances, and founded in immemorial usage. The country has been colonised and settled, and is now held by that title. It is the law of the land, and no court of justice can permit the right to be disturbed by speculative reasonings or abstract rights."

Now, as between American citizen and American citizen in that portion of the continent which has been settled and colonised, these doctrines may be very properly applied. "What's done cannot be undone." The rightful owners of the soil have been murdered, or otherwise destroyed; the title of those who had originally obtained their lands should not be open to a question in an American court of law. The political necessity on the part of the United States, also, is so strong, that one may concede to them the right of enforcing, to the best of their ability, the principle that the Indians located within their own territories, poor, broken, diseased, debauched remnants of nations as they are, should not be at liberty to dispose of any portion of their lands except to the government, or to any other power except the United States. But when these doc-

trines come to be extended beyond their blood-polluted frontier, and it is sought to apply them in reference to numerous and powerful nations of Indians, and to make them operative against the claims and rights of other European powers, and to affect their relations with unsubdued tribes of Indians, we examine these same doctrines more narrowly, and find them to be preposterous. Yet the Americans every where urge them,—on the banks of the Oregon or Columbia, now, as formerly, on those of the Potomac, and more recently on those of the Ohio. The vast and powerful tribes of the Sioux, and Blackfeet, and Camanchees, and their allies, who can bring into the field the finest and most numerous barbaric cavalry in the world, are now held, just in the same manner as the Shawanoes and Delawares of former days, to have but a present right of occupancy or use in the soil, over which they as yet career as lords paramount, and which they jealously preserve from all intrusion. And it is solemnly contended by American diplomatists, that the European powers have no longer the right to plant a colony any where upon the American continent, or to interfere between the government of the United States and any tribe of Indians. But that either the British government or its Indian allies should acquiesce in the truth and justice of such doctrines cannot very well be expected even from the most pacific of administrations. George Canning, when they were urged by Mr. Rush, protested against them with bitter scorn. Without entering at all into the pretensions of the United States to exclude the European powers from colonising any portion of the land on the American continent still remaining unsettled, as this inquiry would be out of my way at present, let us just look at the grounds upon which they found their claim for this ultimate dominion they assume over all the lands of all the Indians. Their diplomatists have recourse to Vattel to supply the foundation of the claim. They quote Vattel, c. 18, § 209, wherein we find it is written,—

"It is asked whether a nation may lawfully take possession of some part of a vast country in which there are none but

erratic nations, whose scanty population is incapable of occupying the whole. We have already observed (§ 81), in establishing the obligation to cultivate the earth, that those nations cannot exclusively appropriate to themselves more land than they have occasion for, or more than they are able to settle and cultivate. Their unsettled habitation in those immense regions cannot be accounted a true and legal possession; and the people of Europe, too closely pent up at home, finding land of which the savages stood in no particular need, and of which they made no actual and constant use, were lawfully entitled to take possession of it, and settle it with colonies."

Yes; but, though the doctrines laid down here are more extensive in favour of the adventurer in foreign parts than justice and humanity with regard to the natives of those parts would dictate, yet they are accompanied by some restrictions which are fatal to the American claims of exclusive though qualified, dominion over the Indians; unless, indeed, Chancellor Kent's *dictum* of its being founded on the pretension of converting the discovery of the country into a conquest be strained into meaning, that the fact of British subjects under the auspices of the British government, having, before the United States began to exist, discovered a portion of the country occupied by the Indians, gives the United States right, as of conquest, over all the territories occupied by Indians. It is true that Vattel assumes that an erratic nation is the same as an uncivilised nation; though, in my opinion, it is very possible for a nation to be erratic within a certain region, and yet not uncivilised. I admit, however, the general principles which he lays down in the same chapter (the 18th), when he says:—

"The whole earth is destined to feed its inhabitants; but this it would be incapable of doing if it were uncultivated. Every nation, therefore, is obliged, by the law of nature, to cultivate the land that has fallen to its share; and it has no right to enlarge its boundaries, or have recourse to the assistance of other nations, but in proportion as the land in its possession is incapable of furnishing it with necessities."

Here, then, in the very authority the Americans quote, is a restriction upon the general principles, which shews how preposterous are their

pretensions to Indian lands founded on the law of nature and nations. The vast territories within their boundaries are more than sufficient to supply their scanty population with necessities; and, moreover, not more than one-fourth of their lands are in cultivation. Vattel accordingly affords them no countenance in enlarging their boundaries. Again the same writer observes:—

"There are some nations who, to avoid labour, choose to live only by hunting and their flocks. This might, doubtless, be allowed in the first ages of the world, when the earth without cultivation produced more than was sufficient to feed its small number of inhabitants. But at present, when the human race is so greatly multiplied, it could not subsist, if all nations were disposed to live in that manner. Those who still pursue this idle mode of life usurp more extensive territories than with a reasonable share of labour they would have occasion for, and have, therefore, no reason to complain if other nations, more industrious and too closely confined, come to take possession of a part of those lands."—§ 81.

Now, admitting this, it does not affect the case of the Indians as against their oppressors and spoilers, the Americans; for the latter are not too closely confined, and they come not to take a part of those lands for which the former have no occasion, but to drive them from the whole. Not content with this, too, they assert "a qualified dominion" over those Indian territories they cannot yet reach. This, of course, is quite a new doctrine of their statesmen and lawyers. William Penn, as we have said, bought the dominion, sovereignty, or empire, from the Iroquois, and the land from the occupants, the Delawares, with the consent of the neighbouring tribes. And the doctrine will not stand good for a moment. The qualification, namely, the right of occupancy in the Indian tribes, is fatal to the assumed dominion of the Americans. In the same chapter, Vattel lays down this proposition, that discovery even of an uninhabited country, to confer a claim of sovereignty on the nation discovering, must be perfected by possession and settlement. He says:

"When a nation takes possession of a country to which no prior owner can

a claim, it is considered as acquiring the empire, or sovereignty of it, at the same time with the domain."

But, under these circumstances, when there is no prior owner, to say that there could be *empire* without *domain* would be a flat absurdity. How much more preposterous is it to suppose, in the case of the Indians, that there can be empire on the part of the Americans when not only is there no domain in them, but the right of occupancy upon the part of the actual possessors is admitted. Another passage, also, in the same chapter, § 203, which the diplomatists and lawyers take good care not to quote, strikes at the root of their pretensions. Vattel says,—

"But it is questioned whether a nation can, by the act of *taking possession*, appropriate to itself countries which it does not really occupy, and thus engross a much greater extent of territory than it is able to people or cultivate. It is not difficult to determine that such a pretension would be an absolute infringement of the natural rights of man, and repugnant to the views of nature, which, having destined the whole earth to supply the wants of mankind in general, gives no nation a right to appropriate to itself a country, except for the purpose of making use of it, and not of hindering others from deriving advantage from it. The law of nations, therefore, will not acknowledge the property and sovereignty of a nation over any uninhabited countries except those of which it has taken actual possession, in which it has formed settlements, or of which it makes actual use."

This passage, I think, so far as the European powers and the unsubdued and independent tribes of Indians are concerned, is fatal to the law of Marshall, Kent, and Story, and to the statecraft of Jefferson, Harrison, and Rush.

But, having now contemplated the mode in which the Americans deal with the Indians, the estimation in which they hold them, and the character they assign them in the human family, let us turn back to see Penn's opinion of them, and regard the mode in which he dealt with them, which is so falsely said to be pursued in the spirit towards them to the present day. In his narrative he states of the Indians,—

"We Christians call these poor people savages, but, indeed, in many of the

most Christian virtues they leave us far behind them. If a white man calls at their cabins, they are all joy and gladness to see him. They give him the best place, and the first cut. If they come to visit us, and any thing is given them to eat or drink, well; for they will not ask, and, be it little or much, if it be with kindness, they are well pleased; otherwise they go away sullen, but saying nothing.

"But in liberality they excel. No thing is too good for their friend. Give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks: light of heart, strong affections, but soon spent; the most merry creatures that live. They never have much, nor want much. Wealth circulates like the blood. All parts partake; and, though none shall want what the others have, yet they are exact observers of property. Some of their kings have sold, others presented me with parcels of land. The pay or presents I made them were not hoarded by the particular owners; but, the neighbouring kings and their clans being present when the goods were brought out, the parties chiefly concerned consulted what and to whom they should give them. To every king, then, by the hands of a person for that work appointed, is a proportion sent, so sorted and folded, and with that gravity which is admirable. Then the king subdivideth it in like manner among his dependants, hardly leaving himself an equal share with one of his subjects; and, be it on such occasions as festivals, or at their common meals, the kings distribute, and to themselves the last. They care for little, because they want but little; and the reason is a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us. If they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains. We sweat and toil to live. Their pleasure feeds them; I mean their hunting, fishing, and fowling; and this table is spread every where."

Can any thing be more simply beautiful than this picture of a primitive people, good and generous? Is it not quite plain, too, that Penn effected his purchases, and that his followers fixed their staff in the land, with the universal approbation and consent of all directly or indirectly interested in them; and that thus the principle asserted by Tecumthà was practically acted upon, and to the effect that, to enable the occupants, or, so to speak, the suzerains, as the Iroquois we know were in this case, to dispose of lands, the assent of all the Indian tribes interested, that is to

say, of all the neighbouring tribes, was deemed necessary. Now, however, returning from the past, let us turn our eyes to the present, and observe the difference which marks the conduct and feeling of the English towards the Indian from those we have witnessed and heard expressed upon the part of the American government and people. In a parliamentary report respecting the Hudson's Bay Company, presented to Parliament in July 1842, we find that, since 1821, "the Indian country has been in a state of the most perfect tranquillity, beneficial as well to the Indian population as to the parties interested and engaged in trade." Mr. Simpson, writing to Mr. Pelly, says,—

"Previous to that period, an unrestricted supply of spirituous liquor, then an important article of trade, led to the commission of crimes, to the injury of health, and to a state of demoralisation among the native population truly lamentable. The measures since taken by the council in this country, under the instruction of the board of directors in England, to remedy those evils have been attended with the happiest results; drunkenness is now of very rare occurrence in any part of the country, and quite unknown throughout the extended district situated to the northward of the Saskatchewan and Churchill rivers, occupied by the Chipewyan, Beaver Indian, Cree, Yellowknife, Hare, Dog, Rib, and other tribes throughout the numerous inhabited and widely extended plain country to the southward of the Saskatchewan; in the country situated between the Rocky Mountains and the shores of the Pacific, watered by the Columbia river and its tributaries; in the country known by the name of New Caledonia, situated inland to the northward of the Columbia river and among the Chippewa tribes on the shores and interior country of Lakes Superior and Huron; the introduction and use of spirituous and other intoxicating liquors are strictly prohibited, except in very rare cases for medicinal purposes. The first introduction of this measure was so unpopular among the natives as to endanger the safety of the trading establishments, rendering it necessary to maintain a large force for their protection at a heavy expense; and it was only by compensating them for the loss of this baneful indulgence by large gratuities, consisting of presents of British manufacture, that they became reconciled to its privation. In other parts of the country where it could not,

in justice to the white population, be entirely prohibited, the use of it is now gradually diminishing, so as at this time to be no longer an evil; and in no part of the countries through which the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company extend are spirituous or intoxicating liquors of any sort sold to the Indians, or used as a medium of barter and trade. But so inseparable is drunkenness or the abuse of spirituous liquors from opposition in the Indian trade, that on the N.W. coast, where we have to contend with the Americans and Russians, and even on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, which are exposed to competition in trade and where the Indians are partially civilised, I am sorry to say our utmost efforts to check it have been altogether unavailing."

A confirmation of these statements is to be seen by reference to the exportation of spirituous liquors to Hudson's Bay, which, since 1821, "do not exceed on the average forty-three puncheons of rum annually for the supply of the whole country situated to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains comprised in the license of trade granted to the Company as well as in the Company's territories, the population of which, including servants, may be estimated at 120,000 souls, no spirituous liquors having up to this period been distilled in the country."

This is, in sooth, most gratifying intelligence, and, while it confers the highest honour on the humanity and wisdom of the Company, furnishes a glaring contrast to the conduct of the Americans, whose presence is always fraught with the most baleful injury to the state and prospects of the Indians. The Company have likewise established at Red River settlement two Protestant, two Roman Catholic missions, and thirteen schools. Mr. Simpson states,—

"In this settlement there are resident several thousand Indians and half-breeds, drawn together from all parts of the country with a view to their civilisation and moral and religious improvement. These people have abandoned the chase, and now devote themselves to agricultural pursuits; and it is gratifying to say that the zealous efforts of our missionaries have been most successful."

The Company have many other missions and schools along the Columbia west side of the Rocky Moun-

tains; and at these and the Red River schools Indian children are educated belonging to many of the distant tribes, who, after attaining the age of manhood, are allowed the option of returning to their homes, becoming agriculturists at Red River settlement, or entering into the Company's service; and, moreover, the utmost endeavours are used, in every other part of the country where the climate and soil will admit of it, to collect the Indians into villages, and direct their attention to agriculture as the first step to civilisation. While, too, the condition of the Indians generally is much ameliorated, the destruction which once prevailed in this region and still prevails wherever the American traders can penetrate, of the fur-bearing animals of all ages and sexes and at all seasons, has been effectually put a stop to. Mr. S. says,—

"Instead of exhausting the country we now use every means in our power to preserve it by withdrawing our trading posts and the Indians attached to them, for a time, from such parts as have become impoverished, so as to enable them to recruit; and, by discouraging hunting during the seasons when the females are bearing and rearing their young, the animals are now becoming numerous."

The Indians are given other employment at these seasons, which tends to their gradual improvement as men labouring for subsistence. Mr. S. adds,—

"Our different trading establishments are the resort or refuge of many of the natives who, from age, infirmity, or other causes, are unable to follow the chase; they have the benefit of the care and attention, free of expense, of our medical men, every trading establishment being, in fact, an Indian hospital."

The fur-trade is the principal branch of business at present in the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean; but on the Columbia the Company is directing its attention to agriculture on a large scale, and will soon be able to establish an export trade from thence in wool, tallow, hides, tobacco, and grain of various kinds.

"I have also," quoth Mr. S., "the satisfaction to say, that the native population are beginning to profit by our example, as many formerly dependent on hunting and fishing now maintain themselves by the produce of the soil. The population at Red River settlement alone amounts to about 2000 whites and 3000 half-breeds and Indians, and there and elsewhere it is rapidly increasing both as regards whites, Indians, and half-breeds."

I am not disposed to weaken the force of this statement by any comments. I think of itself it shews, that if the red man is to be finally swept off the face of the American continent concurrently with the progress of civilisation, it will be the result of the desperate wickedness of his white brother, and not in accordance with any decree or dispensation of Providence.

THE FERRANDIAD.

A DITTY OF FOUR DAYS' DOINGS AMONG THE MIGHTY.

THE senators of Britain sate
All in the council-hall,
When Mister Roebuck rose and did
On Mister Ferrand call,
To ask if he upheld the truth
Of certain words or all

That in the papers had appeared,
Reported as his speech,
Relating how a minister
Of state had made a breach
"In bonos mores," and induced
A rogue to falsely peach.

This question suddenly proposed
Caused Mr. F. to rise,
And talk of breach of etiquette,
And taking by surprise,
Advantages unfair of him,
In Mr. Roebuck's guise ;

But yet he said there was a poor
Commissioner called Mott,
Whose scandalous and false report
Into a box had got,
From whence Sir James had pull'd
it out ;
How it got there God wot,

'T was what he wanted much to
know,

'T was a suspicious fact,
And looked like undue influence,
A sort of cunning tact ;
And so, till that was well explained,
His words he'd not retract.

" Oh ! say you so," said Mister Roebuck,
learned in the law,
" Then why not say at once that Graham
did unfairly draw
Reasons as monkeys get at nuts
With Mott for his cat's-paw ?"

" I'm not at school nor yet a fool,"
Was Mister F.'s reply :
" That's not behaving like a gent,"
And he eyed him scornfully ;
Till Mister Speaker interfered,
And said, " Oh ! Ferrand, fie !"

And told him to apologise,
Because such words were n't fit
Among M.P.'s. " Well, as you
please,"

Quoth Ferrand, " I submit."
A better plan than shooting balls
Till one or both were hit.

But still he argued he'd a right
To say the baronet
And minister had taken steps
That false report to get
To crush a member of the House,
And that he'd stick to yet.

Sir James then spake out gallantly
And said, " Don't let us prate
Of forms, and doubts, and loose reports,
Unfitting for debate,
But go to work, and, if you can,
The charge substantiate."

Then meddling Hume, who always
pokes
His finger in each mess,
Drawled out he'd heard Sir James
was charged
With what would heavier press,
Namely, inducing Mister Hogg
To perjure 'mself — no less.

Said Mister F. " I beg to say,
That's what I never said."
" But then," said Mister Ward, " there
was
An affirmation made
That he who heads the government
Did some M.P.'s upbraid

For too much Christian feeling,
and —"

Quoth Mister F. " Not I !
I never spoke of what he said."
" Well, then," said Ward, " I'll try
Another guess. 'T was Oastler, p'r-
haps,
Who did in limbo lie ?"

" Perhaps it was," said Mister F.
" But neither there nor here
Am I his keeper ; though Sir Robert
was, 't is very clear,
When he in gaol was kept because
His books were in arrear."

The next that rose was Mister Hogg,
Who said, " I really must
Request that Mister Ferrand will
Now have the goodness just
To tell me if I may unto
The Times' reporters trust."

Says Mister F. "I really think
They're perfectly correct."

Quoth Mister H. "Itinerant
Foul speeches I neglect;
But while I'm here I'll suffer none
My honour to suspect.

Raise but suspicion in this House,
And I will take the Chil-
tern Hundreds straight; but, if you
can't,

I almost think you will
The impropriety perceive
Of here remaining still."

Says Mister F. "The words I used
Were, that the learned mem-
ber, when he spoke about the case
That I so much condemn,
'Higgled and haggled in his speech,'
And still I stick to them."

Quoth Mister Hogg, "That's not the
point;

The question is, if I
Acted dishonestly or not.
Ask that and I'll reply,
Nor longer under such a foul
Insinuation lie."

Said Mr. F. "I said not that;
But if the learned gen-
tleman, who ask'd the question first,
Had only told me when
He meant to ask it, I'd have brought
The paper here, and then

I don't believe I should have found
A cause to disavow
A single word we found therein;
But, as the case is now,
Let no one think to put me down
By getting up a row."

Sir James then said, "I feel con-
vinced

That in, at least, *this* place
Haggling and higgling won't suffice,
So clearly put the case.
To-morrow bring what charge you
will,
And if I'll boldly face."

On which, quoth Mister F., "I hope
When we're assembled next
To hear an explanation clear
Of that which so much vex'd
Me, viz. the box and document,
For sorely I'm perplex'd."

Then Mister Hogg express'd a wish
That Mister F. should read
The speech in print, and say if it
Was his in very deed.
And, if it was, to make his charge
Immediately proceed.

Then rose Lord John, and said, "I
think,

It matters not a jot
Whether *that* speech is quite cor-
rect;

But let him tell us what
He really said and sticks to now,
If you're to blame or not."

Then up Sir Robert rose and said,
He never said a word
Of Christian feelings such as Mis-
ter Ward had read or heard,
Nor hinted at their conquering him.
The thing was quite absurd.

Here dropp'd the subject for the time,
But on the following day
The House was fuller than before,
Expectant of a fray,
When Mr. Ferrand got upon
His legs and thus did say:—

"Sir, I've been reading all the spee-
ches that I made among
The manufacturers and can't
Discover aught that's wrong,
And so I must reiterate
What I've said all along.

'Tis the prerogative of free-
born Britons to express
Their thoughts of public officers.
I've done no more nor less
But, if I've hurt their honour, why,
I'm ready to confess —"

Still as a mouse was all the house
Until those words he spake,
But then came cheers, yells, shouts,
"oh dears!"

And laughter that did make
The benches that they sat upon
And all the building shake.

This made him stare and straight
declare

Such conduct was unman-
ly in them all, and plainly proved
That none henceforward can
Appeal to them as fit to judge.
Then from the House he ran.

But Sir James Graham missed him
not,

And in his own behoof
Rose up; but boisterous mirth again
And laughter shook the roof,
The dullest of the dull were scarce
From that contagion proof.

Then Mister Roebuck rose and Mis-
ter D'Israeli too,
And Borthwick eke, but Mister R.
First asked, "What must we do?
I think such conduct past a joke.
Pray tell me what think you?"

Then Mister Hogg his innocence
At greater length declared,
And then Sir James avowed himself
For any charge prepared,
And, if the House suspected them,
Begged neither might be spared.

Sir Robert said the question was,
Which would the House prefer,
To treat the whole with ridicule,
Or rather to defer
The case, which now seemed like a feat
O' the bottle conjurér ?

Lord John agreed they should adjourn,
And said he held as nought
Charges of members' perjury,
If wholesale they were brought ;
But accusations *versus* one
A serious thing he thought.

Lord Stanley then in manly strain
Said there no doubt could be
Among them of the innocence
Of either H. or G.
But still 'twere better to adjourn
That they might all agree.

Then Mister Blackstone rose, but did
Not say what he'd to say,
As Mister Speaker thought the
House
Agreed upon the way
Of acting, namely, to adjourn
Until the following day.

So, when the third day came of this
Momentous strange debate,
Sir James arose, and said that he
Must ask, with very great
Pain, that the clerk should read the
Times
Of April 10 in date.

The clerk read out, and what about
Must be already clear.
Then Mister Ferrand's name was
called,
But no one answered " Here ;"
Which seemed, like much that passed
before,
Particularly queer.

Sir Robert said that he'd referred
To cases somewhat similar
to that in hand ; and, be
The charges strong or flimsy,
Mister F must " shew." They
could
Do nothing without him.

'Twere better to adjourn, he thought,
And send to him a summons
to attend on Friday next :
Without him it were fumbling
to debate. Then Sir G. Clerk
Said, " Just so. Let him come."

Lord John concurred ; but Mister
French
Declared that the impression
on his mind, from what he'd
heard,
Was there was no necessity
of putting down poor F.,
But wished he'd chatter less.

Then Mister Duncombe dropped a
hint
Of calling to the bar
The printer ; but Lord Stanley
thought
That would their object mar.
So Mister Duncombe challenged him
With having gone too far,

In saying what he thought, that F.
Not only said, but thought ;
In making charges which the *Times*
Asserted he had brought
Against a member of the House,
And slyly had been caught

By Mister Roebuck, in a knowing
way, to here admit,
Had he asked him, " What's that to
you ?"
Had been his answer fit ;
Nor in a mess by such a question
had he been a bit.

Then Mister D'Israeli said,
He thought that Mister Hogg
Ought to have sent a private friend
F.'s memory to jog ;
But, as it was, all seemed as if
At sea, and in a fog.

It did appear that Mister Roebuck
acted like a fox,
And caught poor Ferrand in his trap
Whilst others dealt him knocks.
But the charge was not *in nubibus*,
Because there was a box

And paper mentioned, which he
much
Should like about to know ;
But yet, as such inquiries were
Uncertain quite, and slow
He'd rather recommend the House
To pass a vote, " N^o go."

"*That*," Captain Berkeley said, "won't do,
As Mister Ferrand stuck
To what he said, and seemed inclined
With us to run a muck."
Lord Manners said, "Try something
else;

We'll perhaps have better luck."

And moved "the previous question,"
which

Was seconded by Mister Smythe, who, with the rest, about
The charge expressed his disbelief, and added, "What's belief?
No man can prove what's his."

Said Mister Duncombe, "I'll do that."

Said Mister Smythe, "Indeed!
A precious business that would be!
I'm sure, in case of need,
My arguments would never prove
The soundness of my creed."

He spake then of Diogenes,
That famous cynic elf,
Who Alexander would have been
Had he not been himself;
And hinted Bath and Tamworth were
Like China ware and delf.

And eke that Mister R. assailed
All men excepting one,
And dealt in personalities,
And divers things had done
And said, that were incongruous,
Which caused the House some fun.

Sir Robert Inglis then observed,
He hoped they'd act aright;
And deprecated much the settling
quarrels by a fight;
For duels were a great abomination
in his sight.

Then Mister Roebuck rose and said,
"So all the blame is mine
Of all this mischief! That's too bad!
However, I decline
To answer accusations which
Beneath me I opine.

"I asked one question only. Then
The member for Montrose,
As well you know he always will,
Must needs thrust in his nose,
And ask another, which, at least,
The blame divided shews.

But personalities I scorn,
If ~~it~~ now for you to judge
From ~~him~~ brought by Mr. F.
Are worth ~~the~~ he seems to budge,
Are nothing ~~in~~ investigation, or
are than 'Fudge!'"

Then Mister Smythe a second speech
Began, but soon was stopt
By Mister Speaker formally;
And then Lord Howick popt
A few words in to say he thought
The matter better dropt.

Quoth Mister Hume, "Whoe'er supports

'The previous question' now,
Upon the tottle of the whole,
Condemns th' accused, I trow."

And then Sir James got up, and to
The Speaker made his bow,
And said that he no vote should give,
And little should he say,
As his accuser, Mister F.
Had kept himself away,
And might, perhaps, apologise
Upon a future day.

And having spoke he left the House,
And Mister Hogg arose,
To say that he, like Sir J. G.
If Mister Ferrand chose
T'express regret, would all forget,
And so the business close.

Lord Manners then "the previous
ques-
tion" readily withdrew,
And spurned the imputation that
He recommended du-
elling. And then the House broke up,
Fresh pastime to pursue.

When Friday came they met again,
The business to despatch;
And, after Messieurs Smythe and
Roe-

buck had a sparring match,
They called on Mister Ferrand, who
Came boldly to "the scratch,"

And said he must apologise
For taking up their time,
Which might, he thought, be better
spent,—

Indeed, 't was quite a crime
To waste it in those long debates
We've briefly sketched in rhyme.
The fault was Mister Roebuck's, who
Popped on him by surprise,
Or he'd have sported one of Mis-
ter Duncombe's terse replies;
But, that he'd shrink from what he'd
said,

Begged no one would surmise,
Nor think, because he left the House
Abruptly t'other night,
That laughs, and jeers, or yells, or
threats,

Could put him in a fright,
Or make him hesitate to say
Whate'er he thought was right.

And boldly he declared that House
Was neither meant nor fit
To be a court of honour, nor
Would he to them submit.
They'd got into a mess. Let them
Do what they would with it.

Sir James then steadfastly denied,
And more at length explained,
The charges made against him, and
His innocence sustained ;
But Mister Worsley thought of F.'s
Suspicion none remained.

But Mister F. no more would speak,
Sir Robert then began,
When Mister Speaker gave a hint
To F. to lead the van ;
So he, Sir James, and Hogg, walked
out,
And Borthwick rose and ran.

Sir Robert then declared, " *Le jeu*
Ne vaut pas la chandelle ;"
But, since they'd entered into it
On such a sliding scale,
He'd tell his plan for sliding out,
And hoped he should prevail

Upon the House to pass a re-
solution to declare
The charges made calumnious
And quite unfounded were,
And in corruption neither Graham
Nor Hogg had had a share.

Said Mister Duncombe, " Thus to let
Off F. seems *infra dig.* ;"
And Mister French complained Lord
Stan-
ley, who was once a Whig,
Had afterwards his colleagues charged
With playing thimble-rig.

So moved to censure him, and eke
Sir Robert ; but the House
Pursued Sir Robert's plan, and so
At last displayed some *vous*,
And thus the labouring mountain was
Delivered of a mouse.

Now God preserve our queen ! May
she
Be favoured by the Fates,
And eke our native isle and each
Of her dependent states ;
And may the House of Parliament
Improve in its debates !

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND NEURHYPNOTISM.*

NOTE PRELIMINARY TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR MR. YORKE,—May I crave a short space in the pages of Regina for a few remarks upon a topic which is making a prodigious fuss in the scientific world just now? Believe me, I have no design upon you ; indeed, I could not presume to attempt to father my conceptions upon so prudent and circumspect an authority. All my modesty will permit me to ask is, that you be pleased to give currency to, without making yourself answerable for, my opinions.

Yours, &c.

R. S. S.

[We accede cheerfully to the request of a clever, though it may be a crotchety, contributor. But we hold ourselves as free as any of our readers to judge of his reasoning.—O. Y.]

In an age in which science is taking such prodigious strides, and so industriously enlarging her borders, it is scarcely wonderful that the doctrine of therapeutic magnetism should be roused once more from its slumbers, and encouraged to prefer a claim to some share of the public

attention and respect. Within the last three years, wide-mouthed Credulity has felt no lack of the marvellous wherewith to regale itself ; since from Lord Shrewsbury down to Mr. Spencer Hall,—from the "Adolorata of Capricano" and the "Estatica of Caldaro," to the lady

* 1. *Isis Revelata: An Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Animal Magnetism.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1844.

2. *Neurhypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep, considered in relation with Animal Magnetism. Illustrated with numerous Cases of its successful Application in the Relief and Cure of Disease.* By James Braid, M.R.C.S.E., C.M.W.S., &c. London. John Churchill: Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, 1843. 8vo. pp. 266.

who can tell you what Mrs. Jenkins or Mrs. Anybody else is doing at a given time any number of miles off, and the wonderful boy who can read letters in the post-office,—we have had an abundance of marvels of the first water, sparkling and gushing with almost uninterrupted succession from the press. Witness the stack of books, and pamphlets, and periodicals, piled up before us this moment, as if men meant to rival Truth and Heaven by the magnitude of their labours. Magnetism and clairvoyance are the great wonders of the hour,—as indeed they were (being *revived* wonders even then) half a century ago,—and these departments of physiology and psychology, after having been treated with contempt, ridicule, and contumely,—kicked, as it were, from Dan to Beersheba, spit upon and treated spitefully, at length numbers amongst the most faithful of their adherents men of science, *obstetric* physicians, surgeons, and even divines! The genius of modern discovery would almost lead us to believe that the inscription which the Egyptians engraved on the pedestals of the statues of their great goddess was an abominable cheat; that instead of making her all candour and frankness, they represented her as a prude with frowns and forbidding looks, reminding one, as Sheridan somewhere says, of a board, with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or steel-traps on a common, because they insinuate that there is something worth stealing where there is not the least cause to suspect it. We must prepare ourselves, it seems, to see the “veil of Isis,” hitherto held to be sacred,

impenetrable, and for ever to be closed over and clasped tightly around the greatest of ancient mysteries, now lifted by the silvery fingers of the goddess herself, her tongue wagging lightsome and glibly as that of Lord Brougham or any village wench, unkennelling the greatest of nature's pent-up secrets, and from being the most trustworthy and confidential of her privy councillors becoming all at once a Mrs. Candid and a blab! Well may Mr. Colquhoun christen his book *Isis Revelata*. The goddess has flung her prestige behind her; her poll-shaven priests, if any of the race still minister amongst the pyramids, may now discharge their barbers, let their hair grow as it listeth, and import a hairdresser from Bond Street; they may pay court to the ladies without running the risk of an *auto da fè*, and add a hosier and boot-maker to their list of tradespeople. The murder is out! a modern Oedipus has unriddled this second sphynx of the land of puzzles—magnetism has triumphed!

But we have hinted that the influence of magnetism upon the animal functions is not now broached for the first time. Possibly we might be able to trace it down to the remotest ages,* and there is little doubt that many phenomena of ancient times were produced by some such agency, though, as will be seen hereafter, we ascribe to very different causes, most, if not all, of the effects which are attributed to Magnetism. So far back as the seventeenth century the loadstone was used by many practitioners as a curative means; indeed, most of those who adopt the doctrines of Paracelsus had great faith in its (supposed)

* Solon has the following curious allusion:—

Πολλὰ δὲ ἔξ ἁλῆος ἰδὼντες μίγα γίγνεται ἄλγος
 Κούη δὲ τίς λῶσαι ἥτις φάρμακα δούε
 Τὸν δὲ κακὰς νούσας συνάμεινον ἀργαλίαις τε
 Ἀψάμειναι χερσίν, αἶψα τίθητ' ὕπνῳ.—*Apud Stobæum.*

This is a favourite quotation of Mr. Colquhoun's, and he points out the following happy rendering of it from Stanley's *History of Philosophy* (1666),—

“The smallest hurts sometimes increase and rage,
 More than all art of physio can assuage;
 Sometimes the fury of the worst disease
 The hand, by gentle stroking, will appease.”

A singular expression is also pointed out as occurring in the *Amphitryo* of Plautus, “*Quid, si ego illum tractim tangam, ut dormiat,*” which, although used figuratively for, “What if I knock him on the head?” may be literally rendered, “What if I continually manipulate him till he sleep?”

curative powers, and some of them wrote works upon the subject.* Of these, by far the most famous was Van Helmont, a native of Brussels, born in 1577, died in 1644, who, educated as a physician, devoted himself to chemical researches. He wrote a treatise on the magnetic cure of wounds in reply to one on the same subject, the title of which we give in the foot-note, by Goclenius, a physical philosopher in high repute, and another by one Father Robert, a Jesuit, who, like some people in our own times, branded magnetism as a "Satanic agency." In reply to this Van Helmont wrote, "Magnetismus, quia passim viget, præter nomen, nil novi continet; nec paradoxus nisi *is qui cuncta derident, et in Satanae dominium ablegant quæcumque non intelligent.*" His definition of magnetism is, "Sic vocitamus eam occultam coaptationem qua absens per influxum agit, *sive trahendo vel impellendo fiat;*" i.e. an occult influence by attraction or impulsion, which is a fundamental principle of Mesmer's theory. The vehicle and essence of this influence he calls *magnale magnum*, an impalpable and imponderable fluid pervading all nature. In the human frame, he believes the blood to be the seat of this influence which may be controlled by the will of another, provided the operator be more powerfully charged with this magical influence, this imponderable fluid, than the subject operated upon. It is well that he makes a proviso to the omnipotence of the operator, otherwise he would be calling upon us to believe that an operator more strongly imbued with the magic fluid than his neighbour might will the stoppage of the circulation of his blood, and so put an end to that neighbour's existence! But he puts a bar to this violent postulate by telling us that this magnetic or magical (whichever he chooses to call it) power lies dormant in man until it

is called into action; and that if either the magical power in the subject to be operated upon be stronger than the operator, or the will of the subject be *opposed* to the operation, it is in vain to attempt to produce any cosmic or magnetic results. His words are, "Diximus omnem fortassis magicum vim dormire et excitatione opus habere: quod perpetuo verum est, *si obiectum in quod agendum est non sit proxime dispositum*, si ejus interna fantasia non prorsus annuat agentis impressioni, vel etiam si robore patiens sit *par vel superior* agenti." This admission is most important, as shewing that whatever the volition of the operator may be, it is powerless and ineffectual without the volition of the subject operated upon. It is a maxim of antiquity that the poppy has no influence where an anxious mind is at work (*Oby*) *ἄνθρωπος πρῶτα πάντα δέσσει*, and it is equally true that no magnetism or magic known to humanity can work in opposition to the will of man. We shall refer to this more at length hereafter, when we come to test the pretensions of animal magnetism. We may observe, however, that in another treatise (*Actio Regiminis*) Van Helmont admits even more pointedly that the assent of the subject operated upon is an indispensable condition precedent to the success of the experiment. Thus the inconsistency is complete. In one place we have him insisting upon the omnipotence of the occult magnetic influence in man; in another he clogs his principle with a proviso which destroys it whenever that proviso is called into action. We fancy we shall be able to make it tolerably clear, shortly, that ALL the power rests with the (human) subject operated upon, and that whether the operator will or no, the subject can induce coma and its several sequences whenever he chooses.

* Amongst others we may name Kircher, *Magnes, sive de Arte Magnetica*, Coloc. 1643 et Rom. 1654; *Magneticum Naturæ Regnum*, &c. Amsterdam, 1667; Van Helmont, *Opera Omnia* (including his *De Magnetici Vulnerum Curatione*), Frankfort, 1682; J. G. Burgraave, *Balneum Dianæ Magneticum*, 1600; Gul. Maxwell, *Medicina Magnetica*, libri tres, in quibus tam theoria quam praxis continetur, Frankfort, 1679; R. Goclenii, *Tract. de Magnet. Vuln. Curat.* Frankfort, 1613; S. Wirdig, *Nova Medicina Spirituum*, Hamb. 1673 (from which we may conveniently give a short quotation in this place, "Totus mundus constat et positus est in magnetismo; omnes sublimitatem vicissitudines sunt per magnetismum: vita conservatur magnetismo; in certis omnium rerum sunt per magnetismum."—P. 178).

This *en parenthèse*. Another of Van Helmont's "great mysteries" is, that there is in man a peculiar power which enables him by the mere force of his will and imagination, to act at a distance, and so instil a virtue and exercise an influence upon a very remote object. This he admits is beyond his comprehension, and yet he somewhere tells us that in consequence of having tasted, in the course of his experiments in 1633, the root of the aconite, *he saw his own soul seated, not in his head, but in the region of his stomach!* He describes it as a spiritual substance (*ponderable*, of course!) of a *crystal-line appearance*, luminous, and having the *figure of a man!*

"My intuitions," quoth he, "immediately became much stronger and of greater compass, and this mental clearness was combined with a feeling of extraordinary pleasure. I slept not, I dreamed not, my health was perfect. *I felt, perceived, and thought no longer with the head, but in the region of the stomach (!)*, as if knowledge had now taken her seat in that part!"

This is, indeed, marvellous, and can only be accounted for on the presumption that the empty belly had risen in envious rebellion against the over-stocked head, and (the latter having become delirious) had at length succeeded in dividing the empire of knowledge with it! If Goldsmith had only known of this, he never would have set a whole village wondering where their pastor stowed away all his knowledge, much less would he have ventured to say,—

"And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

The only way in which we can account for Van Helmont's miraculous visions is, that he lived for thirty years in his laboratory, which, like the cobbler's stall, served him "for parlour, and bedroom, and kitchen and all." One favoured with such waking visions ought at least to have learned *how* a man's "will" acted upon "very remote objects;" indeed it would not have surprised us to hear that he had procured an interview with Iris the sister of the Oceanides, and learned from her not only how she fills the clouds with

water, but whereabouts in the human body the mystic thread which connects it with the soul is to be found, what kind of scissors she uses to cut it, and of what material the thread itself is composed! None of these things would have been at all inconsistent with some things that have been forced into light at the point of his pen; and he would not have lacked implicit believers, even if we pass from his own times to the days of Burgomaster Dr. Von Meyer (who believes that dogs have *blue souls as well as men!*) and the believers in magnetic *clairvoyance*.

Extravagant, however, as all these things must unquestionably appear to men of common sense, they are not to be "pished" or "pooh-poohed" down, or despatched at once with the imputation of "flam" upon their heads. To shew their tenacity of life, we need only turn to the mesmerists of the present day, whose stock in trade they really are; for without meaning any disrespect to our contemporaries, we must say that, in theory, they have got no farther than Van Helmont. Even Mr. Colquhoun, learned, able, penetrating, and eloquent as he is, clings to the extravagancies of the Belgian chemist (indeed we chiefly borrow our illustrations from his book), and excuses his inability to explain them by pleading the general ignorance of the age in which we live. Speaking of the mystical union of the soul and the body he says,—

"To this may be added our ignorance of the causes of gravitation, of the common magnetism, of electricity, &c. The day, perhaps, is not far distant, when the remarkable anticipations of Kant will be realised, and when it will be generally recognised and admitted, that all of these phenomena are the product of one single and simple principle, differently modified."

We are very much of Kant's opinion ourselves. We have long had our own notions touching mineral magnetism. We think it not impossible that we may live to see all the accepted notions concerning it exploded. The science of electromagnetism has opened a new phase in chemical science, and electricity may yet explain both magnetism and gravitation. The law of polarity

has already entered into astronomical calculations, and we think it will yet be found that electricity is the main element in polarity; but even if we had room, it would, perhaps, be premature to explain our notions on this point just at present.

There is a passage in Dr. Passavant's work* which just occurs to us, and which we must quote:—

“To the theory of a polar attraction and repulsion between the planets, certain anomalies in the proportion of their distances from one another lend probability; some planets standing nearer or further asunder than they should, according to the law Wurm has laid down for their relative distances. According to this law, the distance of the earth from the sun should be 210 semi-diameters of the latter, instead of which it is 216. The distance of Mars from the sun should be 336 semi-diameters, but it is no more than 329. Thus the earth is six semi-diameters of the sun farther from, and the planet Mars seven nearer to, that body, than the law of gravitation would assign to these orbs as their respective places. This is hardly to be conceived as possible, but on the hypothesis of *qualitative* attraction, an assignable ground of which we have in electricity and magnetism.”

We are sorely tempted to apply our electrical notions to this passage, but that is not the purpose for which we quoted it. We use it as an appropriate pioneer to what follows from Mr. Colquhoun's book. At p. 223 he says,—

“There exists a reciprocal influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated beings. The medium of this influence is a very subtle fluid, pervading the whole universe (*electricity?*), which, from its nature, is capable of receiving, propagating, and communicating every impulse of motion. This reciprocal action is subject to certain mechanical laws, which have not yet been discovered. From this action there result alternative effects, which may be considered as a sort of *flux* and *reflux*. This flux and reflux may be more or less general, more or less particular, more or less compounded, according to the nature of the causes which determine them. It is by this operation (the most universal of those which nature exhibits to us), that the relations of activity are maintained between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and its constituent parts. The properties of matter and of organised bodies depend

upon this operation. The animal body experiences the alternative effects of this agent, which, by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves, affects them immediately. The human body exhibits properties analogous to those of the magnet, such as *polarity* and *inclination*. The property of the animal body, which renders it susceptible of this influence, occasioned its denomination of animal magnetism. The action and the virtue of animal magnetism are capable of being communicated to other animated and inanimate bodies. The one and the other, however, are susceptible of them in different degrees. This action and this virtue can be increased and propagated by these bodies. We observe from experience the flowing of a certain subtle matter, which penetrates all bodies, without perceptibly losing any of its activity; and it operates at a considerable distance, without the aid of any intermediate object. Like light it is reflected by mirrors; and it is invigorated, diffused, and communicated by sound. This virtue is capable of being accumulated, concentrated, and transported. There are animated bodies, although very rare, which possess a property so opposite to magnetism, that their mere presence prevents all its effects in other bodies. This opposite power also penetrates all bodies, and is also capable of being concentrated and diffused; it is, therefore, not merely a negative, but a really positive power. The mineral magnet, whether natural or artificial, is likewise equally susceptible with other bodies of animal magnetism, and even of the opposite virtue, without suffering in either case any alteration of its agency in respect to iron, which proves that the principle of animal magnetism is essentially different from that of mineral. This system will furnish new illustrations of the nature of fire and of light; as also of the theory of attraction, of flux and reflux, of the magnet and of electricity. It will inform us, that the magnet and artificial electricity only have, with respect to diseases, properties in common with several other agents which nature presents to us; and that if the former have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to animal magnetism. By means of animal magnetism nervous diseases may be cured immediately, and other complaints mediately,” &c.

It is only as a curative agency that we can regard animal magnetism or mesmerism with any kind of favour; the next thing that reconciles us to it is the eloquent advocacy of such men as Mr. Colquhoun and Dr. El-

liotson. With regard to the chemical theory here laid down, we shall only say that it is a curious subject for speculation, and, therefore, unobjectionable. The influence which the moon has upon the flux and reflux of the sea may be properly enough accounted for. It is no part of our present purpose to go into that matter; but when we find analogies drawn from it (we don't say by Mr. Colquhoun) to favour the belief in a story told of Mesmer on the occasion of an operation with the lancet, when it is said the blood oozed from the incision or retreated, flowed or ebbcd, according as the operator approached and touched, or receded from the patient, public credulity is brought flat on its face again before the exploded superstitions of our ancestors of the middle ages; that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed if the body were approached by the murderer. With reference to the *living* person, the probability is, that if he were touched by any indifferent bystander whilst in the magnetic coma, the same results would follow; for a touch would, in a particular condition, be sufficient to rouse his energies in some degree, which would have an immediate effect upon the whole nervous system. [We shall shew this more particularly anon, when we come to treat of "double consciousness."] With reference to the *dead* subject, the presence of a number of persons in a room would inevitably have the effect of raising the temperature, which, acting upon the accumulated gases in the body might cause a slight effusion of the little remaining liquid blood, or pus. But this latter superstition has long been swept away with the ordeal itself. We have nothing to urge in favour of the curative efficacy of the magnet, or artificial electricity; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Colquhoun goes too far when he says, that if they "have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to *animal magnetism*!" Now, we don't mean to deny that salutary effects have been, and often are, produced by animal magnetism; but we contend that precisely the same effects, frequently with less risk, are constantly produced by other means, — nay, by patients themselves, who

first induce sleep by keeping their eyes and attention fixed upon any inanimate object — say the ceiling of a room; then causing their mind and body to act and react upon each other in an unusual degree. Some object considerably above the level of the eye, so as to cause the head to be thrown back a little, is the best for the purpose. This, with the fixed gaze, produces a slight strain upon the eyes; hence, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention, is induced; during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, preventing the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and interrupting the free and regular circulation through the brain (as in common and easy respiration); the imperfectly decarbonised blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and presently the influence is extended through the whole nervous system. And in this way precisely the same results are produced as manifest themselves under the magnetic process. We do not mean to say that it is safe for a patient to try these experiments, unless some person be at hand to disengage him, by wafting or percussion of the hands; we only explain the process, in order to shew, that neither the passes nor the volition of an operator are required to induce the condition, which will be recognised at once as Mr. Braid's method of producing nervous sleep.

We shall pass over the many curious instances of clairvoyance cited by Mr. Colquhoun, because any discussion or criticism of them would involve a much greater space than is left at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that in many cases sufficient light is not thrown upon the subject, whilst in others much that appears marvellous may be very easily accounted for by other than magnetic means.

We have already protested against the injustice of voting animal magnetism a delusion and a humbug. We are thoroughly convinced that it is neither the one nor the other. We only think that it has been carried out of its depth, and that high, almost superhuman, attributes have

been assigned to it to which it has no pretensions whatever; and we have not omitted to have a smart cut or two at the *extravagancies* to which injudicious friends have committed it. That man has an inherent power of acting upon man in a way not hitherto generally known and practised there can be no doubt whatever; that is, by inducing him to comply with the preliminary methods just noted; and there can be as little doubt that, when properly and legitimately applied, this power may be exerted to the very best advantage. We, therefore, resume the consideration of the subject at the point where Mesmer himself took it up.

Frederick Anthony Mesmer was born in Switzerland on the 23d of May, 1734. He studied physic in Vienna, and eventually took his doctor's degree. Naturally fond of the marvellous, his attention was drawn to the magnet by the Jesuit Maximilian Hell, professor of astronomy at Vienna. In consequence of the instructions received from this worthy, Mesmer began to use them successfully in the treatment of disease, continuing the practice, until, happening to quarrel with the Jesuit, he became anxious to relieve himself of the obligation which he owed him, by finding some substitute for the magnets. He therefore tried the effects of operating in the same manner with his hands *alone*, as he had been accustomed to do with the magnets, and he found that the results were precisely the same. From this he naturally inferred that the magnets were not the efficient cause, but had acted only as the medium of transmitting an influence from his body to the patients. To a mind constituted like Mesmer's it would be an easy and natural inference, that there was a principle in animated nature capable of transference from one being to another, and which could be brought into activity and influence by certain processes. Since the active principle of mineral magnetism was designated a *fluid*, he called this *new* agency a magnetic fluid, and its effects he designated

animal magnetism. Shortly after his arrival in Paris in 1778, his experiments began to excite so much attention, that a commission of the French Academy was appointed to investigate and report upon the subject. Mesmer undertook to prove to this commission that he could produce certain phenomena, and demonstrate that a *magnetic fluid* was the cause of these phenomena; that by the exercise of his *will* and manœuvres, the magnetic fluid could be excited into activity and even operate at a distance, and that it could be transferred to inanimate objects, and made to operate on patients at second-hand, through proximity or contact with these magnetised substances. One of his most notable experiments was his mesmerising trees in Dr. Franklin's garden, and allowing his subjects to be taken blindfold into the garden with the object of proving that the magnetic influence would display itself when the subjects went under the *magnetised trees*, and then *only*. The result proved directly the reverse. The subjects became affected, *not* under the *mesmerised* but under the *non-mesmerised* trees! Other experiments made within doors equally proved the fallacy of Mesmer's *theory*, since the subjects became affected when no passes were being made, provided they had been led to believe that they were being operated upon—at a distance; whilst, on the contrary, they were not at all affected, how vigorously soever the passes were made, if the subjects had *not* been led to believe that such proceedings were going forward. The commission, of course, reported* unfavourably of the pretensions of Mesmer, *quoad* his demonstrating the existence of a magnetic fluid. They bore testimony, however, to the reality of the phenomena, but attributed them entirely to the influence of the imagination. Here is an extract translated from this report:—

"That which we have learned, or at least that which has been proved to us in a clear and satisfactory manner by our inquiry into the phenomena of mesmerism, is, that man can act upon man at

* Rapport des Commissaires de la Société Royale de Médecine, nommés par le Roi, pour faire l'examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris, 1784. Digitized by Google

all times, and almost at will, by striking his imagination; that signs and gestures, the most simple, may produce the most powerful effects;—that the action of man upon the imagination may be reduced to an art, and conducted after a certain method when exercised upon patients who have faith in the proceedings.”

There is manifestly no attempt here to deny the phenomena; on the contrary, the commission actually confirms their reality; and yet this is the celebrated decision continually referred to ever since, as a complete death-blow to mesmerism and its pretensions. In the sequel we shall shew, that the commissioners were quite justified in alleging that what *they witnessed* was entirely the result of imagination; but they were in no respect warranted by the premises in drawing the *latter* part of their conclusion, namely, that the *primary* induction of the condition had *also* been entirely the result of imagination. Although this decision had the effect of throwing mesmerism into the shade, it was still prosecuted on the Continent by many eminent medical and scientific men with zeal and success. In 1817, the practice of the art was ordained to be confined to the medical profession in the Prussian dominions; and in 1818, the Academy of Sciences at Berlin offered a prize of 3400 francs for the best treatise on mesmerism. In Denmark, and even in Russia, about the same period, the subject was brought under investigation; and in the latter country, a committee, appointed by the emperor, declared it to be a most important agent. In consequence of the progress of matters in these various quarters, in 1826, a second commission of inquiry was appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris. This commission prosecuted the inquiry for five years, and drew up a report with great care, which was read to the academy in 1831. After referring to the various physiological phenomena particularly specified, and to cures effected under their own immediate observation, they made the following important remarks:—

“Your committee have communicated in the report facts of sufficient importance to entitle them to think that the academy

ought to encourage the investigations into the subject of animal magnetism as a curious branch of psychology and natural history.”

Now, when it is borne in mind that this report was subscribed by nine eminent members of the academy (one of whom submitted personally to be operated upon), who prosecuted the investigation for five years, there is very little room left for scepticism as to the reality of either the psychological or physiological phenomena. *How* they were produced, or by what precise laws they are governed, is another question. In 1828 and 9 M. Chenevix attempted, but with little success, to bring the subject under the notice of the British public. In 1833, Mr. Colquhoun published the report of the second French commission; and in 1836 the first edition (the edition before us is the second, very greatly enlarged) of his very valuable and interesting work *Isis Revelata*. In 1837, Baron Dupotet came over to this country, but his labours and his efforts were alike disregarded until Dr. Elliotson took him by the hand; and the results of the doctor's experiments created a strong sensation. But, as was the case with Mesmer, his *theoretical* notions not standing the practical test to which he had offered to subject them, the current of public opinion was turned against him, and he was speedily swamped. He not only believed in a special influence emanating from the operator, but he fell back upon the old notions about mineral magnetism, and alleged that certain metals possessed this special influence, whilst others had no such power. *Ex. gr.*, he maintained that nickel was a powerful magnetiser, whilst lead possessed no such property; and he offered to allow Mr. Wakley, of the *Lancet*, an opportunity of testing this. The results were these: Mr. Wakley made the subject believe that he was operating with *mesmerised* metal, whilst he was using the *other*, and the subject became mesmerised! On the other hand, he operated with the *mesmerising* metal, whilst the subject was made to believe that he was using the *non-mesmerised* metal, and no effects ensued. His other experiments were conducted in the

same manner, and with similar results,—the effect on the subjects always answering to the impressions previously made on their minds! Now these were well-contrived and well-conducted experiments for determining whether these metals were possessed of the positive and negative qualities assigned to them; and Dr. Elliotson held in his hands the most irrefragable proofs of the fallacy of his theory. But then Mr. Wakley, in his turn, rushed into the extreme of error. He published to the world, and persisted and gloried in the assertion, that the patients were impostors, and, *par consequent*, that all mesmeric phenomena were an unmitigated and daring cheat. Now, Mr. Braid's investigations tend to clear up these difficulties at once. They prove to us, that those who have had the impressibility stamped upon them either by the mesmeric process or by the induction of nervous sleep, became liable to be affected entirely through the imagination and habit, since they have invariably given way to the influence, or have not been affected at all, exactly as they expected it or did not expect it.

We now come to the period (1841) at which M. Lafontaine commenced operations in this country. Although the phenomena exhibited at his *conversazioni* were of a very ordinary and commonplace description, seldom shewing more than the usual characteristics of magnetic coma, accompanied by the puncturing, pinching, squeezing, aural and olfactory tests of insensibility, and so forth; they served to awaken curiosity, and to set investigation a-foot. Amongst others, Mr. Braid, a learned and eminent surgeon of Manchester, to whose valuable and interesting book we have already referred, turned his attention to the subject, and the result of his investigations is a new branch of science, which has already worked wonders as a curative agency, and which promises to be of the utmost service in that character. He calls his method NEURHYPNOTISM (which, for the benefit of the ladies, we may as well explain, is derived from two Greek words, *νῦξ* (nerve), and *σνῦς* (sleep),—nervous sleep). Mr. Braid was at first a sceptic; but, after having attended two or three of M. Lafontaine's *conversazioni*, he

witnessed an effect apparently a *bonâ fide* phenomenon, which, upon consideration, he believed to be, not the effect of any magnetic influence passing from the body of the operator to the patient, but of the continued fixed stare exhausting the irritability of the optic and motor nerves of the eye, an effect which he believed would result quite as readily by causing the patient to maintain a steady, fixed stare at any inanimate object. In order to put this to the proof, he induced a young friend to sit down on a low seat, and maintain a steady, fixed gaze at an object placed considerably above his head,—but we will quote Mr. Braid's own words:—

"In three minutes his eyelids closed, a gush of tears ran down his cheeks, his head drooped, his face was slightly convulsed, he gave a groan, and instantly fell into profound sleep, the respiration becoming slow, deep, and sibilant, the right hand and arm being agitated by slight convulsive movements. At the end of four minutes I considered it necessary, for his safety, to put an end to the experiment. This experiment not only proved what I expected, but also, by calling my attention to the spasmodic state of the muscles of the face and arm, the peculiar state of the respiration, and the condition of the mind, as evinced on rousing the patient, tended to prove to my mind I had got the key to the solution of mesmerism. The agitation and alarm of this gentleman, on being roused, very much astonished Mrs. Braid. She expressed herself very much surprised at his being so much alarmed about nothing, as she had watched the whole time, and never saw me near him, or touching him in any way whatever. I proposed that she should be the next subject operated on, to which she readily consented, assuring all present that she would not be so easily alarmed as the gentleman referred to. I requested her to sit down, and gaze on the ornament of a china sugar basin, placed at the same angle to the eyes as the bottle in the former experiment. In two minutes the expression of the face was very much changed; at the end of two minutes and a half the eyelids closed convulsively; the mouth was distorted; she gave a deep sigh, the bosom heaved, she fell back, and was evidently passing into an hysterical paroxysm, to prevent which I instantly roused her. On counting the pulse I found it had mounted up to 180 strokes a minute.

"In order to prove my position still

more clearly, I called up one of my men-servants, who knew nothing of mesmerism, and gave him such directions as were calculated to impress his mind with the idea that his fixed attention was merely for the purpose of watching a chemical experiment in the preparation of some medicine, and being familiar with such he could feel no alarm. In two minutes and a half his eyelids closed slowly with a vibrating motion, his chin fell on his breast, he gave a deep sigh, and was instantly in a profound sleep, breathing loudly. All the persons present burst into a fit of laughter, but still he was not interrupted by us. In about one minute after his profound sleep I roused him, and pretended to chide him for being so careless; said he ought to be ashamed of himself for not being able to attend to my instructions for three minutes without falling asleep, and ordered him down stairs. In a short time I recalled this young man, and desired him to sit down once more, but to be careful not to go to sleep again, as on the former occasion. He sat down with this intention, but at the expiration of two minutes and a half his eyelids closed, and exactly the same phenomena as in the former experiment ensued.

"I again tried the experiment, by causing Mr. — to gaze on a different object from that used on the first experiments; but still, as I anticipated, the phenomena were the same. I also tried him *à la Fontaine*, with the thumbs and eyes, and likewise by gazing on my eyes without contact, and still the effects were the same, as I fully expected.

"I now stated that I considered the experiments fully proved my theory; and expressed my entire conviction that the phenomena of mesmerism were to be accounted for on the principle of a derangement of the state of the cerebro-spinal centres, and of the circulatory, and respiratory, and muscular systems, induced, as I have explained, by a fixed stare, absolute repose of body, fixed attention, and suppressed respiration, concomitant with that fixity of attention; that the whole depended on the physical and psychical condition of the patient, arising from the causes referred to, and not at all on the volition, or passes of the operator, throwing out a magnetic fluid, or exciting into activity some mystical universal fluid or medium. I further added, that having thus produced the primary phenomena, I had no doubt but the others would follow as a matter of course, time being allowed for their gradual and successive developement."

These, then, were the means used by Mr. Braid to induce somnolency. There can be no doubt that he succeeded, and there can be as little doubt, for we have been eyewitnesses of his experiments ourselves, that, by his method, all the phenomena which exhibit themselves in the mesmeric treatment are brought out, except the phenomenon of clairvoyance, a *dona-fide* instance of which, that could not be accounted for in a dozen different ways, we have never witnessed. It is quite evident, we take it, in the cases above quoted, that in none of them could there exist any thing beyond what arose from the minds and bodies of the patients acting on themselves in conjunction with the inanimate objects at which they gazed. It is true that faith in a particular agency may powerfully aid, although it is by no means absolutely necessary to the success of, the experiment. When, however, as we have already hinted, the impressibility has been stamped upon patients, either by the mesmeric or neurohypnotic method, if you can only induce them to believe that certain effects will follow certain acts, and *vice versa*, those effects will generally take place. Both Mr. Braid and the mesmerists seem to agree as to the fact, that sleep induced by artificial contrivances differs in many respects from natural sleep, that there are different degrees, or stages of this sleep, and that the phenomena vary according to the different stages or degrees, and the modes of management; there being at one stage an exaltation, at another a depression of the natural functions, both mental and physical. Mr. Braid confesses that he has never been able to produce the transcendental phenomena of clairvoyance by his method, but by direct mental suggestion he has been able to produce what he calls "double consciousness," of which more anon. Mr. Braid, too, like Mesmer and Dr. Elliotson, appears to have had his rubs and checks; and, probably, the world is indebted to the *brusquerie* and eccentricity of the British Association* for his valuable treatise. It would appear that, when that august body of peri-

* *Apropos* of this British Association for the advancement of science; What part is it playing under this new blaze of scientific light? Does it range itself amongst the mesmeric or the anti-mesmeric chorus? Or is it squeezing itself up, and hiding

atetics visited Manchester in 1842, Mr. Braid proposed to read a paper on them on his new discovery, and, with that view, sent them the MS., which was returned to him from the Medical Section by the hands of a common porter in an *unsealed* envelope, accompanied by a note in pencil on the back of it, to the effect that it was rejected as unsuitable. Mr. Braid, however, was not to be turned from his purpose so easily. He engaged one of the largest rooms in the town, and gave a *conversazione* to the other sections, which was crowded; and, instead of getting the thanks and applause of one section only, the highest encomiums, and a vote of thanks to boot, were bestowed upon him by the members of the other sections reinforced by the public. This is a diversion, but it embodies an episode too interesting to be overlooked, and we write *currente calamo*. We were going on to contrast the principles of mesmerism and neurohypnotism. The mesmerists, as we have already intimated, believe in a special agency, a magnetic fluid, or some unknown and mysterious principle, or virtue, as the medium of mental and physical action, which can be brought into activity by personal contact, looking into the eyes of the patients, pointing the fingers at them, or by performing various manœuvres called *passes*, either in the presence of the patient, or at any distance, and without his knowledge, will, or consent; or by the simple volition of the operator, even at a distance, and without the patient being aware or imagining that he was willing such effects. And, again, they allege that the power may be imparted by them to inanimate substances, which will manifest the same phenomena in any patient who lays hold of, or touches, or tastes such mesmerised substances. Hence they manifestly believe the influence

of mesmerism to be an *objective* influence *from without*; so that the operator can throw either man or brute animal, will-ye nil-ye, into the condition, and that neither distance, nor intervening bars or bolts, can resist the influence of the mesmeriser's volition and *passes*. For the purpose of proving what we have already asserted, namely, that these views singularly coincide with the notions of Van Helmont, we will give a translated passage from his work on the magnetic cure of wounds:—

"In man," says he, "there sits enthroned a noble energy, whereby he is endowed with a capacity to act *extra se*, without and beyond the narrow territories of himself, only *per natum*, by his single beck, by the natural magic of his fancy, and to transmit a subtle and invisible virtue, a certain influence that doth afterwards subsist and persevere *per se*, and operate upon an object removed at very great distance, by the discovery of which sole mystery all that we have hitherto treated concerning the *ideal* entity, conveyed in the arms of a spiritual emanator, and sallying abroad to execute the mandates of the *will*, concerning the *magnetism* of all creatures, proceeding as well from human *fancy* as from the native and peculiar *fancy* of every thing, and, also, concerning the *magical superiority* of man over all sublunary bodies."

This sonorous bombast runs on into an illustration of his moonstruck philosophy, borrowed from the simple fact of the loadstone converting steel into a magnetic needle. All this, however, is agreeable to the belief of zealous, thorough-going mesmerists. The hypnotists, on the contrary, believe neurohypnotism to be *subjective*, or *personal*, and incapable of being induced without the knowledge and concurrence, or belief, of the patient, or by physical impressions received through the organs of special sense.* We have already set forth their views, but, for

its "outward limbs and flourishes" in a corner of the theatre, hesitating whether it shall step into the ring *before* the last round is fought, or wait until the contest is decided, and then head up the victors to receive the applause of the spectators? Oh! fie! gentlemen, fie! Is this sort of behaviour worthy of the *Scientific Lion* of Britain?

* Mr. Braid, at a recent *conversazione*, attributed the phenomena to exalted function of natural organs enabling patients to perceive faint impressions through the ordinary *media*, whilst the mesmerists alleged that they resulted from some particular and impalpable medium through which the unexpressed thoughts, knowledge, and desires were imparted from the mesmeriser to the mesmerisee, as by a species of inspiration or sympathetic reflection.

the purposes of contrast, it may be convenient to repeat them here. *They* consider that the induction of the sleep is entirely "the result of the mind and body of the patient acting and reacting on each other in an *unusual manner*; and the most ready and certain method of inducing this is by arresting the attention through visual sensation, by causing the patient to maintain a fixed gaze at an object, placed so much above the head as will produce a slight strain on the eyes. It seems that, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo, which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, there is also induced a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention, during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, which prevents the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and that, besides the interruption to the free and regular circulation through the brain, as in common and easy respiration, the imperfectly decarbonised blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and thus hastens the results of hypnotism." In proof of this, Mr. Braid remarks that it is always more difficult to hypnotise patients who *breathe quickly*, and, therefore, he has requested them to suppress their respiration.

Again, with reference to *objective influences*. The experiments of Mesmer before the French commission, Mr. Wakley's experiments with Dr. Elliotson's patients, various experiments made by the Rev. le Roy Sunderland, of New York (who, by the way, first decried Mr. Braid's theory, and afterwards adopted it), besides fifty others which we could mention, all tend to prove that the influence of mesmerised substances depends, not on any real or supposed power of the substances themselves, but on the belief or imagination of the patient; the same may also be said with respect to passes at a distance, the effects corresponding exactly with the previous expectation of the patients. With reference to this agency, Le Roy Sunderland says, "That it is not a fluid eliminated from the operator, or a machine, as has been supposed, any one may demonstrate in five minutes." He further states that he has ope-

rated upon hundreds of patients, and in every imaginable manner, "and he finds that he can produce precisely the same results without any magnet, or electricity, or battery, or metals, or minerals, or passes, or *will* at all;" and he goes on to prove that mere willing without the knowledge of the patient has no influence. "We have caused subjects," says he, "to fall asleep again and again, *whilst we were willing them to keep awake all the while*. Take any subject who is highly susceptible, and cause him to apprehend you are willing him to go to sleep, and during the sitting you will him *not* to go to sleep, and you will find that he will fall into the somnopathetic state in despite of your will, just as certainly as he *apprehends* what the result should be." Dr. Elliotson also bears testimony to the same effect, touching the mere influence of the will. We will give an extract or two from the pages of the *Zoist*. At page 242 the doctor says,—

"My will has hitherto been powerless in all mesmeric experiments. I have never yet accomplished *any thing* in mesmerism by it alone. However long and strongly I have willed, I have hitherto done nothing without the eye, manipulation, contact, or approximation, with respect to the patient, &c. Nay, I have never satisfied myself that I have increased the power of other proceedings by the most intense will, or impaired the result from not willing at all. * * *

"I have willed the excitement of distinct cerebral organs, but always in vain. I have looked intently at the situation of distinct cerebral organs, and willed powerfully, but always in vain."

Then, again, at page 312 :—

"I have three patients whom I was originally some weeks in sending to sleep, though I gave them each half-an-hour daily of manipulations and gazing, but who now go to sleep on my merely raising my hand, or looking at them, when they are prepared to expect sleep. I told each of them that if she sat still I would mesmerise her in the next room through the door. I retired, shut the door behind me, did nothing, but walked on into a farther room, turned back, and found her asleep; so with the other two in succession. While I did this I thought as little of them as possible, and banded myself with any thing to disturb my attention."

Another writer in the same publication, a Mr. Atkinson, says, at page 248,—

“He fully answered the objections which had been urged against the conclusions which he had drawn from what he had observed, shewing distinctly that there was neither mental sympathy nor suggestion in any of the cases to which he referred, that thought-reading, like clairvoyance, was an exception, and not the rule, for that he had found it impossible to influence his patients by his thoughts, or to lead them by suggestions.”

We could easily multiply examples on this branch of the subject, favourable to the views of the hypnotists, from Mr. Spencer Hall, Dr. Collyer, and even Mr. Colquhoun himself, but we conceive that it is quite unnecessary.

Adopting the generally admitted principle that it is inconsistent with sound philosophy to seek for greater causes than are adequate to account for certain effects, let us at once rid the question touching the *agency* by which the phenomena are produced, of the various fallacies with which it has been unnecessarily encumbered; and we bring it, with the least effort imaginable, within a very narrow compass. It is abundantly clear that the processes resorted to by the mesmerists for producing the sleep, in *addition* to the supposed magnetic fluids, include *all* the conditions which the hypnotists have proved to be necessary to the same end. We have sufficient evidence that the phenomena of hypnotism are entirely *subjective*, and we have witnessed from it the excitation both of mental and physical functions to an extraordinary degree. It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that unless the mesmerists can *by mesmerism* produce *all* the phenomena of hypnotism, *and something more*, their magnetic

fluid, or special influence, is a mere gratuitous assumption, a surplussage, as the lawyers say, which ought to be discarded. Now there are phenomena which they allege they can produce which we have already acknowledged cannot be produced by hypnotism, namely, the marvels of clairvoyance, and the influencing of the minds and bodies of patients by direct mental suggestion without the ordinary media of communication through the physical organs of sense. If they can establish that superior power on incontestable evidence, then, and then only, will they prove the existence of some special influence. All the phenomena of hypnotism, startling though many of them may appear to the uninitiated, are quite reconcilable with well-known and established physiological and psychological principles; they are level with our comprehension, and can be all satisfactorily accounted for, and, therefore, we are inclined to look upon them with favour; but the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, and direct mental suggestion and intuition, far transcend the laws of all known philosophy, and make us look upon the mesmerisers with mistrust,—mistrust, we mean, when they attempt thus to get beyond the bounds of human apprehension.

It is not at all necessary to upset animal magnetism in order to establish neurhypnotism, since the fact that certain phenomena can be induced by different methods strengthens us with additional proofs of their reality; and so far mesmerism and neurhypnotism are useful allies in establishing the important position, that by artificial contrivance the nervous system may be thrown into a new condition, which experience shews may be rendered eminently useful in the cure of disease. We have studied the subject of clairvoyance* with some at-

* As bearing somewhat upon this subject of clairvoyance, we will here give an extract from an article by Mr. Braid, which appeared in the *Medical Times* of the 15th of January last. He says,—

“One of the most interesting and important phenomena connected with hypnotism is that extraordinary activity of the imagination, whereby ideas excited in the mind, whether from recalled past impressions, or by oral suggestion or otherwise, are instantly invested with all the attributes of reality. From this cause patients make very striking remarks, not from any desire to deceive others, but because they are self-deceived; the extreme vividness of their ideas leading them, at the moment, to

tention, and, without meaning to impugn the veracity and honesty of purpose of the narrators, we must be allowed to say that, to our humble apprehension, the evidence adduced is by no means equal to substantiate the marvels recorded, and the powers claimed by the mesmerists. There ought to be far stronger evidence, and a more extensive series of cases (and these subjected to a more searching scrutiny than has been hitherto applied to them), before they are received as facts; for to us it appears far more probable that the narrators have been deceived than that Providence would delegate to His creatures such dangerous prerogatives and powers. But we have other and less ethereal weapons wherewith to attack these mighty phenomena. If we consider the number of years the subject has been prosecuted, and how many intelligent persons have been engaged in the inquiry, we cannot but be struck with the small amount of cases hitherto recorded. Comparatively few experimentalists have met with them. Dr. Elliotson has, we believe, never met with a single case, nor has Dr. Braid, and we, who have been on the look-out for them for the last three years, have looked in vain, although we have *mesmerised* patients for the express purpose. Although a large sum of money was offered in France many years ago, not as a *bet*, where failure would have been a pecuniary loss to the adventurer, but as a *reward*, to any one who would produce

a patient capable of reading without the eyesight, and with the precautions stipulated to guard against deception, the reward (although equal in amount to about 500*l.* of our money) has never been competed for to this day. This certainly does not imply much faith in the reality of the phenomenon. Added to these facts, there is the acknowledged fickleness and uncertainty of even the most *clairvoyant* patients, for in general they are oftener wrong than right; whereas did their answers to questions proceed from *true* and *bona fide* perceptions, they ought *always* to be right; nor should we overlook the fact that most of their answers are in very vague terms. In every case of supposed clairvoyance which Mr. Braid has had an opportunity of investigating closely, he has been enabled to convince the parties that they had been deceived, and that the whole was explicable on principles which we shall endeavour to explain presently, and the ignorance of which, we believe, has been a pregnant source of error in these inquiries.

Until cases are investigated with due attention to these sources of fallacy no implicit reliance ought to be given to the details recorded. General Duff Green, of Philadelphia, for example (the gentleman who vainly endeavoured to convince the reverend joker of St. Paul's that the "drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania" were not such "drabs" in their notions about the generally acknowledged obligations to *pay*) believed

believe as real what are only the figments of fancy. Thus, name any person, place, or thing, and instantly they will imagine they *see* or *hear* them, and will, probably, enter into elaborate descriptions regarding them. I have thus astonished many persons by descriptions which patients have given of various circumstances and places, but, in the end, I have convinced them that it was only shrewd guessing, or imaginary descriptions. I have never yet seen any decided case of clairvoyance, every attempt of the sort resulting in the conviction that what at first appeared to be so, was nothing but guessing, an act of memory, describing the figments of fancy as real, or from extreme exaltation of some of the senses enabling the patients to discover by smell, touch, or hearing, heat and cold, what we naturally judge of by sight. Thus, a patient securely blindfolded, if asked to find out any one he knows in a room full of company, will readily do so by *smell*. He will tell you he *sees* the person, but the moment the nose is held he no longer *sees* him, and will turn the head as if looking for the party; but the moment the nose is unstopped he thinks he again *sees* him. In like manner, a glove, or pocket-handkerchief, being delivered to a patient, without any possibility of knowing to whom it belonged, if asked to deliver it to the proper owner, he will readily find the party by *smell*. I have thus seen a patient restore four white cambric handkerchiefs to their proper owners, although huddled together and put into the patient's hands at once, whilst securely blindfolded. There was positive proof that this was done by smell, as it was always determined by smelling to the persons and handkerchiefs before delivering them to the respective parties.

his daughter was highly *clairvoyante*, and she was esteemed so by her mesmeriser. "But I soon convinced him," says Mr. Braid, "that they had been mistaken." Now much of what *appears* to be clairvoyance may be explained in this way. There is an extraordinary revivification of memory at a certain stage of mesmeric and hypnotic sleep which enables patients to remember things long forgotten in the waking condition; vivid imagination, docility and sym-

pathy, and tendency to imitation, are also remarkable characteristics of this state. On the other hand, a patient may be in such a state of magnetism or hypnotism that he will hear and answer, but be quite unable to give a correct answer on any subject with which he is perfectly familiar, that is, provided his attention be excited only through the ear; but the moment you touch any part of his body, without varying the pitch of your voice, he will answer correctly.*

* Mr. Braid demonstrated this very conclusively in the course of a recent conversation at the Manchester Royal Institution, a published report of which we have now before us, and upon which we have drawn for several valuable suggestions. Mr. Braid has a forcible remark or two on this branch of the subject which we think it expedient to quote. He says, "A patient may appear unconscious to loud talking, but shall instantly reply to the faintest whisper uttered with the lips near to the pit of the stomach, the hand, or other part of the body; not that these points had become *direct organs of hearing*, but because the breath acts on the skin, and rouses and concentrates the attention to the sound, which was not heard, or not attended to before, *merely because of the diffusiveness of the mind*, giving no specific or *personal* interest to the patient in what had been said and heard. He considered this explained much of the supposed mysterious influence of the *rapport* of the mesmerists."

The following remarks on the effects of the current of air are also curious and interesting:—"At one stage of hypnotism there is a great exaltation of the functions of all the organs of sense, sight excepted, and at another all these may be reduced to a state of *extreme torpor* to the *highest state of excitation*. Thus the arm may be extended, and in process of time the muscular activity shall have reduced the limb to that state of rigidity called the cataleptic state; so that it is not only held up as it were involuntarily, but will offer prodigious resistance before it can be depressed; nay, may actually be so unyielding that it could not be flexed without the application of such force as might endanger the integrity of the tissues. The arm shall also be insensible to pricking or pinching; but the moment a waft of wind is directed against it, the rigidity ceases, down drops the arm, and the skin is instantly highly sensitive to the slightest infliction. This extraordinary influence of a current of air puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I solicited information on the point from all quarters, but no one hazarded an explanation of the cause of the phenomenon. However, I have very lately arrived at what I believe to be the true *rationale* of the matter, which is this. I have already explained that it is the peculiar feature of hypnotism for the *whole* energy of the *vis nervosa* to be concentrated on the function in action; so that exciting another function is equivalent to suspending the one previously in action. Now, by elevating the arm, the *attention* is directed and concentrated on *muscular effort*, the tone of the muscles increases till a state of cataleptiform rigidity is induced, the pressure of the rigid muscles on the arteries and nerves interrupts the free circulation in the member; but while the sensation to pricking and pinching diminishes, that of heat and cold, if it does not increase, at least diminishes less rapidly. Again: by pressure applied to the arm or hand you offer resistance to the rigid muscles of the arm and shoulder, and thus you stimulate them to *still greater activity*; but a waft of wind acts on the sense of heat and cold, which is a function of the skin; and, as only one function is energetically active at the same time during hypnotism, directing the attention to the skin is equivalent to suspending that of muscular action, and, consequently, down drops the arm from its own gravity. This is quite analogous to what happens when a person drops any thing from his hand by being suddenly startled. The same explanation accounts for the effects of a waft of wind against any of the dormant organs of sense, the attention being thereby directed to the function of the organ acted upon. It is never to be overlooked that, at this stage of the sleep, the acts are voluntary acts, although unremembered by the subjects when awake, and that they are regulated in their actions by the ordinary laws of sensation and association of ideas, as in the waking condition, with this difference, that the quickness of their perceptions, and tendency to concentrate their attention entirely to individual acts, instead of the more diffusive testimony of the waking condition, gives an energy and promptness to their actions almost equal to the force of instinct

The mesmerists will say that this looks very like a special influence conveying the will of the operator to the mind of the patient, but that it is not so is very easy of proof, for if the patient be requested to touch any part of his own body with his own finger, or if any inanimate substance be brought into the room by any

person totally ignorant of what is going on, and dropped gently so as to come in contact with the patient, the result will be precisely the same as if he were touched by the operator or any of the bystanders.* Moreover, the question may relate to something (such, for example, as at what time the patient did a particular act)

to lapse into the deep stage when the sense of heat and cold, as well as sensibility to pricking and pinching, is gone, these transitions are effected with much more difficulty. The patient then requires continued waiting for a considerable time, more particularly over the face. The rigidity only yields gradually. Without especial attention being given to the *opposite* conditions and phenomena at the different stages of hypnotism, it is impossible for any one to test the subject correctly, or to comprehend what he really witnesses.

* Mr. Colquhoun enters into an elaborate and ingenious disquisition on the philosophy of dreams, evidently with a view to establish an analogy between them and *clairvoyance*, though he does not fail to mark the distinction between natural and magnetic sleep. There can be no doubt that many dreams spring out of impressions that have been left on the mind by meditations or occurrences which have taken place during our waking hours, and that, although those meditations return when we awaken, we have no recollection whatever of their having formed the basis of a dream; so, on the other hand, we sometimes dream of matters which we have no recollection of when we are awake, but dream of over again when we go to sleep. But surely in neither of these cases will Mr. Colquhoun attempt to decide or even to surmise whether the "union and harmony between the soul and the body, although not actually dissolved, is partially interrupted by sleep;" or whether "the latter is no longer capable of co-operating effectually with the former." Our own notions about dreams are that they either emanate from the retention in the mind of something that has occurred in the waking state, or that they are produced by external influences operating upon some part of the physical organisation. The *rapidity* with which a long and intricate series of events is dreamed through is most miraculous. We remember a story of a passenger who was asleep in his berth when the vessel was nearing the port to which he was bound. A single gun was fired from the battery, and before the sound had died away he was awake. The shot, however, had suggested a battle-scene to his mind, and in the short period (not more than a few seconds) between the report and his awakening, he had dreamed through a most elaborate naval engagement, in which several ships had been dismantled, taken, or sunk, and he awoke amidst the shouts of the victors,—probably the voices of the people on deck above him, which struck upon his ear just as he was emerging from the last stage of waking. This, however, by the way. We will concede thus much to Mr. Colquhoun, that there is an analogy between dreams and *clairvoyance*, when in either case, or in both cases, the mind reverts to some thought or to some act upon which it has previously dwelt, or where the mind is affected by something which has acted externally on the physical organisation; but in neither case is it possible for the mind to be exact as to time, place, association, and circumstance, touching matters which have not *previously* occurred, or which one had no reason to expect *would* occur. Another observation or two, which though, perhaps, not quite strictly applicable to the subject of the note, we will add here. In the waking condition the attention is diffused or dissipated by impressions on the various senses, the recollection of past impressions and ideas created by the activity of the imagination, or drawn in by the perceptive powers; in fact we stand, as it were, in a circle of ever-varying external agencies. In nervous sleep conception is hard at work; there seems to be an intense concentration of the attention to the subject with which the mind is engaged, whether it happen to be of a mental or physical nature, and hence the vigour and perfection of the function or manifestation. The state of the circulation and condition of the blood also play an important part in the induction of a higher state of excitability of the whole nervous system. The mesmerisers tell us with an air of triumph that Baron Cuvier has successfully tried the magnetic operation upon young children and upon brute animals, where the will and imagination of the subjects could effect nothing. Our answer to this is, that monotony and the fixing of the attention will effect every thing where the reason does not interfere. You may solve the difficulty by merely stepping into your poultry-yard. It is well known that, if you cause a fowl to look at a chalk line, he will soon become entranced. Whence the magnetism here?

of which all present were ignorant, and in solving which they could render no mental assistance. The only solution, then, is that the tactual impression rouses the patient a little and brings him nearer the waking condition, or that it mechanically arrests or concentrates the attention in one direction. There is assuredly nothing singular in this tactual prompting of a sluggard or jaded imagination. There are examples without end perpetually occurring around us, and which we ourselves, we have no doubt, are constantly contributing to, of the influence of contact, or muscular action aiding memory and concentrating attention during the waking state by the pressure of the finger or hand against some part of the body, generally the forehead or chin, sitting in a particular posture, laying hold of a button, twisting a thread, twirling a pen, and so forth, all of which are familiar, every-day illustrations of the kind of influence which may be brought to bear upon patients in the soundest state. And thus we establish the important practical fact, that any idea excited in the mind may be fixed and almost indefinitely or instantaneously recalled by establishing contact with any part of the body.

We have spoken of "double consciousness." By this term the neurhypnotists mean it to be understood that a patient may be taught any thing during the nervous sleep if impressed upon the mind at the proper stage, and that he will be able to repeat his task with verbal accuracy whenever he be thrown into that state again, but shall have no consciousness or knowledge whatever of the act performed when in the ordinary waking condition. This interesting and important fact is proved by many cases mentioned by Mr. Braid, almost every attempt to produce the phenomenon having proved successful. One or two instances may be mentioned by way of illustration. "A letter was written in the operating room and read to a patient of the name of Jones two or three times whilst he was in the sleeping condition; by this time he was enabled to repeat it verbatim without prompting of any kind; the letter was then deposited in a drawer before he was roused. The follow-

ing day whilst asleep he was asked to repeat the letter which was read to him the day previous, which he did with verbal accuracy. When roused he was totally unconscious of having repeated any thing. Two weeks afterwards he was put to sleep again and requested to *write* a copy of the letter, and he did write it correctly with the exception only of two unimportant words. Another patient an Oxford student, in the presence of his brother, repeated accurately, whilst in the sleeping condition, a verse of the New Testament in English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, besides a few lines from a poem; and when roused he had no recollection of any thing beyond a confused idea of having repeated some poetry, but upon being put to sleep again he repeated every thing as before. Now this is not only an interesting but a valuable phenomenon, since it is a provision under Providence against the villany which might be perpetrated by causing persons to sign deeds, &c. during this peculiar sleep, in the hope that in the waking condition they would be ignorant of the circumstances under which the signature was procured; simply by being hypnotised they would at once be able to expose the fraud which had been practised upon them." This phenomenon, too, be it remarked, is precisely in accordance with what has been recorded of natural somnambulists.

With respect to the comparative quickness with which effects are produced by the mesmeric and hypnotic methods, we rather think that the verdict must be in favour of the latter. We have more frequently seen M. Lafontaine fail than succeed with new subjects, whereas at Mr. Braid's conversazione in London, at which many professional men were present, in March 1842, we saw him hypnotise a deaf and dumb man aged thirty-two, an adult, who had entered the room only a few minutes before the operator proposed to try him, and who could consequently know nothing of the proceedings; and, as the last experiment of the evening eighteen sat down at once, most of them entire strangers to the operator, and sixteen of them were speedily in the hypnotic condition, Mr. Mayo himself testing the reality

of the phenomenon. Besides this greater expedition and certainty in producing the desired effect, neurohypnotism has this additional advantage over mesmerism—an advantage, we take it, which will scarcely fail to recommend itself to the public—and, be it remarked, we take the mesmerists upon their own shewing: they allege that any disease with which the operator may be afflicted is liable to be transferred to their patients, and therefore hold out a general caution to the former not to operate unless they be in the enjoyment of health and strength. It is not for us to determine what grounds there may be for this injunction; we are bound, we suppose, in common courtesy, to take it upon trust. But for hypnotism, we may say, that no such risk attends it; at any rate, its professors don't hint any thing of this kind. Then the mesmerised patients are liable to the perils and distresses of what is called "cross magnetism," which is being magnetised by other persons than the original operator, the consequence being that patients are sometimes so firmly *locked* in magnetic sleep that they cannot be released for hours; or, as experience would prove, even for days! It is true that similar cases have occurred when patients have *not* been "cross-magnetised," and consequently it is not impossible that these long-enduring trances are *not* the effect of "cross-magnetism" at all; but it is certain that the mesmerists have occasionally very great difficulty in releasing their patients, which, as far as we can learn, has never yet occurred to the hypnotists.

But let the gentle reader steel his nerves and prepare for a startler! What would be his emotions if we were gravely to assure him that the mesmerists claim a power over their patients equivalent (within worldly limits) to that which his Satanic majesty is said to have gained over Goëthe's hero? And yet it is even so! The mesmerists allege that, having operated upon a patient (the number of times is not specified!), they thereby *acquire henceforward a perpetual power over him—that from that time forth for evermore he is subject to be governed by the mesmeriser's will instead of his own*; in a

word, that, by submitting to be mesmerised, *he voluntarily surrenders his liberty, and becomes the slave of his mesmeriser for life!* Now only follow out this extravagant conceit to its effects. If the mesmeriser be a burglar or highwayman, or a murderer (and why shouldn't he?), the patient becomes any of the three, or all three, as the case may happen, *by sympathy*, for what is to prevent his becoming *particeps criminis*? what is to prevent his aiding and abetting? and at the close of the drama what is to prevent his sharing the same cart to Tyburn? Beyond this we will not attempt to follow him, even in imagination, for the contemplation becomes too hot even for the heated conception of the mesmerist! As for the hypnotists, we are not aware that they yet claim any such curious attributes; at any rate, Mr. Braid does not hint any thing of the kind. Now, if we are not much mistaken, these outrageous extravagancies will eventually ruin mesmerism and blot it out of the list of accepted sciences. None will regret this more than ourselves, for we see in the science much that is valuable, much that may be turned to profitable account as a new and independent therapeutic remedy; indeed much has already been accomplished in this respect, and incalculably more *will* be accomplished if its professors do not crush the rising agency under a weight of folly and extravagance, alike a mockery of the understanding and a violence to the feelings of humanity.

With regard to neurohypnotism, though it does not stretch so far into the marvellous as mesmerism, nor produce any of the higher manifestations of coma, it produces sufficient for all safe and useful purposes. It is an efficient curative agency in a certain class of diseases, and it is a perfectly harmless one if properly conducted, but it should be only resorted to as a remedy under the direction of a professional man. It is too powerful an agency to be trifled with by ignorant people for mere idle curiosity, since it can be made to excite or depress the force and frequency of the circulation, or the state of sensation; or excite or depress the function of any organ of sense to an extent and with a celerity

almost incredible. There have been a sufficient number of interesting cases lately recorded in the *Medical Times* and the *Zoist*, besides other periodicals, to convince any unprejudiced mind of the importance of both the mesmeric and the hypnotic methods of cure—cases where every resource of the healing art had been tried in vain by eminent medical men, and yet where the improvement under these new methods, and especially under neurhypnotism, was so marked as to leave no doubt that the operation and cure stood in the relation of cause and effect. In proof of what we have advanced we might quote a numerous list of cases successfully treated by Dr. Elliotson in the mesmeric method. We do not happen, however, to have the periodical in which they appeared at hand. Mr. Braid's book literally abounds in interesting cases of a most varied character, but we prefer selecting one of a more recent date which we find reported in the *Medical Times* of the 18th of January:—

“On the 28th of March, 1843, I was requested by a philanthropic gentleman to extend my charitable sympathy to a poor woman of the name of Barber, and by the power of hypnotism to relieve her of a severe rheumatic affection from which she had been suffering for several months. She was forty-four years of age, and a most pitiable object, suffering severely from pulmonary affection as well as rheumatism. With the latter she became afflicted about the beginning of winter; about the end of December 1842 had been entirely confined to bed for five weeks, after which she was able to get up, but the flexors of the legs and toes were so contracted that she could not extend them, and it was with great pain, as well as with difficulty, that she moved about her apartment. Her hands

and veins were also much affected, so that she was very helpless. Her pain was not only severe, but unremitting either by day or night. After being hypnotised the first time, during which I endeavoured to regulate the irregular condition of the muscles, she was enabled to straighten her legs and toes, and move her wrist and fingers, could walk with great freedom, and expressed herself almost entirely free from pain either of legs or arms before I left the house. After five operations, as is well known to many, she was so well as to be able either to walk or run across her room, and even to step on a chair with either foot first, without assistance. I operated on her thirteen times altogether, and she has remained free from rheumatism up to this date, 18th December, 1843.”

This must suffice. We have now worked our way to the end of our subject, at any rate, to the limits to which we deem it expedient to carry it for the present. Mr. Colquhoun, if we may judge from the tenor of his book, is much more of an enthusiast than Mr. Braid, who handles his subject with the delicacy and caution that would probably characterise him with a scalpel in his hand. They are both extremely interesting books and will well repay perusal; especially that of Mr. Colquhoun, who lets loose a flood of learning and research, interspersed with anecdote such as we do not very often encounter. If we mistake not, he is a kind of hero amongst mesmerists, having been one of the earliest revivers of it in this country, and we must do him the justice to say that from the first he has fought his way through the besetting prejudice and hostility (perhaps not always disinterested) of the age with a spirit and determination worthy of his race.

MAY GAMBOLS ; OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture-galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since :—on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of “Heliogabalus” in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this, or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael ; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens, and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. “*Cæhem ipsum*,” as Horace says, “*petimus stultitiâ*.” But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent ; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course the editorial notice of—O. Y.

*Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead,
May 25.*

THIS is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks ; the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair ; the law has ordered the suppression of Art-Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art-lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby-lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maulstick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The

painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters ; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista ; the lottery-subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revived, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No. *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While his Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronised by her majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world.

This august patronage, the president says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low; and the public (the ignorant rogues!) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorised to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The president and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and St. Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking-trumpet; and a twenty-four-pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics, who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture-gallery, as their turn came. Read now the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post* (especially the *Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then—until the nobility taught us; gracious nobility! Above all, what a compliment to the public!

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the

Art-Unions; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! they know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are supplied with glass beads; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from the *Vicar of Wakefield* that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art-Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle; as the law-student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow

you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil! we must live. The public likes light literature and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the *Æolic digamma*. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-peas with too much gormandise;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-gruel," or what not.—These real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform

against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham-classical big-wigs of the Academy—the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art-Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art-Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing *but* domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest *both* boys and girls, for I will introduce

no end of animals, camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos ; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive-branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah ; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness ; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverend treatment ; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged æsthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarised here and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing : they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little significance as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoological Gardens ; the very dove becomes neither more nor less than

the *pet* of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost ; and, putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of "Land ho !"

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did ; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy, Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella ; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question ; those I have adduced here are absurd, but they are just as poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a fashion ; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, "Look, papa, at the parroquets !"—"Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have !" it yet behoves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favour that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty ; two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and colour ; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of colour. All this is true. But he has sinned, he has greatly sinned ; let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof,—

Frater Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscel-

lany of his propensity to small sentiment? Has he corrected himself of that grievous tendency? No: his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, the "Song of the Shirt," a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humour draws tears.*

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated every thing except the humour, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender, good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirt-maker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion!) says what o'clock it is, the grey-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirt-maker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale, and wan; she turns up the whites of her fine, fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shewn us by a fine stroke of genius—a parcel of medicine-bottles on the mantel-piece! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted—extremely popular—gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shewn that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which shew the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, the "Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morn-

ing, the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the post-chaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant, though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "*Mæcenâs atavis editæ regibus*," represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus:—

* How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem by Mr. Hood in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel! — M. A. T.

Jessamy.	Jenny.	Tommy. Jocky.
A dog.		

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy, off-hand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh, plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah ! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny. And, oh ! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet ? All the world is interested in *Jessamy* ; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator ; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as *Jessamy* is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because every body tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good ; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face ; much fine appreciation of character in the easy, smiling triumph of the rival ; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo ! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That *is* very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of

late, that one is disposed to grumble, not at the work, but the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity, in these two gentle, kindly heads ; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Heloise," a face which the artist has painted over and over again ; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like *Heloise* than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, *Eloisa* was a most unmistakeable woman ; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition ; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Mr. Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here ; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael, with a strong dash of Overbeck ; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them. The drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has ; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all ? Is that enough to make a poet ? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's ; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the president of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, deserve merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red, arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steam-boat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys,—a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most philanthropic observer into good humour. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family;" for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures, the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things; it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one. And, in enumerating all the above perfections,

I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour; it is quite original this,—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous, and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine*, the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian, Mr. Etty; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvasses, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of rude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but, in colour, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces us to one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were,—a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms,—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from *Comus*, which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character:—

"All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree,
Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound.
In slumber soft and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled shewn,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summerhouse in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind, uxorious young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady—that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, out with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the *Comus* above her looks as if she might revel on ale; a rustic seducer, with an air of rude, hob-nailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two *Cupids* of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterise those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you for ever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best befits him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painters, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder and say, "Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the left-hand *Cupid*;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, my knight of the Eagle, for the left-hand *Cupid*."

Mr. Maclise's *Comus* picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snake chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas a-piece for these noble compositions? Why, a print-seller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a royal summerhouse.

Among the poetical pictures of the Exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "*Charity*," than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted any thing more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricature of old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now—little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals—to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archaeological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to read *Don*

Mall to St. James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they?—All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century revived in Mr. Crockford's bazar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for some one to write an essay, shewing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott* has influenced the world; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume; how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages and the architects to follow; until now behold we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship St. Willibald, and St. Winnibald, and St. Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather farther than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr. Cope's picture (276), the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, "Geneviève," is not so successful; the faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are as smoky as a sunset in St. James's Park; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvass.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "The Trial of the Seven Bishops" is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artist's history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses

which they assume; wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvases or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at M. Biard's "Mecca Pilgrims," how carefully and accurately they are attired; or go to the French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back — looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress, Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy; the men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James the Second's time; the ladies at ease in their stiff, long-waisted gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit, his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great course of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform-banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Sloperton Railway-bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favour; in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution," is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived; the

* Or more properly Goethe. Goetz von Berlichingen was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

sorrowful, anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side, and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced; such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's "Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution." There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816, and he scowls with a true melo-dramatic ferocity; and he lifts a sign-post of a finger towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic; something after the fashion of Retsch's figures in *Faust* (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem;) and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels,—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage-wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture, striking her attitude too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude: when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must

overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacareguay, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing picquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at picquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the court-yard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency—with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and lay down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's *Life of Peden*; the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine,—dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens' swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poisoning in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions—an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at

you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild lament on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figures, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smear*y manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter represents her majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superiress of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable picture of the Society—for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent, and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, "An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's return," Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterises the poverty, the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, "Lady Jane Grey praying before execution." One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard, and incomplete;

but the principal figure excellent: the face, especially, is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan*,—a sly hit at the learned sergeant, member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from *Undine* does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover, may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful super-nature. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses! We must have the *Fairy Tales* illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows any thing about them.—Yes, there is some one else; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of DOYLE,) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairy-land, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to con-

plain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind, smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna, who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon."* The glory of dulness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world—no, not even in the House of Commons—so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly,—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *Gil Blas* should, by any favour or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, "VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Rev. Dr. Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins' company. The vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mildly, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they

wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses, and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but, above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as, indeed, are all in the picture. As for *Gil Blas*,—but we shall be resolute about him. Certain *Gil Blas* there are in the exhibition eating ollapodridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces Mr. Ward's *Lafleur* must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree well," which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes' good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the octagon-room); nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty; the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critics call "French," because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor, dear Art-Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins

* "Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipseque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit."—LUCRETIUS.

under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child, who are thinking of any thing but Rienzi and liberty; who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia?" A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and every body is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and blood-shot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so and fancy they are exhibiting "power;" whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions — these Ghoul festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in the *Arabian Nights*, who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsional school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and stag; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished

painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue over head; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without a great-coat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the great room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap; the dogs look real; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year — a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness, and breeze, and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening;" the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Calcott's soft, golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch, have contributed works, shewing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile, there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it

ould dash out of the picture, and away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All these wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The in, in the astounding picture called *Rain—Steam—Speed*, is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to a canvass with a trowel ; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick, heavy lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tints of crimson lake, and quiet washings of vermilion, although there is in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red. I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and sea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of which the less said the better, — only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-engine going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen any thing like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the Exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esq. by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvasses meet the spectator nose to nose. The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation ; but what then ? it is better to imitate great things well, than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10,000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horror, — weak, but, oh ! how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos. 99,999, and 99,999^d) which the old Academicians perpetrate. You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure ; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance ; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists. Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits ; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a shewing up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and lady-like grace ; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads ; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Macclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the Exhibition ; and if you walk into the miniature-room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombs of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate *Coningsby*.

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise ; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait-sculptors, have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this Gallery in venerable numbers ; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes ; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks meekly changing colour ; squires and their families from the country ; and it is a fact, that you never can enter the Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. (This fact merits to be generally known, and is

alone worth the price of the article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farm-houses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding;—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mount St. Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances and falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they shew great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure-painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingly fine, and tragic in character. His "Sick Cigar-boy," a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty, the housemaid, is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some "birds-nests," out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than ordinarily clever.

His "Houseless Wanderers" is worthy of Hogarth in humour; most deliciously coloured and treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as shewing the ease, truth, and dexterity, with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" and "Rook-Shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine; rich, original, and sober in colour; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire, and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country. "Boppard," "Bacharach," &c. of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantel-piece, the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-

lasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her royal writing-table, an escritoir with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The "Gipsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place" where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-colour Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember the first ventures of this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the "Egyptian Lady" (150); his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty, won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absalon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal, and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from the "V-c-r of W-kef-ld" (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh,

happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87), is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. "A Little Sulky;" "The Devonshire Cottage-door;" "The Widow on the Stile;" "The Stocking-knitter;" are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald-green, and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons Deploing the Departure of the Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regret pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, "while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for "the distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, bating Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shews great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: "The Innkeeper's Daughter" (38); and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps

he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures ; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from the Dusseldorf's embellishments to decorate their catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the "Death of Zurban," is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene ; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colours seemed forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins' beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123), must be mentioned with especial praise ; it is charming in design, colour, and sentiment. An-

other female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape-drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gracefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10) ; and the delightful "Shady Lane" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys' pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletti.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the Indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at St. Helena.

NAPOLEON AND THE POET DE LILLE.

NAPOLEON's enmity to a free press was limited to the discussion of politics. He encouraged, rewarded, and honoured authors whose labours were bestowed upon Arts and Sciences, and whatever else could contribute to the *material* good of society. He was a lover of Poetry, but did nothing for the lovers of the Muses. He disliked Voltaire; often declared that De Lille was the only French poet worth reading since the days of Racine and Boileau; and always spoke with tenderness of the author of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul. Had De Lille lived long enough, Napoleon would have given him some signal mark of distinction; but he returned from a long exile, and died before the hero of Marengo had time to pay much attention to any other than military merit.

Napoleon was right in his judgment of this admirable imitator of Virgil, whose return to France was hailed with transport by all that was elegant and refined, after the revolutionary storm had blown over. A proof of the attention paid to De Lille will be found in the following anecdote.

There is a *Traiteur* on the Boulevard du Temple, well known by the sign of the Cadran Bleu. It was in this house that De Lille, when young, had read to a set of joyous companions, over a bottle of hermitage, his poem on Imagination. It was there that, for the first time, he received that applause which the literary world has since ratified by its suffrage in favour of that fine episode in which he paints the artist lost in the catacombs of Rome.

The recollection of this early triumph always revived in the soul of the poet the most pleasing emotions, and rendered the Cadran Bleu so dear to him, that on the anniversary of his youthful triumph he ordered a dinner, and invited his select friends to join him in the great room, to which he accorded so much local affection. When he lost his sight, this annual recreation was the more dear to him, as his pleasures were more circumscribed. Although he could not see kind faces, he could

listen to the various conversations, and enjoy the bustle of a large room, where there were some dozen sets at dinner.

During the dark tempest in which his country has been tossed under the reign of the cannibals of the Revolution, De Lille retired to Switzerland, and then to London, where one of his most painful privations was that of the annual feast at the Cadran Bleu. When peace was for a moment restored, he returned to Paris, and his first desire, associated with recollections of times long past, was to dine there with a small party. He did not reflect on his vast renown, and the inconvenience of appearing in public, where, instead of listening unnoticed, he must necessarily be the object of general attention. No man, perhaps, ever received from the contemplation of Nature stronger or more lively inspirations; no man ever delighted more than De Lille to look upon the world, enjoy its beauties, and convert them into poetical images; the noise and bustle of the crowd, the tumult and the din of large cities, were so many agreeable pictures to his ardent and inquiring mind. He suffered in solitude, and his friends sought to fill the blank that blindness had formed around him, with every thing that could amuse and solace him. "If Providence will no longer permit me," said he, "to behold the light of Heaven, where I found millions of dithyrambs on the immortality of the soul; if I can no longer enjoy the aspect of Nature, I can at least listen to the accents of friendship, mix in active scenes of life, and hearken to the voice of that people who love my lyre, and, for a moment, thus forget my infirmity. *Oh! my friends, let us go once more to the Cadran Bleu!*"

In vain his friends represented the inconvenience to him, at his age, blind and infirm as he was, to be surrounded by a crowd, importuned, questioned, and fatigued; but he would go, and solicited with such earnestness to be accompanied, that there was no resisting his entreaties. At length one of his most intimate friends conceived a mode of satisfying

his wishes, without exposing him to any inconvenience. This friend inhabited a spacious house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and resolved to arrange every thing in such a manner as to imitate the great room of the Cadran Bleu, and make De Lille believe that he was dining in his favourite house, and in the saloon rendered so dear to him. All was prepared in consequence of this kind and happy conception; and, to the great joy of the poet, the day was fixed. His heart beat high as he heard the carriage that was to convey him thither roll over the pavement of the courtyard. He trembled with joy as he placed himself with Madame De Lille and two friends in the carriage, which, instead of going to the Boulevard du Temple, went to the hotel of the kind friend, where every one had his part to play, even to the porter at the gate, who cried out in a loud voice, in imitation of the oyster-women who sit at the door of all the *traiteurs* in Paris, "*Will you eat oysters? they are all fresh and good! Will you have fresh oysters?*" "Yes, yes, good woman," answered the delighted poet, "upstairs with them!" Several members of the academy, men of letters and distinguished artists, were placed at small tables, and, making a noise with knives and plates and discussing all the common-place topics of the day, in order to render the illusion complete, and make the old bard believe he was really in the great dining-room of the Cadran Bleu. He pressed the arm of the friend who conducted him, and whispered, "There is the movement, the noise, the clatter I love so much. That is life! time flies here on wings of electric fluid. Let us get a table, in a good place where I may hear all they say. Ho! waiter, give me a chair!"

He had scarcely spoken, when one of the best comic actors of the French theatre was at his side.

"What can I do to be agreeable to you, sir?"

"A table, a chair, place for four, my good lad, in a snug corner; but so as I may hear every thing that is said in the room."

"Here, sir, is a place vacant that will suit you perfectly."

"That is a good lad. But tell me your name."

"Paul, sir; head-waiter of the 'Cadran Bleu.'"

"Good—good! Now, Paul, let us be well served, and you shall not be forgotten. Bring us the bill of fare, and a bottle of good sauterne, old and natural; no mixed stuff, friend Paul."

"You shall have the best, sir; make yourself easy on that point."

Oysters were served while the first dishes were preparing, in conformity with the choice he had made from the list his friend had read to him. During these moments of delay, a dispute arose at a table near him: the price of the funds,—the rate of exchange,—the last sales of colonial produce,—the speculations that had been made in wine and brandy, to send abroad, in consequence of the peace of Amiens. The conversation was loud and animated, and several persons spoke at the same time. De Lille was attentive.

"I thought as much from their first words," said he, in a low voice; "these are brokers and merchants who have come to dine, and wash down their bargains with the good wine of the Cadran Bleu. These fellows know where prime living is to be had. I am glad to find the house preserves its ancient reputation."

At another table sat three ladies, representing three dealers in furniture and second-hand drapery. They laughed immoderately at each other's language, and made such a noise, that the poet could but indistinctly catch the subject of their mirth.

"I would lay a wager," said he, "that these three gossips are the wives of wood and charcoal merchants, in the Isle Souviers, who are amusing themselves while their husbands are gone to some sale at a distant forest. Only think, if I were a young man, how I would scrape an acquaintance with them, and crack jokes during the hour of dinner. How diverting it would be!"

When the service was removed, the mimic "Paul, the waiter," came gently towards the table, and expressed his hope that every thing was good.

"Excellent, Paul, my good lad! I call you lad; but perhaps you have been a long time in the house."

"A long time, sir?" said the actor, giving his voice rather a graver

tone; "long enough to remember having had the honour to wait upon M. De Lille."

"Not so loud,—not so loud, Paul; if you are overheard by the company, I shall be obliged to retire."

"Retire!" said Paul, with an air of surprise; "why every one loves M. De Lille."

Scarcely had Paul pronounced his name a second time, when an academician, in a dialect that announced him to be an inhabitant of the banks of the Garonne, came forward and said, "M. De Lille, if I heard aright; the great wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmousets, at the sign of the good woman without a head?"

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine-merchant. Am I, my dear?" addressing himself to Madame De Lille, and smiling.

"Ah! ha! you smile; you think I don't know you; me, travelling clerk to the first house in Bordeaux. I cannot forget the good old musty cahor you tried to make me swallow for the subrilliant of my employers, the Bertrand brothers. Now, as my place is taken in the diligence, and I set off in two hours, if M. De Lille would favour us with an order, I promise, on my word of honour, to see it executed myself."

"I thank you a thousand times," said the poet; "but I really have no occasion for your services."

"I am sorry for it, good master; sorry for both of us; your house would lose nothing by trying a sample of the brothers Bertrands' stock, and I should be proud to have gained them so good a customer."

"Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer, good sir; but I have retired from business," said De Lille, squeezing the hand of his wife in sign of delight. He looked radiant, called for coffee, and the bill.

The bill was laid on the table.

"How much, how much, my dear?" said he, to Madame De Lille. "Pay it, without saying a word; the dinner was so good I would not make an observation; besides, Paul knows me."

Madame De Lille opened the paper, and read as follows:—

"The honour to receive in my house the favourite poet of France is the only recompense I can consent to accept. I entreat him to accept my dinner as a homage paid to his genius by the restaurateur."

HENNEVEN."

"What means this?" said the old man, rising. "I cannot accept a dinner where I have not the least title to the generosity of the master of the house."

"No title!" said a literary friend, who played the part of the restaurateur. "You have a title not to be treated like an ordinary customer; and any man, in whose bosom a true French heart beats, would be but too happy to have such an opportunity of testifying his admiration."

"The man," said a lady, who personified Madame Henneven, "who has been so happy as to possess, even for an hour, in his saloon the author of such splendid poems, cannot but feel that he is the poet's debtor." So, taking the piece of paper off the table, she retired.

"My dear," said Madame De Lille, "you ought not to offend these good people by a refusal."

"Well," said the poet, "be it so, on condition that this kind man and his wife come and dine at our house."

He did not, however, forget his promise to Paul. He told his wife to slip a piece of six francs into his hand; and, as he was afraid of being further importuned by the company, he begged to be conducted to the gardens of the Café Turc, near the hotel of the Cadran Bleu.

He was conducted about the streets in the environs of his friend's house, until he had walked about the distance that separates the Turk's coffee-house from the Cadran Bleu, and then into the garden, where a new scene was prepared, representing the gardens of that celebrated point of *réunion* for the inhabitants of the Marais, who hasten thither, after dinner, to regale their wives and children with iced cream and cakes. Several of the actors his friend had assembled were ready, waiting to play their parts, and make De Lille believe that he was really in one of the bowers of the public garden. He was led to a seat near which flower-pots and boxes, with shrubs and odoriferous plants, had been placed.

The poet took off his hat, raised his sightless eyeballs towards heaven, and seemed to be returning thanks to the Creator for the pleasure he felt; then, heaving a sigh, he said,—

"It is here that one can breathe the fresh air of spring, while inhaling

the fragrance of the plants and flowers around his seat."

A new waiter presented himself.

"Do these gentlemen wish for iced-cream?"

"I do not think they would be good for you," said his wife.

"Good! the most excellent and agreeable tonic imaginable!" replied the poet. "Tell me, boy, what ices have you?"

"All kinds you can desire, sir; vanilla, pistache, strawberry, citron, and *crème à la Jacques De Lille*."

"How—how!—*à la Jacques De Lille*?" said the poet, with emotion.

"It is, sir, a mixture of preserved fruit of the rarest and richest kind. It is what we sell most at present, although the price be greater than that of other creams. All the young poets, and your literary gentlemen, sir, like it above all things; they pretend that it gives them more brilliant ideas, and inspires them with a more refined taste. If you would taste it, sir, you would find it delicious."

"Be it so—be it so, my good boy," said the poet; and turning to his wife, "That is true Parisian, my dear,—the *mode*, the *mode*, and the *mode*, like every thing they do with passion."

A cream was soon brought to him, highly scented with essence of pine-apple. The poet declared that in his long life he had never tasted any thing so exquisite.

Then came two musicians from the Opera Comique, and began to touch their harps.

"What! Savoyards—Italians in the garden?"

"No, my dear," said Madame De Lille, "they are two brothers from Languedoc, who go about the streets and public places; they play so well, that all Paris is delighted with them."

"Well—well, let us hear them; this is a pleasant day, indeed. Oh! Paris, where else can so many delightful things be found, and for so little cost?"

While one was preluding a new air, the other cried, with a loud voice, and with the rough pronunciation of the south,—

"Gentlemen and ladies, we are going to have the honour to play before you the new air, and sing the new song, or canticle, of 'St. Jacques.' It is not, ladies and gen-

tlemen, either Jacques the hermit, nor Jacques of Compostella, nor Jacques the major, nor Jacques the minor; but Jacques De Lille, the Homer, the Virgil of French poetry."

The harps struck up an air that had been composed by Grétry, the poetry being by one of the company, in which the condensed history of the poet's life was sketched, from his birth at Limarque, to his last arrival at Paris. With such voices, and such brilliant execution, it may readily be conceived, the poet was enchanted. But he now began to suspect that Madame De Lille had arranged this music, and employed the musicians on purpose. He pressed her arm. "Let us go, my dear," said he, with emotion; "I cannot consent to be thus exhibited in public, like a wild beast. I thought myself with a select party of friends; in a few minutes I shall have all the people in the gardens about me. Let us depart."

"So you are in the midst of a select party of friends, my dear De Lille," said the master of the house; "and none but intimate friends and admirers are in your presence,—all happy and honoured in a common effort to please and amuse you."

"Then we have not dined at the Cadran Bleu?" said the poet, astonished.

"You have dined in the house of your old friend, and those who have represented the *habitués* of the Cadran Bleu and the Jardin Turc are here present to answer for themselves."

"It is not possible—it is not possible! Another farce! but this I cannot swallow."

Here M. de B—— of the Academy, taking the poet by the hand, said, in the same provincial dialect, "What! will you not allow that I played the part of the travelling clerk who offered to the wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmousets the services of the house of Bertrand brothers?"

"And I," said F——, of the French theatre, "am your most humble servant Paul, to whom you gave six francs."

"And we," said other voices, "are the brokers and merchants who talked of the rise in stocks this morning."

"And we," said three ladies, "are the gossips who amuse themselves when their husbands are absent."

When every one had claimed his or her share in this entertainment, and the lord and lady of the mansion renewed their expressions of satisfaction in the name of M. et Madame Henneven of the Cadran Bleu, the poet took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and when his emotion permitted him to express his gratitude without a faltering voice, he exclaimed, "O France! in thy gay and happy society alone could such amiable deception be so admirably employed to amuse and solace an old man. O, my kind and affectionate friends! may you feel for your recompense the half of that delight which this moment communicates itself to my heart. When my dust shall be mingled with that of my fathers, each of you may say, 'I, too, contributed to shed a moment of light on the path of the blind poet; it was with me and my friends that he passed the happiest day of his life.'"

It was thus that literature and talents were honoured in France when admiration of either was no longer held to be a crime against the state.

Before De Lille emigrated he was very near being immolated by the disgust that the atrociously sentimental Saint Just felt for men of letters; but he was saved by a person he had never seen.

Two members of the section of the Pantheon were charged to make domiciliary visits and arrest those whom they might deem *suspicious* of entertaining aristocratical opinions. The College of France was denounced *en masse*. Before making his visit, the elder of the two members, a working mason, called upon an ancient secretary of the section and asked him what he thought of a citizen De Lille who made no better use of his time than writing verses.

"I know who he is," replied the secretary.

"An aristocrat, no doubt."

"No, a poet."

"Well, it is pretty much the same."

"He may be an aristocrat among

poets; but nowhere else. He regrets, probably, the loss of his revenue, but he has not courage enough to complain; he is the most timid creature I have ever seen. The other day, in the narrow passage Cloître St. Benoit, a poor man asked him for a charity. De Lille felt all his pockets, and found there half-a-crown, all the money he possessed, and, trembling like a leaf, he gave it to the beggar, whom he mistook for an assassin."

"If he trembled, he is guilty."

"No; his imagination is disordered; he does nothing to trouble the government. To arrest him would be an act of injustice without utility; to destroy him, a loss for the Republic;—for who will sing the praises of our Armies if we kill all the poets?"

"Right, citizen; let him be kept to sing our victories over tyrants."

De Lille was soon afterwards arrested and brought before the Committee of the section. The mason took his part and saved him. He even obtained for him a passport, on his promise to join the Army and sing the exploits of the soldiers. De Lille so far kept his word that, being in the neighbourhood of Huningen when it was bombarded, he ventured to the borders of the Rhine to witness the effect of the artillery, which he describes in his poem on *Imagination*. Timid as he was, his virtue triumphed over his weakness during the fatal year of 1793. Two days before the Festival that had been voted in honour of the *Supreme Being*, Robespierre, dissatisfied with the hymns that had been sent to the Committee of Public Safety, for the occasion, and anxious to add to the celebrity of the ceremony a name well known to literature, ordered De Lille to prepare his lyre. The poet refused. He was menaced with a walk to the guillotine. "*It will spare me the trouble of walking home,*" replied the poet. The committee laughed at the singularity of the remark and forgot him for the moment.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream of light and joy :
 My tongue is weak to tell
 How softly round my soul it wound
 The might of its blissful spell.
 The visions I saw might well be told
 By spirits that haunted the earth of old ;
 A Naiad deep in a mossy cell,
 Watching the streams from the grey rock well,
 And hearing the echoes around her sing
 With the voice of the waters' murmuring,
 Till her soul was fill'd with a kindred glee,
 And she sang in her beauty alone, alone,
 Of the wonders that lurk in the dim unknown,
 That human eyes ne'er see.
 Her voice should thrill, while winds are still,
 And nought might blend, save her own glad rill,
 With her gentle melody.
 Oh ! how sweetly that Naiad's strain
 Should wake, and die, and awaken again,
 Echoing still, when the last notes fell
 Adown the vaults of her mossy cell !
 How she would bend o'er her marble urn
 To watch the gurgling waters play ;
 And how would the heart of the list'ner yearn
 To die, when her melody died away !
 Oh would my joyful dream might be
 Sung by the Nymph of a forest-tree,
 Under her leafy canopy,
 Away from mortal ken ;
 Where noon-tide sunbeams never shone,
 And the midnight hours rolled silently on,
 In a quiet mountain glen !
 Oh ! how sweet it would be to feel
 The merry wind about us steal ;
 To watch the butterfly glancing free,
 And hear the hum of the happy bee ;
 The while that Nymph, with her verdant wreath,
 Gave her voice to the evening's breath ;
 Singing aloud till the tall trees bowed,
 And the flowers lay hushed beneath.
 Oh would some Mermaid, dwelling deep
 In the ocean's coral caves,
 Might rise beside a pebbly shore
 At eventide, and softly pour
 Such joy, as words could never tell,
 In music from her curvèd shell
 Across the sleeping waves !
 How should we bow our heads to hearken,
 Forgetting the cares and sorrows that darken
 Around the soul in a world like this !
 How would our hearts grow light and gay
 Before the visions of wondrous bliss
 Aroused by the Mermaid's lay !

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON ;

A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES AGAINST BARRY.

Mr hopes of obtaining the hand of one of the richest heiresses in Germany were now, as far as all human probability went, and as far as my own merits and prudence could secure my fortune, pretty certain of completion. I was admitted whenever I presented myself at the princess's apartments, and had as frequent opportunities as I desired of seeing the Countess Ida there. I cannot say that she received me with any particular favour; the silly young creature's affections were, as I have said, engaged ignobly elsewhere; and, however captivating my own person and manners may have been, it was not to be expected that she should all of a sudden forget her lover for the sake of the young Irish gentleman who was paying his addresses to her. But such little rebuffs as I got were far from discouraging me. I had very powerful friends, who were to aid me in my undertaking; and knew that, sooner or later, the victory must be mine. In fact, I only waited my time to press my suit. Who could tell the dreadful stroke of fortune which was impending over my illustrious protectress, and which was to involve me partially in her ruin?

All things seemed for awhile quite prosperous to my wishes; and, in spite of the Countess Ida's disinclination, it was much easier to bring her to her senses than, perhaps, may be supposed in a silly, constitutional country like England, where people are not brought up with those wholesome sentiments of obedience to royalty, which were customary in Europe at the time when I was a young man.

I have stated how, through Magny, I had the princess, as it were, at my feet. Her highness had only to press the match upon the old duke, over whom her influence was unbounded, and to secure the good-

will of the Countess of Liliengarten (which was the romantic title of his highness's Morganatic spouse), and the easy old man would give an order for the marriage, which his ward would perforce obey. Madame de Liliengarten was too, from her position, extremely anxious to oblige the Princess Olivia, who might be called upon any day to occupy the throne. The old duke was tottering, apoplectic, and exceedingly fond of good living. When he was gone, his relict would find the patronage of the Duchess Olivia most necessary to her. Hence there was a close mutual understanding between the two ladies, and the world said that the hereditary princess was already indebted to the favourite for help on various occasions. Her highness had obtained through the countess several large grants of money for the payment of her multifarious debts; and she was now good enough to exert her gracious influence over Madame de Liliengarten in order to obtain for me the object so near my heart. It is not to be supposed that my end was to be obtained without continual unwillingness and refusals on Magny's part, but I pushed my point resolutely and had means in my hands of overcoming the stubbornness of that feeble young gentleman. Also, I may say without vanity, that if the high and mighty princess detested me, the countess (though she was of extremely low origin, it is said) had better taste and admired me. She often did us the honour to go partners with us in one of our faro banks, and declared that I was the handsomest man in the duchy. All I was required to prove was my nobility, and I got at Vienna such a pedigree as would satisfy the most greedy in that way. In fact, what had a man descended from the Barrys and the Bradys to fear before any *von* in Germany? By way of making as-

surance doubly sure, I promised Madame de Liliengarten ten thousand louis on the day of my marriage, and she knew that as a playman I had never failed in my word, and I vow, that had I paid fifty per cent for it, I would have got the money.

Thus by my talents, honesty, and acuteness, I had, considering I was a poor patronless outcast, raised for myself very powerful protectors. Even his Highness the Duke Victor was favourably inclined to me, for, his favourite charger falling ill of the staggers, I gave him a ball such as my uncle Brady used to administer, and cured the horse, after which his highness was pleased to notice me frequently. He invited me to his hunting and shooting parties, where I shewed myself to be a good sportsman, and once or twice he condescended to talk to me about my prospects in life, lamenting that I had taken to gambling, and that I had not adopted a more regular means of advancement. "Sir," said I, "if you will allow me to speak frankly to your highness, play with me is only a means to an end. Where should I have been without it? A private still in King Frederick's grenadiers. I come of a race which gave princes to my country; but persecutions have deprived them of their vast possessions. My uncle's adherence to his ancient faith drove him from our country. I too resolved to seek advancement in the military service; but the insolence and ill-treatment which I received at the hands of the English were not bearable by a high-born gentleman, and I fled their service. It was only to fall into another bondage to all appearance still more hopeless, when my good star sent a preserver to me in my uncle, and my spirit and gallantry enabled to take advantage of the means of escape afforded me. Since then we have lived, I do not disguise it, by play; but who can say I have done him a wrong? Yet, if I could find myself in an honourable post, and with an assured maintenance, I would never, except for amusement, such as every gentleman must have, touch a card again. I beseech your highness to inquire of your resident at Berlin if I did not on every occasion act as a gallant soldier. I feel that I have talents of

a higher order, and should be proud to have occasion to exert them, if, as I do not doubt, my fortune shall bring them into play."

The candour of this statement struck his highness greatly, and impressed him in my favour, and he was pleased to say that he believed me, and would be glad to stand my friend.

Having thus the two dukes, the duchess, and the reigning favourite enlisted on my side, the chances certainly were that I should carry off the great prize; and I ought, according to all common calculations, to have been a prince of the empire at this present writing, but that my ill luck pursued me in a matter in which I was not the least to blame,—the unhappy duchess's attachment to the weak, silly, cowardly Frenchman. The display of this love was painful to witness as its end was frightful to think of. The princess made no disguise of it. If Magny spoke a word to a lady of her household, she would be jealous, and attack with all the fury of her tongue the unlucky offender. She would send him a half-dozen of notes in the day: at his arrival to join her circle or the courts which she held, she would brighten up, so that all might perceive. It was a wonder that her husband had not long ere this been made aware of her faithlessness, but the Prince Victor was himself of so high and stern a nature that he could not believe in her stooping so far from her rank as to forget her virtue, and I have heard say, that when hints were given to him of the evident partiality which the princess shewed for the equerry, his answer was a stern command never more to be troubled on the subject. "The princess is light-minded," he said, "she was brought up at a frivolous court; but her folly goes not beyond coquetry, crime is impossible; she has her birth, and my name, and her children, to defend her." And he would ride off to his military inspections and be absent for weeks, or retire to his suite of apartments, and remain closeted there whole days, only appearing to make a bow at her highness's levée, or to give her his hand at the court galas, where ceremony required that he should appear. He was a man of vulgar tastes, and I have seen him in the

private garden with his great ungainly figure running races, or playing at ball with his little son and daughter, whom he would find a dozen pretexts daily for visiting. The serene children were brought to their mother every morning at her toilette, but she received them very indifferently, except on one occasion, when the young Duke Ludwig got his little uniform as colonel of hussars, being presented with a regiment by his godfather the Emperor Leopold. Then for a day or two the Duchess Olivia was charmed with the little boy; but she grew tired of him speedily, as a child does of a toy. I remember one day in the morning-circle some of the princess's rouge came off on the arm of her son's little white military jacket; on which she slapped the poor child's face and sent him sobbing away. Oh the woes that have been worked by women in this world! the misery into which men have lightly stepped with smiling faces, often not even with the excuse of passion, but from mere foppery, vanity, and bravado! Men play with these dreadful two-edge tools as if no harm could come to them. I who have seen more of life than most men, if I had a son, would go on my knees to him and beg him to avoid woman, who is worse than poison. Once intrigue, and your whole life is endangered; you never know when the evil may fall upon you, and the woe of whole families, and the ruin of innocent people perfectly dear to you, may be caused by a moment of your folly.

When I saw how entirely lost the unlucky Monsieur de Magny seemed to be, in spite of all the claims I had against him, I urged him to fly. He had rooms in the palace, in the garrets over the princess's quarters (the building was a huge one, and accommodated almost a city of noble retainers of the family); but the infatuated young fool would not budge, although he had not even the excuse of love for staying. "How she squints," he would say of the princess, "and how crooked she is! She thinks no one can perceive her deformity. She writes me verses out of Gresset or Crébillon, and fancies I believe them to be original. Bah! they are no more her own than her hair is!" It was in this way that

the wretched lad was dancing over the ruin that was yawning under him. I do believe that his chief pleasure in making love to the princess was that he might write about his victories to his friends of the *petites maisons* at Paris, where he longed to be considered as a wit and a *vainqueur de dames*.

Seeing the young man's recklessness and the danger of his position, I became very anxious that my little scheme should be brought to a satisfactory end, and pressed him warmly on the matter.

My solicitations with him were, I need not say, from the nature of the connexion between us generally pretty successful; and, in fact, the poor fellow could *refuse me nothing*, as I used often laughingly to say to him, very little to his liking. But I used more than threats, or the legitimate influence I had over him. I used delicacy and generosity; as a proof of which I may mention that I promised to give back to the princess the family emerald, which I mentioned in the last chapter that I had won from her unprincipled admirer at play.

This was done by my uncle's consent, and was one of the usual acts of prudence and foresight which distinguish that clever man. "Press the matter now, Redmond, my boy," he would urge. "This affair between her highness and Magny must end ill for both of them, and that soon, and where will be your chance to win the countess then? Now is your time! win her and wear her before the month is over, and we will give up the punting business, and go live like noblemen at our castle in Swabia. Get rid of that emerald, too," he added; "should an accident happen, it will be an ugly deposit found in our hand." This it was that made me agree to forego the possession of the trinket, which, I must confess, I was loth to part with. It was lucky for us both that I did, as you shall presently hear.

Meanwhile, then, I urged Magny: I myself spoke strongly to the Countess of Liliengarten, who promised formally to back my claim with his highness the reigning duke; and Monsieur de Magny was instructed to induce the Princess Amalia to make a similar application to the old sovereign in

my behalf. It was done. The two ladies urged the prince, his highness (at a supper of oysters and champagne) was brought to consent, and her highness the hereditary princess did me the honour of notifying personally to the Countess Ida that it was the prince's will that she should marry the young Irish nobleman, the Chevalier Redmond de Balibari. The notification was made in my presence; and though the young countess said "Never!" and fell down in a swoon at her lady's feet, I was, you may be sure, entirely unconcerned at this little display of mawkish sensibility, and felt, indeed, now that my prize was secure.

That evening I gave the Chevalier de Magny the emerald, which he promised to restore to the princess; and now the only difficulty in my way lay with the hereditary prince, of whom his father, his wife, and the favourite, were alike afraid. He might not be disposed to allow the richest heiress in his duchy to be carried off by a noble, though not a wealthy foreigner. Time was necessary in order to break the matter to Prince Victor. The princess must find him at some moment of good-humour. He had days of infatuation still, when he could refuse his wife nothing; and our plan was to wait for one of these, or for any other chance which might occur.

But it was destined that the princess should never see her husband at her feet, as often as he had been. Fate was preparing a terrible ending to her follies, and my own hope. In spite of his solemn promises to me, Magny never restored the emerald to the Princess Amalia.

He had heard, in casual intercourse with me, that my uncle and I had been beholden to Mr. Moses Löwe, the banker of Heidelberg, who had given us a good price for our valuables; and the infatuated young man took a pretext to go thither, and offered the jewel for pawn. Moses Löwe recognised the emerald at once, gave Magny the sum the latter demanded, which the chevalier lost presently at play; never, you may be sure, acquainting us with the means by which he had made himself master of so much capital. We, for our parts, supposed that he had been supplied by his usual banker, the

princess; and many rouleaux of his gold pieces found their way into our treasury, when, at the court gala, at our own lodgings, or at the apartments of Madame de Liliengarten (who on these occasions did us the honour to go halves with us) we held our bank of faro.

Thus Magny's money was very soon gone. But though the Jew held his jewel, of thrice the value, no doubt, of the sums he had lent upon it, that was not all the profit which he intended to have from his unhappy creditor, over whom he speedily began to exercise his authority. His Hebrew connexions at W——, money-brokers, bankers, horse-dealers, about the court there, must have told their Heidelberg brother what Magny's relations with the princess were; and the rascal determined to take advantage of these, and to press to the utmost both victims. My uncle and I were, meanwhile, swimming upon the high tide of fortune, prospering with our cards, and with the still greater matrimonial game which we were playing; and we were quite unaware of the mine under our feet.

Before a month was passed, the Jew began to pester Magny. He presented himself at W——, and asked for further interest—hush-money, otherwise he must sell the emerald. Magny got money for him: the princess again befriended her dastardly lover. The success of the first demand only rendered the second more exorbitant. I know not how much money was extorted and paid on this unlucky emerald; but it was the cause of the ruin of us all.

One night we were keeping our table as usual at the Countess of Liliengarten's, and Magny being in cash somehow kept drawing out rouleau after rouleau, and playing with his common ill-success. In the middle of the play a note was brought into him, which he read, and turned very pale on perusing; but the luck was against him, and, looking up rather anxiously at the clock, he waited for a few more turns of the cards, and having, I suppose, lost his last rouleau, he got up with a wild oath that scared some of the polite company assembled, and left the room. A great trampling of

horses was heard without, but we were too much engaged with our business to heed the noise, and continued our play.

Presently some one came into the play-room and said to the countess, "Here is a strange story! A Jew has been murdered in the Kaiserwald. Magny was arrested when he went out of the room." All the party broke up hearing this strange news, and we shut up our bank for the night. Magny had been sitting by me during the play (my uncle dealt, and I paid and took the money), and, looking under the chair there was a crumpled paper, which I took up and read. It was that which had been delivered to him, and ran thus:—

"If you have done it, take the orderly's horse who brings this. It is the best of my stable. There are a hundred louis in each holster, and the pistols are loaded. Either course lies open to you; you know what I mean. In a quarter of an hour I shall know our fate—whether I am to be dishonoured and survive you, whether you are guilty and a coward, or whether you are still worthy of the name of M."

This was in the hand-writing of the old General de Magny; and my uncle and I, as we walked home at night, having made and divided with the Countess Liliengarten no inconsiderable profits that night, felt our triumphs greatly dashed by the perusal of the letter. "Has Magny,"

we asked, "robbed the Jew, or has his intrigue been discovered?" In either case, my claims on the Countess Ida were likely to meet with serious drawbacks; and I began to feel that my "great card" was played, and perhaps lost.

Well it *was* lost; though I say, to this day, it was well and gallantly played. After supper (which we never, for fear of consequences, took during play), I became so agitated in my mind as to what was occurring, that I determined to sally out about midnight into the town, and inquire what was the real motive of Magny's apprehension. A sentry was at the door, and signified to me that I and my uncle were under arrest.

We were left in our quarters for six weeks so closely watched that escape was impossible, had we desired it; but, as innocent men, we had nothing to fear. Our course of life was open to all, and we desired and courted inquiry. Great and tragical events happened during those six weeks, of which, though we heard the outline, as all Europe did, when we were released from our captivity we were yet far from understanding all the particulars, which were not much known to me for many years after. Here they are as they were told me by the lady, who of all the world, perhaps, was most likely to know them. But the narrative had best form the contents of another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRINCESS'S TRAGEDY.

More than twenty years after the events described in the past chapters I was walking with my Lady Lyndon in the Rotunda at Ranelagh. It was in the year 1790; the emigration from France had already commenced, the old counts and marquises were thronging to our shores, not starving and miserable, as one saw them a few years afterwards, but unmolested as yet, and bringing with them some token of their national splendour. I was walking with Lady Lyndon, who, proverbially jealous and always anxious to annoy me, spied out a foreign lady who was evidently remarking me, and of course asked who was the hideous fat Dutchwoman who was leering at me so? I knew her not in

the least. I felt I had seen the lady's face somewhere (it was now, as my wife said, enormously fat and bloated), but I did not recognise in the bearer of that face one who had been among the most beautiful women in Germany in her day.

It was no other than Madame de Liliengarten, the mistress, or as some said the Morganatic wife, of the old Duke of W——, Duke Victor's father. She had left W—— a few months after the elder duke's demise, had gone to Paris, as I heard, where some unprincipled adventurer had married her for her money; but, however, had always retained her quasi-royal title, and pretended, amidst the great laughter of the Pa-

rians who frequented her house, to the honours and ceremonial of a sovereign's widow. She had a throne erected in her state-room, and was styled by her servants and those who wished to pay court to her, or borrow money from her, "Altesse." Report said she drank rather copiously—certainly her face bore every mark of that habit, and had lost the rosy, frank, good-humoured beauty which had charmed the sovereign who had ennobled her.

Although she did not address me in the circle at Ranelagh, I was at this period as well known as the Prince of Wales, and she had no difficulty in finding my house in Berkeley Square, whither a note was next morning despatched to me. "An old friend of Monsieur de Balibari," it stated (in extremely bad French), "is anxious to see the Chevalier again and to talk over old happy times. Rosina de Liliengarten (can it be that Redmond Balibari has forgotten her?) will be at her house in Leicester Fields all the morning looking for one who would never have passed her by twenty years ago."

Rosina of Liliengarten it was, indeed—such a full-blown Rosina I have seldom seen. I found her in a decent first-floor in Leicester Fields (the poor soul fell much lower afterwards) drinking tea, which had somehow a very strong smell of brandy in it; and after salutations, which would be more tedious to recount than they were to perform, and after further straggling conversation, she gave me briefly the following narrative of the events in W——, which I may well entitle the "Princess's Tragedy."

"You remember Monsieur de Geldern, the police minister. He was of Dutch extraction, and, what is more, of a family of Dutch Jews. Although every body was aware of this blot in his scutcheon, he was mortally angry if ever his origin was suspected; and made up for his father's errors by outrageous professions of religion, and the most austere practices of devotion. He visited church every morning, confessed once a-week, and hated Jews and Protestants as much as an inquisitor could do. He never lost an opportunity of proving his sincerity, by

persecuting one or the other whenever occasion fell in his way.

"He hated the princess mortally; for her highness in some whim had insulted him with his origin, caused park to be removed from before him at table, or injured him in some such silly way; and he had a violent animosity to the old Baron de Magny, both in his capacity of Protestant, and because the latter in some haughty mood had publicly turned his back upon him as a sharper and a spy. Perpetual quarrels were taking place between them in council, where it was only the presence of his august masters that restrained the baron from publicly and frequently expressing the contempt which he felt for the officer of police.

"Thus Geldern had hatred as one reason for ruining the princess, and it is my belief he had a stronger motive still—interest. You remember whom the duke married, after the death of his first wife?—a princess of the house of F——. Geldern built his fine palace two years after, and, as I feel convinced, with the money which was paid him by the F—— family for forwarding the match.

"To go to Prince Victor, and report to his highness a case which every body knew was not by any means Geldern's desire. He knew the man would be ruined for ever in the prince's estimation who carried him intelligence so disastrous. His aim, therefore, was, to leave the matter to explain itself to his highness; and, when the time was ripe, he cast about for a means of carrying his point. He had spies in the houses of the elder and the younger Magny; but this you know, of course, from your experience of Continental customs. We had all spies over each other. Your black (Zamor, I think was his name) used to give me reports every morning; and I used to entertain the dear old duke with stories of you and your uncle practising piquet and dice in the morning, and with your quarrels and intrigues. We levied similar contributions on every body in W—— to amuse the dear old man. Monsieur de Magny's valet used to report both to me and Monsieur de Geldern.

"I knew of the fact of the emerald being in pawn; and it was out of my exchequer that the poor princess

drew the funds which were spent upon the odious Löwe, and the still more worthless young chevalier. How the princess could trust the latter as she persisted in doing is beyond my comprehension; but there is no infatuation like that of a woman in love: and you will remark, my dear Monsieur de Balibari, that our sex generally fix upon a bad man."

"Not always, madam," I interposed; "your humble servant has created many such attachments."

"I do not see that that affects the truth of the proposition," said the old lady, dryly, and continued her narrative. "The Jew who held the emerald had had many dealings with the princess, and at last was offered a bribe of such magnitude, that he determined to give up the pledge. He committed the inconceivable imprudence of bringing the emerald with him to W—, and waited on Magny, who was provided by the princess with the money to redeem the pledge, and was actually ready to pay it."

"Their interview took place in Magny's own apartments, when his valet overheard every word of their conversation. The young man, who was always utterly careless of money when it was in his possession, was so easy in offering it, that Löwe rose in his demands, and had the conscience to ask double the sum for which he had previously stipulated."

"At this the chevalier lost all patience, fell on the wretch, and was for killing him, when the opportune valet rushed in and saved him. The man had heard every word of the conversation between the disputants, and the Jew ran flying with terror into his arms; and Magny, a quick and passionate, but not a violent, man, bade the servant lead the villain down stairs, and thought no more of him."

"Perhaps he was not sorry to be rid of him, and to have in his possession a large sum of money, four thousand ducats, with which he could tempt fortune once more, as you know he did at your table that night."

"Your ladyship went halves, madam," said I; "and you know how little I was the better for my winnings."

"The man conducted the trembling Israelite out of the palace, and

no sooner had seen him lodged at the house of one of his brethren, where he was accustomed to put up, than he went away to the office of his excellency the minister of police, and narrated every word of the conversation which had taken place between the Jew and his master."

"Geldern expressed the greatest satisfaction at his spy's prudence and fidelity. He gave him a purse of twenty ducats, and promised to provide for him handsomely, as great men do sometimes promise to reward their instruments; but you, Monsieur de Balibari, know how seldom those promises are kept. 'Now, go and find out,' said Monsieur de Geldern, 'at what time the Israelite proposes to return home again, or whether he will repent, and take the money.' The man went on this errand. Meanwhile, to make matters sure, Geldern arranged a play-party at my house, inviting you thither with your bank, as you may remember; and finding means, at the same time, to let Maxime de Magny know that there was to be faro at Madame de Lilien-garten's. It was an invitation the poor fellow never neglected."

I remembered the facts, and listened on, amazed at the artifice of the infernal minister of police.

"The spy came back from his message to Löwe, and stated that he had made inquiries among the servants of the house where the Heidelberg banker lodged, and that it was the latter's intention to leave W— that afternoon. He travelled by himself, riding an old horse, exceedingly humbly attired after the manner of his people."

"'Johann,' said the minister, clapping the pleased spy upon the shoulder, 'I am more and more pleased with you. I have been thinking, since you left me, of your intelligence, and the faithful manner in which you have served me; and shall soon find an occasion to place you according to your merits. Which way does this Israelitish scoundrel take?'

"'He goes to R— to-night.'

"'And must pass by the Kaiserwald. Are you a man of courage, Johann Kerner?'

"'Will your excellency try me?' said the man, his eyes glittering; 'I served through the seven years'

war, and was never known to fail there.'

"Now, listen. The emerald must be taken from that Jew; in the very keeping it the scoundrel has committed high treason. To the man who brings me that emerald I swear I will give five hundred louis. You understand why it is necessary that it should be restored to her highness. I need say no more.'

"You shall have it to-night, sir," said the man. 'Of course your excellency will hold me harmless in case of accident.'

"Psha!" answered the minister; 'I will pay you half the money beforehand; such is my confidence in you. Accident's impossible, if you take your measures properly. There are four leagues of wood; the Jew rides slowly. It will be night before he can reach, let us say, the old Powder-Mill in the wood. What's to prevent you from putting a rope across the road, and dealing with him there? Be back with me this evening at supper. If you meet any of the patrol, say 'foxes are loose,'—that's the word for to-night. They will let you pass them without questions.'

"The man went off quite charmed with his commission; and when Magny was losing his money at our farotable, his servant waylaid the Jew at the spot named the Powder-Mill, in the Kaiserwald. The Jew's horse stumbled over a rope which had been placed across the road; and, as the rider fell groaning to the ground, Johann Kerner rushed out on him, masked, and pistol in hand, and demanded his money. He had no wish to kill the Jew, I believe, unless his resistance should render extreme measures necessary.

"Nor did he commit any such murder; for, as the yelling Jew roared for mercy, and his assailant menaced him with the pistol, a squad of patrol came up, and laid hold of the robber and the wounded man.

"Kerner swore an oath. 'You have come too soon,' said he to the sergeant of the police. 'Foxes are loose.' 'Some are caught,' said the sergeant, quite unconcerned; and bound the fellow's hands with the rope which he had stretched across the road to entrap the Jew. He was placed behind a policeman on a

horse; Löwe was similarly accommodated, and the party thus came back into the town as the night fell.

"They were taken forthwith to the police quarter; and, as the chief happened to be there, they were examined by his excellency in person. Both were rigorously searched; the Jew's papers and cases taken from him; the jewel was found in a private pocket. As for the spy, the minister, looking at him angrily, said, 'Why, this is the servant of the Chevalier de Magny, one of her highness's equerries!' and, without hearing a word in exculpation from the poor frightened wretch, ordered him into close confinement.

"Calling for his horse, he then rode to the prince's apartments at the palace, and asked for an instant audience. When admitted, he produced the emerald. 'This jewel,' said he, 'has been found on the person of a Heidelberg Jew, who has been here repeatedly of late, and has had many dealings with her highness's equerry, the Chevalier de Magny. This afternoon the chevalier came from his master's lodgings, accompanied by the Hebrew; was heard to make inquiries as to the route the man intended to take on his way homewards; followed him, or preceded him rather, and was found in the act of rifling his victim by my police in the Kaiserwald. The man will confess nothing; but, on being searched, a large sum in gold was found on his person; and though it is with the utmost pain that I can bring myself to entertain such an opinion, and to implicate a gentleman of the character and name of Monsieur de Magny, I do submit that our duty is to have the chevalier examined relative to the affair. As Monsieur de Magny is in her highness's private service, and in her confidence, as I have heard, I would not venture to apprehend him without having your highness's permission.'

"The prince's master of the horse, a friend of the old Baron de Magny, who was present at the interview, no sooner heard the strange intelligence, than he hastened away to the old general with the dreadful news of his grandson's supposed crime. Perhaps his highness himself was not unwilling that his old friend and tutor-in-arms should have the chance

of saving his family from disgrace; at all events, Monsieur de Hengst, the master of the horse, was permitted to go off to the baron undisturbed, and break to him the intelligence of the accusation pending over the unfortunate chevalier.

"It is possible that he expected some such dreadful catastrophe, for, after hearing Hengst's narrative (as the latter afterwards told me), he only said, 'Heaven's will be done!' for some time refused to stir a step in the matter, and then only by the solicitation of his friend was induced to write the letter which Maxime de Magny received at our play-table.

"Whilst he was there, squandering the princess's money, a police visit was paid to his apartments, and a hundred proofs, not of his guilt with respect to the robbery, but of his guilty connexion with the princess, were discovered there,—tokens of her giving, passionate letters from her, copies of his own correspondence to his young friends at Paris,—all of which the police minister perused, and carefully put together under seal for his highness, Prince Victor. I have no doubt he perused them, for, on delivering them to the hereditary prince, Geldern said that, *in obedience to his highness's orders*, he had collected the chevalier's papers, but he need not say that, on his honour, he (Geldern) himself had never examined the documents. His difference with Messieurs de Magny was known; he begged his highness to employ any other official person in the judgment of the accusation brought against the young chevalier.

"All these things were going on while the chevalier was at play. A run of luck—you had great luck in those days, Monsieur de Balibari—was against him. He staid and lost his 4000 ducats; he received his uncle's note, and, such was the infatuation of the wretched gambler, that, on receipt of it, he went down to the court-yard, where the horse was in waiting, absolutely took the money which the poor old gentleman had placed in the saddle-holsters, brought it up stairs, played it, and lost it, and when he issued from the room to fly, it was too late; he was placed in arrest at the bottom of my

staircase, as you were upon entering your own home.

"Even when he came in under the charge of the soldiery sent to arrest him, the old general, who was waiting, was overjoyed to see him, and flung himself into the lad's arms, and embraced him, it was said, for the first time these many years. 'He is here, gentlemen,' he sobbed out,— 'thank God he is not guilty of the robbery!' and then sank back in a chair in a burst of emotion, painful, it was said by those present, to witness on the part of a man so brave, and known to be so cold and stern.

" 'Robbery!' said the young man, 'I swear before Heaven I am guilty of none!' and a scene of almost touching reconciliation was passed between them, before the unhappy young man was led from the guard-house into the prison which he was destined never to quit.

"That night the duke looked over the papers which Geldern had brought to him. It was at a very early stage of the perusal, no doubt, that he gave orders for your arrest; for you were taken at midnight, Magny at ten o'clock, after which time the old Baron de Magny had seen his highness, protesting of his grandson's innocence, and the prince had received him most graciously and kindly. His highness said he had no doubt the young man was innocent, his birth and his blood rendered such a crime impossible; but suspicion was too strong against him; he was known to have been that day closeted with the Jew; to have received a very large sum of money which he squandered at play, and of which the Hebrew had, doubtless, been the lender,—to have despatched his servant after him, who inquired the hour of the Jew's departure, lay in wait for him, and rifled him. Suspicion was so strong against the chevalier, that common justice required his arrest, and, meanwhile, until he cleared himself, he should be kept in not dishonourable durance, and every regard had for his name, and the services of his honourable grandfather. With this assurance, and with a warm grasp of the hand, the prince left old General de Magny that night, and the veteran retired to rest, almost consoled and confident in

Maxime's eventual and immediate release.

"But in the morning, before day-break, the prince, who had been reading papers all night, wildly called to the page, who slept in the next room across the door, bade him get horses, which were always kept in readiness in the stables, and, flinging a parcel of letters into a box, told the page to follow him on horseback with these. The young man (Monsieur de Weissenborn) told this to a young lady who was then of my household, and who is now Madame de Weissenborn, and a mother of a score of children.

"The page described that never was such a change seen as in his august master in the course of that single night. His eyes were blood-shot, his face livid, his clothes were hanging loose about him, and he who had always made his appearance on parade as precisely dressed as any serjeant of his troops, might have been seen galloping through the lonely streets at early dawn without a hat, his unpowdered hair streaming behind him like a madman.

"The page, with the box of papers, clattered after his master,—it was no easy task to follow him; and they rode from the palace to the town, and through it to the general's quarter. The sentinels at the door were scared at the strange figure that rushed up to the general's gate, and, not knowing him, crossed bayonets, and refused him admission. 'Fools,' said Weissenborn, 'it is the prince!' And, jangling at the bell as if for an alarm of fire, it was at length opened by the porter, and his highness ran up to the general's bed-chamber, followed by the page with the box.

"'Magny—Magny!' roared the prince, thundering at the closed door, 'get up!' And to the queries of the old man from within, answered, 'It is I—Victor—the prince!—get up!' And presently the door was opened by the general in his *robe-de-chambre*, and the prince entered. The page brought in the box, and was bidden to wait without, which he did; but there led from Monsieur de Magny's bed-room into his ante-chamber two doors, the great one which formed the entrance into his room, and a smaller one which led, as the fashion is with our houses abroad, into the

closet which communicates with the alcove where the bed is. The door of this was found by M. de Weissenborn to be open, and the young man was thus enabled to hear and see every thing which occurred within the apartment.

"The general, somewhat nervously, asked what was the reason of so early a visit from his highness; to which the prince did not for awhile reply, farther than by staring at him rather wildly, and pacing up and down the room.

"At last, he said, 'Here is the cause!' dashing his fist on the box; and, as he had forgotten to bring the key with him, he went to the door for a moment, saying, 'Weissenborn, perhaps, has it;' but, seeing over the stove one of the general's *couteaux de chasse*, he took it down, and said, 'That will do,' and fell to work to burst the red trunk open with the blade of the forest-knife. The point broke, and he gave an oath, but continued haggling on with the broken blade, which was better suited to his purpose than the long, pointed knife, and finally succeeded in wrenching open the lid of the chest.

"'What is the matter?' said he, laughing,—'Here's the matter!—Read that!—here's more matter, read that!—here's more—no, not that; that's somebody else's picture,—but here's hers!—Do you know that, Magny?—My wife's—the princess's!—Why did you and your cursed race ever come out of France, to plant your infernal wickedness wherever your foot fell, and to ruin honest German homes? What have you and yours ever had from my family but confidence and kindness? We gave you a home when you had none, and here's our reward!' and he flung a parcel of papers down before the old general, who saw the truth at once,—he had known it long before, probably, and sunk down on his chair, covering his face.

"The prince went on gesticulating and shrieking almost. 'If a man injured you so, Magny, before you begot the father of that gambling, lying villain yonder, you would have known how to revenge yourself. You would have killed him. Yes, would have killed him! But who's to help me to my revenge? I've no

equal. I can't meet that dog of a Frenchman,—that pimp from Versailles,—and kill him as if he had played the traitor to one of his own degree.'

"The blood of Maxime de Magny," said the old gentleman, proudly, 'is as good as that of any prince in Christendom.'

"Can I take it?" cried the prince; 'you know I can't. I can't have the privilege of any other gentleman of Europe. What am I to do? Look here, Magny; I was wild when I came here, I didn't know what to do. You've served me for thirty years, you've saved my life twice; they are all knaves and harlots about my poor old father here—no honest men or women—you are the only one—you saved my life; tell me what am I to do?' Thus, from insulting Monsieur de Magny, the poor, distracted prince fell to supplicating him, and, at last, fairly flung himself down, and burst out in an agony of tears.

"Old Magny, one of the most rigid and cold of men on common occasions, when he saw this outbreak of passion on the prince's part, became, as my informant has described to me, as much affected as his master. The old man, from being cold and high, suddenly fell, as it were, into the whimpering querulousness of extreme old age. He lost all sense of dignity; he went down on his knees, and broke out into all sorts of wild, incoherent attempts at consolation; so much so, that Weissenborn said he could not bear to look at the scene, and actually turned away from the contemplation of it.

"But from what followed in a few days we may guess the results of the long interview. The prince, when he came away from the conversation with his old servant, forgot his fatal box of papers and sent the page back for them. The general was on his knees praying in the room when the young man entered, and only stirred and looked round wildly as the other removed the packet. The prince rode away to his hunting-lodge at three leagues from W—, and three days after that Maxime de Magny died in prison, having made a confession that he was engaged in an attempt to rob the Jew, and that he had made away with himself, ashamed of his dishonour.

"But it is not known that it was the general himself who took his grandson poison; it was said even, that he shot him in the prison. This, however, was not the case. General de Magny carried his grandson the draught which was to carry him out of the world, represented to the wretched youth that his fate was inevitable, that it would be public and disgraceful unless he chose to anticipate the punishment, and so left him. But it was not of his own accord, and not until he had used every means of escape, as you shall hear, that the unfortunate being's life was brought to an end.

"As for the General de Magny, he quite fell into imbecility a short time after his nephew's death, and my honoured duke's demise. After his highness the prince married the Princess Mary of F—, as they were walking in the English park together they once met old Magny riding in the sun in the easy chair, in which he was carried commonly abroad after his paralytic fits. 'This is my wife, Magny,' said the prince, affectionately, taking the veteran's hand; and he added, turning to his princess, 'General de Magny saved my life during the Seven Years' War.'

"What, you've taken her back again?" said the old man. 'I wish you'd send me back my poor Maxime.' He had quite forgotten the death of the poor Princess Amalia, and the prince looking very dark indeed passed away.

"And now," said Madame de Liengarten, "I have only one more gloomy story to relate to you—the death of the Princess Amalia. It is even more horrible than the tale I have just told you." With which preface the old lady resumed her narrative.

"The kind, weak princess's fate was hastened, if not occasioned, by the cowardice of Magny. He found means to communicate with her from his prison, and her highness, who was not in open disgrace yet (for the duke, out of regard to the family, persisted in charging Magny with only robbery), made the most desperate efforts to relieve him and to bribe the gaolers to effect his escape. She was so wild that she lost all patience and prudence in the conduct of any schemes she may have had for Mag-

ny's liberation, for her husband was inexorable and caused the chevalier's prison to be too strictly guarded for escape to be possible. She offered the state jewels in pawn to the court banker, who of course was obliged to decline the transaction. She fell down on her knees, it is said, to Geldern, the police minister, and offered him Heaven knows what as a bribe. Finally she came screaming to my poor dear duke, who, with his age, diseases, and easy habits, was quite unfit for scenes of so violent a nature, and who, in consequence of the excitement created in his august bosom by her frantic violence and grief, had a fit in which I very nigh lost him. That his dear life was brought to an untimely end by these transactions I have not the slightest doubt, for the Strasbourg pie, of which they said he died, never, I am sure, could have injured him, but for the injury which his dear gentle heart received from the unusual occurrences in which he was forced to take a share.

"All her highness's movements were carefully, though not ostensibly, watched by her husband Prince Victor, who, waiting upon his august father, sternly signified to him that if his highness (*my duke*) should dare to aid the princess in her efforts to release Magny, he, Prince Victor, would publicly accuse the princess and her paramour of high treason, and take measures with the Diet for removing his father from the throne as incapacitated to reign. Hence interposition on our part was vain, and Magny was left to his fate.

"It came, as you are aware, very suddenly. Geldern, police minister, Hengst, master of the horse, and the colonel of the prince's guard, waited upon the young man in his prison two days after his grandfather had visited him there and left behind him the phial of poison which the criminal had not the courage to use. And Geldern signified to the young man that unless he took of his own accord the laurel-water provided by the elder Magny, more violent means of death would be instantly employed upon him, and that a file of grenadiers was in waiting in the courtyard to despatch him. Seeing this, Magny, with the most dreadful self-abasement, after dragging himself round the room on his knees from

one officer to another, weeping and screaming with terror, at last desperately drank off the potion, and was a corpse in a few minutes. Thus ended this wretched young man.

"His death was made public in the *Court Gazette* two days after the paragraph stating that Monsieur de M——, struck with remorse for having attempted the murder of the Jew, had put himself to death by poison in prison, and a warning was added to all young noblemen of the duchy to avoid the dreadful sin of gambling, which had been the cause of the young man's ruin, and had brought upon the grey hairs of one of the noblest and most honourable of the servants of the duke irretrievable sorrow.

"The funeral was conducted with decent privacy, the General de Magny attending it. The carriage of the two dukes and all the first people of the court made their calls upon the general afterwards. He attended parade as usual the next day on the Arsenal-Place, and Duke Victor, who had been inspecting the building, came out of it leaning on the brave old warrior's arm. He was particularly gracious to the old man, and told his officers the oft-repeated story how at Rosbach, when the W—— contingent served with the troops of the unlucky Soubise, the general had thrown himself in the way of a French dragoon who was pressing hard upon his highness in the rout, had received the blow intended for his master and killed the assailant. And he alluded to the family motto of 'Magny sans tache,' and said, 'It had been always so with his gallant friend and tutor in arms.' This speech affected all present very much with the exception of the old general, who only bowed and did not speak: but when he went home he was heard muttering, 'Magny sans tache, Magny sans tache !' and was attacked with paralysis that night from which he never more than partially recovered.

"The news of Maxime's death had somehow been kept from the public until now, a *Gazette* even being printed without the paragraph containing the account of his suicide; but it was at length, I know not how, made known to her. And when she heard it, her ladies tell me, she

screamed and fell as if struck dead, then sat up wildly and raved like a mad woman, and was then carried to her bed where her physician attended her, and where she lay of a brain-fever. All this while the prince used to send to make inquiries concerning her, and from his giving orders that his Castle of Schlungenfels should be prepared and furnished, I make no doubt it was his intention to send her into confinement thither, as had been done with the unhappy sister of his Britannic majesty at Zell.

"She sent repeatedly to demand an interview with his highness, which the latter declined, saying that he would communicate with her highness when her health was sufficiently recovered. To one of her passionate letters he sent back for reply a packet, which when opened was found to contain the emerald that had been the cause round which all this dark intrigue moved.

"Her highness at this became quite frantic, vowed in the presence of all her ladies that one lock of her darling Maxime's hair was more precious to her than all the jewels in the world; rang for her carriage and said she would go and kiss his tomb; proclaimed the murdered martyr's innocence and called down the punishment of Heaven, the wrath of her family upon his assassin. The prince on hearing these speeches (they were all, of course, regularly brought to him) is said to have given one of his dreadful looks (which I remember now) and to have said, 'This cannot last much longer.'

"All that day and the next the Princess Amalia passed in dictating the most passionate letters to the prince her father, to the kings of France, Naples, and Spain, her kinsmen, and to all other branches of her family, calling upon them in the most incoherent terms to protect her against the butcher and assassin her husband, assailing his person in the maddest terms of reproach, and at the same time confessing her love for the murdered Magny. It was in vain that those ladies who were faithful to her pointed out to her the inutility of these letters, the dangerous folly of the confessions which they made; she insisted upon writing them, and used to give them to her second robe-woman, a Frenchwoman

(her highness always affectioned persons of that nation), who had the key of her cassette, and carried every one of these epistles to Geldern.

"With the exception that no public receptions were held, the ceremony of the princess's establishment went on as before. Her ladies were allowed to wait upon her and perform their usual duties about her person. The only men admitted were, however, her servants, her physician and chaplain, and one day when she wished to go into the garden a heyduke, who kept the door, intimated to her highness that the prince's orders were that she should keep her apartments.

"They abut, as you remember, upon the landing of the marble staircase of Schloss W——, the entrance to Prince Victor's suite of rooms being opposite the princess's on the same landing. This space is large, filled with sofas and benches, and the gentlemen and officers who waited upon the duke used to make a sort of ante-chamber of the landing-place, and pay their court to his highness there as he passed out at eleven o'clock to parade. At such a time the heydukes within the princess's suite of rooms used to turn out with their halberts and present to Prince Victor, the same ceremony being performed on his own side, when pages came out and announced the approach of his highness. The pages used to come out and say, 'The prince, gentlemen!' and the drums beat in the hall, and the gentlemen rose who were waiting on the benches that ran along the balustrade.

"As if fate impelled her to her death, one day the princess, as her generals turned out, and she was aware that the prince was standing, as was his wont, on the landing conversing with his gentlemen (in the old days he used to cross to the princess's apartment and kiss her hand) — the princess, who had been anxious all the morning, complaining of heat, insisting that all the doors of the apartments should be left open, and giving tokens of an insanity which I think was now evident, rushed wildly at the doors when the guards passed out, flung them open, and, before a word could be said or her ladies could follow her, was in

presence of Duke Victor, who was talking as usual on the landing, and, placing herself between him and the stair, began apostrophising him with frantic vehemence :—

“ ‘ Take notice, gentlemen ! ’ she screamed out, ‘ that this man is a murderer and a liar ; that he lays plots for honourable gentlemen, and kills them in prison ! Take notice, that I too am in prison, and fear the same fate ; the same butcher who killed *Maxime de Magny* may, any night, put the knife to my own throat. I appeal to you and to all the kings of Europe, my royal kinsmen. I demand to be set free from this tyrant and villain, this liar and traitor ! I adjure you all as gentlemen of honour to carry these letters to my relatives and say from whom you had them ! ’ and with this the unhappy lady began scattering letters about among the astonished crowd.

“ ‘ *Let no man stoop !* ’ cried the prince, in a voice of thunder. ‘ *Madame de Gleim*, you should have watched your patient better. Call the princess’s physicians : her highness’s brain is affected. Gentlemen, have the goodness to retire.’ And the prince stood on the landing as the gentlemen went down the stair, saying fiercely to the guard, ‘ Soldier, if she moves, strike with your halbert ! ’ on which the man brought the point of his weapon to the princess’s breast ; and the lady, frightened, shrank back and re-entered her apartments. ‘ Now, *Monsieur de Weissenborn*,’ said the prince, ‘ pick up all those papers ; ’ and the prince went into his own apartments, preceded by his pages, and never quitted them until he had seen every one of the papers burnt.

“ The next day the *Court Gazette* contained a bulletin signed by the three physicians, stating that ‘ Her highness the hereditary princess laboured under inflammation of the brain, and had passed a restless and disturbed night.’ Similar notices were issued day after day. The services of all her ladies, except two, were dispensed with. Guards were placed within and without her doors ; her windows were secured, so that escape from them was impossible and you know what took place ten days later. The church-bells in the town were ringing all night, and the

prayers of the faithful asked for a person in *extremis*. A *Gazette* appeared in the morning edged with black, and stating that the High and Mighty Princess *Amalia Maria Ferdinanda*, consort of His Serene Highness Victor Louis Emanuel, Hereditary Prince of W——, had died in the evening of the 24th of January, 1769.

“ But do you know *how* she died, sir ? That, too, is a dreadful mystery. *Weissenborn*, the page, was concerned in this dark tragedy ; and the secret was so dreadful that never, believe me, till Prince Victor’s death did I reveal it.

“ After the fatal *escalandre* which the princess had made, the prince sent for *Weissenborn*, and, binding him by the most solemn adjuration to secrecy (he only broke it to his wife many years after ; indeed there is no secret in the world that women cannot know if they will), despatched him on the following mysterious commission.

“ ‘ There lives,’ said his highness, ‘ on the Kehl side of the river opposite to *Strasbourg*, a man whose residence you will easily find out from his name, which is *Monsieur de Strasbourg*. You will make your inquiries concerning him quietly and without occasioning any remark ; perhaps you had better go into *Strasbourg* for the purpose, where the person is quite well known. You will take with you any comrade on whom you can perfectly rely ; the lives of both, remember, depend on your secrecy. You will find out some period when *Monsieur de Strasbourg* is alone, or only in company of the domestic who lives with him (I myself visited the man by accident on my return from Paris five years since, and hence am induced to send for him now, in my present emergency). You will have your carriage waiting at his door at night ; and you and your comrade will enter his house masked, and present him with a purse of a hundred louis, promising him double that sum on his return from his expedition. If he refuse, you must use force and bring him, menacing him with instant death should he decline to follow you. You will place him in the carriage with the blinds drawn, one or other of you never losing sight of him the whole way, and threaten-

ing him with death if he discover himself or cry out. You will lodge him in the old Owl Tower here, where a room shall be prepared for him; and his work being done, you will restore him to his home in the same speed and secrecy with which you brought him from it.'

"Such were the mysterious orders Prince Victor gave his page; and Weissenborn, selecting for his comrade in the expedition Lieutenant Bartenstein, set out on his strange journey.

"All this while the palace was hushed as if in mourning, the bulletins in the *Courier Gazette* appeared announcing the continuance of the Princess's malady; and though she had but few attendants, strange and circumstantial stories were told regarding the progress of her complaint. She was quite wild. She had tried to kill herself. She had fancied herself to be I don't know how many different characters. Expresses were sent to her family informing them of her state, and couriers despatched publicly to Vienna and Paris to procure the attendance of physicians skilled in treating diseases of the brain. That pretended anxiety was all a feint, it was never intended that the princess should recover.

"The day on which Weissenborn and Bartenstein returned from their expedition, it was announced that her highness the princess was much worse, that night the report through the town was that she was at the agony, and that night the unfortunate creature was endeavouring to make her escape.

"She had unlimited confidence in the French chamber-woman who attended her, and between her and this woman the plan of escape was arranged. The princess took her jewels in a casket; a private door, opening from one of her rooms and leading into the outer gate, it was said, of the palace, was discovered for her; and a letter was brought to her purporting to be from the duke, her father-in-law, and stating that a carriage and horses had been provided, and would take her to B—, the territory where she might communicate with her family and be safe.

"The unhappy lady, confiding in her guardian, set out on the expedi-

tion. The passages wound through the walls of the modern part of the palaces and abutted in effect at the old Owl Tower, as it was called, on the outer wall; the tower was pulled down afterwards, and for good reason.

"At a certain place the candle, which the chamber-woman was carrying, went out; and the princess would have screamed with terror, but her hand was seized, and a voice cried, 'Hush!' and the next minute a man in a mask (it was the duke himself) rushed forward, gagged her with a handkerchief, her hands and legs were bound, and she was carried swooning with terror into a vaulted room, where she was placed by a person there waiting, and tied in an arm-chair. The same mask who had gagged her, came and bared her neck and said, 'It had best be done now she has fainted.'

"Perhaps it would have been as well; for though she recovered from her swoon, and her confessor, who was present, came forward and endeavoured to prepare her for the awful deed which was about to be done upon her, and for the state into which she was about to enter; when she came to herself it was only to scream like a maniac, to curse the duke as a butcher and tyrant, and to call upon Magny, her dear Magny.

"At this the duke said, quite calmly, 'May God have mercy on her sinful soul!' He, the confessor, and Geldern, who were present, went down on their knees; and, as his highness dropped his handkerchief, Weissenborn fell down in a fainting-fit, while *Monsieur de Strasbourg*, taking the back hair in his hand, separated the shrieking head of Amalia from the miserable, sinful body. May Heaven have mercy upon her soul!"

* * * *

This was the story told by Madame de Liliengarten, and the reader will have no difficulty in drawing from it that part which affected myself and my uncle; who, after six weeks of arrest, were set at liberty, but with orders to quit the duchy immediately; indeed, with an escort of dragoons to conduct us to the frontier. What property we had we were allowed to sell and realise in money, but none of our play debts were paid to us,

and all my hopes of the Countess Ida were thus at an end.

When Duke Victor came to the throne, which he did when six months after apoplexy carried off the old sovereign his father, all the good old usages of W—— were given up,—play forbidden; the opera and ballet sent to the right-about; and the regiments which the old duke had sold recalled from their foreign service; with them came my countess's beggarly cousin, the ensign, and he married her. I don't know whether they were happy or not. It is certain that a woman of such a poor spirit did not merit any very high degree of pleasure.

The now reigning Duke of W—— himself married four years after his first wife's demise; and Geldern, though no longer police-minister, built the grand house of which Madame de Liliengarten spoke. What became of the minor actors in the great tragedy, who knows? Only Monsieur de Strasbourg was restored to his duties. Of the rest,—the Jew, the chamber-woman, the spy on Magny, I know nothing. Those sharp tools with which great people cut out their enterprise, are generally broken in the using; nor did I ever hear that their employers had much regard for them in their ruin.

THE POET'S LIFE.

THE poet's loveliest thoughts can ne'er be told,

A chain of silence they must ever wear,

Like prison'd eagles, pining to unfold

Their wings, and cleave the boundless upper air

Unspoken, caged within one lonely breast,

No stranger's eye can see their feverish unrest.

Yet 't were a cold and narrow thought of ours

To mourn that restlessness, or fondly deem

Our poor half-wisdom meet to judge of powers

That through the mists of earth but dimly beam,

Like stars that 'mid the clouds pale glances throw,

To cheer the way-worn hearts that watch them from below.

The poet hath his grief; he cannot speak

The unearthly glory of his vision, save

In broken tones of song, as wild and weak

As dying murmurs of a summer wave,

All powerless the wonders to declare,

Which flash across his sight in dreams that none may share.

Let him sing on, though we so faintly hear

The murmur flowing, like a sunny stream,

Within the garden of his life; his ear

Is blest with music we can never dream,

Yet his wild words may give the common earth

Some shadow, some faint thought of his exceeding mirth.

His secret life is like an Indian isle,

Where stately trees and fairest blossoms grow,

Where days and nights of cloudless beauty smile,

And scented winds through long, green pathways blow;

Gay woods are there whose verdure doth not fade,

And fountains of delight sing softly in the shade:

And there he dwells, and there the midnight stars
Look down on him like friends ; there seldom sound
The moan of care, the din of worldly wars.
In spells of peace and love that isle is bound ;
The very waves that kiss its happy shore
Seem hushed, as if the storm could never wake them more.

And yet the unresting sea of outward life,
Whose treach'rous waters seemed for ever hushed,
Hath still its darker hours of storm and strife,
And pain may come where pain for aye seemed crushed.
Change they may bring to that sweet sunny isle.
Thank God ! they mar its beauty only for awhile.

The storm may rend a few green boughs away,—
May break the tender stems of some fair flow'rs ;
Its louder voice may drown the fountain's play,
Its rage alone be heard a few short hours ;
But then must end its mad destructive reign,
And earth is beautiful, and heaven is calm again.

Then from that lovely isle there floateth out
Unwonted fragrance o'er the changeful deep,
Till they who chance to wander thereabout,
Feel strange delight, and eyes long dry will weep
Such tears as have in them a deeper bliss
Than the unquiet laughter of a world like this.

Oh ! who, because a storm at times may break
O'er that fair scene, could wish one flower the less ?
Who from the poet's life one vision take,
In dread lest after hours should bring distress ?
Fear not for him, no sorrow can destroy
His heaven-implanted sense of beauty and of joy !

He may have cares to duller souls unknown,
And grief we know not be to him revealed ;
Fear not for him ! his gladness is his own,
New springs of comfort are for him unsealed.
His life is more than ours ; to him are given,
Even on this dull earth, thoughts that belong to heaven !

VAGARIES OF LENTIN-TIDE—LORD ELLENBOROUGH, AND
LORD ASHLEY.

IN the month of April last we took the liberty of placing a judgment upon record, that a more unfit man than Lord Ellenborough to preside over the destinies of British India never filled the high office of governor-general. We have reason to believe that the frankness with which this opinion was avowed lost us for a moment the good-will of some of our many readers. It appeared to them that we were going out of our way to assist the enemy. We were accused of coquetting too much with Whigs and Liberals, and of giving a lukewarm support to her Majesty's Conservative cabinet. The success, also, which had attended the whole of his lordship's measures was cast in our teeth as proof positive of the wisdom of these measures; and it was further added, that we were judging harshly of him, and setting ourselves in a false light before the world. All these rebukes we received patiently, well knowing that the hour could not be very distant which should satisfy the most incredulous of our accusers that we were not so far out in our speculations as they imagined. The hour to which we then looked forward has come, sooner, it must be confessed, than we had anticipated. The Court of Directors, unable to endure any longer the vagaries of their governor-general, have taken a step, unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of history. They have recalled him in the very midst of his career of triumph, and nominated on their own individual responsibility his successor. As yet the world knows no more regarding this matter than that the case is as we have now stated it. Not a line of the correspondence which may have passed between the Court and the Board of Control has been published. But the broad fact is before us, that in spite of the refusal of the cabinet to go along with them—in spite of the entreaties of the minister that they would exercise a little more forbearance, the Directors have availed themselves of the right which their

charter insures to them, and peremptorily and summarily determined that Lord Ellenborough should cease to be their servant. As far as we are concerned, we are humbly of opinion that this fact is enough in itself to vindicate the correctness of the opinion which we delivered just two months ago. Whether the Court of Directors have done well or ill in the business is quite a different question. But this much we think can hardly be denied, that no man, be his qualifications in other respects what they may, who by his manner, or in his conduct, or by both, renders himself so distasteful to the Court of Directors, as that, rather than submit to him, they will dare all consequences, and at a moment's notice displace him, is not, nor ever was, nor ever could have been, fit for the situation which Lord Ellenborough lately held. We think, then, that our reprovers—yea, even the most zealously ministerial of them all—will now perceive that we meant no harm to Sir Robert Peel's cabinet when we lamented that it had given such a head as Lord Ellenborough to the local government of India. And probably they will see this matter more clearly when we have declared, as we now do in all sincerity, that we both regret and condemn the precipitation with which the Court of Directors has removed him. Let us explain ourselves, lest through inadvertence either on our own party, or on theirs, we again incur the censure of those whom we respect too highly not to covet their undivided confidence.

We begin by conceding two points, both of which will tell in the Court's favour. First, there can be no question about the perfect legality of the proceeding. The Directors have an undoubted right to recall, without consulting the queen's government, or assigning any reason for the act, or offering any explanation of it when perpetrated, any person holding office in India as governor-general, governor, or commander-in-chief,

as often as they shall make up their minds to do so. Ever since the crown, through the instrumentality of the Board of Control, began to take a direct part in the management of India, this right has been claimed by the Directors; and at the last renewal of the charter it was conspicuously, almost ostentatiously, provided for. Some of our readers will probably recollect under what circumstances so important a privilege was secured to the Court; but, as we write for the instruction, not of such as are already familiar with Indian politics, but rather for the benefit of those to whom the subject is strange, we think it best to preface what we have got to say with a general view of the negotiations which preceded and led the way to the last settlement between the Company, as a privileged body, and the imperial government.

The first blow at the Company's exclusiveness was struck in 1813, when the trade with India, heretofore strictly their own, was thrown open, and there was left to them only the internal management of the country, the revenues arising out of territorial possession, and a monopoly of the tea-trade, or rather of the general trade, with China. A resolute stand was made by the proprietors of East India stock and their friends and representatives against this arrangement. Terrible consequences were spoken of as about to ensue from the indiscriminate intercourse which would henceforth take place between riotous British seamen and a people sensitive to the last degree of outrage offered to their prejudices. But the voices of Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, and other manufacturing towns, prevailed over that from Leadenhall Street, and, after much discussion and the examination of many witnesses, parliament declared that the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and India should be free.

The mischievous results foretold by the enemies of this arrangement did not come to pass. There was no fighting at the outports between English seamen and Hindoo merchants; the latter, shewing themselves as liberal, in their transactions of commerce, as their countrymen at large are now found to be with re-

spect to the endeavours of Christian missionaries to convert them. On the other hand, India proved to be a more important market to the home manufacturer than the most sanguine could have ventured to anticipate. British skill and capital, making free use of machinery, soon outstripped the manual industry of the natives. Even the cottons and silk pieces woven at home came to be preferred ere long at Calcutta to the same articles brought down from Banglepoor and the Sunderabunds; and, in proportion as the mill-owners of Lancashire grew rich, the native weavers became poor. To such an extent, indeed, was this industrial revolution carried, that the attention of parliament was repeatedly called to it, and the House of Lords, in particular, more than once took notice of it in a way which marked their lordships' sense of the extreme hardship of the case, as far as the poor Ryots were affected by it.

"The chief manufactures of India," says the report from the committee of 1830, "having been supplanted to a great extent by the manufactures of England, not only in the market of this country, but in that of India itself, it has become an object of the deepest interest to improve the productions of the soil. The committee, therefore, instituted a full inquiry into the quality of the (raw) silk and of the cotton of India, and into the measures which might be adopted for their improvement. They likewise made inquiries as to sugar, tobacco, and other articles of Indian produce."

Besides throwing open the trade with India to English merchants generally (for the clauses determining the amount of tonnage required in each ship, and giving the power of license to the Directors, can scarcely be said to have operated as a restriction), the act of 1813 provided "that, in order to satisfy the doubts which had arisen regarding the out-turn of the Company's commercial affairs, their accounts should in future be separated under the two heads of 'territory' and 'commerce.'" The object of this arrangement was to make manifest to parliament what portion of their establishments, both at home and abroad, came under each head of charge, and to shew the result of their financial resources, whether they might arise from com-

merce or from territory ; for over the appropriation of the territorial revenues, as well as over such surplus commercial profits as might accrue after a strict observance of the appropriation clauses, the Board of Control was henceforth to exercise a general authority. Moreover, to the Board was assigned a general control over the Company's civil college at Haylebury and its military seminary at Addiscombe. But the enactments with which we are chiefly concerned are those which had reference as well to the appointment as to the recall of the great officers of state in India itself ; and these were as follows.

By the bill of 1784 it was settled that, on the occurrence of a vacancy in the office of governor-general, or of governor of either of the subordinate presidencies, or of commander-in-chief in any of the three, the Court of Directors should proceed to fill up the same without any reference either to the Board of Control or to the sovereign. Neither were they restricted in their selection to the covenanted servants of the Company, for whom exclusively all minor appointments were reserved. They might choose out of the whole range of the king's subjects. But then they must supply the vacancy within a space of two months after the notification of its occurrence should have been received by the Court, otherwise the right to appoint lapsed to the crown, and the parties so appointed could be recalled only by an order under the sign-manual. In all other cases, the Directors, as they conferred office on individuals chosen by themselves, so they reserved a power of resuming it again whenever the proceeding might to themselves appear expedient. And this they were authorised to do, exempt from all interference, not on the part of the crown alone, but even by the general court of proprietors, to which, up to the passing of Mr. Pitt's bill, an appeal always lay. If, therefore, the authority of the India House was in some respects limited, in others it gained by the act of 1784 both in extension and strength ; for the Court of Directors became much more independent of popular caprice than it had heretofore been, and, working, through its secret committee,

heartily with the Board of Control, it took a place in the established institutions of the country, anomalous, without doubt, yet in the highest degree both important and dignified.

The act of 1784 renewed the Company's charter for thirty years. The new constitution given to the Courts was found, upon the whole, to answer its purpose admirably ; for when, in 1813, attacks were made upon the commercial monopoly which had been granted to the proprietors, not a voice was raised to demand the overthrow of their political power. This much of change did, indeed, occur, that appointments by the directors to the offices of governor-general, of governor and commander-in-chief, were made subject to the crown's approval,—a wise arrangement, considering the prodigious extension which had taken place, and promised day by day to go on, in the limits of the Indian empire. But the power of recall was not even alluded to ; it remained, as the law of 1784 had settled it, altogether with the Court of Directors. It was felt to be the only check which the Court could exercise over men avowedly, indeed, their servants, but in point of fact almost entirely independent of them ; whose proceedings they could not watch, who were separated from them by the distance of half the globe, and who, if not dependent on their good pleasure for the retention of the power that was committed to them, might involve the Company's affairs in irretrievable confusion, ere other means could be adopted of getting rid of them.

So passed seventeen out of the twenty years, for which in 1813 a renewal of the charter was granted. The system was found to work without inconvenience to any one. Neither governors-general, nor governors, nor commanders-in-chief, were removed with harshness or indelicacy from their posts ; and all professed themselves satisfied with the degree of attention with which the home authorities treated them. Accordingly, when, in 1830, the minds of men began to be turned towards the approaching term of the Company's privileges, not a word was spoken against granting to the Directors over again all the privileges which they had heretofore exercised, provided it

ould be deemed politic to continue any longer that which Napoleon sed to condemn as the most absurd f all conceivable anomalies. No oublet, when the Whigs acceded to office, a clamour against monopoly in very shape was raised. The Whigs ame into power upon the wings of a moral whirlwind, which threatened t one time to reduce society to its lements. And it can little surprise s to find that they who, without a cruple, laid violent hands upon almost all the time-honoured institutions of the country should have seriously meditated a revolution in ndian politics likewise. But, when he subject came to be maturely onsidered, even the Whigs saw that he assumption by the crown of the ower and patronage heretofore yielde by the Court of Directors ould lead to consequences more rave than they had courage to face, and probably more dangerous than hey had strength to cope with and vercome. Then, after a good deal of skirmishing, and a not very candid endeavour to convict the Company of wilful mystification in the manner of keeping their accounts, Earl Grey's abinet, on the 12th of February, 1833, made, through the president of he Board of Control, then the Right Hon. Charles Grant, now Lord Glenelg, a communication to the Court of Directors, from which the following is an extract :—

“ Notwithstanding too much past defect and error, and in spite of much remaining imperfection, the political administration of India, through the Company, had secured to the inhabitants of that country so considerable a measure of the advantages which it was the proper object of a government to confer, and evinced so much susceptibility of receiving improvement, suggested by experience and reflection, that they (the government) would not be justified in lightly proposing to disturb the system in its essential elements ; that, by a careful observation of the practical effects of the blended system of trade and government, the Company ought, as soon as possible, to be released from commercial feelings ; and that the interests of the nation would be best consulted by no longer continuing the China trade as an exclusive privilege, though he (Mr. Grant) did not deny the merit claimed to the China trade by the Company, in

mittance, and also supplied the deficiency of revenue.

“ With respect to the compelling of India to answer all the just demands on her exchequer, no rational doubt could exist. A revenue which, during the last twenty years, had been steadily progressive — which, estimated according to parliamentary rates of exchange, had now reached the annual amount of twenty-two millions, and which promised still to increase ; a territory almost unlimited in extent ; a soil rich and fertile, and suited to every kind of produce ; great resources not yet explored ; a people, generally speaking, patient, frugal, laborious, improving, and evincing both desire and capacity of further improvement, — these he thought were sufficient pledges that our treasury in the East, under wise management, would be more than adequate to meet the current expenditure.”

The blow now struck was at the Company's China trade, the only branch of commerce which was really valuable ; and it took effect, as all the world knows, leading directly to squabbles with the authorities at Canton, and ending in a war, of which we have not yet seen the results. There accompanied this serious innovation other and not unimportant changes, such as the establishment of a right in every British subject to settle, at his own pleasure, in British India ; and the removal of all licensing power over ships engaged in the Indian trade. Preparations were likewise made for that which must, doubtless, come at last, namely, the extinction of the political authority of the Directors, and its transference to the crown. At the same time, let justice be done to all parties. The Whig government yielded, as was its wont, to the pressure which the Courts of Directors and proprietors were able to apply, and permitted the Company to make, upon the whole, a very good bargain for itself. We cannot do better than shew what the bargain was in the words of a series of resolutions, which, having been proposed to a Court of Proprietors by Sir John Malcolm, on the 15th of April, were, after a ballot, adopted on the 3d of May, by a majority of 447 votes to 52 :—

“ That, on reviewing the intimate connexion which has so long subsisted between India and the Company, the Court desire to record their conviction, that the Company can have no other object in

undertaking to administer the territorial government for a further term, than the advancement of the happiness and prosperity of our native subjects ; and that, if parliament, in its wisdom, should consider, as his majesty's ministers have declared, that that great object can be best promoted by continuing the administration in the hands of the Company, having, through the Court of Directors, suggested, as it was their duty to do, the difficulties and dangers, political as well as financial, which beset the dissolution of the connexion between the territorial and commercial branches of their affairs, they will not shrink from the undertaking, even at the sacrifices required, provided that powers be reserved to enable the Company efficiently to administer the government, and that their pecuniary rights and claims be adjusted upon the principle of fair and liberal compromise.

"That the Company, however, looking to the present and prospective state of the Indian finances, to the aid which the territory derives from the trade, and to the probable difficulty of effecting remittances from India under the proposed system, are of opinion, that it is not reasonable that 'the Company's assets, commercial and territorial, with all their possessions and rights, shall be assigned to the crown, on behalf of the territorial revenue of India,' in exchange, as proposed, by his majesty's ministers, for an annuity of ten and a half per cent for forty years, payable in England out of the territorial revenues, and redeemable at the end of that period at the rate of 100*l.* for every 5*l.* 5*s.* of annuity, except on the following conditions :—

"First, that the sum to be set apart for a guarantee fund be extended to such an amount as, upon reasonable calculation, will be sufficient, with the accumulations during forty years, to redeem the annuity at the expiration of that term ; and, in the event of India failing in any one year to remit sufficient funds to pay the dividend, the deficiency shall be supplied out of the guarantee fund ; any sums which may be taken out of that fund, being made good to the fund by subsequent remittances from India.

"Secondly, that the Company, exercising the same powers as they now possess under their charter, shall continue to administer the government of India for a defined period, not less than twenty years ; and if deprived of it, at the expiration of that term, or at any time subsequently thereto, they shall be allowed the option of demanding payment of the principal, at the rate of 100*l.* for each 5*l.* 5*s.* of annuity ; and, whenever paid off, they shall be entitled, if they shall see fit, with their capital, or any portion thereof, to resume

their undoubted right to trade, which it is now proposed by her majesty's ministers should be in abeyance.

"Thirdly, that during the period of the Company's administration of the territorial government, all measures, involving direct or contingent expenditure, shall originate with the Court of Directors, and be subject as at present to the control of the Board of Commissioners, under the restrictions of the existing law ; and, further, that sufficient powers be reserved to the Company to check, by a system of publicity to both houses of parliament, or by some other means, any acts of the Board which may appear to the Court of Directors to be unconstitutional, to militate against the principles of good government, to interfere with substantial justice to our allies, or to invalidate or impair the security for the dividend ; and,

"Fourthly, that a sufficient power be retained over the commercial assets, to enable the Court of Directors to propose to the Company, and ultimately to the Board for their confirmation, a plan for making suitable provision for outstanding commercial obligations, and for such of the commercial officers and servants of the Company as may be affected by the proposed arrangements."

The terms thus proposed by the Company were, with few and trivial modifications, accepted by Lord Grey's government. They consented to increase the guarantee fund to two millions, the sum recommended by the Court of Directors. They agreed that the dividend should have a preference over every other payment, and consented to the Company's continued administration of the government of India for a defined period of twenty years. Finally, in noticing the demand that is made, as to exercising the same powers as the Company now possess under their charter, Mr. Grant observes, that

"He did not know whether the words were introduced with any specific reference ; but, to the general propositions which they expressed, his majesty's ministers, through him, had repeatedly declared their adherence, and they were not aware that it was in the slightest degree impaired by any modification they contemplated in the existing system. Whatever changes parliament might, in its wisdom, see fit to adopt could, he did not doubt, be made without detriment to the substantial authority of the Company. If the words had been inserted in consequence of the hint thrown out in the memorandum that the Board should have

a veto on the recall of governors and military commanders in India, it was not the intention of his majesty's ministers to insist on that suggestion."

We have taken the trouble to bring these facts together, and to illustrate and explain them by extracts from official documents, in order that our readers may perceive how entirely the Court of Directors have kept within the line of the law in their recent proceedings with regard to Lord Ellenborough. They have done nothing but what they had the most perfect right to do. A governor-general displeases them, and they deprive him of his authority. Who shall gainsay the exercise of a power which was carefully guarded, on their parts, at the last renewal of the charter, and yielded, though not without an effort, by the then ministers of the crown? The moment for exercising this power may or may not have been well chosen; but to call the power itself in question, as Lord Brougham, in his anxiety to support his noble friend "the Duke," did, is simply to expose our own gross ignorance. So far, then, the Court of Directors stand above the reach of blame. They are unanimously of opinion that the course of action on which the governor-general has entered is prejudicial to their interests, and those of their constituents, and not creditable to the national character. They remonstrate, and find that not only is no regard paid to their remonstrances, but that their governor-general goes directly in their teeth. What are they to do? how are they to act? They would gladly carry the queen's ministers along with them, and take, it is probable, all possible steps to obtain a coincidence of sentiment in that quarter. They are not successful; considerations of state outweigh in the cabinet all minor points, whether of conduct or of manner; and at last the Court, finding that they are rebuffed both at home and abroad, seek shelter in the authority which the law has secured to them.

The second admission which we are bound to make, and which will probably tell with as much force as the first in the Court's favour is this, that every act of Lord Ellenborough, since his arrival in India, has evinced, both publicly and privately, the

most utter disregard both to the wishes and feelings of his employers, and of every thing like consistency in himself. He who in 1830 stood forward as the sturdiest advocate of the Court of Directors, who, in moving for a select committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the Company's affairs, and particularly into the system on which the trade between Great Britain, and India, and China, was conducted, went well-nigh out of his way to denounce the extravagance of the local governments; who took care to explain to their lordships the true state of the Indian finances, shewing the necessity there was for economy, and observing at the same time that no government, either in this or any other country, could issue stranger orders than those which emanated from the India House for a reduction of expenditure in every department of the state,—this very man no sooner finds himself at the head of affairs in the East than he rushes into extravagances of which an emancipated schoolboy would be ashamed. Of course we do not include under this head the gigantic preparations which he made to redeem the tarnished honour of the British arms in Afghanistan. There is no extravagance, when war becomes necessary, in undertaking it with such a force as shall bear down all opposition; for a little war, though it bleed the country by drops, takes a great deal more, ere it conclude, out of the system, both literally and metaphorically, than if a mighty effort had been made at the outset. But foolish and unmeaning parades, gorgeous military processions, with an accumulation of aides-de-camp, pages, guards, and we know not all what,—these are the causes of expenditure which the Court had a right to find fault with, and every remonstrance against which was met and answered in a tone of positive contumely. To bear all this could not but try the patience of the Directors beyond the ordinary limits of human nature; and, if other stories which have reached us be true, they had even more than this to put up with. We are forced, therefore, to allow, not only that the Directors have the law upon their side, but that, without looking further than the tone of the governor-gene-

ral's bearing, there was enough in that to make them proceed to almost any extremity ; for authorities, when they are bearded and set at nought by those under them, cease, in point of fact, to be authorities, whether they retreat into private life, or abide still in public situations.

And now comes the question, how far, after making such admissions, we can pretend to reiterate an expression of disapproval in regard to the recall of Lord Ellenborough ? We answer thus far, and no further. The moment was unseasonable. Whether for right or wrong, whether with justice on his side, or in contempt of all the restraints of moral and political probity, Lord Ellenborough was in the full swing of a career which cannot be stayed, far less condemned and suddenly abandoned, except at the utmost hazard to the stability of the Indian empire. His policy, also, though uniformly lavish, and often rash, has been bold, and eminently successful. Neither can it be denied that, considering the low ebb to which the national character had fallen in the East, something of the sort was necessary.

The disaster at Cabul had produced a great effect, not only upon foreign nations, but upon the minds of our own subjects. The prestige of British invincibility was gone ; and though Pollock's and Nott's march might suffice to prove that the Affghans, single-handed, were no match for the British empire, when its strength was put forth, there needed some brilliant passage of arms to shew that we were as little dependent on mere numerical superiority as we used to be. And this we must accept as the best excuse that can be offered for the subjugation of Scinde and the attack upon Gwalior. Considered as operations distinct in themselves, they must, in a moral point of view, tell against us to the end of time. But if we really were reduced to the necessity of choosing between war abroad, and invasion of our own territories, perhaps civil strife at home, then we may be pardoned for having treated both the ameers and the young rajah as the Romans used to treat the powers of Gaul, and Louis Philippe now treats the chiefs that border on his colony of Algeria.

On the other hand, our battles and our conquests are well known to have awakened the jealousy of all the native powers with whom we have any connexion. They believe that we are returning to the policy of former years, and, in sheer despair, speak undisguisedly among themselves of the necessity of contracting alliances one with another, for the purposes of mutual support against aggression. How the Nepalese and Burmans, in particular, kept quiet during late events, we really cannot pretend to guess. Had Lord Ellenborough been less prompt to strike, had he, after pushing his quarrel to a certain point, wavered and withdrawn, in the case either of Scinde or Gwalior, the whole of India would have been in a flame. And now there is this manifest risk to be run, that the moderation which urges the Directors to condemn his lordship's policy, and to remove him from his situation, as no governor-general ever was removed before, may be mistaken, both within our own territories and beyond them, for fear. We know that the Directors did not come to the resolution on which they have acted all at once. We are aware that the correspondence between the Court and the supreme government has been little else than a series of criminations and recriminations ever since Lord Ellenborough assumed the chief direction of affairs. But the princes and people of the East never could be made to understand this. The chances, therefore, are, that when they come to know that the most warlike chief whom the Company ever sent out has been abruptly superseded, and his whole policy condemned, they will attribute the circumstance to the lack of power, rather than of will, in the home authorities to continue a system of conquest. And then let us not wonder if war be brought home to us from more than one quarter.

Again, the state of the native army is scarcely such as to sanction a too sudden interference with any arrangements which his lordship may have projected regarding it, and which are as yet incomplete. Not that Lord Ellenborough is alone, or mainly to blame, for inducing the discontent which unhappily prevails among the Sepoys. It was Lord

Minto, not Lord Ellenborough, who ventured, in an evil hour, to march an army of bigoted Hindoos across the Indus, thus bringing into antagonism influences which have heretofore operated harmoniously and in our favour. And a very pretty piece of work he made of it. But Scinde is just as much unholy ground to the devout Hindoo, as the mountain-passes of Affghanistan, or Cabul itself.

And this feeling it was, not mere discontent on account of money allowances curtailed, which led to the mutinies that have recently occurred in more than one native regiment. Now mutiny arising out of a circumstance like this, which has its roots in religious principle, however mistaken that principle may be, is a much more serious matter, even among Europeans, than mutiny produced by any other cause. Among the natives of India there is no telling to what results it may lead. While, therefore, we feel ourselves bound to condemn the occupation of Scinde, almost as much on the ground of the impolicy of the measure as because of its rank injustice, we are not prepared to say that the sudden removal of the authorities which executed the move, and bent the necks of the Sepoys to take part in it, may not be productive of as much mischief as the move itself. When men, with arms in their hands, refuse to obey the orders of their superiors, they must be forced to do so, let the grounds of refusal be what they may. When, without having enforced obedience, you withdraw from the scene the individual against whose authority they rebelled, you encourage them to rebel again, by inducing the belief that you are afraid of them. Now, whatever opinion we may entertain of Lord Ellenborough's moderation, and suavity, and good taste, we give him ample credit for courage, and, in a moment of difficulty, even for judgment. He ought not to have been removed from his high station till perfect order and habits of subordination had been restored to the army.

Thus far, then, we agree with the Duke of Wellington, that the exercise of their undoubted right by the Court of Directors was, under the circumstances, by no means a

discreet act. That they had been well tried in various ways we can easily believe; and that, at any other juncture, they would have been justified in visiting personal disrespect with so extreme a punishment as dismissal, we freely admit. For if the governing power may be not only disobeyed, but insulted, there is an end to all pretence at responsibility, and the government is dissolved. But when the fate of an empire hangs in the balance, much must be both done and suffered which, under any other circumstances, would be intolerable.

On the other hand, it might have been as well had the illustrious duke kept the expression of his sentiments to himself. Men in high places are bound to speak with caution at all times, and especially so when a word from their lips goes further to elevate or condemn, in the opinion of the world, than whole sentences delivered by any meaner authority. The duke was not cautious in asseverating that of which we are not, it appears, to receive any further proof than each reasonable person may adduce for himself, by putting well-known facts together, and drawing his own conclusions from them. The Directors were not discreet; and we have shewn that they were not so. But there was no necessity for the Duke of Wellington to condemn them, *ex cathedra*, and, by so doing, to take, or seem to take, the whole of Lord Ellenborough's proceedings under his own high protection.

If the Court of Directors erred in yielding to impulses, which human nature finds it difficult in every case to withstand, they have done themselves infinite honour in receiving with so good a grace the rebuke of the greatest man of his age. A different course of proceeding might have led, and probably would have led, to very serious consequences. The duke's unqualified condemnation seemed to put them at once on the defensive; and, had they taken up the glove, a series of disclosures would have probably followed, such as are much better kept out of sight. They deserve, likewise, the thanks of the country for having accepted, as Lord Ellenborough's successor, the late admirable and highly gifted secretary-at-war. The act proves that

between them and the cabinet there is no difference of opinion on any point of importance. And it proves, at the same time, that they are elevated far above those petty jealousies for which the Whigs and Radicals were anxious to give them credit. Lord Ellenborough was objectionable for reasons purely personal. They accept as his successor an individual connected with him by ties of marriage, and a member of the very cabinet which declined to support them in his lordship's recall. Honour be to them for the proceeding! For they gave thereby to India the individual in all England, perhaps, the best qualified to carry the empire out of its difficulties, and to establish a permanent system on which its affairs may henceforth be conducted. Should wars arise, in Sir Henry Hardinge the Indian army will find a leader second only to him who taught them how to conquer at Assaye; should civil matters demand investigation and arrangement, the Indian cabinet will find at its head one of the quickest, ablest, and most discriminating men of business, that ever presided over the interests of a state. And last, though not least, the manners and bearing of the new governor-general will exhibit precisely the sort of contrast that was required to those of his predecessor. Frank, open, soldierlike, full of fun, and most agreeable in conversation, Sir Henry Hardinge is sure to win the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact; while his sterling worth, and great steadiness of character, will retain, so long as he may abide in the country, the confidence and esteem which his first introduction to it is sure to command. At the same time we are not prepared to say that the country has seen the last of Lord Ellenborough's dismissal. A right may be very good in the abstract, so long as it continues in abeyance, which proves in the exercise in the highest degree inconvenient. And we shall certainly not be surprised if, in this matter of recalling governors-general, the Court of Directors find that there is a desire, both in the cabinet and out of it, to curtail their privileges.

So much for one of the two leading events which broke in upon the

monotony of the by-gone month. Now for a word or two concerning another, which, whether more or less important in itself, has, at all events, attracted to the full as large a share of public notice,—that is to say, if the public voice make itself heard, as we suppose it does, through the newspapers.

The same friendly critics who found fault with our remarks upon Lord Ellenborough's policy in India laid to our charge, that we were lukewarm in the cause of Lord Ashley, and his Ten-hours' clause at home. It may be so. We do not deny that, whatever may be our views on the general subject of law-making for labourers, we could not for a moment balance the success of Lord Ashley's proposition against the certain overthrow of a Conservative government. Good governments are not so easily got nowadays as they used to be. It took the country twelve long years to shake itself free of the incubus of Whiggery; and we confess that we were not disposed to purchase back the burthen, even at the price of a Ten-hours' bill for the factory children. Besides, what we said a month ago we must here repeat, that the advocates of short hours have gained as much as at the beginning of so grave an experiment they had a right to desire. They have established the principle of parliamentary interference between the employer and the employed, and by so doing inserted the small end of the wedge, which at some future period, should the present bill be found to work advantageously, may be driven home. They had no right to ask for more — no right, certainly, to expect that more would be conceded to them; for the system of determining by authority how many hours in each day shall be devoted by any class of persons to labour, and how many to rest, constitutes a complete revolution in the theory and the practice of legislation. It was too much to expect that the government, carried away by the enthusiasm of a moment, should sanction all at once the extreme of such a change.

There can be no difficulty in descending, should the movement appear judicious, from twelve hours to ten, or even to eight; but to go up from ~~ten~~ to twelve, even if the en-

perience of universal evil urged the proceeding, would be next to impossible. The people never give back a privilege, or that which they believe to be a privilege, after it has once been conceded to them. Take the case of the inhabitants of Manchester and Birmingham, and other large towns. Is there one respectable person in any of these places who believes that he or his fellow-townsmen have gained any thing from the liberalised institutions which the Whigs were kind enough to introduce among them? We trow not. Yet what statesman, possessed of his senses, would dream of relieving such places from the annoyance of popular municipal elections, and of the party-spirit and heartburnings which they create and perpetuate? And so it would be in reference to shortened hours from labour. Determine that no operative shall be permitted to work for more than six hours a-day, and, amid all the personal misery which must arise out of the arrangement, he will cling to his privileged idleness still, and attribute his sufferings to every conceivable cause except the right one, namely, the gross folly of himself and his benevolent friends, in seeking to controvert the arrangements of nature, and supposing that good could arise out of it.

We confess, therefore, that our disappointment at the failure of Lord Ashley's well-intended endeavour is not great. Had he carried the government along with him from the beginning, we should have accepted the boon of a Ten-hours' clause gratefully, hoping, perhaps believing, that the hazards undeniably attending it would be counterbalanced by the good which, if wisely dealt with, it was capable of producing. But as we are not dissatisfied with a Twelve-hours' clause in the abstract, so we infinitely prefer that Lord Ashley's scheme should be postponed than that his lordship should triumph one day, and the Treasury-benches be occupied the next by the rump of poor old Lord Grey's cabinet. At the same time, it is impossible to deny that the whole affair has given a shake to the credit of parliament, from which parliament will not easily recover. Was ever spectacle witnessed akin to that which the House of Commons has made of itself?

First, these grave and reverend senators determine, by a majority of nine in a full house, that the amendment of the noble member for Dorsetshire on the minister's proposal is a wise one. The minister remonstrates, and the senate, deliberating again, determines that neither minister nor member for Dorsetshire is right. The member for Dorsetshire falls into the senate's views, and, when for the third time the bill is brought forward, finally moves that a resolution, already affirmed by this same senate, shall be repeated and go as part of the law. The minister refuses to agree to this, and behold the reverend senators vote themselves wrong and the minister right by a majority of not less than 138. Glory be to the senate! If the world had not known long ago what the real uses of a deliberative assembly are, the proceedings of the House of Commons on the Factory Bill would have shewn them. All popular bodies enjoy the privilege of eating leaks as often as occasion may require, but it is only a British House of Commons, and a reformed house, which bolts them by the bunch.

We are glad to find that a piece of advice which we took the liberty of offering to the supporters of Lord Ashley's proposition has been followed. The friends of the poor have not forgotten that their cause is a holy one, which is not to be forwarded by intemperance of language, or any other display, on their parts, of bad feeling. The *Times* has, indeed, spoken out, as is its wont, and we wish Mr. Gally Knight and his followers joy of the immortality to which they are consigned by it. But there have been no unbecoming appeals to the passions of the operatives, no public meetings in the manufacturing districts to complain and protest, where protest and complaint are alike unavailing.

This is as it should be. The people, using that term to denote the humbler classes, are seldom competent judges of the law's fitness, especially of laws which seem to bear mainly upon themselves. They are prone, likewise, to mistake the real purposes of such as speak to them about wrongs to be redressed, or benefits acquired, and, when so addressed by men of acknowledged cha-

racter, often run wild, to the dismay of their teachers. It is well that gentlemen, whom a sense of duty brought into prominent places six weeks ago, are clear-sighted enough to perceive that they will best serve the purposes of the people themselves by keeping in the background. How far another party to the late extraordinary scenes will listen to reason remains to be proved. If Sir Robert Peel despise, as he probably does, the sort of manœuvring which is necessary to keep a party in good humour, he must surely perceive that something of the sort is required in order to preserve for the House of Commons any share, however small, of public respect and public confidence. A few more such exhibitions of pliability to the minister's will as have lately come before us cannot fail of bringing the present representative system into contempt. Now we have no desire to behold this issue. That it will come, sooner or later, no reflecting person can doubt; but we deprecate every manner of speaking and of acting which may tend, however indirectly, to hurry it

forward; for our progress must henceforth be downwards. When the people grow tired of the constitution of 1832, or disgusted with the members whom the new constituencies return to parliament, they will demand an extension of the franchise, as they did before; and they will carry their point much more easily against institutions, established some fifteen or twenty years back, than they did when striving to remove landmarks which the lapse of ages had consecrated. Unless, therefore, it be Sir Robert Peel's intention, not merely to lord it over the House of Commons, but to shew to the whole world that he does so, it will be advisable not to repeat the *Comedy of Errors*, on which the whole world has recently gazed with wonder. And this is to be avoided only by taking his supporters more freely into his confidence than has heretofore been usual with him. But we are getting upon delicate ground. "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind-horse," and with this sage axiom we close our dissertation.

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